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A NOBLE PROTECTOR.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIX. PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY, 1891. No. 1.

SCENES IN NORWAY.

BY ROSLYN K. BROOKE.

THERE is no country which appeals more strongly to the imagination than this home of mysteries and myths, this land of the midnight sun, of mountain rivers and cascades, of plains whose emerald greenness is unequaled, of unchanging snows whose awful whiteness has no parallel, of scenery which embraces every range, from Eden-like loveliness to all that is grandest and sternest in nature.

Liberal-minded as the Norwegians are, no race clings closer to tradition, and, though eminently practical, none displays a deeper love of romance and legend. This is noticeably shown in the universal observance of ancient Christmas-tide ceremonies. Every house has its yule-log and its bird-pole with a huge bunch of mistletoe on the top, set up with great rejoicings by the younger members of the family, and watched with superstitious wishes by the elders; because, the more thickly the birds gather about it, the better the omen for the coming year's prosperity and happiness.

Of course, the ordinary traveler must miss the quaint observances of that season, as he visits this strange country during the summer; but, even then, the daily life of the people offers a study so original that all the marvels of "wood and fell" amid which he is journeying cannot render him unobservant thereof. The most interesting of Norway's cities is the ancient Trondhjem, which, under the name of Nidaros, existed so far back that its origin is lost in the mists of ages. In the tenth century, a king styled Olaf I, who had embraced Christianity in Ireland, made the town his stronghold, changing its appellation to that which it still bears. For some centuries, Trondhjem remained the capital of Norway, and, in a certain sense, is so still, as the constitution of 1814, which joined the country with Sweden, provided that, though parliaments should sit in Christiana, the historic city must have the honor of the king's coronation, which, from Bernadotte's to that of the present monarch, has taken place there in the cathedral of St. Olaf.

This beautiful old pile was founded in the latter part of the eleventh century, in honor of Olaf II, who received canonization. In life, however, Saint Olaf seems to have propagated religion after the manner of his predecessor—by fire, sword, and torture. His ardor against the believers in the Scandinavian gods led him to such cruel lengths that a party rose, strong enough to summon Canute the Dane to expel him from the land. Olaf fled to Russia; but in time he returned, gathered together an army, and fell fighting fiercely in defense of his rights.

His body, it is said, was discovered several years later, in a state of perfect preservation, and recognized by a beggar who miraculously recovered his sight for that purpose. Olaf's

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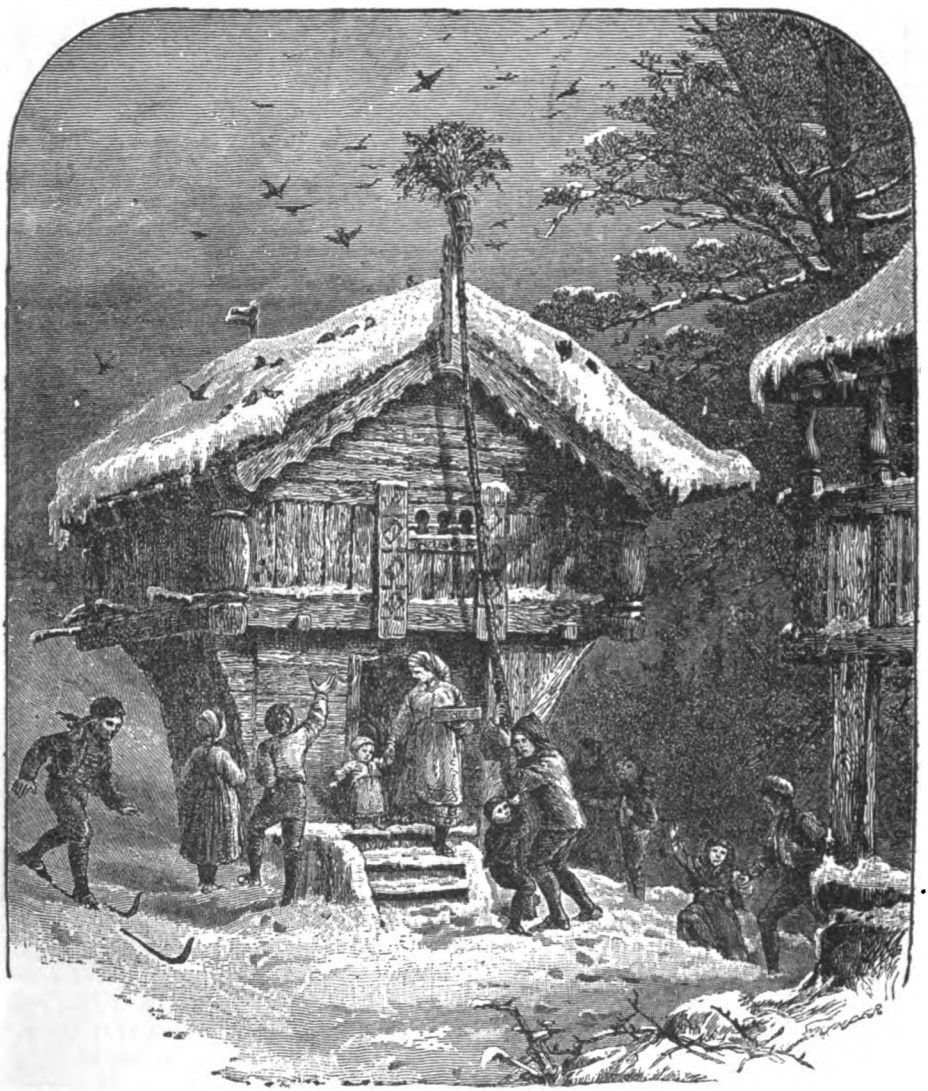
atrocities were forgotten; the inhabitants of Trondhjem buried his remains in a church he had built, which grew famous throughout Christendom for the miracles performed there by his intervention. But a saint so efficacious deserved a nobler shrine, and, somewhere about 1080, Olaf III began the cathedral.

Time passed on; in 1151, Trondhjem became an archbishopric, whose primate built the transepts and chapter-house. Succeeding rulers in turn brought money and genius to the task, and, toward the close of the thirteenth century, the completed edifice stood forth in all its beauty.

It is impossible, however, to speak with certainty as to the appearance of the cathedral in its finished state, for in 1328 it was terribly damaged by fire, a calamity from which it suffered no less than five times between that era and the first years of 1700. But fire was not the only element that helped on the awful work of defacement and demolition which continued for generations, to be followed by a neglect almost



YULE-TIDE IN NORWAY. THE BIRD-POLE.

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as fatal, till at one time the noble structure seemed doomed slowly but surely to sink into a mass of shapeless ruins.

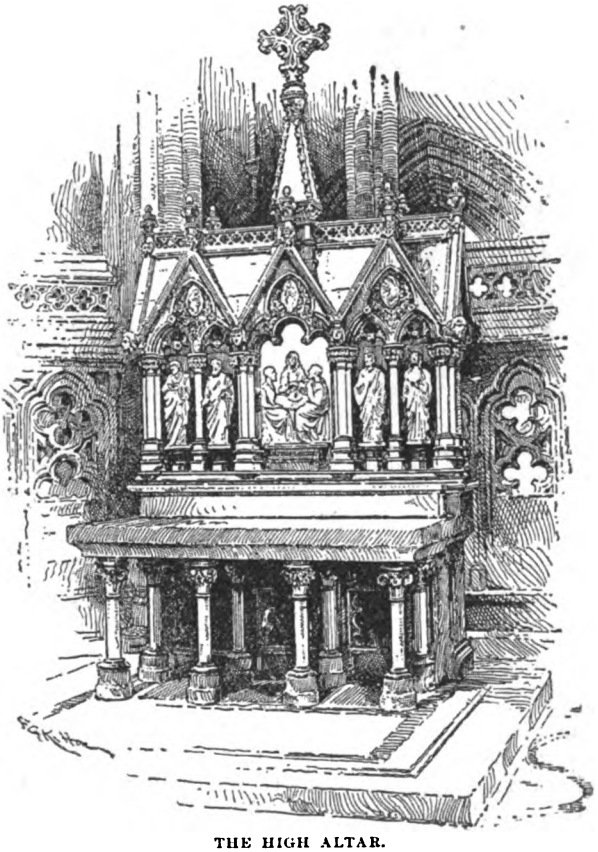
The Reformation was guilty of horrible vandalism and desecration. Hideous buttresses were introduced to support the walls, which fire and siege had left in a tottering condition. High wooden pews were erected; pillars and arches were covered with plaster, elaborate carvings hidden under lead-colored paint, and the beautiful nave was allowed to go to wrack unheeded.

No further back than 1834, a famous English archeologist wrote an indignant protest against the state in which he found the building, declaring that it had been plastered and painted till it looked like a Dutch beer-house. Fortunately a change took place in public opinion, and the people and Government were inspired with a laudable ambition to restore the stately edifice and convert it into a national monument. Money was appropriated, and in 1869 the good work began, and has been carried on with unremitting zeal and admirable taste. The restoration is conceived on a scale so elaborate that the next century will probably reach its second decade before its completion.

The portions of the interior where the greatest progress has been made are the triforium, choir, and main chancel. The triforium or upper gallery is wonderfully lovely, with its many pillars so delicately carved that they look like lace-work. The octagonal choir is a specimen of church architecture so exquisite that it cannot be equaled outside of Italy. In the choir, some object of beauty, some poem embodied in stone, strikes the eye on every side. Like the larger part of the cathedral, it is built of soap-stone of a bluish tint, crossed by irregular white streaks which give it the appearance of marble. It possesses two very valuable qualities: it is quite easy to cut, and carvings on it retain their sharpness and delicacy in spite of the severity of the climate.

The centre of interest is, of course, the high altar, which stands above the spot, tradition avers, where the remains of St. Olaf were originally deposited. The altar is of blue soap-stone, and the sculptured tryptich above it is very fine, having in the middle panel a white marble relief representing the adoration by the Magi, and statues of the Evangelists in each of the side panels. The work has gone on well, too, in the main chancel, which will challenge comparison with that of the grandest cathedrals in Europe.

So far, the most striking feature of the restored outside is the porch of the chapel of St. John the Baptist. A finely carved scroll in the pointed arch over the doorway sets forth the legend of the Temptation and the Fall in quaintly interwoven figures. The stone roof inside the broad porch is arched, and from the centre projects a half-length



THE HIGH ALTAR.

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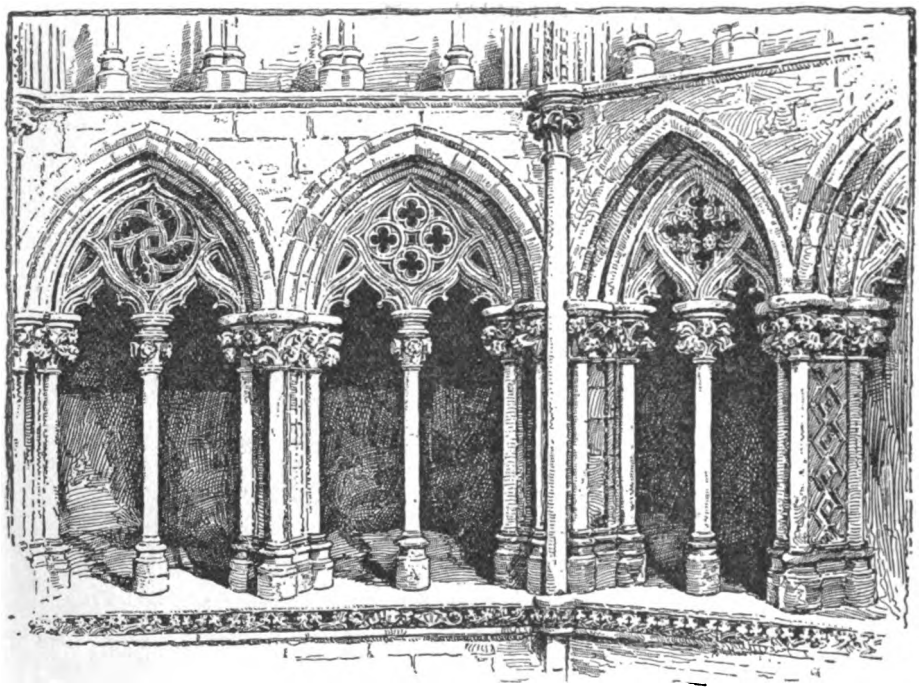
figure of Christ in full relief, looking downward with the right hand extended in blessing.

The exterior of the edifice was so battered, mutilated, and ruined that to decide positively which school of architecture had predominated was impossible; but great care and judgment have been shown in the restorations. So many traces abounded of the Early English style that these are given due importance, while preserving the remains of Norman work. At the same time, one sees a design successfully incorporated which belongs to-day, as it has for three centuries, to the rural churches of Norway, so that the turrets and spires of the northeastern side are faithful reproductions, on a grand scale in stone, of the slender wooden steeples which meet the eye in every mountain village.



THE TRIFORIUM IN THE MAIN CHANCEL.

From Trondhjem, the summer wanderer usually takes the steamer which coasts along the northern shore toward the realm of the midnight sun. At first, the voyager winds in and out among almost countless islands of every size, from a single point of rock to those miles in extent. Many rise vertically to a formidable height; others spread in acres of naked rock, quite accessible, and often polished to such smoothness by the action of the waves that they look as if leveled by human skill. The water is the public highway for the inhabitants of the coast-towns, at each of which the boat halts, though the traveler never wearies of the quaint and unaccustomed sights they present.

One of the marvels of this route is a mountain called Torghätten, rising precipitously from its island bed for a thousand feet, with an opening like a tunnel about half-way from the summit, which is some five hundred feet in length, fifty in width, and a hundred in height: looking up through which, from the steamer's deck, the light resembles a great white star. Further on are a group of snow-capped peaks called the Seven Sisters, and then one passes Hestmanden, or Horseman's Island, which is perhaps the strangest of all the strange freaks nature has indulged in thereabouts. The top of the crag gives the effect of a rider mounted on a prancing steed, with his cloak flying out behind, and this is the legend thereof:

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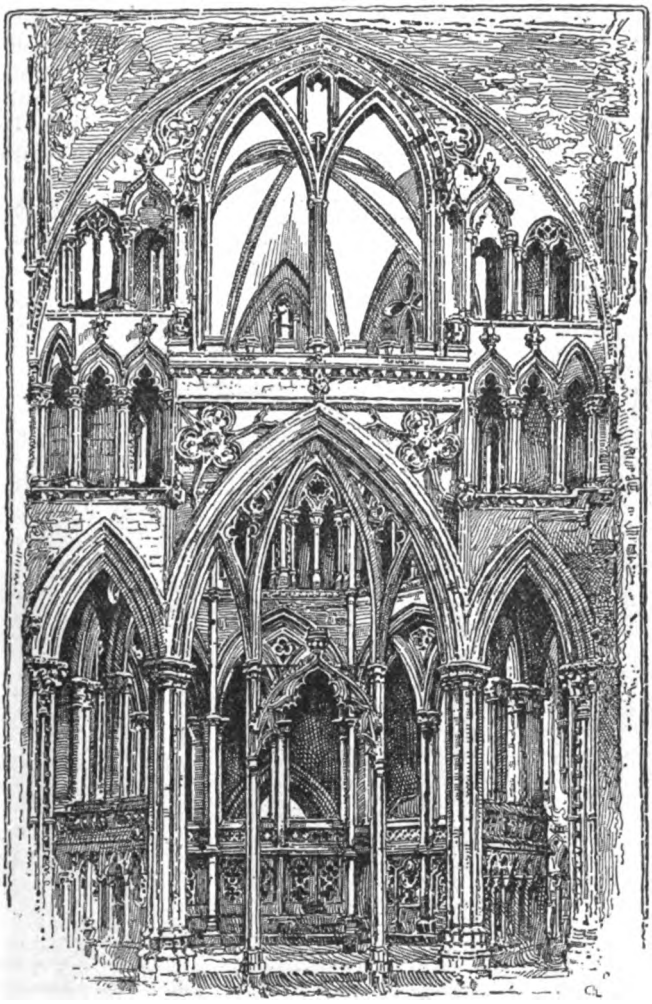
In prehistoric days, a wonderful giant inhabited this region, and fell in love with a beautiful giantess who lived on an island on the other side of Torghätten. She proved insensible to her admirer's wooing, and in revenge he shot at her with his long bow and struck off her head; but, before it could reach her, the arrow had to pass through the mountain, which it did, cutting the passage that is to be seen to this day—as indeed are the giant and the lady, only both have been transformed into rock.

The traveler is within the Arctic Circle, and in midsummer a halt is made near Hestmanden, in order to give an opportunity for viewing the midnight sun—that marvelous spectacle of a simultaneous setting and rising, each so real and startling.

Sleep is out of the question; the weird daylight is unlike any that the voyager knows; it produces a sensation of awe, from which there is no escaping. The sheen of the snow on the mountain-peaks is a constant source of enchantment. At times, it seems as if a mighty lava-torrent were bursting from rents in the rocky sides, then the fiery glare will turn to the softest rose, saffron, and violet, to be succeeded by a livid hue which again unexpectedly changes to prismatic tints of rarest loveliness.



THE MAIN CHANCEL.

The tourist who has leisure continues his trip, on past Bodo and Tromso in Norwegian

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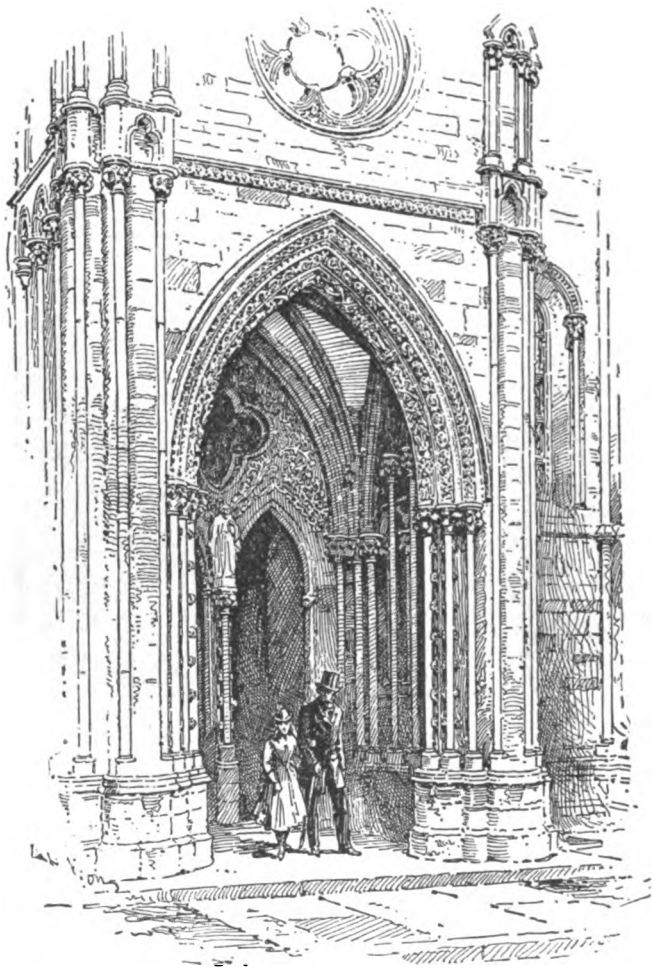
Lapland, and may easily visit the bold headland, nine hundred feet in height, styled the North Cape. This ambitious promontory boasts of being the most northern point of Europe; in reality, however, a low peninsula called Nordkyn lies somewhat further up, though its stately neighbor has usurped the distinction to which it was entitled.

At length, the pilgrim reaches Hammerfest, lying furthest north of any town on the globe, sees Lapps and Finns and all sorts of strange creatures and things, and may prolong his trip for weeks before returning to Trondhjem.

Away at the further extremity of Norway is Christiana, the modern capital, situated on an arm of the great fiord which sweeps inland from the German Ocean for some sixty miles. A noteworthy city existed here for centuries, but in 1624 it was so completely destroyed that the present town was founded near its ruins; so its youth is regarded contemptuously by its antique rival, though it is a lovely place, for all that.

A journey to remain indelibly impressed on the memory is that from Trondhjem to Christiana, by leaving the railway at Storen and passing over the Dovre fjeld or mountain. The trip is made in a carriole, a remarkable species of vehicle, consisting of two huge wheels, a pair of immensely long shafts, and a little shell-shaped seat for one person, with a place behind, where the postillion is perched. The thing possesses no springs, but



PORCH OF THE CHAPEL OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST.

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the length and elasticity of the shafts greatly relieve the jolting.

The unique road winds across beetling crags, through green valleys, past foaming cataracts, by the banks of hurrying streams, amid the gloom of pine forests, over smiling pasture-lands, each turn offering some new charm, and always every object glorified by the unearthly white light which no words can paint.

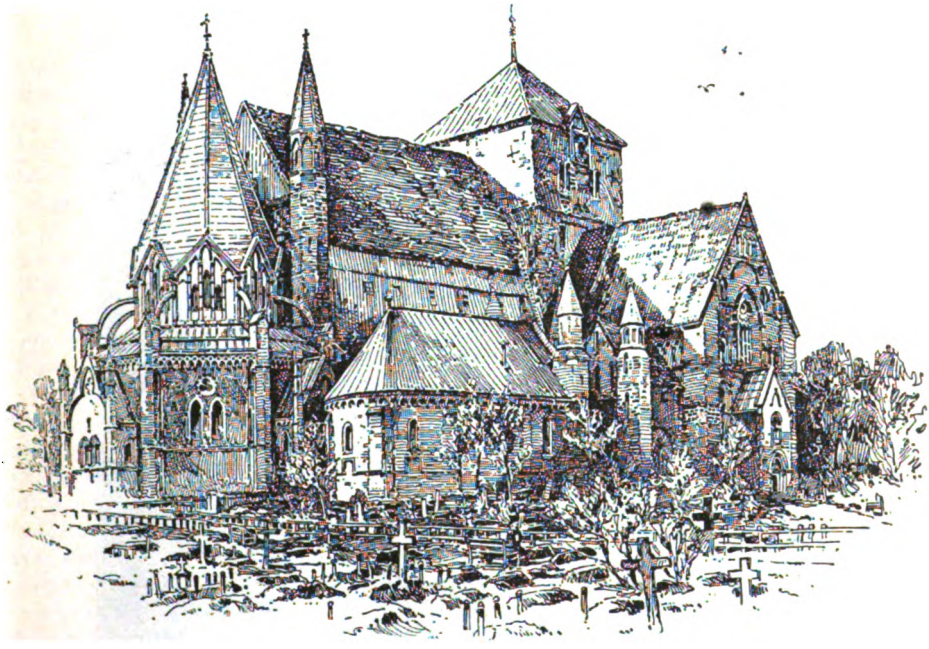
The further the traveler goes, the wilder and grander the scenery becomes, and the road crosses the north side of the Dovre Fjeld at an altitude so great that the rarity of the atmosphere is sensibly felt. At the foot of the fjeld lies the valley of the Gundbransdal, among lofty hills whose lower slopes are cultivated like gardens, while their tops are crowned with mighty forests, and below the Laagan courses toward the sea, just here a succession of wild rapids and waterfalls.

Turning toward the Molde Fiord and the town that bears its name, the scenery grows even more picturesque, till the culmination is reached in Romsdalen.

This gem of valleys, through which the river Rauma rushes between towering ridges and battlement-like walls, presents a long panorama of some of the grandest views that Norway can boast. One is glad to have seen the Laagan cascades first; for, fine as they are, those of Romsdalen surpass them in number, variety, and magnificence.

Even well-informed persons often speak as if they regarded Norway as a mere dependence of Sweden, but there can be no greater mistake than this. Each kingdom is independent in its internal affairs, in the same sense as are the different States of our Commonwealth.

There can be no doubt that, but for the courage and patriotism of the Norwegians, national extinction would have overtaken them between 1810 and 1814. But, when Denmark was forced by French and Russian policy to give up Norway, the people of that country, outraged at being transferred like slaves without their knowledge, called a convention and elected the Danish heir-apparent their sovereign. In 1814, Bernadotte attacked Norway, and Christian abdicated a throne which he could not defend. The National Assembly accepted Charles XIII as their ruler, but the first clause of the modified Constitution stipulates that "Norway shall be a free state, independent, indivisible, and



THE CATHEDRAL FROM THE NORTHEAST.

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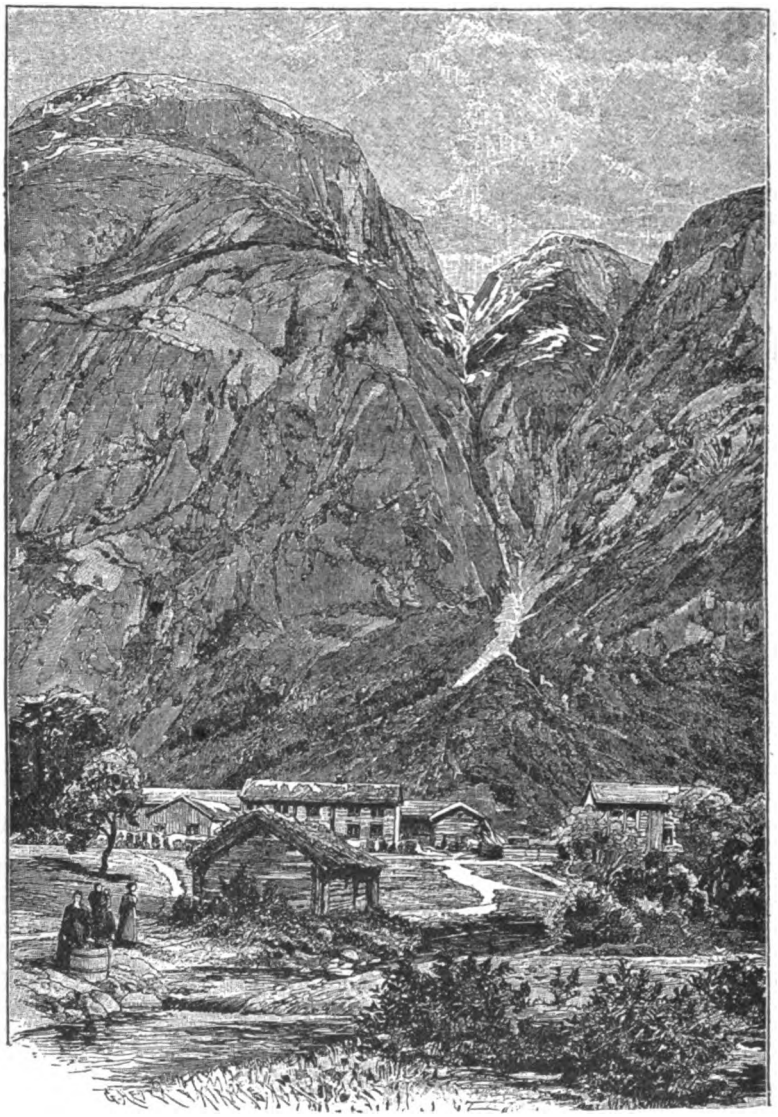

VIEW IN THE LOWER ROMSDAL.

inalienable, united to Sweden under the same king."

This most important provision Bernadotte tried to change when he succeeded the old monarch in 1818. Neither money nor influence, not even the wishes of the all-powerful Napoleon, could enable him to effect his purpose. Not a single member of the Assembly could be found, who, for gold or honors, would barter one jot or tittle of his country's rights and liberties.

"Thus," to quote the words of an eloquent writer, "did Norwegian patriotism vindicate itself, and it seems ever to grow brighter and brighter, placing the love of country high above individual or personal advantage. It is no less an example than a reproach to other countries, for it is only when the people lower the standard of integrity and patriotism that their public men will venture to do it. If a people cannot be corrupted, their representatives dare not be."

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MISS ROSSITER'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

BY M. E. HARMON.

ELL, here you are, at last," said the conductor of the 9.30 accommodation train, as we slowed up for the little country station of Oak Grove, about twenty miles from the metropolis.

"Yes, at last," I responded, rather ill-humoredly, for we were fully three hours behind time, having been delayed by a wreck ahead of us, and having spent the delightful period waiting on a side-track some twelve miles from my destination.

Some ten days previous, I, junior member of the firm of Martin, Bro. & Son, had accepted a pressing invitation from my old college chum, Gus Thwaite, to spend at least a part of my summer vacation at his father's country-house, "The Larkspurs," in Oak Grove.

Thwaite the elder and his comely and motherly wife were noted for their hospitality and for the charming young society which they loved to gather about them. Often before had I been participator in these merry gatherings, and, nothing loath, had started forth to renew the pleasant associations. But the welcoming greetings were scarcely over, and our plans of amusement were still unsettled, as the expected guests had not yet all assembled, when I was recalled hastily to the city, on affairs unnecessary to mention here. Gus took me down to the train in his own trap, and his last words were:

"It's a provoking shame, old fellow; but cut it as soon as you can, and I'll meet you whenever you say the word."

With this, the train whizzed off, and I turned my thoughts to the city, where I arrived in due time and devoted myself to the unseasonable business emergency with such success that on the fifth day I sent word to Gus to be on hand to meet me at the 9.30 train. And now the 9.30 had become the 12.30 and a little more, and of course my friend must have gone home in disgust long before; and here was I at a country station four miles from "The Larkspurs," time nearly one o'clock in the morning, with the surrounding neighborhood in slumber. Of course, there was no chance of a conveyance of any kind, and no place to put up till morning. There was nothing to be done but to "foot it" along the country road, which I accordingly set out to do.

It was not an unpleasant walk, in the cool dewy summer night, with the stars twinkling peacefully overhead; but I must confess to being rather weary and heartily glad when I drew near to "The Larkspurs" and beheld once more the comfortable residence of my friend, now wrapped in profoundest quiet. Until this moment, the question of gaining entrance had not arisen in my mind. Accustomed as I was to the bustling city, where light and noise are continual by night as well as by day, I had not pictured to myself the intense silence and repose of a country home at midnight, and I involuntarily quailed at the thought of ruthlessly disturbing so peaceful a household. However, unless I determined to pass the intervening hours in the arbor, among the damp vines and blossoms, the deed must be done; so, walking briskly up the long gravel path, I was about to ascend the steps.

"U-r-r-r!"

I stopped. What was that?

"Ur-r-r-r!" and, with a mighty dash, on came a great dog, his hair bristling and his teeth glistening ominously.

I retired in haste.

After running a little distance, I noticed he did not follow me, though still growling threateningly.

I paused for investigation, and then, hearing a smooth sliding noise, and coupling it with the fact that he did not come after me, concluded that he was probably fastened to a wire, thus allowing him only a certain range. Assured of this, I ventured back. My conjecture proved correct. His beat extended across the front of the house,

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and, if I could get around beyond him and crawl upon the extreme end of the piazza, I might thus reach the door-bell. This I tried to do; but I had not counted upon the lateral sweep of his tether, and, almost before I was aware of it, he was again in most unpleasant proximity to me, and still uttering those deep growls.

"Dash it all!" I thought, "if he would only bark and rouse somebody, instead of keeping up those insane growlings!"

But my objurgations had no effect on the dog, so I again retired, this time to consider. After all, why wake the whole house by an alarm at this unearthly hour? I knew just where my room was—Gus and I had always occupied the southeastern chamber in company; and I knew, too, how I could get in, as we used to of old, when returning from some boyish lark and wishing to gain our beds unmolested.

There was a large closet or dressing-room with a window opening from this room, and beneath that was an old-fashioned bay-window, with a permanent trellis on one side. By the aid of this and of the water-pipe, it was easy work for a boy to "shin up" —as we elegantly expressed it—to the top of the concern, and, once in the dressing-room, the way was clear. True, I was somewhat heavier than at that time; but I trusted that my superior agility resultant from a long course of gymnastics, and also my intense desire to escape from my uncomfortable situation, would enable me to perform the feat.

So I circled the house in the rear, and, removing my superfluous clothing, fastened it to my shoulders and began to climb. After a few slips and some giving-way of the trellis, I stood on the roof of the bay-window, and found to my great joy that the dressing-room window was open, though the blinds were closed. It was not a very hard task to pry these open, and in a few minutes I stood safely in the dressing-room.

Now to surprise Gus!

I opened the communicating door very softly and peeped in. The room was indistinctly visible in the soft summer twilight, and I stopped a moment to reconnoitre. There was the bed, evidently disturbed, but nobody in it; there were the familiar table, bureau, mirror, etc. But what were those things lying on a chair? A dim mass of white and parti-colored drapery, for which I knew no name or use. Queer, wasn't it? And where was Gus?

I heard footsteps—that must be he. I had it: he had been roused at last by the dog, and had been on a tour of exploration. Why couldn't he have gone before, and saved me all this anxiety? Well, I'd give him a good scare, to pay him off.

Just as I came to this conclusion, the outer door of the bed-room slowly opened.

I was still peeping through the crack of my door, expecting to see the disheveled figure of my friend, and enjoying a quiet chuckle at his prospective discomfiture. So, making a little wider opening, I put out my head.

Lightning never moved faster than I whisked it in again.

Ye gods and little fishes! Had I suddenly gone insane? Instead of the somewhat robust form of my friend, in a hasty attire of night-shirt and slippers, my eyes had rested upon a tall, slender, female figure, in a long rose-colored wrapper and with golden hair flowing far down its shoulders!

Visions of screams and hysterics and fainting-fits, and I know not what, flashed across me as I lay behind the door, scarcely daring to breathe.

After all, I could retreat the way I came. I was no worse off than before, and it must be near morning. So I resolved to withdraw in good order; but, before going, I could not resist taking another peep. The fair apparition had advanced to the table, placing thereon the lamp and pitcher of water which she had borne, the latter probably explaining the cause of her nocturnal ramble; she had seated herself before the mirror, and was engaged in coiling up her flowing tresses, preparatory to re-seeking her couch.

I modestly refrained from further investigation, and drew near the window, to be in readiness to commence my descent as soon as the lady should resume her slumbers.

Half an hour, perhaps, of stillness and darkness elapsed, interrupted only by the rustling of leaves without, and gentle regular breathings within the next room.

It was now near morning, and I almost expected to see the gleams of dawn as I climbed out upon the roof. But no: all was favorable, and I prepared to descend.

"Ur-r-r-r!"

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Did I fancy I heard that vile dog again? "Ur-r-r-r!" in unmistakable and vigorous tones from below.

I peeped over. That confounded dog had broken his chain, and there he was, waiting below, ready to grab me the moment I came within reach. I concluded to postpone my descent.

Was ever mortal in such predicament? I sat down upon the window-sill and pondered. What was to be done?

Which was worse—to be surprised by daylight, on the roof of the bay-window, watched by the dog, like a burglar, or to hide in the dressing-room, at the risk of being discovered by the lady?

Clearly, the former was the less ignoble course; only, as the window led to the lady's chamber, what explanation could I give of my presence on the roof, that would not also involve the delicacy of the lady?

The case was desperate. I could come to no conclusion.

Still the old watch-dog, true to his name, stood guard below, perfectly silent except when I made some movement. And now a few faint streaks of light illumined the horizon. I must do something, and immediately.

A sudden inspiration seized me: I must not be found on the roof by the servants; I could not hide in a lady's dressing-room. But the lady was sleeping—she probably would remain so some time longer; could I not softly steal through her room without waking her, hide myself in the parlors till the servants were astir, and then step out at the hall door? The dog would certainly relax his vigilance as soon as the family were awake.

This I resolved to do, and, slipping on my coat and vest, I took my boots in my hand and started on my perilous way.

I softly crossed the dressing-room, opened the door without a creak, stole noiselessly over the thickly-carpeted floor of the chamber, glancing neither to the right nor to the left, till I reached the door. It was fastened, but the key was in the lock. Just as I put my hand upon it, I heard a slight movement. All wrought up and nervous as I had become, I could not repress a start, and—dropped my boots!

It was all over! Involuntarily shutting my eyes, I turned and braced myself for the impending scene, expecting heart-rending shrieks and subsequent alarm of the household, with all the contingencies that flashed through my brain like wildfire.

Perfect silence!

I opened my eyes. The lady was sitting bolt-upright in her couch, and no marble statue could be whiter than she, nor stiller; she was literally paralyzed with fright.

The glow of coming day now pervaded the room, and I knew that action must be prompt; so, scarcely knowing what words I used in my extremity, I began:

"I beg your pardon, madam—I entered the room, thinking it vacant. It used to be mine. I will retire—"

Here excitement, fasting, want of sleep, and, above all, my dreadful situation, overpowered me, and I sank into a convenient chair, gasping for breath.

My forlorn state acted as a restorative to the lady, and a lovely flush crept over her face as she replied, gently but firmly:

"Sir, I cannot understand this, but I do not wish you to remain for an explanation. If what you say is true, you will immediately withdraw."

Her words were, in turn, like a tonic to me; I suddenly grasped the offending boots, threw open the door, and stood in the hall, but not before I had taken a parting glance at the lovely vision, with its fluffy white draperies and the rosy flush on the fair face.

My troubles were not yet over, however; for, unless I could safely pass through the outer door and present myself from without, I must give some explanation of the manner of my entrance: the truth I should never utter without the consent of the beautiful unknown.

I heard the stir of servants below; heard old Jim, the gardener, calling the dog and exclaiming over his broken chain; then came steps in the lower hall and the unbolting and throwing-open of the front door. I peeped over the balustrade. None of the family was yet down; and, as the footsteps retreated to the dining-room, I again took up my line of march, and, with a skill rivaling the most expert of sneak-thieves, worked myself noiselessly down the stairs, and at last—glory to the gods!—I stood on the outside. I saw nothing of my old enemy, the dog, and I sat down on the steps, drew a long breath, and then put on my boots.

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After regaining a little composure, I stepped boldly up to the door and rang the bell.

Satisfying the surprise of the maid with a few explanatory phrases, I asked for young Mr. Thwaite.

"You'll find him in the little hall-chamber, sir, if you like to go up; we've had so much company that he gave his room to Miss Rossiter."

The mystery was explained. So it was Mabel Rossiter whom I had encountered!

I had heard her praises sung by every member of the Thwaite family, ever since she was in pinafores and I in jackets; but, owing to her having spent much time abroad with her parents, I had never chanced to meet her. And now—ye fates!—what a meeting!

Thinking thus, I tapped at Gus's door. It was opened by my friend.

"Jupiter Olympus!" was his salutation. "Where'd you come from? I should think you'd walked from the city, by the general 'all-gone-a-tive-ness' of your looks!"

"Don't say a word, Gus," I entreated; "I'm tired to death. We had to wait for a wreck on the track; and, though I didn't walk from town, I did from the station, a little after midnight, and have been prowling about ever since." Which was literally true, though I did not deem it necessary to state where I had been prowling.

"Why in thunder didn't you rout us out?" asked Gus, rather emphatic in his disgust. "The idea of hanging around the house all night, when here were good beds and a warm welcome inside!"

"Yes! why didn't I?" I retorted, in the utmost indignation. "You ask that confounded and utterly abominable dog of yours why I didn't. A pretty fellow he is, to have on the premises of a respectable countryman! You keep him out of my sight after this, if you want to keep him at all."

Gus laughed.

"There! never mind, old boy; you're tired and cross, and no wonder. Here, just tumble into bed, and you shan't be disturbed for a week."

But I was in no mood for sleep.

"I'll take a wash, Gus," said I, "and lie down till breakfast; for I can't sleep, and some good hot coffee will set me up again."

"All right," said Gus, and, finishing his toilet, he left me to repose.

I had said truly that I could not sleep. Thoughts of my night's adventure and everything connected with it thronged through my brain and gave me no rest. What did the lady think? For, as yet, she knew not the cause of my strange intrusion. Would she recognize me? Would she allow me to make her acquaintance? How could I gain absolution for my frightful proceeding?

But the breakfast-bell cut short my unsatisfactory musings, and I joined my friends in the dining-room. Gus met me and placed me at his side, saying: "Mother, here's poor Martin, who, as I told you, has been wandering in the grounds half the night, and stands in sore need of some of your best coffee."

After a smiling welcome from host and hostess, I greeted my other acquaintances among the merry party, and was presented to the new-comers, Mr. and Mrs. Franklin, Mr. Preston, and—Miss Rossiter!

The lady strove her best to look unconcerned, but a blush would rise and a repressed smile would dimple her cheeks; these, coupled with my embarrassment, caused some glances of surprise and led Gus to exclaim: "I believe you've seen each other before!"

I was silent, but Miss Rossiter instantly regained her composure and replied: "Yes, I think I have met Mr. Martin, though I never had the pleasure of an introduction."

Bless her woman's wit! At this remark, everybody subsided into customary commonplace, and breakfast went on.

It perhaps is almost unnecessary to say that my constant endeavor, after this, was to gain a private interview with Miss Rossiter; but, as we were decidedly new acquaintances, taken with the fact that she evidently avoided such a meeting, to accomplish the matter was a feat of some difficulty, and several days had elapsed before I managed to do so.

At length, one pleasant day, when the ladies were supposed to be taking an after-dinner nap, I strolled toward a little rose-arbor with my cigar and book. As I went in from the clear sunshine, my dazzled eyes did not at first identify a lady who hastily rose in some confusion as I entered.

"I beg your pardon," I began, then suddenly recognized Miss Rossiter. "I implore you," I quickly ejaculated, "hear me! Only grant me five minutes! I must explain!"

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The lady hesitated.

"Miss Rossiter," I continued, in calmer tones and with some dignity of manner, "I have to thank you from the bottom of my heart, for your wonderful self-control and considerate silence in an affair that causes me the utmost distress and regret. If you will allow me, I will try to explain that unfortunate occurrence in such a way that even you will pardon me."

"You have my permission, sir," said Miss Rossiter, with a little stateliness that I rather fancied was assumed to keep herself from smiling.

Somewhat encouraged, I went on; and, if ever a man racked his brain for fit words for the occasion, I was that man: and I soon had the satisfaction of receiving full acquittal from the lady, together with the admission that she thought that, inasmuch as I had unwittingly stumbled into such a predicament, I had chosen the very wisest course for extrication.

After this, we were friends; she avoided me no more, and in truth it was not long before Gus accused me of being "regularly gone" on Mabel—a fact which I did not care to deny, and only wished he had been as good authority on the state of her mind toward me.

However, the few bright weeks, filled with all sorts of frolics, rides, sails, archery, and tennis-matches, slipped away rapidly, and the breaking-up was at hand.

On the last night of our stay, I coaxed Mabel down to the little rose-arbor. She seemed shy of entering, until we spied therein two or three others of our party, enjoying the beauty of the evening. After we had all chatted awhile, we were interrupted by Marlowe, who came after the rest of the party, according to appointment, to take a last sail. This left Mabel and me alone, and, with a quickness born of desperation, I told her I loved her and asked her to be my wife. I need not put her reply in words; but, after the lapse of about half an hour, as I sat with her fair hands in mine, just as the voices of the returning party were borne to our ears, I said:

"How sweet it was of you, darling, not to make an alarm that time, as most women would have done, unthinkingly, and then what a position we should have been in!"

"Thank you, dear," she responded, demurely, "but I must not accept more merit than I deserve. You see, I knew you, if you did not me; for, only the evening before, when Gus had gone for you, good Mrs. Thwaite was talking about you and showing the large photograph of you in the album in her room. So I recognized you, and, of course, after the first uncontrollable start, I knew that you were not likely to be prowling about with fell designs on unprotected damsels or jewels; I knew, too, that I had your room, and therefore, though very much amazed, I was not so utterly beside myself with fright as you have imagined."

I closed her lips with a kiss; but I insisted then, and still insist, that a most flagrant case of scandal was avoided simply by MISS ROSSITER'S PRESENCE OF MIND.

TO MY DOG.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

As you sit on the sands at my side, old dog,
  And your gaze follows mine to the sea,
I wonder if your dumb brain is at work
  With the problems that haunt and vex me.

What is it I see in your eyes, my dog,
  Asking voiceless questions of me,
As your gaze follows mine to that distant line
  Where the heavens unite with the sea?

Is it the fellowship of the creature alone
  That your dumb affections crave?
Or is there a germ in your faithful breast
  That will live through the mold of the grave?

In vain I wonder and question and seek;
  And just here the thought breaks through,
Of life's mysterious problems, old dog—
  What more do I know than do you?

Your questions are mute, while mine may find words;
  A difference, we two must agree,
But not a distinction to give to you death
  And make an immortal of me.

* This poem illustrates the November steel-plate, "A Revery."

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LUCKY AND UNLUCKY DAYS.

BY JULIAN ST. LAWRENCE.

EVERYONE knows that Friday is a day of ominous character; but not everyone, whether he shares the belief or laughs at it, is aware that this particular fancy is only a remnant or survival of a far larger, deeper, and more powerful superstition.

Those of us who read our destinies at the bottom of tea-cups, shudder at a broken looking-glass, tremble at the spilling of salt, and refuse to walk under ladders, may still regard this one day of the week with feelings akin to religious dread; but here, even for such as these, the modern regard for times and seasons usually ends. Far otherwise was it formerly. A surprisingly large number of the days of the year were long supposed to possess some occult influence for good or ill; and thus our forefathers, in all their enterprises, were hemmed in by a net-work of superstition, of which we, their descendants, with follies enough of our own to answer for, can happily form but a very faint and inadequate idea.

This strange belief in the beneficent or evil characteristics of different days was, in times past, one of the most widely spread of all superstitions. It permeated the whole East; and from the cultured societies of Greece and Rome to the wild tribes of the far North, no people was altogether a stranger to its power. Nor was it a pagan superstition alone. Christianity accepted it, and it held its sway over the minds and destinies of men in unabated vigor down to the very period of the Reformation.

As during the whole of this time it was considered of the highest importance that men should be able to distinguish between the fortunate and unfortunate days, that they might wisely regulate their affairs accordingly, it was natural that many attempts should be made to reduce day-lore to something like a systematic form. Such of these attempts as have been preserved differ in many important particulars, showing how vague and shifting the prevalent ideas on the subject must have been.

A very early record comes down to us in an Anglo-Saxon manuscript. Here the "dies mali," or evil days, are marked as three: the last Monday in April, the first Monday in August, and the last Monday in December. These days seem to have derived their malevolent character from the popular belief that it was on the last Monday in April that Cain was born, on the first Monday in August that Sodom and Gomorrah were destroyed, and on the last Monday in December that the arch-traitor, Judas Iscariot, first saw the light.

But the tendency of all superstition, where unchecked by skeptical counter-influences, is ever to secure its victims in stronger and tighter chains. It was not long before—multiplying with a rapidity which reminds us of Falstaff's "men in buckram"—the three unlucky days had grown to twenty-four. Later on, an ancient French manuscript gives thirty "perilous days," while in 1616 the number had reached fiftythree—a rather alarming proportion of the three hundred and sixtyfive making up the year.

It is needless here to transcribe the whole of this long list, as it is hardly likely that any reader would care to consult it in the making of his arrangements; but it may be mentioned that, of all the months, January was the most unfortunate, and July the least so. The former had eight Egyptian days, as they were frequently called; the latter, only two.

As usual in such cases, the energies of the wise men of the time seem to have been largely concentrated on the evil element in the question. One old writer does, however, favor us with a catalogue of the days which are marked as "specially fortunate," on which one ought "to begin enterprises, use merchandize, sow seeds, plant trees, build houses, or take journeys." Children lucky enough to be born on these days would never be poor;

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boys put to school on any one of them would turn out great scholars and distinguished men; those then apprenticed to trade would become rich.

These beneficent days were twentyeight in number, and they are said to have been revealed to "the good Joseph" by no less a messenger than the angel Gabriel himself. To show what a strong hold this superstition had taken on the minds of men, it is only necessary to mention a single curious fact: In 1550, a certain Peter van Bruhesen, a Flemish doctor, published at Bruges a perpetual calendar, in which were indicated, with the utmost care and "according to the principles of judicial astrology," the days on which one might with safety bathe, be bled, shave, etc., and those days on which such operations were attended with danger. His book, we are assured, produced the greatest commotion in Bruges, and made such an impression on the public mind that the authorities of the city officially prohibited all the barbers within their jurisdiction from pursuing their calling on any of the days marked as unpropitious by the learned doctor.

As for Friday, the day which from time immemorial has labored under a curse, it is hard to decide whence came the strange fancy which has lingered among us so long, and is still far more prevalent than educated people are apt to suppose. Certain it is, however, that whatever may have been its origin, the superstition which linked Friday and misfortune together as inseparably as Juno's swans was confined to no one region or people. That the early Christians received it may perhaps have been due to the fact that Friday was the day of the Crucifixion; but how are we to explain the presence of the same belief among the pagans of old Scandinavia and the Brahmins of the distant East? Laugh at it as we will, the vulgar dread of Friday may at least lay claim to an ancient pedigree and most extensive possessions.

But, of all days in the year, Childermas, or Holy Innocents' Day, was long regarded as by far the most unfortunate. No undertaking commenced on this day could end otherwise than in disaster swift and sure. No one dreamed of marrying at such a season; and in some parts of England, notably in the North, it was held to be extremely unlucky even to wash during the four-and-twenty ominous hours. More than this, the curse which rested on this particular day was supposed to be transmitted also throughout the whole year to every day corresponding to that on which Childermas Day last fell. Thus, if this day came on a Wednesday, every Wednesday in the succeeding year was rendered dangerous and unwholesome. The popular belief was not confined to the lower classes, but affected those in the highest places in the land. We learn from the "Parton Letters" that the coronation of Edward IV was postponed from Sunday till Monday because it was discovered in time that the Sunday chanced to be Childermas Day.

A very curious and interesting portion of the subject of day-lore is that which deals with the lucky and unlucky days of various countries and different distinguished individuals. Many strange coincidences have been brought to light under this head, and many more might doubtless be discovered by industrious searching. Thus, two of the greatest misfortunes of the Jews occurred on the same day—August 10: the destruction of the first temple by Nebuchadnezzar, and that of the second temple by Titus. One of the most striking instances of the persistent self-assertion of one particular day in the fortunes of individuals occurs in the lives of Philip of Macedon and his son Alexander the Great. On the 6th of April, Philip took Potidea; on the 6th of April, he overthrew the Illyrians; on the 6th of April, his horse won the Olympian games; on the 6th of April, Alexander was born; on the 6th of April, he conquered Darius; on the 6th of April, he won his greatest victory at sea; on the 6th of April, he died.

In the same way, the 30th of September was Pompey the Great's fatal day—being the day of his birth, of his great Asian victory, and of his death; while the 19th of August was the day of the adoption of Augustus, of the beginning of his consulship, of his victory over the Triumviri, and of his death. Nearer our own time, we may call to mind the fact that Sir Kenelm Digby was born on the 11th of June, distinguished himself at the battle of Scanderoon on the 11th of June, and died on the same date.

Similar curious coincidences have been discovered in connection with the days of

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the week. Thursday, for instance, was a day of ill omen to Henry VIII and his posterity; and Henry himself, Edward VI, Mary, and Elizabeth, all died on that day. In like manner, all the important events of Thomas à Becket's life happened on Tuesday. On that day, the peers of the land sat against him; on that day, he was banished; on that day, according to his biographers, the Lord appeared to him at Pontiniac; on that day, he returned from exile; on that day, he was murdered; on that day, he was canonized.

One particular day of the month or week appears often in this way to persist not only in the lives of individuals, but also in the history of whole periods. The following schedule shows the importance of the 3d of September during the time of the great Parliamentary struggle in England: September 3d, 1641, Parliament adjourned and the Irish rebellion broke out; September 3d, 1643, Bideford, Appleford, and Barnstable surrendered to the king; September 3d, 1650, battle of Dunbar; September 3d, 1651, battle of Worcester, Earl of Derby defeated at Preston; September 3d, 1654, third Parliament met at Westminster; September 3d, 1658, Oliver Cromwell died; September 3d, 1662, Lenthal, Speaker of the House of Commons, died.

IN OLD WAYS.

BY VERONA COE HOLMES.

At eve of an autumn day like this,
When the wind is strong, and the rain
Is driven aslant: when the twisted rills
Slip, zigzagging, down the pane:

When the fields are soggy, the brooks abrim,
When the river runs broad and brown,
When the deluge roars on the reeking roofs
Of the desolate rain-soaked town:

When the wild wet day departs, and the night—
Wet, wilder, and gloomier—nears,
I loose myself from myself, and go
Far journeys across the years.

I—the mortal—lie languid and listless; and I—
The spirit—elate and aglow,
Go gayly again down an old wood-road,
Through a forest of long ago.

Recreated, restored, rendered valid and real
The sinuous trail, and the vines
And the grass that o'errun it; the moss and the rocks,
The curve of the creek, and the pines,

And the split-log bridge, and the rise beyond,
Where the cart-wheels bruise the sod;
The felled trunk rotting, the flags, the ferns,
The sumac and golden-rod,

The mottled button-wood's hollow bole,
Its leaves in the brook afloat;
The wide still wood, aflush with the hues
Of the patriarch's piebald coat,

The autumn silence, the windless warmth
Of the woods, while the sun shows red
Through the thinning leafage; the tinkling purl
Of the brook in its pebbled bed,

Where, prone 'neath the brow of the jutting bank,
Close over the pool's low brink,
I scoop, with the cup of my curving palm,
Its flood to my lips and drink;

The good earth-odors, the wholesome smell
Of the curing leaves, and the hint
Of spice-wood and cedar and resinous pine,
Of wintergreen growths and mint,

And afar, through the deeps of the twilight wood,
Intermittent and faint and fine,
The pastoral medley—the musical bells
Of leisurely home-going kine.

Oh, old-time trail through the wide still wood!
Away from the chill and the rain
Of an autumn night, have I sought and found
And followed you far and fain.

FAITH AND LOVE.

Faith and truth and love together,
E'en through fair or stormy weather,
Blossom on through rain or shine,
Living in a light divine.

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A MAN'S WISH.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

"GOOD-NIGHT, and may the morning bring you the opening of a truly Happy New Year."

The voice was sweet and tender, and the shy and troubled face which looked up at the man to whom the words were spoken was sweet and tender too.

"A Happy New Year!" he said, bitterly. "You are very kind, but the words mean little to me; the years bring little of happiness to me."

"I thought— I—" she began, timidly, and then stopped short, while the color crept slowly up into her cheeks and made that beautiful which had been only pretty before.

He caught her in his arms almost fiercely, and kissed her with an earnestness that was savage in its intensity.

"I know all that," he said, "and there is no need for you to say it. Your love is a great blessing to me; your words are comfort; your face is my sunshine. But I've known for all the long years between my early boyhood and now that you would be mine sometime, if we both lived."

"Yes, that is true," she said, simply and almost humbly; "there has never been any doubt of that."

"And I have worn my heart out for what I could not have—for what I have not gained; and I am wearing it out still. I am no longer a very young man, and the day when I may claim you is apparently as far off as it was when we were little children together."

"That need not be; you know it need not be. I am ready to be your wife whenever you will; you surely know that."

"I do. I know that you love me enough to make any sacrifice for me; I know that you are kindness and tenderness itself. But I must be more thoughtful for your future than you are yourself. I am too poor to take you from your home to what I should have to give you in place of it. We must drag our lives out in this same lonesome way, apart from each other, strangers to the joys of home, and all because I am poor."

"You must know that I am ready to come and be your wife, your helper; you have money enough for me." She looked brave enough for anything good and noble, as she said it.

"But money is power. I am nothing in the social world, while those with intellect or morals less than mine are great—great because they have money. I love the excitement of political life; gold is the key to it. Our horizon shuts me in so narrowly that it seems to cramp my very soul; but only the wealthy may travel. I must copy maddening lists of the sales of merchandise, when I long for books and the leisure to use them. I tell you, girl, I don't wonder that the desperate men and women of the old-time day would sometimes sell their very souls for gold; I am almost ready to do it myself."

"You are simply discouraged and disheartened to-night; to-morrow you will feel differently."

"If I do, I shall simply have shut my true inner self out of sight. My whole being is crying out against fate, in an earnest demand for wealth and the things it will bring to its possessor."

"You have only to wait patiently, to have it all sometime. Your uncle is rich; you will be his heir, and—"

"Curse my uncle!" he broke in, angrily. "I am sure of nothing from him. He is a half-crazy miser, and capable of leaving every penny he owns for some worthless scheme, instead of to me. Think how he lives in his great house on the hill, while I toil on unthought-of. He has outlived his usefulness and his happiness; it sometimes seems as though he took a cruel satisfaction

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in trying if he may not outlive me. I wish he would die to-night!"

"Don't say that. In the name of all that is good, don't even think it. Let the New Year find you better. Good-night, and may God bless you."

May it not be that the true wishes of the good sometimes stand between us and the worst we desire?

The young man, who found life so dark when the shimmer and gleam of gold were shut out of it, walked away toward the house where he boarded. The walk was a long one—long enough to have allowed his brain to grow cool and his heart to grow kind. But he had felt this bitterness so long that the full opening of his heart to his promised wife had been like opening the draughts in a great furnace. He kicked the snow and the dead leaves from his path spitefully, and would have felt a satisfaction if they could have felt his power. He shook his clenched hand at the great house on the hill, where his uncle lived, standing for a moment on the steps of the building he called home, then entered the house. He passed the parlor-door sullenly; inside, men and women with lives no brighter than his were forgetting the dark side of existence, and were throwing care to the winds of the winter night: enough for him to hear their laughter grate on his ear. He hurried to his room, eager to be alone.

Rooms and their belongings seem to have speech: silent voices tell of what the occupant is like; they conceal nothing, they never lie, they make no mistakes. This room told a pleasanter story than the man had made of his life. Enough choice books to keep a lover of them employed, while their number was small enough to keep him from confusion in making his choice of the great minds who should solace his soul, looked down at one from shelf and bracket. His chairs spoke comfort, giving mere show the lie. His desk was large and ample, for a man whose work was elsewhere. There were pictures enough on the walls, and they were of that sort which speaks of good taste and discrimination on the part of the owner. All these belonged to this sullen man, and mutely welcomed him as he crossed the threshold. The open fire at the farther end of his room shook its long fingers of cheerful yellow flame at him as he entered. The master-spirit of the room had come, and it seemed as though the silent things we have mentioned were beings with souls, and each bent, in its own way, to make him forget that there was cold or labor or poverty anywhere in the broad earth.

The household familiars were no stronger than the girl had been: their mission of brightness failed. The man looked about him as discontentedly as though home had been a cold and dreary garret—possibly more so.

"Eighteen hundred and eightyone is going fast," he muttered, as he glanced at his watch. "I wonder whether the coming year will be like it. How many more unprofitable years will fall to my lot?"

He took down his calendar. "December, 1881. Go, as your symbol does!" And he tossed it into the hottest part of the fire. He took a package from his pocket, and untied it with feverish haste. A new calendar stood on his table. "Eighteen hundred and eightytwo," and he bowed mockingly, "I wish you would introduce some variety into my life. You cannot be worse than your dying predecessor has been. Bring me money, too; the year now going has failed of that."

He silently undressed, put out his light, and placed his aching head upon the soft pillow.

"If I may only be rich—immensely rich—before I die, I can die contented," he murmured. Then he slept.

The fire burned low. The wind whispered in gentle gusts about the house. Star after star looked lovingly in at the sleeper's window, as they seemed to pause for one moment on the horizon's edge. The clock in the hall told off the hours with a cheerful voice which never changed, be winter cold or summer hot, be beauty's heart beating fast with life, or old age silent until time shall be done.

The cold deepened. The dawn brightened. The embers of last night's—and last year's—fire fell together, blazed for a moment, went out. The sleeper stirred uneasily, and—

II.

"WAKE up!" shouted a voice at his door. "Wake up at once! You are wanted up at the great house: your uncle is dead."

Dead? That settled it. The old man

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might have left all to him; if so, he should know himself a rich man in an hour. He might have left it to some charity; that would end his last hope of wealth at all. He had wished his uncle dead: his wish had come true.

He dressed in his cold room, with the winter night turning slowly to day outside; he dressed rapidly, but he had time to think. No thought of regret stirred his heart; he had never loved his uncle, nor his uncle him. He felt no sorrow at the news which had come to him, and he was too honest—despite the bad side of his character which he has kept turned toward us—to feign what he did not feel. He had no thought of pity for the man who, with all his wealth, had found so little in life. A heart which would have been called cruel and selfish, in a poor man, had ceased to beat; little cared he. A brain which would have had its sanity questioned, if it had directed the efforts of a laborer, was at rest at last; that was all. So be it! No feeling of remorse crept darkly into this man's thought. The event had followed the wish, it is true; but what of it? He was not responsible; he was glad.

At the door downstairs, he found the doctor and the lawyer. The former gravely raised his hat; it was an honor he had never shown our hero before. The latter whispered shrewdly, behind his hand: "I congratulate you." Thus greeted, he could have shouted for joy as he took his place between these men in the sleigh.

"My uncle's death was sudden?" he asked.

"Very sudden," the doctor answered. "I was called late in the evening, to see him—very late. You know, the old gentleman has always been peculiar—eccentric—and an invalid for years. Knowing this, it will not seem strange to you that I expected to find him nearly as well as usual; and at first sight he seemed so. I cannot tell yet what killed him at the very last: it almost seemed as though a sudden blight had fallen upon him. He grew worse rapidly. I could not guess the cause, nor stay the failure of his powers. He asked for his lawyer to be sent for, long before I gave him up; but of course we humored him by sending at once. It was well we did. When our friend here came, the old gentleman asked for his last will. It seems the lawyer had been directed to bring it, in all his visits to him. He asked to have it read. It gave you one hundred dollars, and left the rest to educational and charitable institutions. Taking the paper in his trembling hands, he tore it into fragments. 'My nephew wants it all,' he said, 'and he may have it. He will get it with the New Year. I didn't quite understand it when I made the other will: he was so young and well and strong—he seemed so happy. I wonder if the boy knows I would give all my gold for his health and youth?' The new will was made. Your uncle was sinking fast, but his mind was never clearer; you were made the absolute owner of everything of which he died possessed. He sank back exhausted. 'The money—the money: he will find the money—' and his eyes closed wearily. When I had given him a drink to stimulate him, he raised up in bed again, strong in body once more, for a few fleeting moments; but his mind was gone. The words he spoke were the most utter nonsense. Just at the last, he seemed to think of the money again. 'He will find the money—the money—the money—' Suddenly he shouted out: 'Curse the boy! If I had known! Give me the will! Give it to me—quick! What shall I do? What can I do? I know: I'll keep the secret! Let him find the money—curse him!' His head sank forward; he was dead."

Can the world deny what the man who had asked fate for fortune had said of its power? The life which had stood between him and the fruition of his wish once gone, he found his own experience proved it true. The heir to the great house was honored and made much of. The frozen sod and fleecy snow of January shut the face of the dead from sight but little sooner than it shut his name and deeds from memory. Another ruled in his place.

The history of the world is summed up in the pathos of mourning and welcome: "Le roi est mort; vive le roi!"

But the heir failed to find one single dollar in money. There was the large house, with its elegant furniture and its convenience of equipment, with its troops of trained servants as ready to serve the new master as they had been to serve the old: but no money. The dead man had drawn all the money he had had in bank; he had given

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receipts for it, which the banks at which he had done his business showed to the heir and his lawyer. They had paid him in gold and silver. They knew nothing more about it, and, like practical business men, they would guess nothing.

The old man had owned bonds, but investigation showed that he had turned them all into coin. He had owned stock in manufacturing companies, in mines, in railroads. But other men held clear titles to every share of it now, and receipts for the metal they had given in exchange.

Men with money were ready to lend freely to one whose prospects for wealth were so good; others were ready to pity the misfortune which had deprived him of the immediate possession of his fortune—or to laugh at him. The world furnishes plenty of examples of each of these two ways of looking at the troubles of others.

Anxious search did no good. All articles of furniture which could have concealed so much wealth as he believed his uncle had were examined with care. With springtime, the search in the vast grounds about the house began.

Two fears haunted the "poor heir": the fear that he would not find the money, and the fear that someone else would. He posted notices warning trespassers off the grounds; he hired men to help him search and to aid in guarding the estate; then, fearing dishonesty and treachery, he privately hired others to watch them, and he spent hours in playing the spy on them all himself.

He slept but little; he ate but little. He worked as hard as the poorest laborer. Night and day, he worked and watched. The lawn was torn and seamed with holes made in search for the lost fortune.

III.

It was a dreary night of wind and rain. The rawness of spring was in the air. No sleep could come to the pillow of the restless man whose only thought was of gold. His only thought? Not quite. His loved one had tried, that day, to win him from his fatal infatuation: it had ended in their having their first quarrel.

He arose and took the round of the grounds. His guards were all at their posts. Everything seemed all right until he came to the long avenue leading directly up to the house. A dozen rods in advance of him, there was someone wearing a long black cloak and walking slowly toward the house. The figure seemed determined to avoid observation: it crept along from tree to tree. It stopped long enough before one of his notices to trespassers to have read it through, leisurely and slowly; but it kept on. Suddenly it turned to the left and stepped up on the top of one of the mounds of earth thrown up from a hole on the lawn only the day before. A short slight figure, outlined distinctly against the dusky sky. Long watching and anxiety had well-nigh maddened the man. The thought that a person could have passed his guards and be peering into one of his recently opened pits, a quarter of a mile from the boundaries of the grounds, was too much. He raised his hand slowly, aimed deliberately, and fired. A murderer in the sight of God!

Not he alone. One of his guards had suddenly seen the figure on the mound of earth, as he came upon the scene from another direction, and the two men had fired at the same instant.

The guard was farther away than his employer, and a poor marksman. Quicker on his feet, however, he was at the pit as soon as he.

It was his betrothed wife who lay before him, slain by his own hand, a bullet-hole straight through her true heart!

The two men stood looking at one another. The owner of the property, quicker of intellect than the other, saw the terrible necessities of the case first. Both had dropped their revolvers, on seeing who had been killed. The weapons were very common ones; both had been taken from among a number when the guard for the night had been set, but they were not of the same calibre! The murderer took up the pistol belonging to the other man, and put it in his own pocket. A minute later, the terror and desolation of his crime and his loss came over him like a flood; the trees seemed to dance before his eyes; the solid earth seemed to break up beneath him, and kind nature gave him the respite of utter unconsciousness.

Circumstantial evidence has been responsible for the death of more than one man at the hands of the sworn servants of law. Is it any wonder that it should fall into

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error when the case is so terribly against a man that innocence believes itself guilty? A bullet from a certain pistol had done the deed; what could law do, other than it did?

Men marveled that one whose promised wife had been murdered should seek in every possible way to secure the release of her murderer; but so it was. No effort was spared at the trial, nor afterward.

The senseless, cruel, cold-blooded murder of a man really a trespasser might have found excuse, in the eyes of those having the power to pardon. The accident which had sent a woman, instead of a man, to be shot down without warning, had put mercy out of the question. The man who had told the "dear dead woman" that he was almost ready to sell his soul for gold had the hideous knowledge, one hot midsummer afternoon, of the fact that the man he had betrayed had been "hanged by the neck until he was dead."

My hero a traitor! Do you wonder I have not written down his name in my story?

IV.

He sat in the library in the great house; the clothes he wore were patched and threadbare, and soiled from the days of toil and nights of watching. His hands were thin and white and almost transparent. He saw his shrunken face reflected from a mirror opposite him, and it almost frightened him—it was so worn and haggard. Above it, his long and unkempt hair showed plentiful streaks of gray. He was in bodily pain—in mental torment. The thought of suicide had come to him more than once lately, but he had shut his lips together and sworn he would have the money before he died.

To-day, work must cease; there was a storm coming rapidly from the west. In a little while, the elements would be in the midst of their unknowing rage.

Darkness came down, broken into by the quick flash of the lightning, as the silence which preceded the storm was by the thunder and the crash of wind and rain. Suddenly there was a flash that seemed to fill the whole room with its brightness, and every fibre of his being with heat. A great section of the wall came tumbling in, and with it the gold it had hidden! Gold by the thousands of dollars' worth—gold that would have filled large baskets and boxes—gold that swept around him in a sudden stream of wealth ankle-deep.

Rich? Rich beyond his wildest hopes.

Rich! With no sensation to break a stillness he had never imagined possible.

Rich! With his limbs torn and twisted out of all semblance to anything human.

Rich! and falling forward into the unknown future—down, down, down—deeper into the darkness: farther into the silence: beyond where we can follow him, beyond anything we can even guess. For no human being, having gone so far, could ever come back to mere human life again, unless—

V.

Truth may be taught in dreams!

On the table of the happiest and most thankful man in the whole world, stood a calendar telling him that it was still only "January 1, 1882."

A clock struck six.

He sprang from bed. Up on the hill stood the Hall, untouched by storm. In the garden, he saw an old man walking to and fro on the frosty walks. It was his uncle.

His sweetheart was coming down the street, and he heard a friend call after her the wish for a Happy New Year.

There is only one entry in his diary for January 1, 1882, and it is a short one; but there are spots and blots on it which tears have made. It simply says:

"There are better things in the world than money."

"PETERSON."

BY BELLE BREMER.

As some great bird on pinions free
Flies on in sunshine and in storm
Across the land, across the sea,
O'er fields of snow, o'er sun-lands warm

So it has flown, with countless sum
Of precious good, afar, anear,
For fifty years, until has come
Its Jubilee—the "Golden Year."

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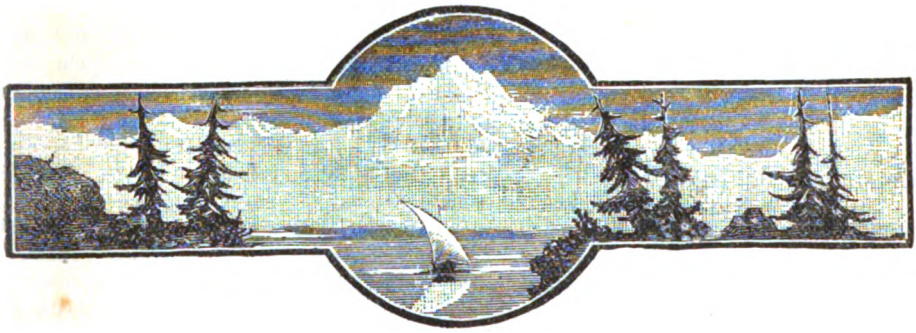
BY STRANGE PATHS.

GEORGIA GRANT.



IT was a bitter cold December day—far too cold a day for "Miss Ethel" to be out, the housekeeper would have said; the child knew that. She knew, too, that her ayah would have been horrified at the idea of her venturing forth in such weather. But her ayah was dead—lying by herself in a darkened room: Ethel knew that, for they had taken her in to see the silent form of her faithful nurse; and the great house was so lonely, so still, it made the child shiver. The sun had not yet sunk behind the neighboring woods, and the crisp clear December atmosphere looked bright and cheerful to Ethel. So while Mrs. Dart, the housekeeper, was busy about something else, the little girl slipped on coat and bonnet and crept out for a walk.

She had never been outdoors by herself in all her six years, for the dead ayah had been her constant attendant since her birth. A sense of loneliness and strangeness came upon Ethel, as she hurried over the snow-covered ground; she felt confused and uncertain without her nurse. But this feeling only made the child hasten on. Perhaps, without understanding herself, she was trying to get away from the still dark face that rose before her eyes.

The sun had sunk behind the trees, and its fast-fading light had almost vanished before Ethel realized it. Then a sensation of positive fear seized her, as she saw the early winter dusk setting in. She was almost in the wood, too, and the tall leafless trees looked gaunt and spectral in the waning light. Tremblingly the little girl gazed about, and just then some sparrows came hopping over the frosted earth. A sense of companionship brought new cheer to Ethel.

"Is you lonely, little birdies?" she asked, softly, and an encouraging chirp answered her.

A sudden thought entered the small maid's mind. She remembered that Mrs. Dart had given her some cookies that morning, and she had put them into her pocket; it seemed to the child disrespectful to eat cakes, after looking at her dead ayah. But how the birds would enjoy such a feast—she had often fed them before. So, after considerable fumbling underneath her coat, she brought forth a cooky and sprinkled its crumbs on the ground.

"Are you here all by yourself, my dear?" asked a musical voice, and, turning in the direction whence the sound proceeded, Ethel saw a strange lady coming toward her.

"Yes'm," the child replied. "Who are you?"

"I am a stranger in the neighborhood; will you tell me your name?" the new-comer said.

"Ethel Stanhope Lindsay," was the prompt answer; "but you haven't told me yours."

The lady was silent. Ethel was watching the last crumb of cake disappear, and, holding in her hand the second cooky, was hesitating

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whether she should give it to the hungry sparrows, so she did not notice what a long pause followed her question.

"My name is Mrs. Bronson, my dear. Do you live at Elmwood, with Mr. John Lindsay," came the reply, at last.

"I'm afraid I don't; yes'm, if you please."

Ethel carefully answered each question in turn, and, as she did so, looked up scrutinizingly at her interlocutor. It was too dark, however, to see the face very distinctly; but the stranger's soft voice won her confidence.

"Yes'm; he's my grandfather," Ethel replied, making an heroic decision and scattering her last cake to the birds.

"Do you know your way home, or would you like me to take you there?" the strange lady asked.

"Then we had better start at once, for I am not very sure of the way, though they gave me directions at the inn," Mrs. Bronson remarked, taking Ethel's hand in her own as she spoke.

On the way home, the little girl proceeded

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to recount her brief history to her new friend.

"So you have no papa nor mamma?"

"Oh, yes; but my papa's in India, and my mamma's in heaven. I have nobody with me but grandpa and my ayah, and now she's in heaven too—at any rate, Mrs. Dart said she thought so."

"Did you love your ayah?" asked Mrs. Bronson.

"Yes'm," answered Ethel, with a sob in her voice; "there'll be nobody now to look after me."

"Would you like me to look after you—be your governess, you little lonely chick?" and the stranger put her arm about the child with sudden tenderness.

"Yes'm, I think I would." The reply came with some deliberation, but by this time the two had reached the house, and nothing further was said.

Mrs. Dart opened the door, looking pale and frightened; but her expression changed to one of intense relief when she caught sight of the little girl. Ethel's disappearance had but just been observed by the busy housekeeper, who had donned her wraps and was about to set forth in search of her.

Having delivered up her charge, not without a parting embrace, the stranger asked to see Mr. Lindsay, and, a few minutes later, was ushered into the library. If the lamplight there had not been rather subdued and the old man sitting by the table very near-sighted, he might have seen that his visitor was extremely pale. Her voice, however, was calm, as she introduced herself.

Mr. Lindsay was a hard-looking old man; the other, more keen-sighted than he, saw that at a glance. He seemed well preserved and comfortable; the world had evidently gone smoothly with him, and he was one of those fortunate persons who have no sympathy with their unfortunate neighbors—do not even believe in them. At least, that was what Mrs. Bronson decided, after her first scrutiny and before she had accepted the chair she was invited to take.

Half an hour later, Mrs. Dart, answering Mr. Lindsay's bell, was introduced to Ethel's new governess.

"A young widow, just returned from India because the climate did not suit her health. She brings unexceptionable references from a family with whom she has lived for several years," he announced, in his pompous way.

A week afterward, Mrs. Bronson was established at Elmwood, with no other introduction than the letters she brought and her frank pleasant manner. "My blessed New Year gift," Ethel said afterward, for her governess came on the last day of December. The ayah was buried in the family churchyard, and Ethel forgot to miss her, in the companionship of her new friend.

Three uneventful years passed peacefully by. Ethel and her governess seemed very fond of each other. People congratulated Mr. Lindsay on his choice, and he smiled complacently when they did so. Another year went by, serene and tranquil; then, one morning, Mrs. Bronson received an imperative summons from her employer to come to the library. She entered and took the seat pompously proffered, feeling, she could not explain why, like a culprit. She was not conscious of having committed any delinquency, however, so she could only account for her sensation by the severely judicial air Mr. Lindsay wore.

"I have sent for you, Mrs. Bronson," he said, sternly, "to see whether you can explain this," and, as he spoke, he handed her a locket. Then he leaned back and balanced the tips of his fingers, with the manner of one who waits to hear a confession from the prisoner at the bar.

The confession came—slowly and in broken voice, for the speaker wept as she went on with her sad story. Mr. Lindsay listened, unmoved, to the end.

"And you will not send me away now?" Mrs. Bronson finished, crumpling her tear-stained handkerchief nervously in one hand, and holding the other up with an entreating gesture.

"I am not sure that it is wisest," he began.

"You may trust me—I have kept my secret all these years," the governess interrupted.

In the end, Mrs. Bronson's pleadings won; not that they reached any tender spot in the selfish old man's heart, but because he realized how much inconvenience her dismissal would bring on him.

"I understand now," he remarked, dryly, "why the curates had no chance, nor even a baronet's son."

For the years spent at Elmwood had not been uneventful, if proposals can be considered events when they do not change the

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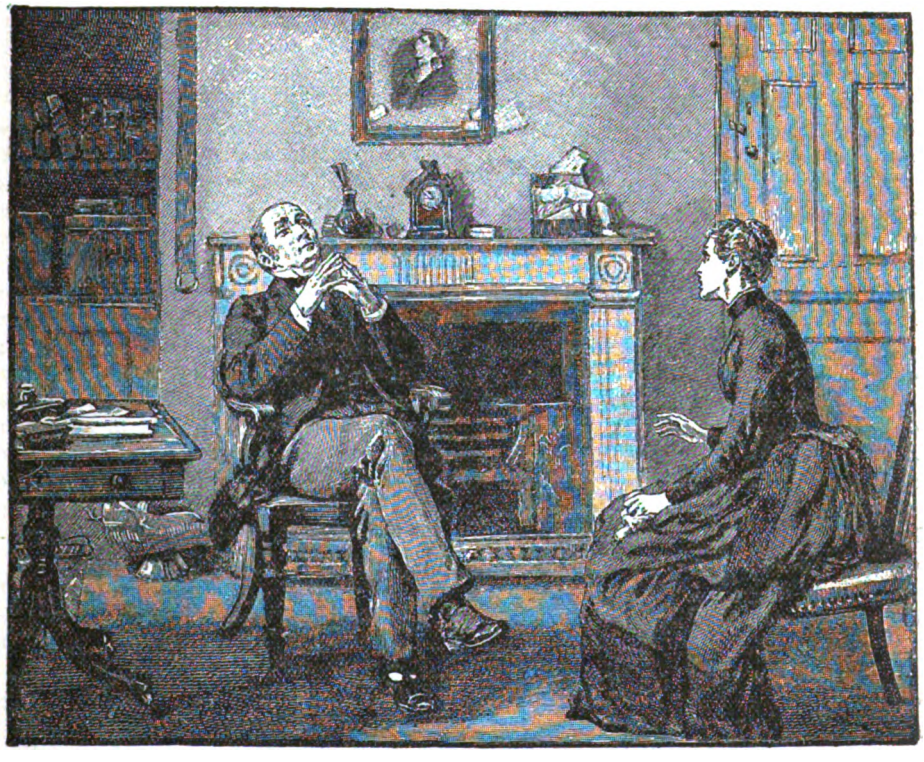
tenor of a woman's life. A succession of curates had fallen victims to Mrs. Bronson's charms, and caused some anxiety to her employer, though she never gave them any encouragement. Finally, the son of the great county magnate, Sir Henry Lodge, fell in love with the young governess—she did not look over twenty; but she evinced even more than her usual discretion in this case, and did her best to cure her admirer. She had made many friends, too—indeed, her treatment of the baronet's heir gained for her the lasting gratitude of both his parents.



The servants in the house, following Mrs. Dart's lead, were as ready to do her bidding as if she had been the mistress. As for the worthy housekeeper, she was always singing Mrs. Bronson's praises.

The years flew by as years will, and Ethel grew into a tall slender girl in her teens. She was devotedly attached to her governess, finding in her apparently a substitute for the mother who had died so long ago. She did not even appear to miss her father, who had never returned to England, but who sometimes wrote that his daughter would soon be old enough to join him. Mr. Lindsay was fond of his grandchild in a selfish way, so he always answered that there was no hurry about Ethel's going to India, and that his son must come for her. This was not an easy thing to do, however; for, two years after Ethel's mother died, he had married an Anglo-Indian heiress, and, though he had but one child by the marriage, his wife was a great invalid and could not bear her husband ever to leave her.

At last, a letter arrived, announcing Colonel Lindsay's intention of bringing his little son to England and taking his daughter back with him. Consternation fell on the whole household. Mrs. Bronson seemed completely crushed, and Ethel almost as unhappy. The old gentleman went about looking cross and wearing a mysterious air which irritated poor Mrs. Dart into positive bad temper. The preparations for Ethel's departure went on slowly, amid many tears, though Mrs. Bronson's were mostly shed in the privacy of her own room. When with her charge, she did her best to keep up her courage.

A second letter from Colonel Lindsay, set-

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ting the exact date of his departure from India, forced Ethel and her governess to face the thought of separation more plainly still, and, when news finally came that he had reached England, it was almost more than they could bear.

Ethel was with her grandfather, in the library, when the telegram arrived. The poor old gentleman was sadly shaken, partly by regret at losing his granddaughter, partly at the idea of having six-year-old Harold left in his care.

"What shall I do?" he sighed, "for of course I can't refuse to take him; he will die, if he remain in that vile Indian climate. Do you think we could—persuade Mrs. Bronson to stay?"

Ethel was rather surprised at the hesitating tone; it did not seem, to her, such a remarkable request.

"I'll ask, grandpapa, if you want me to," she said, promptly, and went in quest of her governess.

She found her in the library, selecting some books for her pupil's future reading. Ethel had requested her to do it, but it was a task hard to perform with any appearance of cheerfulness.

"Dear Mrs. Bronson," the young girl began, timidly, "when I am gone, will you not stay here with Harold and be his teacher, as you have been mine?"

The look which passed over the other's face frightened Ethel. It showed a strange conflict of feelings, terrible to behold. The poor child could not understand it, and, filled with remorse, cried out:

"Pray forgive me, dear Mrs. Bronson."

For answer, her companion caught her to her bosom in a close embrace, sobbing:

"I have nothing to forgive, darling; how should you know?"

Then she sank into a chair and gave way to a passion of grief, moaning:

"Cruel! cruel! Oh, it would be too much!"

Ethel was alarmed at the violence of the outburst, for her governess had never before broken down in her presence. Her own grief was awed into silence beside this agony, and, bending over her companion, the young girl did her best to offer some comfort. At last, the storm spent its violence, and, recovering a little of her usual composure, Mrs. Bronson gently told her charge that her boxes were all packed and she must leave that day.

"Will you not stay and see papa?" cried Ethel.

"No, dear; I must go. It will be easier for me now than later. I could not endure it much longer."

The parting was a terribly sad one; but it was over at last, and, leaving her address with her heart-broken pupil, to whom she promised to write as soon as possible, Mrs. Bronson was gone.

That evening, when poor Ethel had wept her eyes dry, she crept into bed and lay wide-awake in the dark, longing partly for her governess, and partly for the dear dead mother whom she could not remember, and whom nobody in England had ever seen: for the colonel's first wife had been an orphan with no near relatives, and she had always made her home in India. So there had been no one to tell Ethel about her mother, although she learned from Mrs. Dart the little that the housekeeper knew.

It was a sad, sad story. When the terrible Indian mutiny broke out, Colonel Lindsay had not been married much over a year; but he was obliged to leave his wife and her babe in the barracks, while he led an expedition against the rebels in a part of the country where they appeared most dangerous. Learning that the greater part of the garrison was away, a Sepoy regiment attacked the fort, and, after gaining possession, burned it to the ground. The only persons who got out alive were Ethel and her ayah. The latter had friends among the natives, who helped her to escape, and she would not go without her charge. Ethel and her rescuer were taken to a safe place, and, when the rebellion was over, Colonel Lindsay, who had passed unscathed through all its horrors, found a daughter, but no wife, awaiting him. It was a terrible blow; and, when in two years he married again, people said it was in pity for the heiress who was dying for love of him, combined with a desire for her wealth. Ethel knew all this: knew, too—or at least fancied she did—that her father's life with his second wife had not been very happy. Mrs. Lindsay was a querulous exacting invalid—there was not much doubt about that; and, thinking over it all, the child, worn out at last, fell asleep.

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The next morning, Colonel Lindsay and Harold arrived, and, when her father held her in his arms and murmured, in a tone of mingled relief and disappointment: "You are not in the least like her," Ethel comprehended why he had never wished to see her all these years. He had not forgotten, and her beloved governess; and, one evening, Colonel Lindsay expressed regret that he had never seen her.

"I have no picture of her, either," said Ethel, regretfully, "for she always refused to have one taken; but, one day, Mr. Lodge made a rough sketch of her, at a picnic, and

she reminded him of his loss. In the course of a week's time, the two were close friends, while little Harold, who was a very attractive child, had completely won his grandfather's heart.

Ethel, of course, talked a great deal about gave it to me. It is a splendid likeness, everybody says; but it was taken a long while ago—two or three years after she came to live with us."

Ethel handed her father the drawing; but she was startled by the terrible change that

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came over his face, as he looked at the picture. He grew deadly pale and his lips moved, though they emitted no sound.

"What is the matter, papa?" she cried; but he only put his hand to his head and stared wildly at her.

The terror in Ethel's voice roused old Mr. Lindsay from the book he was reading.

"What is it?" he asked, in astonishment; and, for reply, Colonel Lindsay held up the paper in his hand. Glancing from that to his son's ghastly face, the elder man understood, and, turning gravely to Ethel, said:

"Go to your room, my child."

The night seemed long to Ethel, who, in the intervals between brief dozes, puzzled over her father's strange conduct that evening. With the first streak of light, she rose and dressed herself. As she was about to go downstairs, there came a knock at the door, and Mrs. Dart entered.

"Miss Ethel," she began, with some hesitation, "the colonel had a telegram awhile ago: your step-mother is dead."

"Dead?" repeated the young girl, dazedly.

"Yes," answered the housekeeper, in a solemn voice. "She died of pneumonia, after being ill only three days. We don't know anything more. Your father had to go away, but he'll be back this evening."

It was a strange solitary day for Ethel. Her grandfather devoted himself to little Harold, and she felt lonely and bewildered. Night came at last, and with it her father. But who was that following him? Ethel gave a cry of delight when she recognized Mrs. Bronson, and sprang into the arms held out to receive her. As she clung to her beloved governess, Colonel Lindsay said gently:

"Ethel, my dear, this is your mother."

"My darling child—mine at last!" and the enfolding arms clasped her still closer.

It was a strange tale, told by the mother whom she had supposed had perished in the devouring flames. Rushing out to seek her child, who, with the ayah, had disappeared, she managed to elude observation and made her way to a safe place. Not knowing the country, she went in an opposite direction from that her husband had taken; and when, to escape all danger, the people who had sheltered her fled far up into the hill-country, she accompanied them. Through the remainder of the terrible rebellion, she lived with the family who had been kind to her as governess. Rumors came to her of her husband's death, and, when at last she started to rejoin her friends, and learned with horror that Colonel Lindsay had married again and sent Ethel to his own home, she returned to her post till she had saved money enough to go back to England. A happy chance gave her the opportunity of being with her daughter. The discovery by old Mr. Lindsay of the locket containing his son's picture forced her to confess her secret to him, but of course he had no desire to reveal the truth.

If late happiness can compensate for years of suffering, then the past has been fully atoned; for Colonel Lindsay has sold out, and in all England there are not three happier people than himself, his wife, and Ethel.

TO —— ON HER EIGHTEENTH BIRTHDAY.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

FAIN would I weave for thee, dear one, to-day,
A happy song for this sweet advent-tide;
But tongue like mine, though willing, cannot say
The words my heart would have it, if it tried.

Perchance, if I could see thy loving face,
My fettered heart might some sweet means devise,
By which thine own so modest heart could trace
An unsung song deep in my soul-lit eyes.

I know the song my heart hath writ; and yet,
Whene'er my trembling lips do try to sing,
Their want of cunning mocks, and I regret
To hear the words like hollow echoes ring.

Oft have I heard the music of that song
Surge wild and fierce within my throbbing breast,
And, though my tongue hath sought the words for long,
It finds them not, for hopeless is the quest.

I know the secret—never mortal ears
Will hear the soothing strains of that sad song;
Because, though mixed with human smiles and tears,
Such songs as mine to other worlds belong.

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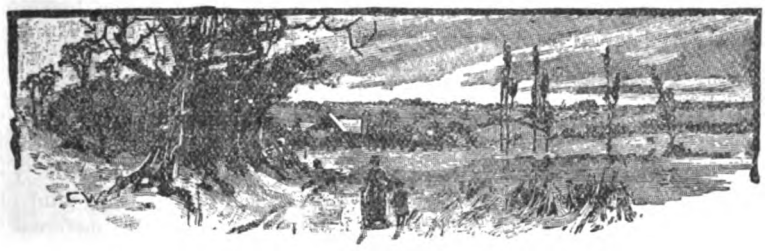
IN THE WOODS.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC.



CHAPTER I.

"SOMEBODY'S a comin' here afore sundown," announced young Mrs. Nicolas Profitt, as she swooped downward for her dish-cloth and gave it a vigorous shake to remove the major portion of such dirt as it might have acquired from contact with the hearthstone. "Three times hand-runnin' hev I drapped this dish-rag sence I set to clean up ther dishes. Ther Dominicky rooster hev been a-floppin' an' a-crowin' nigh on ever sence daybreak, an' I ain't counted no less than five severial buzzards a-sailin' an' a-soarin' in ther elements over this here house. Thar'll be comp'ny along twix now an' nightfall, or thar ain't no dependence to be put in no signs whatsenever."

Her father-in-law, old Mr. Nicolas Profitt, from his place in the chimney-corner, grunted low down in his throat, but vouchsafed no other comment. He was a lumpish and awkward old man, weighing in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, with eyes rendered dull and unattractive by reason of the fat surrounding them, his scanty grayish-red hair combed flat and cut up at the back in a semicircle, with the long points behind his ears, and the arc rising crown-ward above the depression at the base of the skull which children call the "stingy-hole." With old Mr. Profitt, the depression was well defined, despite his plethora of fat, and, if there should be wisdom in babes, gave evidence of a most illiberal nature. He was much addicted to the chimney-corner, both in season and out; also to tobacco and the pure delight of watching other people work, while he sat at ease and told them how to do it. He said that the heat from the covered embers in summer, as well as the blaze of the roaring logs in winter, was comforting to the "rheumatiz" and "mis'ry" in the back, with which he claimed to be permanently afflicted. His daughter-in-law had her own opinion, to which she sometimes gave utterance, as hard-worked women will, when her patience needed upholstering. In the main, however, she was, as her neighbors averred, a "peaceable 'ooman," and put up with her father-in-law's laziness as she put up with his flesh or with the absence of a fourth leg to the family grindstone: it was simply an idiosyncrasy of construction.

She had found him in the chimney-corner when young Nicolas had brought her over from the Georgia side of the mountains, two years before, and he had continued in the chimney-corner without abatement ever since, and would doubtless so continue until death should make it necessary for some extraneous force to remove him. This the young woman realized, and accepted her husband's surroundings as she had accepted himself—for better, for worse—and loyally made the best of them. Then, too, she had become accustomed to him; and habit will reconcile humanity to almost any condition, even to a lumbering and inconsequent old father-in-law, anchored beside the hearthstone.

With a quick glance in his direction and a half-smile, Mrs. Profitt went on with her work; her feelings were not hurt by his lack of response. He was usually nimble enough in conversation—having, like most men who are averse to physical exertion, a facile tongue

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and omnipresent curiosity. But, directly after meals, he would lapse into a comatose condition for an hour or so, during which his only utterances would be swinish.

When the dishes had been replaced in the little corner cupboard, the floor swept, and the cooking-utensils restored to their places in the shed-room, Mrs. Profitt drew her spinning-wheel into the light of the open doorway, laid a pile of soft fluffy rolls across the beam, and placed a small basket handy to receive the broches when they should be finished. Then, with the turning-pin in her hand, she stepped out on the porch and looked about her. The season was waning, and the sun, his journey shortened, appeared to rest just above the summit of old Broken-nose, and to lay his rays in a golden haze on the foliage of the forest, as a jeweler might seek to intensify the beauty of his gems by covering them with a veil of shining tissue. The young woman arched her hands and held them against her forehead, to shield her vision; her gaze rested on the mountain-side, and she inclined her head a little, as one who listens. Presently, the silence was cleft by the stroke of an axe falling regularly and rhythmically on the stout trunk of oak or hickory tree: the woman's face softened, and her eyes grew luminous; she bent forward, as though to meet the sound more quickly, and her lips curved themselves into a smile. Love scorns not a homely messenger, and the axe was in the hands of her husband.

After a moment, her thoughts returned to matters more nearly practical, and she descended the steps to assure herself that a callow pullet, who had "stolen her nest" among the mullein-leaves and golden-rod of an unfrequented fence-corner and brought therefrom a brood of belated chicks, was alive to her responsibilities and behaving with the discretion required by a dangerous neighborhood: in a pen at no great distance were hogs whose morals were lax in the matter of small poultry, so that it behooved a hen who had rushed into the cares of maternity unauthorized to exercise great vigilance. The pullet, surrounded by her energetic brood, was scratching under the ash-hopper in the full blaze of the sunlight, so Mrs. Profitt left them and turned her attention to the calf-lot, wherein was a juvenile bovine of limited months but boundless fertility of resource. This creature, ring-streaked and striped, as though born amid rods peeled and unpeeled, had a malevolent practice, when the pangs of hunger would seize him—which they did pretty often—of sending his voice down the mountain-side in a bleat of such agonized insistence that his anxious parent would forsake the rest of the cattle and hasten home, under the impression that much evil had befallen her offspring. Nor was this the worst: for no sooner would his mother reach the fence, than the disingenuous little beast, with wild flourish of heels, would curvet nimbly along its inner side, hunting for a likely spot, and, when he had found it, by dint of pushing and some help of the maternal horn, he would contrive to squeeze through a greedy head and defeat all possibility of satisfactory returns at milking-time.

This time, however, he lay at rest, with his head turned against his mottled side, apparently oblivious of evil intentions. The young woman returned to the house, pausing a moment beside the porch to pick off the ripe seed-vessels from the fading cypress-vines clinging to the posts. The sunshine glinted on her ruddy hair, bringing out reflections that rivaled the glow in the wine-colored chrysanthemums in the borders. Her back was toward the road.

"Good-evenin', 'Lizabeth! Air ther dogs around anywhar? I be afeard."

Elizabeth Profitt turned and advanced along the little path between the chrysanthemums. Her smile was full of welcome, and she sent her voice before her in reassurance.

"Come right in, Aunt Sara. Thar ain't nothin' to be afeard of. Our dogs don't hurt no person in ther daytime nohow, an' Nick have got 'em in ther woods. Come in; I war just a-tellin' father thet ther signs p'inted straight for comp'ny."

A middle-aged woman in a brown calico sun-bonnet advanced likewise. She had armed herself with a stout bit of brush, full of sprangling little branches, and halted in the clearing beyond the gate, to give herself all possible advantage in event of canine onslaught. She was a thick-set woman, "built from the ground," according to the rustic phrase, after the manner of the Profitts. Her cotton skirt was scant and hung straight from waist to hem, and her shoes, plainly visible, were heavy and evidently of domestic

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manufacture. She had the patient expression and sad eyes peculiar to the denizens of lonesome places, and, when she smiled in reply to her niece-in-law's greeting, she showed intermittent teeth in a state of ruin which robbed the demonstration of much of its pleasantness. Mountain women are repressive of effusion, and greetings rarely develop beyond a hand-clasp. Aunt Sara cast aside her bough of defense, shook hands, and proceeded toward the house, talking volubly.

"Yes, siree! I be afeard o' them servidgerous dogs o' your'n. Thar ain't no dependence to be put in nothin' trottin' on four footses whar have got er brindled hide an' bloodhound breedin', an' thet thar biggest dog o' Nick's air close kin to them famous trackers o' old Kunnel Speed's, whar folks sot so much store by befo' ther war. Them thar brindles was noted whenst I war a gal, for ther keenest noses an' ther steadfastest ways o' any breed o' dogs in ther State. When you sot one o' them dogs to find an' hold anything, he would keep arter it 'twell he found it or drapped in his tracks. It's a good strain in dogs or humans, but it's danger'us sometimes; so I gin'ally gits a bresh, an' stops outside."

She entered the cabin as she talked, giving an approving glance around at its neatness, and shook hands with her brother, whom the sound of her voice had aroused—remarking, as she did so, that he "hadn't fell away in flesh none to notice, nor got no pearter," since she had last seen him.

Elizabeth pushed forward a rocking-chair and laid fresh wood upon the fire, making a cheerful glow, which the air from the open doorway prevented from becoming oppressive. Then she stepped quickly into the inner room and returned with a flannel bundle in her arms, which she unceremoniously deposited in the elder woman's lap. It contained a month-old baby, very pink and wrinkled still, but evidently regarded by both women as among the wonders of the world. They discussed its points and development exhaustively, cuddled it, crooned over it, absorbed themselves in multitudinous details concerning it, and talked and listened, both together and all in a breath, as it were, in a manner only possible to women.

The grandfather in the chimney-corner leaned forward, with his elbows on the arms of his chair, and contemplated the group with well-fed and indolent benevolence. He took interest in the conversation, also, and contributed many and unreliable theories, which were received by the women for what they were worth and freely commented upon and contradicted.

After this little excitement was past, the younger woman moved her wheel a trifle nearer the hearth, caught up a long white roll from the heap across the beam, attached it to the little lump of wool at the point of the spindle, and set the wheel in motion with a quick movement of her turning-pin, hearkening the while to the discourse of the visitor, who jogged the baby on her knee and dispensed intelligence, both foreign and domestic. A widow, whose children were all grown and "doin' for tharselves," the best spinner, weaver, and sick-nurse in the district, Aunt Sara was also a notable gossip, and kept up such an endless progression among the neighbors that she might almost have claimed the position of the White Queen, and held herself ready and able to announce and enlarge upon an event many days before it had taken place. Very little that might or did transpire escaped Aunt Sara's vigilance, and that which she reaped she sowed again with dispatch and diligence. She lived in a little settlement in a cove of the mountains about three miles away, and was considered by her country relations to be an authority on matters of social import.

"Any news a-stirrin' round ther settlement, Sary?" questioned old Nicolas, taking a corncob pipe from a niche in the chimney and bending forward to lay a leaf of tobacco on the hearth to dry.

"Not none to speak on, brother," the visitor responded; "leastways, not none o' no size, you may say, sence ther 'lection 'citement hev stood long enough to cool, an' John Gilroy hev been took off to Crumbleton an' jailed for ther malicious an' onprovoked shootin' o' Lem Tweaver, Monday fortnight, as ther indictment do set forth."

"Thet war a lie," Elizabeth eagerly interposed. "Nick, he have declar'd to it 'twar a lie. Ther fray betwix them two boys warn't onprovoked. Nick says thet Lem Tweaver had been drinkin' some, an' was that sassy an' outdacious thet thar wan't no standin' of him. He wan't drunk n'other

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an' war 'sponsible fur every word he spoke, an' done it malicious, bekase he have always hated John Gilroy. He set hisself to marry Rose Harrison ye'r afore last, an' his heart have been black as soot with envy an' spite ever sence he found out she favored John Gilroy over him. He 'lowed, bekase John war a widower, 'twarn't no danger in him; an', whenst Rose snapped her fingers in his face an' took up with John, he b'iled clean over. He swo' thet ther world warn't big enough then to 'commodate him an' John Gilroy, an' ther Lord knows he have been aggervatin' enough sence to make it shrivel a sight more."

"I 'lowed he'd humped hisse'f over ther disapp'intment 'bout Rose tol'r'ble easy, seeing he upped an' married Courtney Tweaver last summer."

"He married Courtney out'n spite, to show Rose he didn't keer," Elizabeth affirmed. "He know'd Courtney liked him, too, an' he war tired o' doin' fur hisself arter his sister Mary got married. Lem war plumb crazy 'bout Rose. Courtney know'd thet whenst she took him."

"I hearn thet Nick war summoned on ther posse," the elder woman remarked, with interest. "War he, fur a fact?"

"Ther men-folks at ther settlement named ther thing to him," Elizabeth acknowledged; "but Nick, he wouldn't 'gree to it. He dodged ther Sheriff fur two days, an' sont him word he wouldn't sarve even ef he war jailed fur denyin' of 'em. Nick, he have played 'long o' John, an' hunted, an' done business, an' all like o' thet, ever sence they put on breeches, an' never no wry words nor cross looks betwixt 'em; an' Nick 'lowed to me he'd be durned ef he'd saddle up his horse an' rampage arter John, like he war a varmint."

Aunt Sara's metropolitan existence had developed her to the point of subordinating the inclinations of the individual to the good of the community, a point which as yet lay outside the cognizance of her nephew's wife. She joined issue with some asperity.

"Ther majesty o' ther law have to be uphilt, come what will an' come what may," she dogmatically announced; "an' men-folks ain't got no right to set up no 'shall' nor 'shan't' agin ther institootions they have set thar hands to the up-rearin' of. Ther law holds all sech as draw thar shootin'-irons on thar fellow-creeters, permisc'ous, fur malefactors an' disturbers o' ther public peace, an' deals with 'em accordin'. Nick kin sass as much as he have a mind to; but I'll lay, ef he had been summoned on thet thar posse, his stomick would have made out to stand it."

An obstinate look passed over the younger woman's face, and she drew so hard on the thread that it broke short off at the spindle. Her pride in her husband's independence revolted from the idea that his own will might not be paramount under any and all circumstances.

The old man took up the testimony.

"It war a lie ther indictment told," he affirmed, with an emphatic movement of his ponderous head. "It ain't to be wondered at, nother, seein' ther Tweavers swo' it out. Lem Tweaver air an aggervatin' man whenst he air plumb sober, an', whenst liquor gits inside o' him, he air fa'rly doubled an' twisted with contrariness. I war at ther settlement thet night, an' seed ther fray. Lem war downright catawampus an' despisable to John, thet night. John warn't doin' nothin'. He war down-sot by ther 'lection gwine agin him, an' hadn't no sperets fur quar'lin'. John air a peaceable man, anyhow. He war riled some at bottom, bekase he'd lost ther Sheriff's office along o' them Tweavers' 'lectioneerin' agin him. I ain't denyin' thet them boys fussed; they war obleeged to fuss. Whenst a man's in a hole, it don't holp his temper none to have them whar holped to shove him in a-floppin' an' a-crowin' in his very face. Ther Tweavers an' ther Gilroys ain't had no patience with one another fur nigh a hun'ed ye'rs, an' it don't look sensible to expect none to crop up in John—not at 'lection-time, nohow."

"Thar needn't of been no shootin," objected Aunt Sara, who was a renegade from the mountain code in the adjustment of difficulties. "Whenst men-folks fall out, God A'mighty have pervided fists to squar accounts with. I ain't faultin' John fur fightin'; I'm faultin' him fur bein' so brash with his shooter. He war obligated to fight. Ther talk is, thet Lem upped an' called him a liar afore ther whole store full o' folks."

"A 'damned' liar," corrected the old man. "An' that warn't ther worst. Whenst Lem giv him the lie, John riz right up an' stepped forred an' slapped him in ther face, as he

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had a right to. Then he snatched off his coat an' 'lowed thet he stood thar in his tracks to give a thrashin' or to take one. He war b'ilin' mad, an' so war Lem. Them boys would'r clinched an' fit then, whip who could, ef Lem had kept his mouth shut; but he didn't. He had draw'd his pistol soon as John struck him; an' ther devil was in him, strong as a mule. He sorter larfed an' fooled with ther trigger an' named a foul name an' set it on to Rose Harrison, an' John flashed round an' 'twarn't nothin' then but who had ther straightest aim."

The eyes of the younger woman flashed. The girl who had been insulted was of her blood. Her husband's family might discuss the affair with the impersonal interest of outsiders, but her blood grew hot and rapid as she thought of it. The old man crumbled the dried tobacco-leaf slowly in the palm of his hand, and from thence transferred it to the blackened cavity of his pipe. A rooster that had been investigating a pile of corn-cobs on the porch, in search of stray grains, advanced boldly to the door-step and crowed. The sound of the axe had ceased, and the shadows were beginning to lengthen.

"Lem's wife took on turrible," Aunt Sara gossiped on. "She air a Tweaver, an' thet breed don't stand on nothin' they do nor say, whenst they are stirred up an' contrariwised. She raised a mighty hullibaloo whenst Lem's body war took home. She riz up and stood beside ther bed whar they'd laid him, an' took his dead hand 'twixt both o' her'n, an' swo' thet, if thar warn't nary man o' Tweaver kith an' kin yearnest enough to take ther quarrel up an' git blood fur blood, she'd do it herself. An' she retched up over ther chimbly-shelf an' took Lem's gun down, an' hilt it out afore them Tweaver men—her brothers an' cousins—whar was standin' thar, an' called on ther last one of 'em, by name, to lay his hand to ther barrel an' set his mark on ther stock, an' swear vengeance forever agin ther whole nation o' Gilroys, root an' branch. An' they all done it; every last one on 'em done it eager, for 'twarn't like openin' up no new ground—only beatin' over ther old."

After a momentary pause, she resumed: "Yes, sirce! them Tweaver boys done thet thing. Ther neighbors, standin' about, hearn 'em whenst they done it; ther real blood-oath 'twas, same as old Willis Tweaver swo' an' kept agin William Gilroy, way back in Injin-times, whenst bad blood fust started 'twixt ther families, along o' William Gilroy layin' ther Tuscarora braves on Tweaver's track, to pay him out fur mistreatin' thet squaw whar he married an' Gilroy wanted fur hisself. Thet squaw's blood air in ther Tweavers yet, an' it makes 'em powerful hard to satisfy. Whenst them men got done thar swarin', old Martin Tyler, a-settin' in ther chimbly-corner, he spoke up an' counted 'em off 'pon his fingers, like he war callin' a muster-roll; one by one he counted, nine in all—able-bodied men, fit to swing an axe or shoulder a gun or break a colt, or any yuther sort o' men's work. An' he wanted to know, soft an' easy, who 'twas they'd swar'd agin an' sot a blood-mark for. An' them nine men just stood, jaw-drapped, an' glowered, most turrible took back; for, barrin' John Gilroy, safe an' snug in Crumbleton jail, a-waitin' o' his trial, thar ain't nary drap o' Gilroy blood in a livin' man-creeter 'cepten thet leetle deef-an'-dumb baby o' John's, whar won't be six ye'r old 'twell harvest-time come around."

The disproportion struck the listeners with a sudden sense of grotesqueness. Elizabeth smiled, and old Profitt took his pipe out of his mouth and laughed contemptuously.

"Natu'al-born idgits couldn't 'er done no foolisher trick 'en thet," he remarked; "an' them thar Tweaver boys hev hilt tharselves fur sensible men 'twell now. Shucks! Nine men, full-growed, a-swar'n' o' vengeance agin a dumb baby! It air clean scand'lus! But lawks! what kin you expect? Men-folks' grip on ther senses God A'might, takes ther trouble to deal 'em gits mighty slack whenst ther game's runnin' agin er 'ooman o' thar blood. Whenst she flashes her feelin's in thar eyes, it's just like totin' a blazin' lightwood knot into a hen-house arter dark: everything gits dazzled, an' them whar don't clinch to ther roost-pole does a sight mo' redic'lus."

"Them Tweaver boys looked powerful silly, I reckon, whenst old Martin got after 'em so rank."

The young woman's tone was derisive; her sympathies were all on the Gilroy side in the affair. John Gilroy, in her eyes, was a martyr to the cause of women. Had she known aught of canonization, she would have invested him with sacred rights and privileges with acclamation.

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Aunt Sara chuckled.

"They tucked tail an' slunk out'n ther house, like dogs ketched yelpin' up ther wrong tree," she admitted. "An' whenst Lem's wife r'ared agin arterward, an' tried to heat 'em up to mobbin' Crumbleton jail an' lynchin' John Gilroy whether or no, she couldn't roust up no more enthusiasm 'en nothin'! Them boys war as tame as wet roosters. She harried 'em tremenjeous; an' arter while Jim Tweaver, her cousin, he upped an' told her thet she'd heap better be sorrowin' over ther slaughter whar had been done a'ready, then houndin' men on to more. Ther law o' ther land had ketched holt, he 'lowed, an' he reckoned it had power to grapple with ther matter. He warn't gwine to interfere no futher, he said, 'twell ther proper time an' ther proper place. Them very words, he spoke; an' t'other men, they backed him up. 'Twar hard on Lem's wife. He war a contrary man, an' no better-tempered 'en a nine-ye'r-old bull; but he war her'n, an' she war plumb crazy 'bout his shootin'."

Old Profitt disagreed with her. He could understand and appreciate the advantages of inertia. His experience had been, that, if a thing were let lay long enough, somebody would come along and attend to it, without the overt intervention of women or of men sufficiently wise to avoid precipitation.

"Let ther law hold its holt," he counseled. "Ef John kin show enuf provocation, he'll come in fur manslaughter an' git his term; an', if he can't, they'll fetch it in murder, an' twist him a hemp cravat. Anyway an' anyhow, he'll get his stomick-full of shootin'. Cuttin' shoe-pegs or stretchin' rope air ekally discouragin' to servidgerousness. Lem's wife kin rest satisfied. Thar ain't no use o' no more feud-swearin'. Ther Gilroys air pretty well thinned out hereabouts, an' Tweavers ain't been noways back'ard in hurryin' death with his job. Folks 'lowed thet Lem's grand-dad—old Jerediah Tweaver—holped Elisha Gilroy, John's great-uncle, settle up fur Jedgement Day a sight swifter 'en Lisha had a mind to. 'Twan't never proved on Jerediah, howsunever, an' nothin' wan't never done 'bout it. Look like Lem mou't be offset agin Lisha, an' both families cry quits."

This suggestion might be sound in point of philosophy, but it was too callous to recommend itself to the women. They turned to another branch of the subject—namely, the place of present sojourn and probable ultimate destination of the little dumb boy.

During the week that had intervened between the shooting and John Gilroy's arrest, the little fellow had remained in the care of Rose Harrison, who lived with an aunt in the settlement. The girl had been fond of Gilroy's first wife, and familiar in his house from the days when she had come across the mountains from Georgia for the visit to her relative which had ended in adoption; and the afflicted little one, accustomed to her from his birth, had grown to love her second only to the mother he had lost. When, in the course of love and nature, Rose had finally decided that it would be for her happiness to assume the dead woman's place and duties, she began to draw the child more and more nearly to her and to watch over and care for him. And, after the arrest—or more accurately the surrender, for Gilroy had given himself into custody—it seemed natural that Rose should take the child to her home.

But, within the last few days, a sister of John's—a woman with a number of children of her own—had come down to the settlement, from her home five miles higher up in the mountains, and assumed charge of the boy. Rose had been loath to give him up, and had pleaded hard; but John's sister had been obdurate. The child was a Gilroy, she maintained—flesh of her flesh and bone of her bone—and "'twarn't fitten he should be took up an' done for by nobody but them as had Gilroy blood." Whether or not some garbled version of the oath of vengeance had reached her and stirred family affection and fealty is an open question. She was a discreet woman, and, if she feared to leave the child in the same village with Lem's new-made widow, she kept it to herself, and only declared in public that the place for her brother's son was his sister's house, until such time as he could indicate his own wishes in the matter.

Rose had lifted the little one to his place behind his aunt on the blowzy sorrel mare, with eyes blinded by tears which had fallen fast as she tied his little bundle of clothing to the horn of the old side-saddle. Then John's sister had leaned over, and the

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eyes of the two women had met in a long look, and words had passed in a whisper which had seemed to take some of the sting out of the parting; for Rose, a moment later, had reached up her arms and drawn the child's dumb pathetic face down to hers for a final kiss, and contrived to make him understand, by some occult love-method, that he must be good and patient in his new home for a little while, and then she would come for him.

Then the girl had put on her bonnet and gone over to the Profitts' house and held a consultation with her Cousin Elizabeth and her husband, laying before them certain plans which had developed in her brain and demanding and receiving from them promises of aid and secrecy.

After the departure of her guest, Elizabeth stood aside her wheel and busied herself with preparations for supper. Her movements were quick and skillful as usual, but her tongue was less ready than her hands for once, and her air betokened preoccupation. When everything was under way about the hearth, and the table was in readiness, she gave her father-in-law a bucket of corn soaked in water and garnished with bran and potato-peelings, with the request that he would give the pigs their supper; and, during the old man's absence, she got out a pair of saddle-pockets and filled them with food of various sorts, not forgetting a bottle of persimmon-beer and a tin drinking-cup. Her husband's saddle hung in the outer room, and she took it down and carried it, together with the saddle-bags and his Sunday coat and trousers, out to the little log corn-house which adjoined the stable. She appeared to be preparing for a journey of some sort which required secrecy and was to be of length, for she flitted backward and forward between the house and corn-house several times, and finally went into the stable and filled the manger with food and patted the neck of the strong-limbed roan horse standing in the stall.

After a while, young Nicolas came in, with his axe on his shoulder and his dogs at his heels. He was a stalwart fellow, with a serious kindly face, deliberate and chary of speech, but decisive in action. He spoke cheerily to his father and exchanged glances with his wife, as he stood the axe aside and seated himself beside the hearth. While Elizabeth dished up supper, he held the baby in his arms with awkward tenderness, regarding it with interest not unmingled with trepidation. During the meal, he responded to the old man's garrulity with such wit as God had given him; but his manner was abstracted, as though his thoughts were busy elsewhere, and his silence during the period of smoking which follows every rustic repast would have been noticeable in a man less habitually quiet.

About eight o'clock, he rose, and, remarking that he had to see a man in the settlement that night on business, left the house. The moon was above the tree-tops, and shed light enough earthward to render objects dimly visible and give promise of better things to come. Young Nick went straight to the corn-house and made such changes in his apparel as his wife had provided for; after which, he saddled the roan and led him out. Elizabeth had come out for a last word and to let him through the bars, and stood watching his preparations with sympathetic interest.

"Thar's breakfast in ther saddle-bags plentiful," she observed, "an' a cup to drink out'n. You an' Rose will git hongry a-ridin' all night, an' 'twill be nigh twelve o'clock afore you git to Crumbleton to-morrow."

As he swung himself to the saddle, she turned toward the bars to let him out, with the question where her cousin would join him.

"At ther big sycamore t'other side o' ther creek," Nick answered. "Rose air gwine to ride thet gray colt o' John's thet far, or lead him if she ain't able to wrassle with him. Ther colt air sorter wild an' onhandy fur a woman, not bein' more'n half broke, an' I'll swop saddles whenst I j'ine her. John have sont up word to have ther colt fetched down to Crumbleton an' sold fur what he'll bring, wantin' money fur ther lawyers. Rose have got a little laid by, she war gwine to buy furniture with; thet will take her to Asheville an' fetch her back. An' we-all kin holp 'em some, I reckon."

Elizabeth slipped her hand into her pocket and drew thence a little shot-bag tied up with a leather string, which she handed to her husband.

"Thar 'tis," she smiled. "I fetched it out,

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thinkin' money would be needin'. It air fifty dollars; an' thet ought to holp right smart, with what Rose have got an' ther price ther colt will fetch. 'Twill be enough to squar 'em up, I reckon."

Nick, more versed in the methods of law and lawyers, had his doubts; but he pocketed the money and leaned down from the saddle to kiss his wife good-bye. He gave her many last instructions, too, as to the management of family and little farm during his absence—which might cover several days, he informed her; since, after seeing Rose safe on the Asheville train, he must visit the jail and have a talk with John and arrange about the sale of the colt. He meant to stand by John and see him through his trouble, not only because of friendship, or of sympathy for Rose, but also because he—Nicolas—had a grudge against the Tweavers on his own account, and would willingly circumvent them should it be possible. In the shooting-affair, he held John entirely justified; for, to his rough code, the man who would not strike out in defense of a woman who was dear to him, or even draw knife or pistol if need were, would prove himself no better than a poltroon for whom tar and feathers would be too good. Nick had energetic theories and beliefs and the intense individualism which is bred by isolation. All his emotions, both generous and doubtful, had interplayed to induce him to lend an ear to Rose's appeal, and a hand to aid her in her sore distress. And for his wife Elizabeth, she was with Rose, heart and soul, from the very outset.

Elizabeth leaned on the bars and watched her husband ride away across the field and into the forest beyond, until the mists and elusive shadows of the night made a wall between them, and then made all secure again about corn-house and stable and returned to the fireside. The old man was dozing and asked no questions, and presently betook himself to his bed in the shed-room. Elizabeth sat in thought, with her child on her breast, watching the fire burn down and following with her imagination the course of the travelers.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

JEAN OF SEVRES.

BY MINNA IRVING.

BEYOND the bridge at Sevres
A dainty cottage stood,
Its frosted windows gleaming
Beneath a snowy hood.
Across the icy river,
In barricade and trench,
Lay, by their smoking cannon,
The legions of the French.

"In yonder house a captain
Of Prussia hides his head,"
To Jean, the peerless gunner,
His stern commander said.
He heard with deep emotion—
His face was ashen gray;
But, though his heart is breaking,
A soldier must obey.

White-lipped but steady-handed,
He aimed the shell, and lo!
A heap of shattered fragments
Were strewn upon the snow.
Well done, my gallant fellow!"
He heeded not the praise;
His eyes were on the ruins,
His thoughts of other days.

"Oh! nevermore the roses
Will wreathe the door," he sighed,
"As when in early summer
I built it for my bride.
Adieu, our pretty cottage!"
He dashed the tears away.
"But she is safe in Paris,
And soldiers must obey!"

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THE HENS' REVOLT.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

THEY were two little maidens,
  So dainty and sweet
From the crowns of their heads
  To the soles of their feet.

And in mischief they whispered:
"Oh, come, let us go—
There are fresh eggs for breakfast,
  The hens cackled so."

Then armed with a basket
  A-swinging between,
The two sweet little maidens
  Appeared on the scene.

All regardless of cackle,
  Of racket and din,
Of frocks, ruffles, and trimmings,
  They scooped the eggs in.

Then the fowls cackled cackles
  Full of pain and of strife,
And they chased the wee maidens
  Till each ran for her life.

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And the hens chased and raced,
The roosters followed too;
They cackled and they crowed
And they made much ado.

Then our sweet little maidens,
At safe distance from thence,
Held a long consultation
To resent this offense:

For they said it wasn't fair,
They vowed it wasn't right,
For hens to be so selfish
And really try to fight.

So they reached this conclusion:
"When the eggs are cooked done,
We will eat right before them,
And then see the fun."

So these brave little maidens,
With a gate close at hand,
Ate the eggs, oh! so boldly,
Before the biddy band.

hen the hens, they protested
With cackle, cluck, and cry;
But the maids ate serenely
With no penitent sigh.

So the chicks held convention,
And the questions discussed
Were "meum et tuum,"
And the meaning of "Trust."

Then they rested from action,
And the maids did likewise;
But could scarce wait for morning
To unclose their eyes.

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When the sun was just rising,
They hied forth again;
But alas! for their scheming,
Their plots were in vain.

For the hens met them gayly,
Full of triumph and glee;
And a real chicken party
It all seemed to be.

The sight that met their glances,
'Mid this fuss and ado!
Why, the hens ate the eggs up!
But, really, wouldn't you?

And oh! my little maidens,
So pretty and so wise,
Say, can't you read the lesson
Plain before your eyes?

Two sides to every question,
Whichever way you turn;
The rights of honest labor
Even hens begin to learn.

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As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

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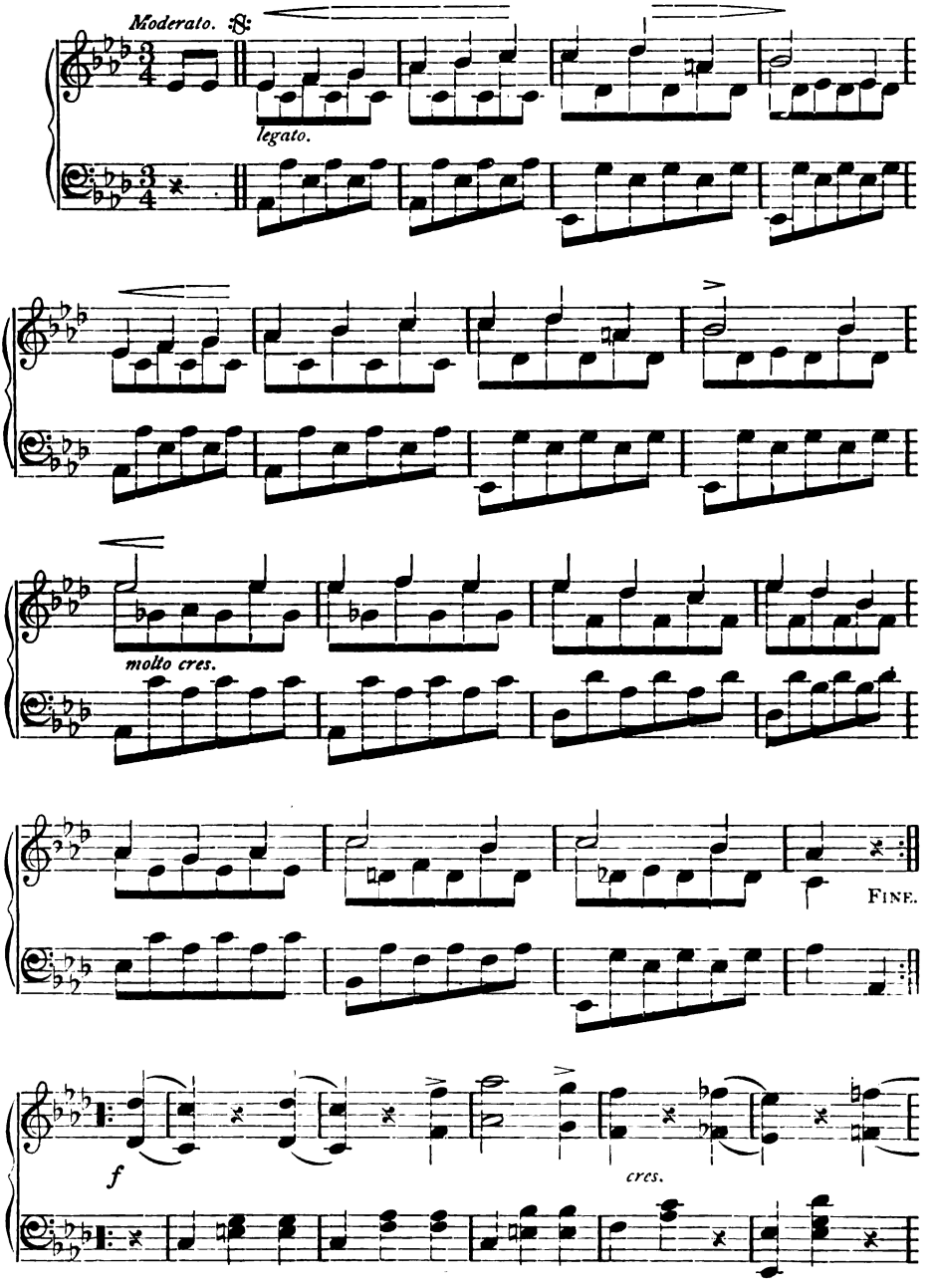

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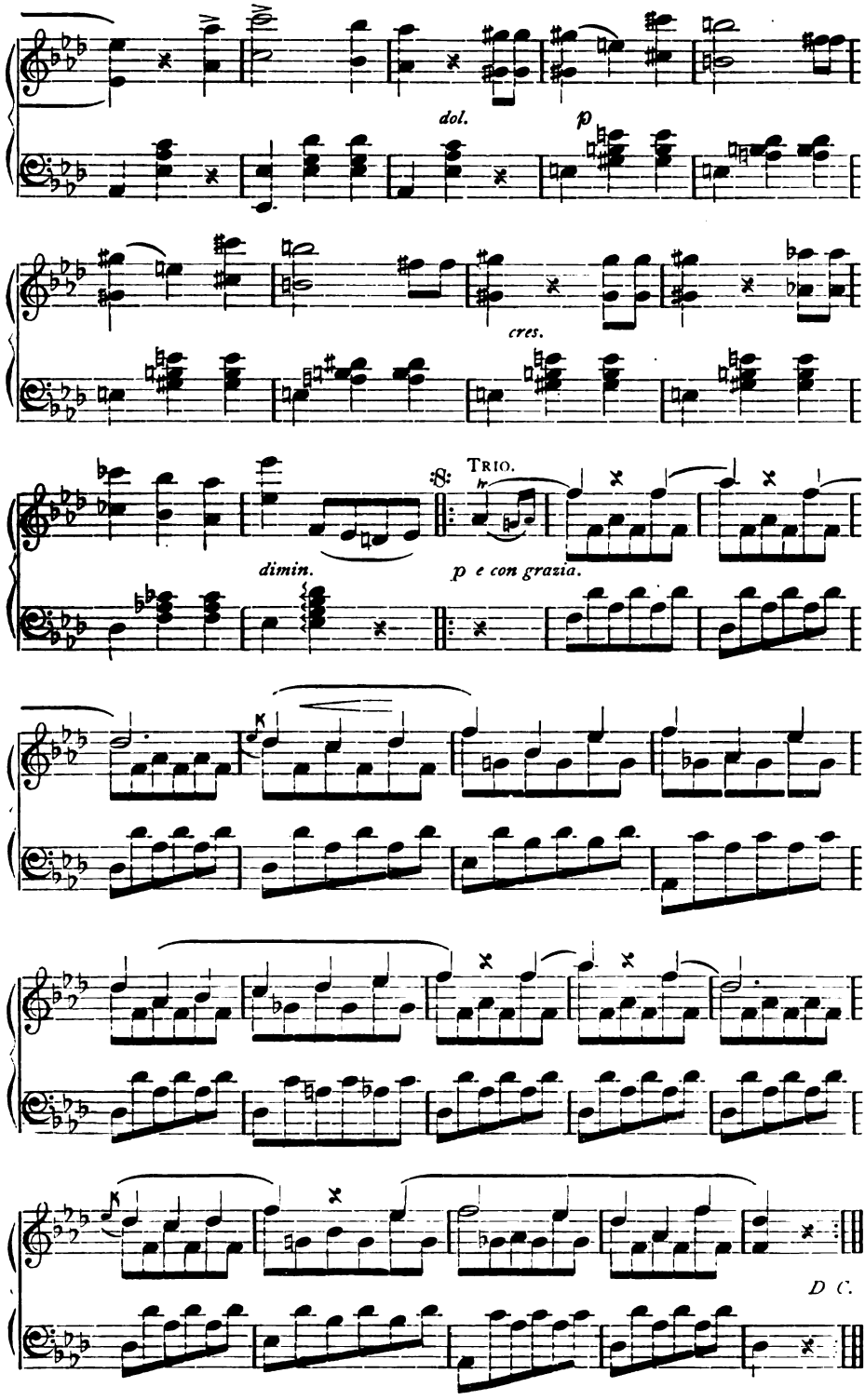

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MRS. BUNKER'S NEPHEW.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

IT is two year ago this month, since Nehemiah Bunker, that was my husband, tuk the plurality into his sides, and died and left me alone, a widder woman with two children, in this vale of sin and sorrer. It don't seem no longer ago than yesterday; but it's sot down in the allmynack, and it's onto his tombstun', which cost a hundred dollars—the date, June the 16th, 1886. Peas to his ashes.

But that's neither here nor there. 'Tain't about that I was going to tell you when I tuk my pen in hand.

Nehemiah died as peaceful as he had lived; and he sed to me how lucky it was for me that he didn't plant any more taters in the spring, because there'd be nobody to hoe 'em—and he sed how lucky it was for him, because he should die afore the tater-bugs got plenty. And he sed, with a sad smile, sez he: "You know, Mary Jane, that I allers did hate that tater-bugging business."

Wal, he left me with the farm and the critters, and I have managed as well as I could with Job Stevens, the hired man; but there are times when I sigh for the presence of a kindred sole! No human critter ought to be alone—there are times when the society of a hired man don't satisfy me. I want somebody that I can talk over things with—somebody that I can lay the blame onto, when things go wrong, without his gitting his back up and threatening to pack his trunk and go to work for old maid Jenkins, which has got her frunt teeth all out, and not a spear of hair on her head but what's bought.

I've had some loveyers since Nehemiah passed away from this mortal scene; but I ain't the woman that is ready to marry anything for the sake of being married, not by a long chalk! I want a man that don't chaw nor smoke nor drink anything stronger than cider, and that's keerful of his clothes, and scrapes his feet afore he comes into the house, and that's willing to do the chores that belongs to him, and likes to go to meetin' Sunday.

Last summer, I got a letter from sister-in-law Benton, that lives in Boston, saying that her son Tommy was a little under the weather from too much study, and the doctor sed his brains was a-growing too fast for his body. It's awful unlucky to have more brains than there's room for in your head, for 'tain't a common disease, and the doctors hain't larnt to treat it right yet.

Tommy is sixteen year old and small of his age, and he has got reddish hair and a freckled face and as mischievous-looking a turned-up nose as ever you seed.

Mrs. Benton, she wanted to know if I wouldn't board Tommy a spell, and sort of peart him up on new milk and fresh air, and she wound up her letter by saying that the dear boy wouldn't give me the leastest mite of trouble, for he was good as gold and belonged to the Sunday-school and could play some onto the violin.

Of course, I writ back to her to let him come; but I didn't want him, for these ere city boys don't take to country manners, and I expected I'd have a time with him.

The fust night he come, he eat a whole mince-pie and five doughnuts and four flapjacks for supper, which showed that having too much brains don't strike to your stomach.

Next morning, he was up before anybody in the house, blowing the tin trumpet out of the kitchen winder, and he scared old Aunt Sally Walker, across the street, almost into fits with it—waked her right up out of a sound sleep, and she thought the last day had come.

When I called the cat to breakfast, it was missing. Now, I'd had that cat five year, and I'd never knowed it to be absunt or tardy to meals. I sarched high and low for him, calling "Dicky! Dicky! Dicky!" till I was hoarse as a crow; but no Dicky appeared.

Tommy, he sot there whistling and making a tail to a kite out of my religious newspapers, that I've saved up for Sunday reading, when it rains so that I can't go to meeting.

"I wouldn't strain myself any more calling

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of him, if I was you, Aunt Mary Jane," sez he, at last; "for I guess he can't come very well. He's got other business, that cat has. He's gone to sea in the well."

I flew at that boy and grabbed him by the hairs of his head, and I tuk the poker to him and made him own up that he had blowed the trumpet at Dick, and scared him so that he run up the chimbly, and then Tommy had catched him and put him to soak in the well!

I rushed out and peeped down in the well, and there, on a rock that had tumbled down from the curbing, sot poor Dicky, with his eyes green as grass, and me-you-ing away like all possessed.

"You go down into that well and git that cat, you young scallawag!" sez I, "or I swan, I'll heave you down!" sez I. And Tommy see that I meant it, and he off with his shoes, and tuk them big Boston brains of his'n down into the well in a jiffy. He grabbed the cat, and the cat grabbed him, and it was jest about an equal thing by the time they got up into daylight.

Tommy's face looked like a map of Europe, with the rivers drawed in in red paint, and that cat was so full of lightning that it fairly hissed rite out of his fur.

Tommy had to lay by the biggest part of that day, with his face smeared over with mutton-taller; but by night he got round agin, and got to cutting up his pranks as bad as ever.

Grandpa Bunker lives with me, and has for severil year. He's been a-dying for twenty odd years with the consumption and the rhumatiz, but he don't seem to git any nigher to it than he was in the beginning, and I kind of expect that after I'm gone he'll run the farm and keep it in the name.

He's awful deaf, though, except when you're a-talking about something you don't want him to know about, and then he'll hear the faintest whisper that ever was; and I've noticed that that was a good deal the way with most deaf persons.

Grandpa has an ear-trumpet that he carries round, and, as soon as Tommy spied that, he seemed bewitched to holler into it. He shouted so loud that he nigh about blowed the top of grandpa's head off, and the old man had to have his head done up in cotton batting and wet in sweet ile for two days. And he was mad enough with that boy to give him fits, I can tell you!

The next day after the cat catastrophe, Tommy got grandpa's trumpet and filled it with mustard-seed and stopped it up, and grandpa had a caller—a woman that was picking up items for a newspaper—and he tuk his trumpet to hear what she sed, and it didn't seem to work.

"Drat the thing!" sez grandpa, "it's got stopped up." And he in with the end of his finger and poked out the wool that Tommy had stopped it with, and clapped it to his ear, and the mustard-seed begun to run in like mad.

"Thunder and Mars!" sez grandpa, bouncing out of his chair. "There's spiders in it! Spiders, by jinks! and millions of 'em! Mary Jane! Mary Jane! You scald that trumpet out—it's full of spiders!"

"Good gracious!" cried the woman, gathering up her note-book and her pencils. "I was told he was a man of temperate habits, and here he is in a fit of jim-jams."

"Spiders!" yelled grandpa, digging into his ear and pulling out the mustard-seed and stamping onto it, as mad as could be.

"Land sake!" sez I, "it's some of the doings of that boy, grandpa. Do carm yourself and set down! You'll bust your bloodvessels, and jar all that crockery off from the mantel-tree, a-bouncing round so. Set down, grandpa, and don't git ixcited."

By this time, the woman caller had got out into the road, and both of our dogs was to her heels, barking like mad; and I expect that Tommy put 'em up to it, for I seen him peeping out from behind the wood-shed, and grinning to hisself.

But, when grandpa got it through his head that Tommy had been fooling with that trumpet, he was madder than a broke-up setting hen. And, in spite of his rhumatiz, he give that boy a walloping.

That Tommy kept me in a stew all the time. When he warn't into one thing, he was into another; and, when he was out anywhere, I expected every minnit that he would come in dead or mortally wounded, and then his ma would blame me.

For quite a considerable spell, Cap'en Grimes, from Millwood, has been coming over here and dropping in of an evening. The cap'en lost his wife nigh onto two year ago, and he's got as purty a moniment to her grave in the semeterry as there is there, and it must have cost a good sum. He's

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wore a weed onto his hat nigh about to the top of the crown; but lately he's had it tuk down a couple of inches, and he seems to have kinder pearted up and takes an interest in the world once more. The cap'en is well-to-do, and his children is all growed up, and he keeps two horses and ten cows, and he's a man that's well-looking and has got a good character.

I don't say that I'd marry him; but then, there ain't any knowing what I might do, if he should set hisself to teasing of me. I'm naterally of an obleeging disposition, and I never did like to hurt anybody's feelings.

Two or three nights ago, the cap'en dropped in as usual.

He kept his overcoat on, and his hat in his hand, and sed he couldn't stop a minnit —jest as he allers does when he comes in. He's allers jest a-going to go; but he ginerally stays till eleven o'clock, if not later.

He sot down on the sofy and begun to talk about the weather—that's one of his favorite subjects. There is a good deal to be sed about the weather, you know.

"'Tain't so hot as 'twas yesterday," sez he, crossing his legs and sticking his hat onto his knee.

"No," sez I; "it don't seem to be."

"Day afore yes'day was a scorcher," sez he.

"Yes," sez I, "that's what I thought."

Then the cap'en sot still for full five minnits; then he begun to twirl his hat round on his finger, and finally he lost his hold of it, and it went bouncing down into the fireplace and rolled up in the ashes. But he didn't seem to notice it.

"Mary Jane!" sez he, as ixcited as though a bee had stung him.

"What is it?" sez I, thinking mebby he'd dropped a stitch in his back.

"Mary Jane!" sez he, more fidgety than ever.

"Well, cap'en?" sez I.

And then he hopped up and grabbed me round the waist, and sot me down onto the sofy beside of him; and I swan! afore I could lift a finger to stop him, that man kissed me! and his breath smelt of doughnuts and cheese.

"Land of liberty, cap'en!" sez I, "what do you mean?"

And jest then I heerd a groan, and we both of us looked up, and—my soul and body! there stood a great tall white figger rite in frunt of us, with eyes like fire, and arms as long as two bean-poles flapping on the air!

"Lordy massy!" yelled the cap'en, struck all of a heap by the sight.

"Gracious goodness!" sez I, "'tis an apparatus from the other world!"

"Who and what art thou?" sez the cap'en, gitting behind the sofy and shaking like one with the ager.

"I am the spirit of your first wife!" sez an awful holler voice, "and, if you have anything to do with that widder there, I'll haunt you to your dying day!" and the ghost made a dive at the cap'en.

The cap'en, he jumped rite out of the winder, and smashed up two pots of geraniums that sot there, and busted the bird-cage; and I didn't have any more sense than to foller him, and my back has had the plumbago in it ever sense. We both run as hard as ever we could, and I grabbed the cap'en by the coat-tails; and he kicked out at me jest like a vicious colt, for he thought I was the ghost.

"Let me alone, Sally! Let me alone!" he yelled back at me. "I'll have the weed put back as wide as 'twas before, and I swear by the holy broomstick that I'll never look at a widder agin! Only let me alone, Sally!"

How fur we should have run, I can't say; but Deacon Roberts was a-digging a sullar for a new house, and that happened to be in our way; and, as we didn't turn out for anything, and neither did the sullar, we went rite into it, and there we was!

When we come to ourselves, we managed to git out, and we agreed not to say nothing about it; but that boy Tommy met us with a lantern jest as we'd agreed, and sez he, as cool as could be:

"Here's your hat, capt'in; and you're old enuff, both of ye, not to be scared by a boy dressed up in a white night-gownd. If I was a-courting a girl, I shouldn't be bluffed off that way." And he started off, a-whistling, up the road.

The cap'en hain't called here sense, but I've sent that Tommy home. His brains is too active for these regions.

And I am afraid that the cap'en's feelings was so hurt that he won't dare to come agin. I shall ride over to his place some day, to swap a setting of eggs, and see how he is.

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THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

PART I.

YES, very successful, Pauline. I think that Madame Dulaure has carried out my idea admirably. Take it away now, and tell Watson to send the florist to me as soon as he arrives. I must give some last directions about the orchids that I ordered for to-night. And—stay—here is a note that I want taken at once to Captain St. Maur's lodgings on Curzon Street. No answer. Draw down the blinds before you leave the room. I am not feeling well, and I would like to rest for an hour or two."

"Dr. Blake said that he would call this morning, madam."

"Very good. Tell Watson to show him in as soon as he arrives. Now give me twenty drops from that phial on the mantelpiece, and then you can go."

As the well-trained Parisian soubrette moved noiselessly about, fulfilling her mistress's orders, that lady sank wearily back on the low luxurious couch that formed the principal piece of furniture in her pretty boudoir, and looked the very picture of a very lovely and languid fine lady.

She had been the sensation of the London season a year before, this beautiful American widow, and was still a reigning belle by virtue of her charms, her colossal wealth, her magnificent entertainments, and her gorgeous jewels. She had flashed out like a meteor amongst the fixed stars of English society, and had not yet ceased to dazzle and to delight those who were so fortunate as to gain admission to her splendid mansion.

Mrs. Lemuel Rivers, though only twenty-six, had been a widow for nearly five years. The great railroad-king of the West had married the graceful young beauty when he was himself far advanced in years, and he had not long survived his marriage, leaving his fair widow the greater part, it was said, of his immense wealth. Of spotless reputation and endowed with great social tact, Adelaide Rivers had, at the close of her period of mourning, decided upon going abroad, to test some of the delights of European society. Her success had been instantaneous and immense. A few good letters of introduction had opened for her the gilded portals of some of the best houses in London. She had been so fortunate as to secure, on a long lease, the magnificent mansion of the Earl of Seagrave, on Piccadilly, opposite the Park; and the re-opening of the superb house, with its vast and well-organized reception-rooms, to the gay set who had long been excluded from it by reason of the infirmities and great age of its owner lent a special interest to her entertainments.

More than one of the titled matrons whose function it is to gain admission, for a consideration, for rich foreign ladies, to the guarded circles of the aristocracy, and whose office is as well understood as is that of the Introducer of Ambassadors at the Palace of the Elysée, had come forward to proffer their services to Mrs. Rivers for sums varying from twentyfive hundred to five thousand dollars. But, secure in her position as a beauty and a millionaire, the charming widow refused all these offers, feeling fully capable of managing her own social affairs in her own way.

The result proved that she had done rightly in thus keeping the reins in her own hands. She was a success, and a great success—her position as a widow having largely aided to bring about her triumphs. A lady possessing such vast wealth, who was to be wooed and won—and who was, moreover, elegant and charming enough to grace any position in the land—was, in London society, as a box of sugar-plums in a girls' boarding-school. Suitors swarmed around her like bees around a jar of honey. She might have married a dozen times over in her first London season, and might have written half the grades of titles in the peerage before her name, had she been so disposed; for penniless nobles abound in

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England as well as on the Continent, and to such individuals the temptations of her bank-account proved irresistible.

But Mrs. Rivers was too wise a woman to be lured into bartering her independence for an empty title. "I will love the man I am to marry as a second husband," she said often to herself, "or I shall remain a widow to the end of my days." So the opening of her second season in London found her still Adelaide Rivers. She had spent part of the winter at Cannes, at her sumptuous villa, and had gone to Rome, where she had been the star of the court balls at the Quirinal; but neither the attractions of French wit and charm of manner, nor those of Italian masculine beauty and fervor of wooing, had made any impression upon her apparently insensible heart.

But, at the opening of her second season in London, two suitors had presented themselves, who seemed to have more prospect of winning the fair prize than had been enjoyed by any of their predecessors. One of these was Captain Cecil St. Maur, the youngest son of an impoverished peer, who could count half the aristocracy of England as his blood-relations in some degree. He was universally conceded to be the handsomest man in London; tall, nobly proportioned, and of splendid physique, with large dark-blue eyes, a bronzed complexion, and a mouth and chin perfect in mold as those of a Greek statue. He had met Mrs. Rivers at the first ball of the season, and had fallen at once and sincerely most violently in love with her. It was just this touch of sincerity that lent real ardor to his wooing, and it was generally predicted that he would finally carry off the prize. His only serious rival was, it is true, a man of great wealth; but that detail was considered as having but little weight with the rich Mrs. Rivers, whose fortune was held to be too large for her to care much about the possessions of her future husband. Sir Francis Severne was not only a gentleman of fortune, but of ancient descent as well, his baronetcy dating from the original creation of that order by James I. The discovery of a highly productive coal-mine on one of his estates had made a millionaire of him before he was twentyone. At the time our story opens, he was a little over thirty, a delicate gentle-natured dreamer, devoted to art and to music, and caring but little for society. He had never married, and indeed it was said that, till he had met the brilliant piquant American beauty, he had never been known to fall captive to the fascinations of any woman. But the gifts and graces of the dazzling widow had proved irresistible, and he had become the most ardent of her suitors—surpassing, in the vehemence of his passion and the energy with which he prosecuted his wooing, even his one serious rival, Cecil St. Maur.

After dismissing her waiting-maid, Mrs. Rivers remained for some time reclining amidst the gold-embroidered cushions of her couch, motionless and as if struggling for breath with a painful effort. Gradually the oppression seemed to pass away; her respiration became once more easy and natural, and a delicate rose-tinge flushed her pale cheek and lent new lustre to her beauty. She was very lovely, of a blonde yet brilliant type, her hair shaded with gold, and her large blue eyes sparkling beneath long silken golden lashes. The only defect to be found in her otherwise perfect countenance was a slight elevation of the cheek-bones, which gave to her face a pronounced Scottish character — which was, however, more of an attraction than a fault, and would hardly have been noticed in features of a less faultless mold. Her slender supple figure was defined by the soft folds of a tea-gown in pale-lilac brocade, trimmed with a profusion of white lace; and the small hands, that lay listlessly clasped before her, glittered with costly rings.

It was a beautiful afternoon in early June. The season in London was at its height. Superb equipages were passing through Piccadilly and were thronging to the Park. Mrs. Rivers was due at at least three "at homes" and four receptions, though it was generally understood that her own grand fancy-costume ball, which was to take place on that especial evening and which promised to be the great fashionable event of the year, would prevent the lady from even making an appearance at any one of the dinner-parties of that day. Her motionless tranquillity was broken at last by the announcement:

"Dr. Blake, madam."

"Show him in." And Mrs. Rivers ex-

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changed her recumbent position on her couch for a seat in a scarcely less luxurious arm-chair, as the great physician and well-known specialist in all affections of the heart and lungs was ushered into the room.

"How is my fair patient feeling to-day?" said the courtly old doctor, as he took the slender hand in his own. "Better, I hope?"

But, practiced as he was in the art of concealing his impressions, a marked shade of uneasiness clouded his features as he laid his finger on the quivering throbbing pulse and noticed the chill dampness of the little palm that he held in his own.

"Better now, doctor; but I suffered terribly from weakness and oppression this morning. Those last drops you prescribed for me do me good; they have relieved me almost entirely. Can you not order something just a little stronger for me? For I must be braced up for the fatigues of to-night."

"Have I not prescribed rest and quiet for you in every way, you refractory patient? How can you expect ever to get well, if you neglect my orders like this? Now, what have you on hand for this evening?"

"My own ball, doctor. Have you forgotten? A fancy-dress ball—the invitations were sent out six weeks ago. The Prince of Scotland will be here in full national costume, and the Persian and Chinese ambassadors, and—"

"And half the peerage besides—come to look on, while the prettiest woman in London does her best to commit suicide. Now look here, Mrs. Rivers: I do not wish to terrify you unnecessarily about your health, but you are really in a condition that requires the greatest care. You must positively give up all fatigue and excitement, late hours, gayety of all kinds, and, above all, dancing. You must dance no more this season."

"And if I refuse to obey your directions?" queried Mrs. Rivers, glancing archly at the old physician from under her golden lashes.

"Then I give up the case—or rather, my child, the case will give me up, for you will put an end to yourself in a very few weeks."

"Doctor! do you mean that I shall die?"

"I do mean it, Mrs. Rivers. Take care of yourself, and I will engage to cure you; but at present the condition of your heart is such that you cannot venture to overexert yourself with impunity."

"Well, I promise you that, after this evening, I shall be as reasonable as even you could desire. Of course, I cannot give up my ball at this late hour—what with royalty coming, and no one to take my place as hostess, or even to help me to receive."

"I suppose not; but be as careful of yourself as possible, this evening. I will send you in a draught to take before you begin to receive; it will calm your nerves and give you temporary strength. But promise me, above all things, not to dance."

"Oh, I promise you that, of course. You will drop in, sometime during the evening, will you not? I want so much to have you see my costume."

"What character have you chosen?"

"The Queen of Diamonds; and the dress is, I think, absolutely unique."

"I shall try to come in for half an hour—to see, at least, if my new prescription has done you good. But, remember, dear lady: no dancing. That is positively prohibited."

"You have my promise not to dance."

"Au revoir, then, this evening." And, with a final pressure of the cold little hand that he still held, Dr. Blake took his departure. His exit was speedily followed by the re-entrance of the valet.

"Mr. Simpson, the florist, has been waiting to speak to you, madam, for the last half-hour; and Captain St. Maur has just arrived, and wishes to know if you can receive him."

"Mr. Simpson need wait no longer. Tell him I give him carte-blanche concerning the flowers for to-night, and also that I desire him to use as many orchids as possible in the decorations of the drawing-room; and admit Captain St. Maur. I am at home to no one else this afternoon."

As the captain entered, Mrs. Rivers rose to receive him, and held out her hand in a manner that might have been considered extremely cordial, but for the gravity of her demeanor. As the door closed, the visitor bent forward as if to exchange his more formal greeting for a kiss; but the lady avoided the embrace, and merely motioned to him to take a chair.

"How is this, Adelaide? Are we not engaged? And why do you deny me the first sweet privileges of my position as your future husband?"

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"Because, Cecil, I have sent for you to-day to impart to you a very painful fact. Our engagement must end at once. Fortunately, it has never been made public."

The captain started from the seat he had just assumed, and flushed darkly under his bronzing.

"I do not understand you, Adelaide. When I received your note to-day, I thought you summoned me to make the final arrangements for our marriage; and now you wish to throw me off like a cast-off gown or a soiled pair of gloves. At least, you owe me some explanation of this extraordinary change."

"That explanation is your due, and you shall have it. But, Cecil—Cecil—do you not see that my heart is breaking? I scarcely know how to tell you the cruel truth."

She wept bitterly for some moments in silence, despite all her lover's attempts at soothing her. Finally she regained her composure with an effort, and, wiping away her tears, she raised her eyes to his face.

"Cecil, we must part."

"And why, dearest? Have you ceased to love me or to believe in my love?"

"Neither; but our marriage has become impossible."

"Impossible? And for what reason?"

"I am ruined."

"You jest, Adelaide—you are only trying to prove the reality of my attachment. How could a woman as wealthy as you lose all her fortune in a moment?"

"In the first place, I never was as rich as I have been reported to be. Lemuel Rivers compelled me, before our marriage, to sign away my claim for dower, in exchange for a settlement that, in my inexperienced eyes, represented boundless wealth. After I found myself reputed on all sides to be the owner of several millions, I could not bear to lose the prestige attached to vast possessions, and I plunged wildly and foolishly into a colossal speculation, which, had it succeeded, would have quadrupled the sum engaged in it. I risked my all, and it is lost. Here," she continued, opening the drawer of a small table that stood beside her, "are the papers and cablegrams that explain the whole affair. Take them, Cecil, and look them over, and you will then see that I am neither jesting nor trying to test your love."

Captain St. Maur put the documents aside. "I want no proof of the truth of what you tell me, dearest. But why must your losses put an end to our engagement? I have loved you truly and for yourself alone. Let us marry at once, and suffer me to guard you from all the trials and cares that must come upon you from this change of fortune."

She laughed drearily and with a cynical ring in her mirth. "And how would you support so costly a creature as a spoiled society-beauty, on your tiny income? And my debts, Cecil! No, no: we are neither of us rich enough to indulge in the expensive luxury of a love-match. Bid me farewell, and go to find some heiress who, happier than I, can give you not only her heart, as I have done, but her hand with a well-filled purse in it."

"You are mocking me, Adelaide. And you—what do you intend to do with your life? Why will you crush out all hope and brightness from existence for both of us? You tell me that you love me. Trust blindly to fate and to the future. Become my wife—"

"And live in poverty for the rest of my days? Cecil, I cannot do it. I am weak in health and weak in resolution. I need the tranquillity and luxury of a wealthy home. I love you, and you love me; but we must part. Ah, Cecil, do not altogether execrate me. See: I am ill—I have not the strength to struggle against my destiny."

Again Captain St. Maur rose from his chair. "I begin to comprehend," he said, with the deliberation of intense wrath, "the drift of all your phrases. Some other man, richer and therein happier than I, has been so fortunate as to take my place as your future husband."

She shrank back from the contemplation of that pallid face and gleaming eyes.

"Answer me! I have a right to an answer. Who is this man?"

"Pity me! Have mercy on me, Cecil. It is—it is—"

"I must and will know his name. Ah, I remember now a whisper at the club last night, concerning you and your latest conquest—Sir Francis Severne. Is it he?"

"Yes!" she cried, in desperation. "Yes, it is he! Now go. Forgive me if you can, but leave me."

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"Yes, I go," he said, deliberately, as he turned toward the door. "I shall return to the home that is peopled with memories of you; and chief amongst its treasures is a little portfolio, where I have guarded with fondest care every line you have ever written to me. Love-letters are pleasant reading, and I shall send the portfolio and its contents to the one man on earth who will hereafter lay claim to such effusions from your pen. To-morrow, your new betrothed shall learn from your own hand how sincerely you have loved another man, and that not so many months ago."

She caught him by the arm and looked imploringly in his face.

"Cecil! Cecil! you will not do this—promise me that you will not! Francis is sensitive—he is jealous of the past already—he will leave me to struggle alone with ruin. Spare me! indeed, I am wretched—suffering. Ah, heaven!"

He forcibly released his arm from her clinging grasp, and, without so much as once more glancing at her face, he abruptly quitted the room. And when, half an hour later, Pauline brought the medicine that formed Dr. Blake's latest prescription for her mistress, she found Mrs. Rivers lying insensible upon the floor.

It was long before she revived; but the first dose of the new potion seemed to benefit her greatly, and when, after a few hours' repose, her attentive waiting-maid brought to her bedside a delicate little repast, set forth upon a silver tray, she was able to do justice to her favorite dainties, as well as to a glass or two of iced champagne. Thus refreshed, Mrs. Rivers addressed herself with renewed energy to the complicated arts of her toilette.

"But madam will be dressed long before her guests begin to arrive," remonstrated Pauline. "It is only nine o'clock, and there will be no one here before eleven."

"Never mind. Bring me my costume, and do as I tell you. I expect a visitor before the the ball."

CHAPTER II.

An hour later, Mrs. Rivers sat alone in her boudoir, arrayed in her magnificent dress as the Queen of Diamonds. The idea of the costume had been taken from the court-card of that denomination; but the stiff and ungraceful style of the robes of the playing-card queen had been skillfully changed, though their most characteristic details had been preserved. The long regal train in pale-blue velvet, elaborately embroidered through its entire length with gold and silver threads and with seed-pearls, was met by a flat skirt-front in pale-blue satin, brocaded with large flowers and foliage in gold. This skirt-front was separated from the train at the left side by a flat panel, set underneath the velvet and the brocade. It was in white satin; and on it, half-way up, was visible a large diamond in scarlet velvet, worked around the edges with gold. The bodice, in brocade, with square hanging sleeves, was surcharged with embroideries and gold lace, with here and there small diamonds in red velvet appearing among its garnitures. The whole dress literally blazed with jewels. Chains of diamonds were looped across the corsage and encircled the lady's throat and were entwined with the masses of her shining hair, and the draperies of the bodice and the skirt were clasped and confined with large brooches composed of rubies or of emeralds, set in diamonds, some of which had once glittered in the treasuries of royalty. On her left shoulder shone a gem of world-wide renown, the Star of Brazil, which, from its size and value, had awaited a purchaser for several seasons past, before it had been seen, admired, and secured by Mrs. Rivers. So gorgeous a dress would have crushed, by its elaborate and jeweled magnificence, any wearer less graceful and accomplished in the art of carrying off a sumptuous toilette than was the American beauty. She was looking her loveliest that evening, in spite of her recent indisposition. A second installment of Dr. Blake's new remedy had given color to her complexion and light to her great blue eyes, and she sat there in the soft light of the flower-decked room, a very radiant and charming vision.

So thought the lover, who, just admitted, had paused in mute and motionless adoration before his idol. Sir Francis Severne was a man of over thirty—pale, slight, and interesting-looking, but not positively handsome, his best feature being a pair of wistful-looking brown eyes. He was dressed to represent Milton in his youth, in a plain Puritan costume of black velvet with a large

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collar of fine antique lace, and he indeed bore considerable resemblance to the portraits of the world-renowned poet in his earlier days.

"How dazzling you are, Adelaide—how beautiful! I scarcely dare approach you. I have not yet had time to realize my own happiness."

"Does not this aid in convincing you of the new ties you have assumed?" asked Mrs. Rivers, smiling, as she extended to him her hand, on one finger of which shone a peerless velvet-blue sapphire, set in a band of dull-yellow gold.

"My ring? Yes, it helps to confirm me in my convictions of future bliss. But I shall not feel fully satisfied till you are irrevocably my own. When shall we be married? In a week—ten days—a fortnight? Not later than a fortnight, I beg of you."

"Unreasonable man! How am I ever to prepare a respectable trousseau in so short a time? But I will be merciful to your impatience. In one month from to-day—"

"One month? Adelaide, Adelaide, take pity on my loneliness and my devotion. My home has been a very desolate one since my mother died and left me alone in the world. Shorten, I implore you, the period of our engagement. Light of my life, come to shed lustre on the clouds that have gathered around my existence. Adelaide, dearest—"

She held up her hand with a playful gesture. "Then, this day three weeks, if you will have it so; but not one moment sooner." And an ashy tinge of paleness stole over her features, as she remembered the threats of Cecil St. Maur. The wedding-day, so ardently longed for by her new lover, might for her never arrive, if those threats were put into execution.

He caught her hand in his own. "My wife—my wife that is so soon to be, do you realize one thing in my wooing? Many men have loved you and have tried to win you; but I alone, of all of them, I think, can vow to you truthfully that I never loved any woman before in all my life. And now my heart is so filled with your image that there is no room therein for any other thought. Dearest, you have made me very, very happy. Now one boon more, while we are still alone—one kiss to seal the solemnity of our engagement."

He drew her toward him, unresisting but unresponsive, and pressed his lips fondly on the delicate mouth

"Dearest, you are ill!" he cried, as he released her. "Your lips are cold—your hand is trembling. Let me call someone—let me send—"

"It is nothing; I want no one. Only give me your arm till we reach the drawing-room. My guests are arriving, and I must be in readiness to receive them."

"Ah, Queen of Diamonds—Queen of Diamonds!" he responded, gazing at her with a look of passionate tenderness. "How came you not to choose your true character—that of Queen of Hearts? But wait a moment—just one moment longer. You do not realize how loath I am to give you up for the rest of the evening, to the crowd of those who are merely your acquaintances. You have often been loved, doubtless, Queen of Hearts, but never in such soul-absorbing fashion as I adore you!"

"Is there nothing—nothing, Francis, that could make you cease to love me?" she asked, looking steadfastly into her lover's ardent eyes.

"Nothing. I shall love you till I die, whatever may happen."

"Then prepare yourself to hear a long history, to-morrow, of all my faults and follies." She had regained her usual smiling composure. "But really, Francis, you must let me go. That is the third carriage I have heard drive up; and it will never do to have it said that the future Lady Severne was too absorbed in a flirtation in her boudoir with her betrothed, to come into the drawing-room to receive her guests."

"After all, we have a whole life-time to spend together, my wife that is so soon to be. Have I your permission to announce our engagement this evening?"

"Yes, certainly. Your arm, please." And, radiant in beauty and dress and jewels, the Queen of Diamonds passed out of her boudoir to fulfill her duties as hostess.

It was a brilliant scene, that long-talked-of and long-anticipated ball. The rooms filled rapidly, and, but for their number and their great dimensions, the crowd would have been too great for actual enjoyment. Everybody of note in London society was there, and, as fancy dress had been made obligatory, the array of costumes was at once picturesque

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and dazzling, representing the most diverse epochs and countries.

But the lovely hostess contented herself with presiding over the amusements of her guests, and did not dance. Apart from walking through a quadrille in slow and stately fashion with the Prince of Scotland, she refused all her proffered partners, alleging as her excuse that her dress was too heavy and cumbrous to admit of her waltzing. The news of her engagement to Sir Francis Severne, which had rapidly spread through the rooms, seemed to afford a reason for the abstention of the most graceful and untiring dancer of the London ball-rooms from her favorite recreation. "The baronet will not permit her to dance any more, I suppose," said one of her ex-suitors, with a shrug of his shoulders; "jealous, probably." And he moved away, settling his lace ruffles—he was dressed as a French marquis of the eighteenth century—quite satisfied that he had hit upon a true explanation of the affair. Meanwhile, Sir Francis himself, beaming with happiness, the observed of all observers as the lucky man who had just won the great matrimonial prize of the day, looked altogether inappropriately joyous for the character he had assumed—that of the great Puritan poet in his youth.

The ball was approaching its culminating point—the German. The Prince of Scotland had partaken of an elaborate little supper, served to him and his suite in the boudoir of Mrs. Rivers, and had taken leave of his hostess with many compliments concerning the splendor and success of her fête. The elder and non-dancing guests were taking their departure, and the leader of the German was marshaling his forces for an effective opening. In the half-empty drawing-room, Mrs. Rivers, tired out by the exertions and the excitements of the evening, had sunk into a large arm-chair beside one of the great windows, which, opening to the floor, gave access to a wide outer balcony. This balcony had been transformed for the occasion into a bower of blossoms and verdure, and just outside of each open window rose a column formed of huge blocks of ice, with a jet of gas glowing behind it. The air, thus cooled and laden with the perfume of the flowers, brought to the weary hostess a needed refreshment as she sat there motionless, looking, in her weird dress and countless diamonds, like some gem-decked Hindoo idol, in the stillness of her total repose. There was no one near her. "Mary, Queen of Scots" was carrying on a whispered flirtation with "Sardanapalus," seated on a sofa at the farther side of the room, and in the embrasure of another window "Ophelia" was discussing the language of flowers with "Mephistopheles," illustrating her remarks by the garlands that graced her costume. Francis Severne, at the bidding of Mrs. Rivers, had gone to escort a group of ladies to the supper-room—assuming at once, at her desire, the position of master of the house.

"Adelaide!"

This one word, breathed in a whisper close beside Mrs. Rivers, startled her from her temporary rest. Cecil St. Maur stood beside her. She looked up at him with a terrified glance, but did not speak.

"I have come to bid you farewell, Adelaide. My regiment has been suddenly ordered to South Africa, and I must leave London in a few hours; and I could not go without saying good-bye to you, and begging that you will pardon me for my violence and my rudeness of a little while ago. You will forgive me, will you not?"

"I have nothing to forgive. I have wronged you, Cecil, and it is I who should—"

"No, no—say no more. I leave with you my best wishes for your future happiness, and you will believe me when I assure you that I shall never do anything to disturb it."

"And the letters?"

"They are here," he responded, touching his breast-pocket. "I will place them in your hands before I go. Now, may I beg for one last favor—one dance with you—one final waltz before I take my departure? We may never meet again, Adelaide—will you deny me this?"

"I—I ought not," she stammered.

"Even Francis Severne himself would not, I think, deny me this small privilege. Come—just a turn or two, for the sake of the many evenings when people have stood aside to watch the movements of the two best waltzers in Europe. Listen! the orchestra is playing the gayest waltz of the season—the 'Merry Maids of Margate.' Its strains are irresistible. Come, Adelaide, come!"

She rose at his bidding, and they disappeared together through the open doorway of the ball-room. Meantime, Dr. Blake was

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holding a conference under the shade of the palm-trees in the outer hall, with Francis Severne.

"I congratulate you on your engagement to my fair patient, Sir Francis," quoth the doctor. "No, thank you—no supper; I have only come for a final look at Mrs. Rivers before she retires to rest. I am anxious to note the effect that this evening's fatigue has had upon her."

"Is she seriously ill, doctor?" asked Sir Francis, with a look of anxiety.

"I will not conceal the truth from you, especially as it will soon be your privilege to watch over her health. She is just now in a very dangerous state arising from—"

"Doctor! doctor! thank heaven you are here! Come at once—Mrs. Rivers has fainted!"

It was Pauline who spoke—throwing open, as she did so, the door of the little boudoir that opened on the landing. The doctor and his companion at once hastened to obey her summons.

There, extended on the low satin-covered couch, lay the beautiful giver of that splendid festival, her bright locks disordered, her brow and her garments drenched with the water and the perfumes that Pauline had employed in profusion, in her efforts to restore animation. In the distant ball-room, the music sounded gayly and the dancers went circling through the mazes of the German. Only a few startled guests were huddled together in the door leading to the drawing-room; looking on at the scene and waiting to be apprised of the revival of Mrs. Rivers. The brilliant rays of a cloudless June morning, already an hour old, stole through the curtains and revealed to the gazers the ghastly pallor of the face that was pillowed among the satin cushions. Dr. Blake bent over the poor prostrate Queen of Diamonds and took one of her hands in his own.

"How did this happen?" he asked, with professional coolness, of the terrified waiting-maid.

"I don't know, sir. Madam had not danced all evening, but suddenly she took it into her head to take just one turn in the waltz. Then I heard her say to her partner: 'Good-bye. I shall go and lie down for a moment. I am not well.' And she came in here and asked me to get her a dose of the medicine you ordered her last. I went to bring it, and, when I came back with it, she had fallen over in a swoon, and nothing seems to do her any good."

"Dancing! I thought as much."

He bent down and pressed his ear against the left side of the jewel-bedecked corsage—tearing ruthlessly aside, as he did so, its glittering adornments of gems and gold lace. Motionless lay the prostrate figure, so still that the diamonds on throat and bosom merely flamed—they did not flash or sparkle. Francis Severne watched the doctor's movements with breathless anxiety, in which there was as yet none of the bitterness of despair. At last, Dr. Blake raised his head.

"Sir Francis, go, I beg of you, to the supper-room and bring me a—a—glass of champagne."

Still unsuspecting, the gentleman hurried away.

"And now," continued the doctor, looking around at the eager and ever-increasing throng that pressed around the doorway, "now, ladies and gentlemen, go call your carriages and get you to your homes as fast as possible. And, for heaven's sake, let someone go to the ball-room and give orders to the musicians to cease playing."

"Is Mrs. Rivers, then, so ill?" asked several persons at once.

"Mrs. Rivers is dead."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE SWAN AND THE YEAR.

BY JAMES W. PHILLIPS.

'Tis said by those who dream
And dote on old legends, that, when the swan,
From early haunt and cygnet far withdrawn,
Floats down his native stream—

Floats down with weakened wings
And pallid eyelids, to return no more—
A sweeter song than those he sang before,
At that sad hour he sings.

So, year, may thy last chime
Be sweeter than the carols of thy youth—
A promise and a prophecy of truth
And joy in future time;

Yea, let thy last note be,
As it falls low upon the midnight snows,
A benediction on the souls of those
Who must live after thee.

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ODDITIES IN FOOT-GEAR.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.

ANTIQUE EGYPTIAN SANDAL.

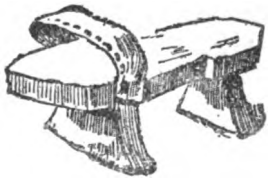
THE sandal which heads this page is a pattern of one that some old Egyptian wore as he walked about on the banks of the Nile, nearer four than three thousand years ago. The learned in the customs of antiquity would tell you that no date could be set as to the time when man began to wear foot-covering of some sort. They would enlarge in sesquipedalian words on Babylonian, Assyrian, and mayhap Chaldean, picture-inscriptions as the initial records of the use of sandals, and then, to hide their ignorance, begin to discourse volubly on the probable earliest attempts of primeval man to protect his soles from thorns and stones. They would declare as positively as if they had been the manufacturers, that such coverings were made from skins, then bits of wood, and later of hide and papyrus, until, in process of evolution, sandals reached the elegance of form and material seen in the paintings on the walls of Thebes, done in the reign of some Thothmes fifteen hundred years before the Christian era.

But I wish to state that I, the modest writer of this little article, am prepared to confound every school-man, archeologist, Egyptologist, antiquarian, or other Dryasdust of them all! I can certify that these eyes have looked with reverence on the painted semblance of a pair of sandals worn by an ancestress of my own, which date at least as many thousands of years beyond the first record the scholars know about, as this Egyptian sandal does beyond the present year of grace.

An ancestress of my own, I said, and one for whom I have always felt profound sympathy, as none of the long line of her sex who has suffered from man's arrogance, cruelty, or—what is harder to bear—stupidity, ever endured reproach more unjustly than she. I refer to my Mother Eve, and I am sure every woman will support me in my opinion, from her knowledge of men in general, as well as the written evidence against Father Adam—who, by the by, must have proved a worse husband than any of his posterity, from the fact that he never had any mother to bring him up and humanize him.

Yes, I have seen the pattern of the first sandals ever made—those of Eve; and doubtless she deserves the credit of having designed them, though I fervently trust that she had already learned enough about the rights of women to leave the actual manual labor to that indolent Adam.

This is the way I chanced to stumble on these awe-inspiring relics—or their painted similitude. A few years since, I was spending some weeks in Siena, that quaintest of Italian cities, and had an apartment in a medieval palace, in one corner of which its titled owners lived like mites in a moldy cheese—only, they had less to eat. The immense pile contained a dismantled picture-gallery, the greater portion of whose treasures poverty had forced these unfortunate descendants of a lordly line to dispose of to any mushroom foreigner able to buy. A good many paintings, curios, specimens of antique furniture, glass and the like, still remained, and on rainy days I often took my promenade in the great chamber or amused myself by trying to copy bits from sundry half-forgotten old painters.



SANDAL CLOG OF SAMARITAN HIGH PRIEST.

One morning, I unearthed from a dark corner a large canvas and dragged it out to the light, discovering a picture of Adam and Eve which belonged to the era of

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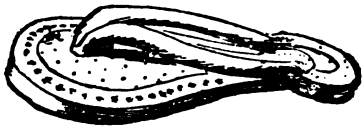
Giotto's immediate followers. The pair stood under a wide-spreading tree backed by a fountain, and were evidently still new to this earthly existence, as they had not yet perceived any necessity even for the limited



ANCIENT ARMENIAN SANDAL.

attempt at clothing which we are told suggested itself to a new sense they suddenly developed—that of propriety. But, all the same, as she stood there, clad merely "in her loveliness" and some stray locks of her long golden hair, Eve's feet were adorned with sandals of braided grass, fastened about the ankles by willow twigs and having thorns for buckles.

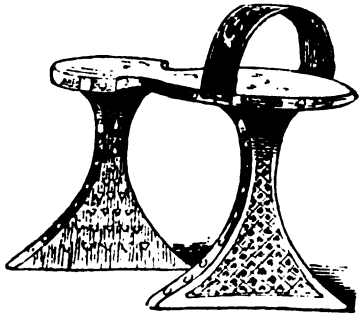
The original mother was looking up at her lord with an air of gentle contentment, and he regarding the decorations with that deliciously idiotic expression of countenance —all women are familiar therewith—which a man always wears when he has just completed a work he is proud of, no matter what, from mending the handle of the carpet-sweeper to modeling a statue.

From the date of those sandals to the days of our Egyptian model is a long descent, with—so far as I am aware—no break between. The next oldest specimen which has ever fallen under my observation is this representation of a sandal clog preserved in the British Museum, said to have been worn by a Samaritan high priest in the ancient days of Palestine. The Armenian

CHINESE SHOE.

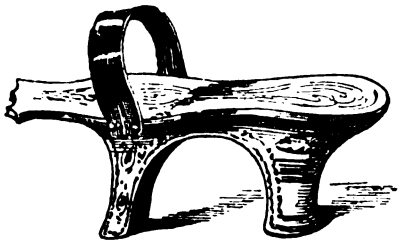
sandal is from an antique pattern, and would probably rank next to the Egyptian in point of antiquity.

The Grecian and Roman sandals were not noticeably different in form, but they were gorgeously ornamented, often with gold chains and jeweled brooches. Shoe-making had also become an art, and a law was intro-



A DAMASCUS BRIDE'S CLOG.

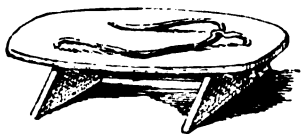
duced regulating the use of foot-gear, so that not only a man's rank, but his profession, could be distinguished thereby. The dramatist Plautus tells of a wealthy personage who wore shoes with golden soles, and some writer slanders Julius Cæsar by ascribing a similar folly to him. Early in the Christian era, the brothers Crispin elevated the cob-



TURKISH LADY'S CLOG.

bler's almost to a religious calling, and remain to this day the patron saints of the craft.

The model of the Chinese shoe doubtless dates back to an era so remote that Confucius would appear young in comparison, though it is most interesting as a proof that the customs of the Flowery Empire are among earth's least changing things, since



JAPANESE CLOG.

John Chinaman might wear such about our streets to-day.

As for the hideous clog worn by the

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unfortunate bride of Damascus, I can only say that I should suppose any woman would do her best to avoid marrying in rainy weather; and I am certain that here a man not only did the work, but conceived the design. The same may be said of the Turkish lady's clog, and it is a comfort to know that the sensible Japanese reserve their queer model for the use of the male sex.

The East Indian rajah's slipper is noticeable from its shape, still more from its great antiquity. Orientals hate change, and the pattern of this shoe may easily be a model of that worn by Gautama, the hero of Edwin Arnold's "Light of Asia" and the Buddha of Hindoo religion.

During the Middle Ages, the shapes of shoes were carried to the strangest excesses, often pushed to such extremes that only the imposition of heavy fines or even more disagreeable punishment could check the rage. First in Poland, and then in England in the days of Rufus and afterward in the reign of Edward III, the toes of boots were worn of such length that they had to be stuffed and turned up like a ram's horns, and were fastened about the legs by steel chains. In the reign of the latter monarch, an old chronicler complains that "it has become the fashion to wear forked shoes almost as long again as the foot, which prove not only an impediment in walking, but actually hinder one's kneeling with any degree of decorum in God's house."

INDIAN RAJAH'S SLIPPER.

EDWARD IV'S SLIPPER.

Frequently these absurd fashions found their origin in the misfortune or deformity of some royal personage. For instance, the hoof-shaped shoes of the time of Louis XII of France were invented to hide the monstrosity of the sovereign's feet, and were of course adopted by all his obsequious courtiers.

HENRY VIII'S SHOE.

The paddle-like toe of the slipper of Edward IV of England is terribly suggestive of an attempt to conceal some unpleasant freak of nature. It has been said that the very wide shoe favored by Henry VIII owed its adoption to misshapen feet, but this is untrue. Not only was the style in vogue before his day, but it is a well-attested fact that, until age and riotous living rendered him hideous, bluff Hal was really a type of manly beauty.

The same praise can be bestowed on Francis I of France, and I put together the designs of the shoes worn by the two kings at their meeting on the famous Field of the Cloth of Gold. Henry's shoes were shown a few years since, at an exhibition in London; they were of crimson velvet, embroidered in gold, the edges and heels ornamented with silver, and the soles shod with wrought iron and curiously hinged at the joints. The pair that belonged to Francis are in a French museum, and are very similar in form and color, though he could boast a foot

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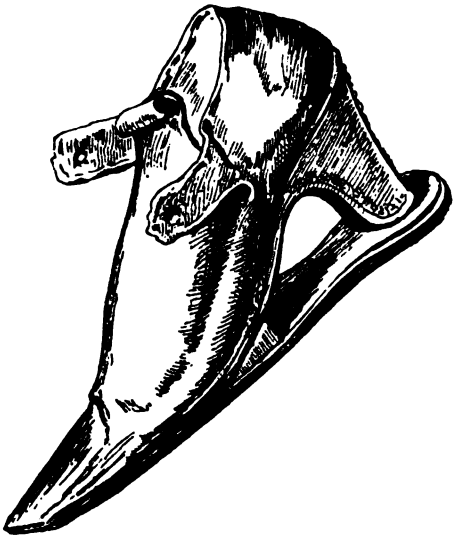
considerably smaller than that of his English contemporary.

SHOE OF FRANCIS I OF FRANCE.

Here is a model of a shoe worn by the mother of poor Mary Stuart. The shape is peculiar to the sixteenth century, with its preposterously high heel and a second sole intended to do duty as a clog. But the heel



MARY OF LORRAINE.

of this shoe is low, compared to the famous choppine introduced about this time into France and England from Venice. The choppines had soles so thick and heels so gigantic that they literally added not one,

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S.

but many cubits to the stature. Men wonder how the modern belle can walk in the high heels of to-day, but they are nothing in comparison. Anyway, men would do well to reserve their criticism, for history proves that at various and not infrequent periods they have far surpassed the insanest freaks of the female sex in the absurdity and wanton extravagance of their attire, from head-covering to foot-gear.

The next design I come on is a sketch of a slipper once owned by no less a personage

SLIPPER OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

than Queen Elizabeth. It was made of white satin, thickly covered with gold and silk embroidery in an odd pattern of birds and flowers, and lined with red silk.

Side by side with this, in a collection of curios, I once saw a pair of slippers that had belonged to fair Mary Stuart. Tradition averred—and, for my own part, I like to believe the tale—that she wore these when, clad in sable velvet, majestic and graceful, a beautiful vision to the last, she passed down the great hall of Fotheringay Castle to meet her death.

I have seen a sight still more pitiful—the shoes which covered the feet of Marie Antoinette as she stood in the tumbril that carried her toward the closing scene of her unutterable woes.

The riding-boots worn by that most faithful of knights, the Duke of Buckingham, when he rode, at the risk of his life, half

NELL GWYNNE'S SLIPPER.

across France, to look once more on Anne of Austria's fair face, have been preserved, as well as the "old patched shoon" which encased the feet of Charles II when he fled for refuge toward the oak of Boscobel. Far other memories of that dissolute fascinating Stuart are brought up when one looks at a slipper that belonged to Nell Gwynne. It is

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of pale silk, beautifully embroidered, trimmed with rare lace, and ornamented on the instep by a large pearl. The free-tongued beauty wore these slippers at a ball in Whitehall Palace, where she doubtless danced many times with Charles himself. To look at the faded relics called up scores of memories connected with the reckless pair, ending in Charles's piteous dying appeal to his cold-hearted brother: "Don't let poor Nelly starve!"

QUEEN ANNE'S SHOE.

Here is a shoe that is said to have belonged to Queen Anne, that most indolent and selfish of sovereigns, to whom history, in accordance with its usual habit of blundering, must needs give the title of "good." It was of satin, worked in steel, and by no means small. Another shoe of the same epoch is noteworthy from its having a worked patten which could be put on for rainy weather. In spite of being made of brocade, with the partial heel of red leather, and a great bow

SAME EPOCH, WITH A MOVABLE PATTEN.

at the instep, this patten, however thoroughly it might protect the foot, is certainly ugly enough to waken wrath in any woman's heart, if compelled to wear it.

Here is a drawing of a shoe of Pius IX's. It is preserved, along with other mementoes of him, in a chamber of the Vatican. I elect to believe that it is one of the very

PIUS IX'S SHOE.

pair he wore on a certain day when I, a tiny child, entered the old, old man's presence, clinging tightly to a venerable relative who had been granted an audience. As I remember the touch of the kindly hand laid on my head in benediction, I always think of the reproof Gregory XVI administered to the young Englishman who saw fit to assert his freedom from superstition by refusing to

EAST INDIAN DOUBLE POINTED SHOE.

kneel as the Pontiff passed: "Son, an old man's blessing cannot do thee any harm."

So, with this little anecdote, I end my collection of oddities where the foot-gear of celebrated men and women of Europe is concerned.

I have still two East Indian shoes, the one remarkable enough with its double-pointed toes, the other as peculiar from the

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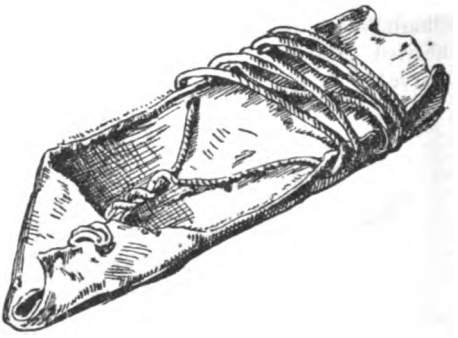
sort of swan's-neck fashion in which the sole is turned over the front. Whether these eccentricities were the insignia of some spe-

EAST INDIAN PRINCE'S SLIPPER.

cial rank, I have never been able to learn; but they are, at all events, unique enough to deserve copying.

The Greenland skin shoe was brought me by a bold Arctic explorer, and it calls up so many memories of terrible hardships and dangers endured by the giver, that, whenever I look at it, I grow as cold as if a wind fresh from the extremity of the North Pole had blown over me.

On the whole, I think I might very appropriately have headed my article "The Romance of Old Shoes"; for, after all, foot-gear has a romance of its own. One feels this while examining such relics of the past, and is ready to wonder why the poets should have so resolutely ignored this claim, since some of their most touching and dainty verse



GREENLAND SKIN SHOE.

has without hesitation been devoted to the idealizing of matters no whit more poetic, from a lady's ear-ring to her glove or fan.

MY LITTLE BO-PEEP.

BY S. B. M'MANUS.

My little Bo-peep is fast asleep,
And her head on my heart is lying;
I gently rock, and the old hall-clock
Strikes a knell of the day that's dying.

But what care I how the hours go by,
Whether swiftly they go or creeping?
Not an hour could be but dear to me,
When my babe on my arm is sleeping.

Her little bare feet, with dimples sweet,
From the folds of her gown are peeping,
And each wee toe, like a daisy in blow,
I caress as she lies a-sleeping.

Her golden hair falls over the chair,
Its treasures of beauty unfolding;
I press my lips to her finger-tips
That so tightly my hand are holding.

Tick, tock, tick, tock—you may wait, old clock,
It was foolish what I was saying;
Let your seconds stay, your minutes play,
And bid your days go all a-Maying.

O Time! stand still—let me drink my fill
Of content, while my babe is sleeping;
As I smooth her hair, my life looks fair,
And to-morrow—I may be weeping.

SONG.

BY IRENE PUTNAM.

To-morrow, O my tender love, to-morrow,
The sun of heaven will shine!
Why dost thou weep, O dearest love of mine—
Where is thy cause of sorrow?
Love, all is well!
Beneath the holy shelter of God's wing,
Together let us dwell
And do our tasks and sing:
To-day indeed is dark, but good and endless is to-morrow.
We love, and God loves us--where is thy cause of sorrow?

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A GORDIAN KNOT.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

MAX VON ARNHEIM had reached home on the previous evening, after a prolonged absence.

The change to Berlin, from the little garrison-town off on the Silesian frontier, where military duty had imprisoned him, was in itself agreeable; but best of all was the being once more established under the same roof with his widowed mother. He had only been able to pay her two hurried visits during the past twelve months, and was shocked at the alteration in her appearance, so worn and broken was she by the insidious internal malady which had gradually sapped her strength. His love for her was fairly a religion; but, thoroughly as she appreciated his devotion, the old lady never ceased to lament that his thirtyfourth birthday found him still unmarried.

While mounting the staircase of the great barrack-like mansion, on the morning after his arrival, Max smiled as he thought:

"The dear little mother gave me, for supper, a digest of the woes of celibacy; for breakfast, she will dilate on the bliss of matrimony, by way of beginning the day hopefully."

It was nearly noon, in reality; Max had drunk his coffee hours before, reported himself at headquarters, and finished an infinity of business. His mother awaited him in her pleasant dressing-room, where the table was laid, and the meal proved delightful to both, because partaken together. Afterward, Max read the newspaper aloud, and then they indulged in more conversation, which was interrupted by a servant, who announced that the Fraulein Brentford was in the little salon.

"I will go to her there," the old lady said. "Max, give me your arm; I want you to see my American friend—the dearest, best girl in the whole world!"

"Another?" Max questioned, laughingly. "Why, it rains Americans in this house. Your new doctor is an American, and now this phœnix of a young woman."

His mother only answered by an amused look, for they were close to the door of the salon. Max followed her in, and beheld a tall slight damsel dressed in soft gray, with lambent brown eyes and a smile so sweet that it would have beautified a plain face, which hers was far from being. Then he heard her voice, so melodious that it afforded his acute ear the pleasure which a strain of music would have done. She spoke German with ease, and Max thought the faint foreign accent softened the rugged syllables in a wonderful way.

"I want to present my spoiled boy," the hostess said, presently, speaking in English, which she had learned from her American mother, and which was as familiar to her son as his native language. "Max, make your least stiff military bow, and thank Miss Brentford for all her goodness to your tiresome invalid; she is the wonderful doctor I told you about."

Both ladies laughed at the soldier's face of blank astonishment; but he recovered himself quickly, saying:

"Could I suppose that the physician whose skill I heard praised till I thought he must have reached patriarchal age could be a lady who hardly looks old enough to have begun her studies?"

"Bravo, Max!" cried the elder lady. "For a soldier, you have got out of your scrape very well; hasn't he, Miss Monica?"

"But he will lose all faith in your judgment, now that he sees on what a frail reed—a feminine weed—you pin your faith," she rejoined, with a rather satirical smile.

"Oh, no," Max answered; "my mother instilled too many American ideas into my mind when a boy, for me to be guilty of such heresy and folly."

The visitor looked as if she accepted this

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speech with certain reservations, but did not pursue the subject. She possessed exceptional talent, but it had required more years than the number with which Max credited her to reach the standpoint she had attained. She was eight-and-twenty, had already practiced in America, besides winning high honors at the Sorbonne in Paris, where she had received her degree. She devoted herself to the study of certain internal diseases, and had come to Berlin to pursue her researches under the eye of a famous professor. She had brought with her a reputation which even the great German medical authorities could not affect to underrate, and had speedily won their confidence and respect by a treatise she delivered before a noted society in support of a new system of treatment for the maladies she had chosen as her specialty.

The professor had introduced her to his old friend, and, besides being able to relieve the sufferer, Monica Brentford had speedily won a place in her heart close to the pedestal on which Max was enthroned.

The hour Von Arnheim spent that morning, in the society of the young American, marked the beginning of a new era in his life. During the next two months, he saw a great deal of her; for, engrossed as she was by study, lectures, and hospital-work, Miss Brentford always found leisure to visit her patient at least once somewhere during every twentyfour hours. The great authority had pretty much left the case in her hands, and, in addition to her professional interest, Monica had become deeply attached to the old lady, who firmly believed that the very sight of her beloved physician did her more good than medicine.

"It really seems true," Max said once to Miss Brentford, after his mother had reiterated this conviction for the hundredth time in his hearing. "I suppose, in your medical wisdom, you smile at the force of imagination in your patient."

"No," Monica replied, quietly; "it happens that my personal magnetism is soothing to your mother. There is no other way of accounting for the apparently causeless likes and dislikes to which we are all subject."

"And you are a believer in magnetism?" he said, interrogatively.

"Certainly I am," she replied, with decision. "Science has at last opened her eyes to the fact that the long-neglected and much-doubted principle is a fact which can no more be disputed than that the sun shines or fire burns."

In the argument which ensued, Max got decidedly worsted, as usually happened in their discussions when these—and they were very frequent—turned on matters connected with Miss Brentford's scientific or social creeds, and especially her views of women's place in the world.

"It is too late for talk about what women should or should not do," she said. "A woman's sphere is the position she can make for herself by her energy, talent, and fitness therefor. She deserves the same chance as a man—no more, no less; she merits the same sympathy as a man if she fail—no more, no less."

"But you will agree that the family circle —what in English you so prettily call the sanctuary of home—is the fittest place for women in general, while husbands and fathers face the toil without."

"Then let such stay there," said Monica; "but how about the thousands who have neither husbands nor fathers to make for them that sanctuary your sex is so fond of talking about?"

"Ah," cried Max, "then you admit that this struggle with the world should only be attempted in case of necessity."

"I have just said what I thought. If I or another possess talent to be a doctor, lawyer, statesman—or strength to be a carpenter or a blacksmith—I or she must possess the right to exercise the gift. There is not half so much reason for saying we are out of our spheres, as there is in the case of men who usurp trades and callings of many sorts which ought to be reserved for women."

The invalid was always an attentive listener to these wordy combats, and her sympathies were equally divided between the two. Max at first found excuses for managing to appear so often during Miss Brentford's visits, but he gradually ceased to try for any; and, on her side, the American appeared to take his intrusions quite as a matter of course.

Before Max had read his own secret, his mother perceived it, and watched Monica narrowly for any sign that her feminine intuition had warned her of the truth. But Miss Brentford was too busy to think of

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such possibilities—she had accepted Max's comradeship as a natural outgrowth of her intimate relations with the mother; she admired his talents, and privately thought it a pity that a man like him should spend his life in the narrowing and desiccating pursuits of a military career.

It had been November when Max returned home, and time swept on so swiftly that he felt profound astonishment when he realized that the winter was far advanced. About the same date, he faced the discovery that he loved Monica Brentford, unlike as she was in every particular, save grace and loveliness, to the gentle, yielding, dependent being who had been his ideal of a woman and a wife. But, compared to this reality, this living impersonation of health and strength, with clear wide brain, animated by indomitable energy, yet thoroughly sweet and feminine in feeling and manner, that ideal looked a very weak, poor, washed-out sort of creature.

Max was a brave man; but he felt that to storm the strongest fort in Europe, or lead the forlornest of all the forlorn hopes history has recorded, would not require so much courage as to ask Monica Brentford to become his wife. He would have no difficulty in telling her that he loved her—indeed, it was hard to keep from it; but to ask her to marry him, and to hear her inquire—as she would—what he proposed to offer in return for the future she must relinquish, was an ordeal before which even his tried valor hesitated.

The declaration came about, through what we call an accident, as is so often the case with the important events of our lives. Max possessed an enemy, high in rank and power; a man who had hated his father, and easily transferred that hatred to the son, who on several occasions during the past few years had unwittingly crossed his plans. The position lately bestowed on Von Arnheim was one the politician had coveted for a nephew; but the former's superior fitness had outweighed all the artifice and influence that could be brought to bear against him.

Max had encountered a series of petty persecutions, so unworthy the source from which they emanated that, when the truth became clear, his wrath was hard to subdue. He kept the matter from his mother, but, through a third party, the story reached Monica Brentford's ears, and her indignation and sympathy were very precious to the young man. The extreme feeling she displayed gave Max the first hope that she might be brought to care for his love; that she had perceived how completely his heart was hers, and had learned to prize the gift, did not enter his mind.

But the storm of emotion that shook her when she discovered the injustice under which Max suffered, and the possibility of his peace being menaced by darker plots than he dreamed of, startled Monica herself into a perception of the truth, against which she speedily shut her eyes in a weak fashion strangely at variance with her usual habit of resolutely facing any difficulty that might start up in her path.

Then the mother was confined to her bed for some ten days; and Monica, busy as she was, managed not only to be doctor, but to fulfill many of the duties of nurse, not infrequently remaining all night when rendered anxious by an extra difficulty in her patient's breathing.

Late one evening, she sat in the library, completing a lecture which must be delivered the next day. Max came quietly in, saying:

"The mother has fallen asleep; I won't talk to you, but let me stay, please—I want to write some letters."

The room had seemed so oppressively hot that Monica had changed her thick walking-costume for a silk skirt and a long jacket elaborately trimmed with lace. Presently she wanted a book; Max rose to help her find it.

How they managed to do it, neither could ever tell; but, as he stood on the step-ladder, bending down to show her some odd volume that had caught his eye, and Monica was holding up a heavy branched candlestick, she struck her arm against Max's elbow—else his elbow hit her. The candelabrum dropped; one of the candles set fire to the broad frills of lace that bordered her sacque, and they blazed up like tinder.

Max sprang to the floor, pulled the tapestry cover off a table, and folded it tightly about her; but, as he did so, she involuntarily flung out one arm, and the fire caught his hair. The whole danger was over in a flash; Monica escaped unharmed, but Max's short-cropped locks were singed, his cheek scorched, and his left hand severely burned.

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The pair were thoroughly frightened—each for the other—and their eyes, as they met, mutually revealed this fact. The first words spoken were by Max:

"Your pretty dress is ruined," he said, and the commonplace speech was so at variance with the deep awe-stricken tone that both laughed rather hysterically.

"Oh, your poor hand!" cried Monica. "I can set that right—there is a box of vaseline in your mother's closet."

When she returned, armed with some old linen and the ointment, Max was seated, staring at the step-ladder, against which the tapestry still hung. Monica quickly bandaged his hand, asking a question or two, that Max answered briefly; both, in their efforts to be calm, would have appeared actually stony to an outside observer.

"Had you finished your paper?" Max asked.

"Luckily; I will put it away."

Again their eyes met: Monica suddenly felt the tears running down her cheeks; her lips worked—she could not articulate.

"Don't!" Max exclaimed, almost harshly. "Don't; I can't stand it. I shall make a fool of myself in a moment."

"I—I am doing that already," sobbed Monica; "but I don't care—I will cry, and I will thank you! Oh, how near I was to doing you a dreadful mischief!"

Max caught her two hands in his left hand; his eyes flashed into hers:

"I love you," he said, in a voice sweet as the deep note of an organ; "I love you. That is no new thing—you must have seen that; but—but you care a little! I did not dare to hope this; you did not know it, maybe, but—you care!"

Monica was too brave to deny the assertion, even if she had not known that her face spoke the now fully grasped truth too clearly for denial to be of any avail. She stood silent; and he, freeing her hands, as silently regarded her. Then he held out his own hand again; she understood what meaning he would attach to her laying hers therein.

"I cannot," she said, slowly.

"But you care!" he rejoined, and the tone was both assertive and pleading. "Have the courage of your conviction—you care!"

"I care," she answered, still lower, replying against her will to the power in his eyes and voice.

Then she was gone, her sleeve brushing his breast as she passed, swift and noiseless as a shadow, out of his sight.

This crisis and Monica's admission appeared an advance so far beyond what Max had ventured to hope might arrive for a long while to come, that he could hardly believe the evidence of his own senses.

But, as he lay thinking in the quiet of his sleepless night, he could not feel the wild exultation which many men would have felt under like circumstances. His knowledge of the woman whom he loved enabled him to understand that his battle had only just begun. The sadness of her eyes as she refused to lay her hand in his, the pathetic half-reproachful tone in which she had uttered the admission he demanded, all held a clear meaning for Max, strive as he might to rest satisfied with the conviction that a great step was already gained.

He wrote her a long letter, but wisely avoided any reference to troublesome questions; he told her of the strength and fullness of his love; he painted the loneliness of his life till she had come to fill it—half unconsciously using his strongest weapon, considering the character of her whom he addressed. An appeal to her generosity, a conviction that she was needed, must prove the most powerful argument which could be presented to Monica Brentford.

Max received no answer to his letter the next day, and only met her for a little while in the evening at the house of a mutual friend, where there was no opportunity for private conversation.

"Not even one word in reply?" he managed to say.

"I meant to write—indeed, I have not had a moment," she returned.

Then their hostess claimed her attention, and Max was obliged to depart.

On the following morning, he received the expected missive, which revealed a determination so unyielding that Max's not overbuoyant hopes would have been utterly crushed save for the dogged determination which formed the bottom of his character.

"I care," Monica wrote, "but the purpose and the work of my life stand between us—must keep us apart as irrevocably as if the grave itself made the separation."

Max was so occupied that he had no leisure to write, no chance even to get home

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till past nine o'clock. He found Monica seated by his mother; she had had an attack of pain so violent that the nurse had summoned the doctor.

"I am quite easy now," the old lady assured her son, "and only kept awake to say good-night to you. I am sure you have eaten nothing all day. As for this dear girl, she has had no dinner; make her eat some supper, Max—and, Monica, do the same by him."

They sat beside her till she fell asleep, and then Max gave Monica his arm into the room where Conrad had laid the table.

"How home-like it all looks," Monica said, looking about.

"So it ought," Max answered, quietly; "it is home—mine by birthright, yours by a higher claim."

Monica gave him a glance which showed a certain amusement mingled with vexation.

"None that would hold in law," she said, her face and voice plainly entreating him to leave the conversation on the easy playful basis to which she had brought it.

"By the highest claim of all," Max pursued, steadily, with his determined eyes full on her: "the right which my love gives you—the right given by your admission that you think my love worth a little regard in return."

Monica looked at him with eyes as determined as his own; she smiled still, but there was no yielding in the smile—and her voice, though kind, had an inflexible ring as she answered:

"This calm ignoring of my letter might have weight with some women; I am not one of that sort. I told you in my first sentence what should have shown you the uselessness of further appeal or argument."

"You care—you owned that—you care!" cried Max, and now his eyes and face were so eloquent with pleading tenderness that Monica had to steel her soul against their influence.

"I shall not take my words back," she said; "but caring is not love—"

"It is the open door through which love enters," he broke in.

"It will not be in this case," she said. "Max, the sooner I can convince you of that, the better for your peace and mine."

"You have my heart—I can't take it back, either! You can lacerate it, wound it, break it—there it is, yours, and must remain so, to do what you will with."

"No," she said, apparently unmoved: "a weak man might say all this; you must not."

"I am proud to say it—to feel it," he replied; "it is you who are ashamed of caring for me."

"How unjust!" she began, then stopped.

"If you were not, you would let that liking grow," he hurried on; "you would allow yourself to rest happy in my love—you would make me happy—you would be my wife!"

"And let go the purpose and work for which I have prepared myself—relinquish the profession I honor and reverence—"

"One gives up all things for love," Max broke in, softly; "and love repays the sacrifice."

"A woman does, you mean. Does a man give up his profession because he loves?" she asked, with sudden heat.

"That would be impossible—the world's work must go on," he replied, trying by the energy of his tone to turn his sophistry into an argument.

"I expected that," Monica interrupted, with flashing eyes. "Oh, you can see, if you will, that you do not regard a woman's profession as you do a man's. You think it all very well, if she is forced to work, to do it bravely; but, no matter how dearly she may love it, how much she may crave work—yes, fame—she is a monster, if not ready to give up labor and reward for a man's affection."

"Certainly she stands more chance of happiness, guarded and sheltered, than out in the arena, struggling in the dust and din," urged Max.

"An ambitious woman's happiness, like an ambitious man's, demands success as one of its elements," said Monica.

"Then let us say—a better hope of peace and rest," Max amended.

"Peace, when she has yielded her soul's chief longing? I deny it! Rest? That means rusting, letting herself down to narrow petty details—the old, old argument! A woman ought to be satisfied with the gratification of vicarious hopes and aims; to live for her husband— Oh, I shall be angry in a moment! Answer me this: would you not expect your wife to give up her country?"

"'Whither thou goest, I will go; thy home—'"

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Monica broke in on the time-honored quotation without scruple:

"Very well; if Ruth liked that, she was welcome to do it. Let us reverse the case: Suppose I were to ask you to expatriate yourself for my sake?"

"But my station is here—my career here."

"And mine are in America. I mean to live there, and I mean to go on with my work. This sounds hard—unwomanly, many would say; I can't help that. I have proved that nature has given me talent of a certain sort; if I neglect to exercise it, I shall show myself an unfaithful steward."

"But your talent could be of use, even if exercised in other lines than those you have selected," Max said.

"Would you use that argument to a man?" she questioned. "You mean, I might cultivate household virtues instead of my mental qualities, if you mean anything. What right should I have to do this, after proving that my best gifts lie in another direction? You cry out against a man who neglects his special talent; why is it not as wrong for a woman to do so?"

"But, in many ways, men and women stand on such different ground," Max pronounced, oracularly.

"I forgive you that speech," rejoined Monica, "because its sublime fatuity is not your own—you only repeat what men have taught since time immemorial. But the women of this century are opening their eyes to the fact that man has been claiming all the desirable standing-room for himself."

"But we have supported and held the women up in the best places," Max put in, adroitly enough.

"Some men have; but the women of this generation don't want to be held and treated like dolls," said Monica. "We have learned how to use our own arms and legs; we don't propose either to be carried by the brave, or pushed into the gutter by the brutal."

"After all," Max said, quickly, "these generalities do not apply; it is only you and I who are concerned now."

"I have told you what I see clearly is right for me," Monica replied; "I cannot shut my eyes to the truth or turn back. I might marry, love my husband, bring up my children well, perform every household and social duty, be exemplary and philanthropic, live and die in the odor of sanctity: all the same, I should have turned aside from the straight road; I should have proved unfaithful to my trust; I should have been selfish and mean—and I never will be! There: I'll talk no more. I promised your mother to stay till morning. I am tired—I want to go to bed; good-night."

Endless conversations and arguments passed between the pair, during the next two months; but their attitudes remained unchanged. To marry a man in Von Arnheim's station must inevitably involve the relinquishment of her profession; he never even attempted to gloss over this necessity, and, though Monica realized that her feeling had gone far beyond the limit of "caring," she could not sacrifice her conscience to her heart; and the Gordian knot remained as firmly tied as ever.

The mother asked no questions; she knew something of what was going on, and a firm belief that in the end Max would win his happiness enabled her to keep cheerful under her ever increasing burden of pain.

The end came unexpectedly. Monica had gone to Paris, promising to return; but, only a few weeks after her departure, Frau von Arnheim grew worse and died suddenly in her son's arms, calling down blessings on his head and sending loving messages to Monica with her last breath.

And Max's dream came to an end also, for Miss Brentford wrote him a dismissal so decided that to pursue her would have been unmanly. Her studies in Berlin were finished; she was called back to America, where she must remain at least a year. She forbade him even to write to her; he must avoid every association which could help to keep her in his memory. Later, he would see that her decision was right—the wisest for him as well as herself. The work which she had begun was too clearly that which she could do best, for her to dare to turn aside therefrom; and, were she weak enough to do so, she understood her own character well enough to be certain that, in the near future, regret would overtake her—regret so bitter that no love nor joy on earth could compensate therefor.

From the date of his mother's death, troubles gathered thick and fast about Max von Arnheim. At every turn, some power, so hidden and inscrutable that it was as impossible to combat as destiny itself, con-

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trived to frustrate and injure the young man. Pecuniary reverses overtook him; a long-standing mortgage was foreclosed, the greater portion of the family estate passed into other hands, and he learned that the world at large believed his own excesses had brought about this necessity. Friends looked askance; acquaintances behaved as if influenced by grave reasons for disapproval; the clouds grew blacker and blacker, till, at the end of another year, they burst with resistless fury, bearing him down to utter ruin.

A charge was brought against his character with such skill that it defied refutation, so heavy that he was informed through high authority that only respect for his father's memory allowed him the mercy of being permitted to resign from the army.

Max was preparing to leave Berlin. He had relinquished his commission, and stood literally solitary—the awful solitude which surrounds the man against whose honor hang charges which the world accepts without understanding, and magnifies after its merciless habit, showing itself bitter and malignant in proportion to the praise and favor which it had once been ready to heap on its present victim.

Since her departure, no letters had passed between Max and Monica Brentford. He knew through the public press that she had written a medical work which was being translated into German and French, and that, both in her own country and Europe, she was rapidly winning a place among the notable women of the era.

Perhaps he should see her, for he was going to America. She at least would have faith in his honor; she would still offer him the friendship which, in his grief and disappointment, he had thrust aside. How little he had dreamed he should live to be glad for her sake that she turned a deaf ear to his pleading, and allowed what he had called ambition to outweigh his love and her own inclination!

As he sat, one day, in the library, in gloomy meditation, he was roused by the opening and closing of the door. Without turning round, he said quickly:

"I can't be interrupted, Conrad."

"Max!" a voice called. "Max, I can't wait—I came from Paris on purpose to see you."

There stood Monica Brentford—a little older, a little paler, but handsomer than ever—bending eagerly forward and regarding him with a heavenly smile.

Max started to his feet, then sank back in his chair, only able to gasp:

"Monica! Monica! You know?"

"The whole abominable story," she said. "Of course, I came as soon as I heard it." She was holding out her right hand; he stared at her, incredulous, startled. "Oh, Max," she continued, rapidly, "Max, have you nothing to say? Have you lived past the old dream—have you ceased to care?"

"Stop!" he groaned. "You don't know, after all—you have not understood! I am disgraced—powerless to clear myself—"

"But I love you," she interrupted, the hot color blazing into her cheeks, though her eyes met his, full of courage. "Max, you asked me once to put my hand in yours, and I refused. You won't be so ungenerous—see, I offer you mine now."

"And I should be a coward, to take it," he answered, sternly. Then his voice broke as he added: "A little while ago, Monica, I believed in nothing but devils; I know now that one angel walks the earth."

"A very faulty woman; but she loves you and will claim her place beside you," Monica persisted. "Oh, Max, fate has cut the Gordian knot which we were too blind to untie."

"No," he said; "I am going to America, but I must go alone."

She uttered no further entreaty or expostulation; she made him narrate every detail of his trouble and unmerited downfall, finding words and glances which brought fresh strength to his exhausted half-maddened mind.

Before the week ended, Max sailed for America, and, during the next three years, worked hard in a pursuit, his genius for which had been kept in abeyance by the duties of his military profession. He possessed the inventor's marvelous gift, and from boyhood had cultivated it as far as his limited leisure would permit.

At the end of the third twelvemonth, an invention, the germ of which had long been in his brain and at which he had toiled unremittingly since his arrival, proved a complete success; it not only raised him at once into public notice, but would speedily bring affluence in its train.

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Then he wrote to Monica, who had remained in Berlin, some work so important having been intrusted to her that all other plans had to be postponed.

Nothing could have shown more plainly than Max's letter how completely these three years had revolutionized the man's whole round of thought. He said:

"I cannot live without you; so, if you are still willing, I ask you to make the sacrifice which two years ago it would have been base in me to accept. I have demonstrated that I possess talent enough to carve a path for myself, and I have no fear but that my whole life will prove, to all honest generous men, a complete refutal of the accusation which your clear mind and broad sense first taught me could only wreck my future if I weakly allowed courage and strength to be paralyzed thereby.

"I do not ask you to give up your own work; I have grown wiser, as well as less arrogant. I ask you to join your hand with mine in equal fellowship, with equal rights and equal freedom — the sole basis, I have learned, which can render marriage an honorable union instead of a degrading compact."

Monica's answer held a single word; it was: "Come."

Max found not only happiness awaiting him, but justice and promised reward for his unmerited persecution. Through Miss Brentford's boundless energy and her influential friends, the charges had been sifted to the bottom, and evidence which Max could not have procured had come to light. There remained no faintest shadow against his name, even for malice—or, what is more unrelenting, stupidity—to point to with persistent finger. And this unexpected justification seemed all the sweeter to Max from the fact that he owed it to the faith and courage of the woman whom he honored above the whole world.

Before their first interview ended, Monica learned that neither rehabilitation nor proffered advancement could effect any change in Max's projected future.

"I could not return to the old life," he said; "I have learned to see that the soldier's profession is worse than a waste of talent. Past generations had the excuse of ignorance for making wholesale murder an art; no such plea can be offered for the nineteenth century. We will go back to America, Monica—to your work and mine."

"And to work together," she answered.

MARGERY DEAN.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

THE fairest maid in all Inisheen
Was bright-eyed winsome Margery Dean;
As she crossed the bogs with naked feet,
She trilled a song in the morning sweet.
  Margery Dean! A very queen—
The fairest maid in all Inisheen.

While the old laird lived in Turret Hall,
The young heir was growing straight and tall;
With a flashing eye and haughty mien,
He gathered rents of all Inisheen:
  On a jet-black horse of glossy sheen,
Rode the proud young laird of Inisheen.

The long white road stretched bare and hot,
But the way lay cool by Primrose Cot,
When a man's tall shadow came between
Turret Hall and sweet Margery Dean.
  Margery Dean! A peasant queen—
The fairest maid in all Inisheen!

He begged for a cup of milk to quaff;
She held it out with a merry laugh.
Ah! the sky was blue, the shamrock green,
But black the eyes of Margery Dean.
  Sweet Margery Dean! Arch and keen—
The fairest maid in all Inisheen!

From Turret Hall, through the old peat lot,
Grew a path well worn to Primrose Cot;
But no sadder heart there beat, I ween,
Than that of winsome Margery Dean.
  Margery Dean, at Hallowe'en,
Had the saddest heart in Inisheen.

The young laird went on a fatal ride,
And Margery slowly drooped and died;
They buried her where the shamrocks grew,
The grave was green and the sky was blue.
  Poor Margery Dean! Shamrocks green
Hide the saddest grave in Inisheen!

Still the old laird sits in Turret Hall;
But he hears no sound and heeds no call,
And Mistress Dean holds a life-long lease,
While winsome Margery sleeps in peace.
  Sweet Margery Dean! Shamrocks green
Hide the saddest grave in Inisheen!

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

CARE OF YOUNG GIRLS.

THE years from twelve to sixteen are perhaps the most important in a girl's physical history. She is passing from childhood into a more mature stage, and mind and body are both taxed to the utmost to meet the demands upon them. She needs wise and tender care at this time, help to understand the new problems that are forcing themselves upon her, and to be surrounded with the best hygienic conditions to secure an adequate physical development.

If a child has been properly dressed and fed, had a sufficiency of exercise, plenty of fresh air, an ample allowance of sleep, and not been permitted to overstudy, she reaches this critical age well prepared for the strain she is to encounter.

If, on the other hand, no care has been exercised in these important matters, they should at once be carefully attended to, in order to remedy, as far as possible, the ill effects of past neglect. In these days when so much is said and written on the subject of hygiene, the care of the health receives an attention that was very uncommon a generation ago; and yet there are still mothers who, from want of thought or the pressure of other cares, do not give it the consideration that it ought to have.

It is much easier to preserve health than to restore it when it is lost. To do this, it is not necessary to hedge a girl around with a number of tiresome restrictions that fret and worry her. If she has been allowed to form bad habits, of course they must be broken off, and this is never a pleasant proceeding. Apart from this, judicious regulation of food, rest, exercise, and dress need not be particularly irksome. If it is begun in early youth, it becomes second nature, and the girl unconsciously obeys the laws of health because she has never been accustomed to violate them.

A few hints may be given on the points that have been mentioned, as a reminder of the direction in which oversight is required.

FOOD.—To a healthy appetite and a good digestion, few things come amiss. When there is an hereditary tendency to affections of the digestive organs or unusual delicacy of constitution, more care is needed. Even then, a variety in diet is desirable. Things that are known to disagree with the individual should be avoided, but as wide a range as possible be left open. Plain food and plenty of it should constitute the foundation. Someone has said that the stomachs of American women are never properly distended. Their delicate appetite renders it difficult for them to eat in sufficient quantity.

Many articles of diet that it is the fashion to decry for children do not really hurt young people unless they be eaten in unlimited quantities. Pastry is frowned upon by most writers on the subject, and bad pastry is fit only for pigs. A moderate piece of light, flaky, well-baked pie-crust will not hurt any girl in ordinary good health.

The craving for sweets is a perfectly natural and legitimate one. To gratify it by eating half a pound of chocolate creams or caramels in a morning is no doubt injurious to the overworked digestion; but a few pieces of candy at a time, or sweetmeats with bread and butter at tea, are beneficial.

The desire for pickles sometimes shows that the stomach needs an acid to assist it in its duties.

Tea and coffee should be absolutely prohibited. If unfortunately the taste has been acquired, their use must be discontinued. Hot or cold milk or cocoa can be substituted. Sometimes sweetened boiling water is liked, either with or without milk: "cambric tea," as English children call it. The theine and caffeine which are the active principles of tea and coffee are too exciting for the delicate nervous system of the young, and cannot fail to produce an injurious effect upon it.

Fried meat should be avoided, and rich made dishes. Eggs, milk, and all the cereals are particularly nutritious. Fresh meat,

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poultry, good soups, vegetables, and fruit are never out of place.

Children who are early trained to "eat what is set before them, asking no questions for conscience's sake," are spared a great deal of unnecessary trouble to themselves in after-life, and an even greater amount of annoyance to their friends. With a little patienee, a child may be taught to like almost any palatable article of food—just as the taste for olives is acquired by their elders. When, after repeated trials, a decided distaste is still shown, the effort should be discontinued. It may be some hereditary dislike cropping up, or an individual idiosyncrasy that must be respected.

REST.—To a growing girl, rest is almost as essential as food. No one likes to go to bed early. At least, if there are a few abnormal beings in this case, they are so rare that they cannot be quoted as a rule for the rest of the world. It will always be a struggle to induce a girl to go to bed at nine o'clock. She needs, and ought to have, ten hours' sleep; and as usually she must rise at seven to get through breakfast and be ready for school at nine, she cannot prolong her morning nap. The only alternative is to begin her rest betimes, and get between two and three hours of "beauty-sleep," which the old writers assert must be taken before midnight. Nothing improves a girl's complexion, steadies her nerves, and brightens her eyes, like plenty of sleep, followed in the morning by a quick sponge-bath and brisk rubbing of the whole body.

Closely allied to this question of rest is the subject of study. This is a matter which parents must take into their own hands. Teachers cannot regulate it; they are pushed on by a system which compels them, often against their better judgment, to force their pupils.

When a mother finds that her daughter has so many lessons to learn at home that she has not time for exercise, rest, and recreation, she should insist upon some of the studies being dropped. It is far better for the girl to come out at the foot of her class with a sound constitution than at the head of it with impaired vision, a chronic headache, and a perpetual pain in her back.

Too much excitement is fatal to the health of young girls. They cannot go into society and attend school at the same time. Any mild social dissipation that is to be indulged in should take place on Friday night, when there are no lessons to be prepared.

When a girl is tired, she should, if possible, lie down to rest. The sofa and an interesting book, for half an hour after school, will do her good; after that, she should be in the open air. It will not hurt her to take the baby out in its carriage, if such duties fall to her lot. She should never be allowed to think first of herself.

Pure air is absolutely essential to a growing girl—as necessary as light and air are to a plant. A parent cannot always control the ventilation of the school-room, where a large part of the day is passed; but she can and ought to see that fresh air is admitted to the bed-room, where the whole of the night is spent.

EXERCISE.—Fortunately, out-door games and occupations are the fashion for girls nowadays. Tennis and all kindred amusements bring them health and pleasure at the same time. One caution must be observed: No violent exercise—running, rowing, or long walks—should be permitted when a girl is unwell. The more quiet she is kept at this time, the less danger there is of the functional disturbances that are the bane of so many women. Cold baths should be forbidden, and going out in the rain. Any cold is apt to cause congestion of the pelvic organs and produce serious results. If the feet be accidentally wet, they should be soaked in hot water, carefully dried, and well rubbed with alcohol.

DRESS.—This is a matter of the utmost importance. Flannel should be worn next the skin, varying in weight with the different seasons. Corsets need never be put on, and then they will not become a necessity. A girl can be perfectly straight, hold herself well, and be far more graceful without them. A corded waist can be worn if desired, or in winter a close-fitting one of canton flannel, and in summer an ordinary corset-cover. Only two light skirts are needed, and these can be buttoned round the waist. The dresses should be made so as not to compress the chest or body, to give free play to the lungs and abdominal organs. A flannel jacket should be worn over the night-dress.

In no way can the nerves be better served than by keeping the body warm with proper clothing, and so lessening their work.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a tailor-made gown, of dark-green Amazon-cloth. It has a close-fitting

No. 1.

jacket-bodice, coat tunic, which is elaborately braided in points and further trimmed with bands of beaver fur. Any other fur may be used, or bands of Astrakhan-cloth, either in black or mixed gray, on gray cloth. Small toque-shape bonnet, of the same material as the gown, trimmed with a rosette of velvet ribbon. Six yards of cloth will be required for this costume.

No. 2—Is a stylish and very simple street-gown, of pin-striped cheviot. The skirt is of one piece, slightly draped in front, straight

No. 2.

at the back. A band four inches wide, cut on the bias, edges the bottom of the skirt.

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This band is finished at the top by either two rows of stitching or else narrow worsted braid. The jacket-bodice has an inside vest, over which the jacket opens. This is finished to correspond with the skirt. The turn-over collar at the back, where it joins the front revers, is of velvet. Small velvet toque, trimmed with ostrich-tips. Six to seven yards of cheviot will be required.

No. 3—Is a girl's outdoor coat, front and back, of brown cheviot, striped with dark-green flaked with red, and trimmed with

No. 3.

revers, collar, and cuffs in black Persian lamb. Folded belt, caught up in the centre of the back, over the short box-plaited basque.

No. 4—Is an evening or dinner gown, of brocaded silk for the skirt and bodice. A six-inch flounce, gathered with a heading, edges the bottom of the skirt. The front of the bodice is full, as seen in the illustration; the neck and waistband of black velvet. The high neck, under-waist, and sleeves are of cream-white corded silk, or

No. 4.

anything else which will correspond with the skirt and low bodice.

No. 5—Is a sleeve for an evening-dress, of surah or any other thin material. The three puffs are gathered into a deep cuff,

No. 5.

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No. 6.

which is laid in fine plaits lengthwise, finished at the hand by a small ribbon bow with ends.

No. 7.

No. 6—Is a pea-jacket, in dark-blue cheviot, for a boy or girl of six years. The collar, cuffs, and pockets are braided in black worsted braid. Felt hat, bound with velvet to match, and trimmed with the same.

No. 7.—We give two new styles for sleeves: one for a cloth gown, trimmed with velvet and braided; the other one for an evening or dinner gown of cashmere or faille, with the upper part let in of black or white net. The point of the puff and the edge of the sleeve are finished by a knot of the net.

No. 8.

No. 8—Is a pretty coat for a boy or girl of two to three years, of cream-white cloth. The skirt is gathered on to the waist. A cape of three tiers, with collar, is worn with this coat. White felt hat, trimmed with standing loops of gros-grain ribbon or else ostrich-tips.

No. 9—Is a Marie Stuart bonnet, of black English crèpe, for mourning. The only garniture is a large rosette of white silk mull; bands of the same finish the sides of the bonnet.

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No. 9.

No. 10—Is the latest style of winter coat, in cloth and matelassé. The skirt, sleeves, and collar are of the latter material; the bodice-part and pockets of the cloth. As we give both the front and back illustration, anyone can see how the different materials are disposed of.

No. 11—Is a long flat boa, with collar. The boa is of Astrakhan, marten, lynx, or other fur. For a coat or polonaise which is trimmed with Astrakhan or Persian lamb-cloth, a boa of this description can easily be made at home. It should be lined with satin, and interlined with a crinoline to shape the boa. Cut first the shape of a collar to fit the neck, over an out-door wrap, then add the long flat ends. This shape should first be cut in the crinoline lining, then slightly wadded, after which the satin lining is to be quilted on, and, lastly, the fur is laid on and the lining neatly sewed to the edges of the fur. Two or three sets of frogs and loops fasten the boa at the neck and over the chest.

No. 10.

No. 11.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

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JACKET, WITH PELERINE—HENRI III: WITH SUPPLEMENT

We give, for our Supplement this month, the latest style of wrap, combining a jacket with pelerine. It is made of cachemire de l'Inde, or lady's-cloth, and trimmed with either black passementerie or braided with black worsted braid. The edges are notched in leaf-like points. The pelerine forms the high shoulder-sleeves. A plaiting of silk trims the front and collar, and ties at the waist with long loops-and-ends of black moiré ribbon.

The pattern consists of six pieces, thirty-eight-inch bust.

1. Half of Front of Jacket.
2. Pelerine and Sleeve.
3. Half of Back.
4. Side-Back.
5. Under Arm-Piece.
6. Collar.

The letters and notches show how the pieces are joined. Allow seams. The length of front of jacket and pelerine is given; the latter is to be cut an inch longer all around than the pattern given—our paper would not give the required length of this piece. All the other pieces are the proper size.

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FAN-SHAPED PHOTO-HOLDER.

This fan-shaped photo-holder is quite a novelty. It is made of bits of silk and plush, with old galloon for edging the pockets. The pockets are arranged, three on each side of the plush square, in size and shape as seen in the illustration. The lower one and the first one above it follow the shape of the fan. A painted spray ornaments the second pocket. A large bunch of loops of satin ribbon ornaments the top, behind which is a loop to suspend the fan. It is almost needless to say that the pockets are all mounted upon a stiff card-board background, which is first covered with satin.

DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH FOR CHAIR-STRIPE.

We give, for our colored plate this month, the very effective scroll pattern in cross-stitch on Java canvas. The pattern is done in black, grays, and white, and filled up with an Indian red. Mount the stripe on to plush for the covering of the chair, making a plush stripe on either side of the embroidered stripe. The plush should be a darker red.

CARNATIONS IN BRAIDING.

On the Supplement, we give a design of carnations, in braiding. It is pretty, done in olive-green or rose-colored braid on blue silk, for a handkerchief-sachet; but it is so graceful and so easily done, that it will be useful for various purposes. Photo album, etc.

HEAD OF MRS. HARRISON, IN OUTLINE.

On the Supplement, we give an excellent likeness, in outline, of the wife of the President of the United States. The embroidery should be done in fine silk or cotton, in order to reproduce the delicate lines. Work on China silk, pale-blue or terra-cotta are best.

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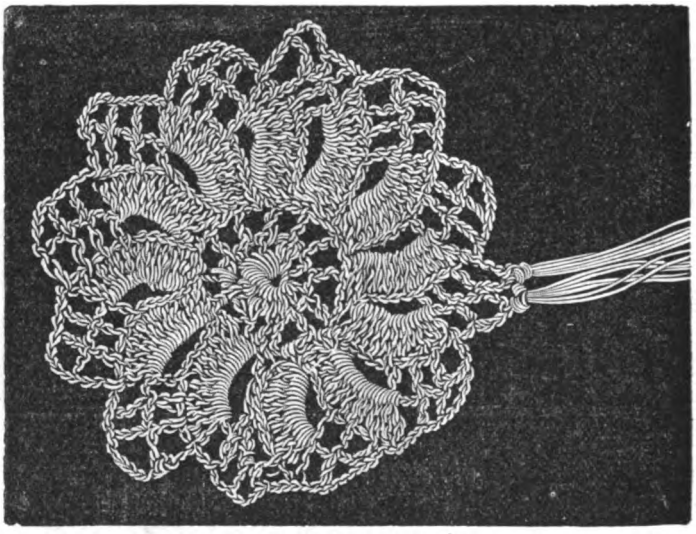
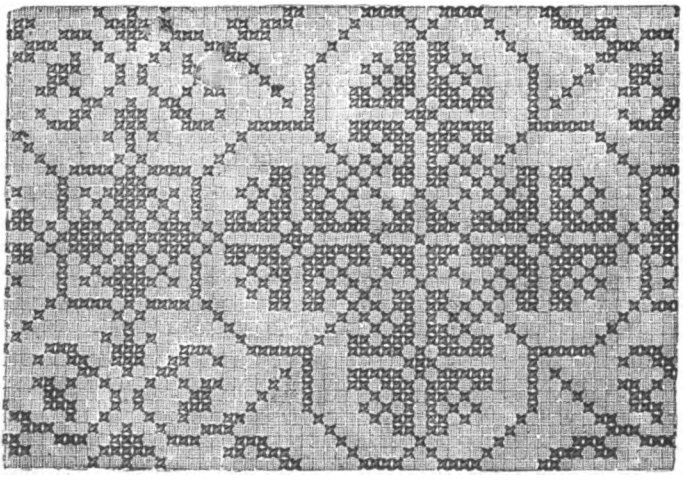
CROCHETED WHEEL.



First make a chain of six and fasten; work in the hole with twelve treble stitches and fasten; then make a chain of two and a treble stitch, and repeat until twelve stitches are made. Fasten and make fifteen chain-stitches; turn, making two chain and a treble stitch until three holes are made, then make twelve treble stitches and fasten in the first hole of the ring. Then make six chain and two treble stitches, until the three holes are made; turn and come back, making the twelve treble stitches and fastening in the second hole of the ring. This is continued until there are twelve points; then fasten with the needle. These wheels make a very pretty border for a scrim or linen scarf which has been hemstitched on the sides. The fringe is made by wrapping the thread around a card and taking four strands and putting them in each point with the crochet-needle.

BORDER FOR TOWEL, IN CROSS-STITCH.



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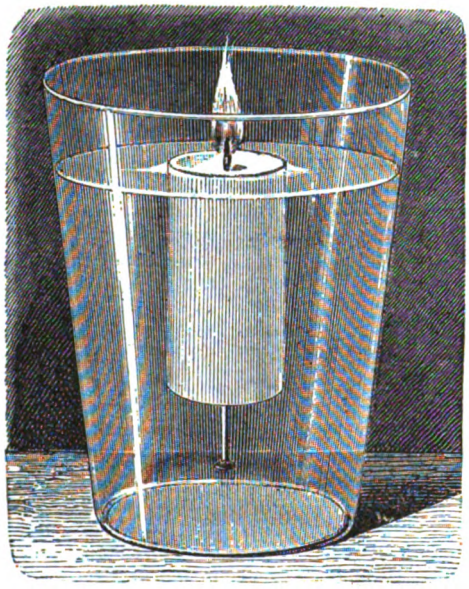
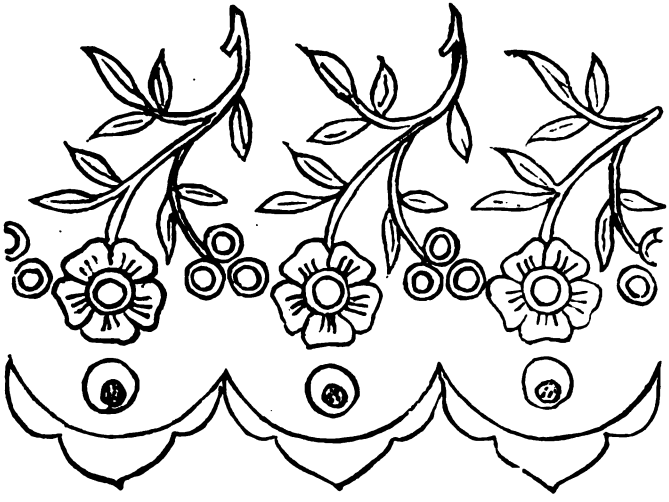
IMPROVISED NIGHT-LIGHT.



In a tumbler filled with water, place a piece of paraffine candle which has been weighted by a nail stuck in the lower end, to keep the candle floating.

DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

"JUST WHAT THE HOUSEHOLD WANTS."—We wish we knew what newspaper originated this verdict of "Peterson," in order that we might give it credit therefor. The line has, however, been so widely copied during the past weeks by journals in every part of the country, that we cannot refrain from quoting it along with an extract from that influential exponent of public opinion, the Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio, which says:

"In 1891, 'Peterson' will hold its Jubilee. To have been for fifty years the prime favorite in thousands of households is something to be proud of, and its popularity steadily increases."

This opening number of our anniversary year speaks for itself; it needs no pointing-out of the various improvements which render its appearance more worthy of its merits. So far as literary excellence, household utility, and ladies' requirements are concerned, we frankly admit that we do not consider there was room for progress; but the increase of pages will enable us still further to enlarge our range of subjects, so as to meet the fullest needs of the entire family circle.

Our list of attractions for each successive month will grow instead of diminishing, for we mean every number to be an advance on its predecessor. In February, the names of various of our leading contributors will be found. Minna Irving will have a beautiful poem, with a fitting illustration; "The Sheriff of Oskaloo," by Howard Seely, will be found one of this favorite writer's most spirited sketches; "Among Japanese Marvels," by Sidney Ross, will have some of the most striking illustrations we have yet given; "A Tardy Response," by Katharine Allen, is a gem of a story, fitly illustrated; Margaret V. Payne will send one of her admirable household papers, "Filling-In Nooks and Corners," with such clear explanations and drawings that the veriest tyro in housekeeping or furnishing can profit thereby.

TO KEEP HANGING BASKETS from drying out is the chief point of importance, in their care. A very good method is to hang the basket where it can be sprinkled every day, either with a watering-pot, using a generous supply of water, or with a whisk broom. Dip the broom in water slightly warmed, shake it a little to remove the greater weight of water, then, by whisking it quickly over the plants, a fine spray can be thrown, which is better than the spray from the watering-pot.

DIPHTHERIA.—The following remedy for this dreaded malady we owe to a well-known physician, who, in the course of his long experience, has often proved its efficacy: "The remedy 'par excellence' for this disease is peroxide of hydrogen—Marchand's medicinal—a harmless tasteless liquid; used as a topical agent in a coarse, steady, strong spray to the throat thoroughly two or three times a day, it suffices to destroy the contagious element and limit the spread of its formation, without the least dread of producing any vicious constitutional effect. This does away with the usual harsh swabbing or scrubbing treatment commonly resorted to."

THE HOUSEWIFE'S OBJECTION TO DUST.—This cleanly instinct, bred for so many generations, is a great safeguard against disease. The dust of the ordinary house is very poisonous, if enough of it be breathed, or if it be allowed to reach an abraded surface. If, for instance, a little of it were distributed over the wounds of the patients in the surgical ward of a hospital, nine out of ten of the patients would die. The inner surfaces of the body are likewise so very delicate that breathing it in sufficient quantity would have, in a measure, the same effect.

PINCUSHION-COVERS. — Dainty pincushion-covers are worked on very fine white linen or sheer muslin. One of the prettiest that we have seen, intended for a wedding-present, was embroidered with tiny rosebuds in pink silk. It was edged with lace and had a white lining. Another had small daisies done in white silk. Violets, forget-me-nots, buttercups, and lilies of the valley all make suitable designs. The flowers should, of course, be small. Toilet-table covers may be worked to match.

WEDDING-RINGS.—The ancient matrimonial ring was made with a double link, having a hand on each. These, when brought together, formed a perfect ring with the hands clasped in each other. The peasantry of Galway use a similar one now. Sir Thomas Gresham's marriage-ring, 1544, opened horizontally and formed two rings, with sentences engraved thereon, and enameled with precious stones and chased figures of cupids.

"MY FIRST LOVE."—A subscriber writes: "I have tried others, but still stick to my first love, and the best of all magazines—'Peterson'."

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THE DRESSES OF THE LAST FEW YEARS lend themselves very easily to being remade and remodeled into an absolutely new guise, after the taste for straight skirts and much-trimmed bodices. We will take, for example, the much-plaited skirts of woolen gowns, used last year and the year before. Their great width will give plenty of material for a plain skirt, with a straight front and sides and gathered or plaited back; and new full sleeves can also be procured out of them, if wisely cut. If faded, most of these plain woolens will turn, as they are the same on both sides; and it is better to turn them instead of cleaning them, on account of their somewhat loose texture.

The skirt, if too short or worn at the edge, can be lengthened without any difficulty, and, in doing so, be brought up to the very last style of the pretty and simple fashions of the day. A border of striped woolen material can be added; or a bias fold of silk or velveteen, lined with crinoline, can be stitched on at the upper edge; or the skirt can be trimmed with three or four rows of velvet ribbon, of graduated widths or all of the same width; and, if it be needful to lengthen it, the lengthening may be managed underneath these rows, so as to be quite invisible. The foundation-skirt of all made-over dresses should have the steels removed, and should likewise be refaced with the material of the gown, should lengthening be at all needed.

HOW TO TRANSFER PATTERNS.—The simplest way to transfer the patterns on the Supplement is to procure one or two sheets of thin transfer-paper, on which the pattern is easily traced; with another sheet of carbon-paper, which is laid face down upon the article to be stamped, then the pattern over it in the proper situation, and the whole design gone over with a sharp-pointed lead-pencil (hard), the design will be found perfectly traced upon the material. We will send the carbon and transfer paper to any-one who may desire them. They cost fifteen cents per sheet each; thirty cents for two sheets, and three cents for postage; postage-stamps will do.

WE have prepared a substantial cover, for a permanent binding of last year's numbers of the magazine. It is much neater than can be made by a book-binder, and it enables him to bind the volume at a lower price. We will send it for thirty-five cents, postpaid.

"PRETTY, USEFUL, AND THE BEST."—A lady writes, for herself and family: "We get so many pretty and useful patterns out of 'Peterson,' we would not know what to do without it. For reading-matter, we consider it the best, and we have taken many magazines."

NEGLECT OF BATHING.—This is a prolific source of colds. A child from three to ten years old should certainly receive an entire bath twice a week in winter. A warm bath at night, taking special care to avoid any chill afterward, will frequently break up a sudden cold. Keep children from playing in unused chilly rooms. Let them play out-of-doors as much as possible, taking care to have their feet warm and dry. A flannel suit and strong boots will often save cough-medicine and doctors' bills. Keep the children warmly clad, but do not be content with thick coats and worsted hoods, while short skirts barely cover their knees.

"A VETERAN SUBSCRIBER."—A lady writes us from California: "As this is your 50th year of publication, I cannot refrain giving a proof of my love for my dear old friend by telling you that it is my 50th year of subscription."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Days Serene. Illustrated. By Margaret MacDonald Pullman. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—It is like entering an enchanted world, to open these glimpses of wood and field, mountain shades and rippling streams; and over all broods an indescribable air of serenity and peace, which makes the title of the book delightfully appropriate. Mrs. Pullman displays a true conception of the beautiful in nature, along with a fairly Protean fancy, and her consummate taste and great technical skill enable her to turn her varied gifts to the fullest account. The present sketches are among the loveliest she has ever produced. Then, too, everything about the volume, down to the smallest detail, is so perfect that it makes a fit shrine for these charming pictures and the poetic gems to which they add new beauty. There still remains a long list of beautiful holiday books published by this firm, among which the following deserve special mention:

"*Baby's Kingdom, Illustrated by Annie F. Cox,* is to all intents and purposes a new work, owing to the many changes and additions, while the altered shape and elegant binding increase its attractiveness. The illustrations are admirable, and the mottoes and sentiments quaint and pleasing. Every mother will delight in recording her child's biography on these dainty pages, from the date of its birth up to its first step and its initial attempts at speech. Mother's chronicle of baby's progress and wonderful achievements will possess a rare charm for the household, and must in later years rank among the chief treasures of the man or woman who may find the memory of early days thus poetically gathered together.

"*All Around the Year—1891,*" *Designed by J. Pauline Sunter,* is the handsomest of the striking series of calendars which this house has issued.

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The design is as original as it is effective, each page containing a motto and illustration in sepia-tint or color. Such a collection of lovely Cupid-like children as are portrayed, it would be difficult to rival. The cards are fastened by a white silk cord and arranged on rings, so that they can be turned over like the leaves of a book.

"The Guest-Book," Designed and Illustrated by Annie F. Cox, is really unique in idea. It is bound in gold cloth, printed on the finest paper, with illuminated cuts and ornamental letters. There are several pages reserved for Christmas, Easter, and other special occasions.

Britomarte, the Man-Hater. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This sequel to "Fair Play" has been added to the publishers' twentyfive-cent edition. The two stories together form one of the author's best novels. Among other late works in this series are "The Match-Maker," by Beatrice Reynolds, a very interesting tale of English life, and two more of Mrs. Southworth's romances—"How He Won Her," and a sequel, "The Captive Bride," both of which are written in the author's most exciting vein.

Galgano's Wooing, and Other Poems. By Sarah Bridges Stebbins. New York: G. W. Dillingham.—One of the most noticeable features of these poems is that, unlike so many recent volumes, they are not a mere harmonious arrangement of words. The author has something to tell, and she tells it well, in smooth metrical cadence. Various of the pieces show much dramatic power, and the rondeaus—always a crucial test in verse-making—display a rare ease and fairly Provençal grace.

Epitome of the World's History. By Edgar Sanderson, M. A. Boston: School Supply Company.—This will prove a very valuable book for schools, and of great interest to general readers as well. It has been carefully edited for America by John Hardman, A. M., and rendered more concise and practical by his judicious pruning. There is a well-arranged list of historical dates and events of importance, and numerous maps and explanatory illustrations are scattered through the volume.

A Sister's Love. By W. Heimburg. New York: Worthington Co.—This is one of the most fascinating stories this popular author has produced; even the old novel-reader will find that his attention is kept enchained to the very end. The translation by Margaret P. Waterman is well done, and the volume, with its numerous illustrations and pretty binding, will make an acceptable holiday gift.

A Russian Country-House. By Carl Detlef. New York: Worthington Co.—Stories laid in Russia are attractive to most persons, and the present possesses unusual interest. It gives a series of admirably drawn pictures of the court of the great Empress Elizabeth, mingled with descriptions of home-life which portray with great vividness the eccentricities of Muscovite character.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

OUR PREMIUMS FOR 1891.—The list includes so wide a range of fiction, biography, travels, poetry, and volumes for the young people, that there will be food for every taste. The new books are very handsomely bound, and the best any periodical has ever offered.

The engraving "Driving a Pair" has been pronounced a gem by the most competent judges.

A Rochester extension piano-lamp, besides being useful, will make a charming parlor-ornament.

A set of a half-dozen doylies, stamped for embroidery, will appeal to every lover of dainty table-napery.

Our stone porcelain tea-set is handsome enough to render its possessor the envy of all her neighbors.

We shall renew the Common-Sense Binder, as scores of subscribers have written us that they find it invaluable.

There will be also a year's subscription to "Peterson"—always the most coveted and the choicest of our prizes.

See advertising pages 8 and 9 for a complete list and description, together with the number of subscribers requisite in a club in order to gain the various premiums.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at any time during the year, at the price paid by the club. If enough additional names are sent to entitle the getter-up of the club to a premium, we will cheerfully send it.

NEWEST PARIS NOTES.—Mrs. Lucy H. Hooper sends us these latest advices:

Plush is still popular for morning-dresses or for tea-gowns, but it is no longer employed for visiting or evening dresses. The handsomest morning-gowns are cut Princesse and have full gathered or plaited fronts from throat to feet, in crêpe de Chine or in surah in some delicate hue contrasting with that of the dress itself. The plush Princesse nearly meets at the waist, and is held in place by a jeweled clasp or girdle. If the wearer is slender, the dress is shirred at the waist half-way up the corsage, so as to open in fan-plaits over the bust. The finest hand-embroideries in delicate-hued silks and gold thread are lavished on these elegant home-toilettes.

Large butterflies in passementerie form a favorite device for trimming. In jet, one of them is placed in front of the crown of a wide-brimmed hat. I have seen a dinner-dress in twine-colored net, figured with large brown velvet spots, the corsage of which was entirely decorated with butterflies. An immense one in

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gold braid and jet beads was set on the point of the corsage in front, and a smaller one at the back. The collar in brown velvet was worked with a row of small butterflies, and one to match was embroidered on each of the cuffs.

Another was a very handsome dinner-dress in black velvet, trimmed with jet passementerie, the top of the low-necked corsage being edged with a band of black ostrich-feathers, while similar bands, crossing the shoulders and continuing under the arms, did duty for sleeves. The effect of these dusky plumes against the white shoulders of the wearer was exceedingly becoming. Also, I was lately shown a dinner-dress in black faille, brocaded with large pointed figures in satin, which had a skirt-front in white satin. This was embroidered just above the hem with a wide pattern in gold thread, and below was a band of black curled ostrich-plumes.

SOME FRESH OPINIONS.—The New York World, in speaking of our November number, says: "'Peterson' is to many a household necessity, and would be to many others did they know its attractions" The New Orleans Times-Democrat says: "The title of 'household friend' has certainly been deservedly won by 'Peterson.'" The Cincinnati Gazette says of "Peterson": "Variety is one of the leading features of this excellent periodical." The Minneapolis Journal says: "'Peterson's' Thanksgiving number will compare favorably with the highest-priced periodicals." The Chicago Tribune says: "'Peterson' for November has some very fine illustrations and numerous stories equal to those of any other publication." The Washington Post says: "'Peterson' is the cheapest of the lady's-magazines, and in many respects is equal to the best of the higher-priced periodicals." The St. Paul Pioneer Press says: "Among the November magazines, 'Peterson' deserves special mention. It contains some of the best illustrations and finest stories to be found anywhere."

THE EMINENT PIANO-MAKERS of New York, Messrs. George Steck & Co., hold a letter from Richard Wagner, in which he speaks in the following eulogistic terms of one of their Grands: "The fine Grand Piano of George Steck & Co., of New York, which I have obtained, is everywhere acknowledged to be excellent. My great friend, Franz Liszt, expressed the liveliest satisfaction after he had played upon it. The magnificent instrument has taken up its useful abode in my home, where it will ever serve for my pleasant entertainment."

This piano Herr Wagner used during the last ten years of his life, and it is now treasured by his family as one of the most cherished mementos the great master has left behind him.

CHAPPED HANDS.—There is nothing better for chapped hands and faces than pure cold cream, which should always stand in the nursery-closet during the winter. It can be very easily and cheaply made by the following recipe: Four ounces of almond oil, three ounces of rose-water, one ounce of white wax. Break the wax into an earthen jam-pot, and pour the oil over it. Set the jar near the fire, and let the wax melt slowly. When cool, stir in the rose-water, and the mixture will become thick and beautifully white.

PEDINE, the great foot-remedy, has achieved phenomenal success under the efficient management of Mr. Compton. A boon that suffering humanity welcomes, since it affords speedy relief to those afflicted with tender, cold, or perspiring feet. The Pedine Company, 258 Broadway, N. Y., cheerfully mail their elegant pamphlet free to all who are thus afflicted.

LORD COLERIDGE.—"The Youth's Companion" announces, as an important accession to its list of contributors, the Lord Chief-Justice of England, Lord Coleridge, who has promised to write an article on "Success at the Bar." Sir Morell Mackenzie, physician to the late Emperor of Germany, contributes a similar paper on "Success in the Medical Profession."

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XXII.—THE CAUSE, DIFFUSION, PREVENTION, AND CURE OF EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

1. THE CAUSE.—There has been so much written and said, for the last year or two, about spores, germs, bacilli, bacteria, etc., that mothers should be fully informed upon the subject; for, the cause of diphtheria, cholera, and other epidemics being known, the diffusion may be prevented to a great extent by earnest care on their part.

Two main sources of knowledge are—direct observation and logical deduction. The former, though considered the most certain and reliable source of information, may lead in many instances to erroneous conceptions. We need only instance that for thousands of years mankind believed the sun took his daily march around the earth, etc., till logical deduction proved the rotation of the earth on its own axis, and thence was built up our present great system of astronomy, which is the pride of the human intellect.

The knowledge of the laws of putrefaction and fermentation of animal and vegetable substances deprived of life is one of the most important achievements of modern science, and forms

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the basis or foundation upon which has been erected the germ theory—these parasites being homologous to those inducing epidemic diseases in living organisms.

If we take two jars, each containing a piece of beef and a little water, both bottles being well corked, and then place them in water and boil them thoroughly and seal them, no putrefaction of the meat will ensue in any climate; but, if the cork of one of them be removed in a warm room for a short time, then the meat will begin to putrefy in a few days, and on it will be seen with a microscope myriads of animalcular infusoria.

This proves that the seeds or germs must be floating in the warm moist air surrounding us. So also it is proved that vegetable decay results from the growth of mold or cryptogamic plantlets on dead vegetables, the seeds of which must be constantly floating around us in the vapors of moist air. Thus the existence of parental organisms or living germs or seeds is proved by logical deduction.

The diversity of appearances of their respective effects may result from the exercise of their influence upon dead or living animal matter.

The vital processes when we are in full health prevent their action upon us in numerable instances, and often serious infectious diseases are without doubt thus prevented from taking hold of us. But this protective influence may be lost in us through various causes which act especially unfavorably upon the nervous system, or produce debility of body through bad digestion, bad assimilation of food, etc. Thus mothers will see that loss of sleep, worry or anxiety of mind from any cause, intemperance, excessive use of tobacco, irregular or bad habits of any kind, will predispose us to the prevailing epidemic by the loss of that protective influence which is maintained by and through the medium of good health.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS, ETC.

Hashed Beef.—Fry in butter a small onion, cut in thin slices; when it begins to color, stir in a tablespoonful of flour, then add a cupful of stock, pepper and salt, a small pinch of powdered sweet herbs, and half a wineglassful of tarragon vinegar. When the sauce has boiled for a minute or two, strain it into another saucepan; when cold, put in the beef, cut in thin slices. If roast beef, all outside parts must be trimmed off. Set the saucepan by the side of the fire, for the contents to get gradually warm; when nearly so, a fair allowance of sliced gherkins should be added. The longer the process of warming, the better the hash will be.

VARIOUS RECEIPTS.

Sugared Nuts.—Put one pound of thoroughly ripe nuts and one pound of sugar into a stewpan with half a pint of water. Boil over a clear fire till the nuts show signs of cracking in halves; then drain them, and leave on the rack till thoroughly dry. Then sift all the sugar from them through a wire sieve; put this back into the pan, with two tablespoonfuls of water and enough cochineal to give a pretty pink color. Boil it up, put the nuts in, and keep stirring over the fire till they are dry and crystallized. Then store in dry bottles.

To Scramble Eggs.—Take six eggs; break them into a bowl; add half a teaspoonful of salt and some black pepper; do not stir the eggs, only break the yolks. Pour them into a heated skillet that has one tablespoonful of melted butter in it. As the eggs cook, keep turning them up from the bottom; do not stir them. In this way, the eggs present a better appearance than when beaten. When the eggs are slightly dried, serve them. If the skillet be not perfectly clean, it will discolor the eggs.

Empress Pudding.—Half a pound of rice, two ounces of butter, three eggs, jam, milk sufficient to soften the rice. Boil the rice in the till milk soft, add the butter, boil yet a few minutes, and set to cool. Beat the eggs and stir them in. Put some breadcrumb at the bottom of a pie-dish, then a layer of rice, then jam, then rice till the dish is full. Bake for forty minutes, and serve either hot or cold; but if cold, some custard should be poured over the pudding.

Bakewell Pudding.—Three-quarters of a pint of breadcrumb, four eggs, two ounces of sugar, three ounces of butter, one ounce of almonds, some jam, one pint of milk. Put the breadcrumb at the bottom of a pie-dish, and over it a layer of jam. Mix the milk and eggs together, add the butter, sugar, and pounded almonds, beat all well together, pour into the dish, and bake for one hour in a moderate oven.

Steinerli.—Take one pound of sifted sugar, one pound of flour, and four eggs, the whites of which should be beaten a little; cinnamon according to taste, or the chopped rind of half a lemon; mix these ingredients together, roll out very thin, cut into shapes with a cutter, and bake on a floured tin. They should not be long in the oven, nor baked hard.

Chocolate Cake.—Quarter-pound of chocolate grated, half a pound of sugar pounded, with quarter-pound of blanched almonds, a little pounded vanilla or cinnamon; mix all together with the well-beaten whites of four eggs, then stir in a handful of flour; put the mixture into a well-buttered mold; bake in a moderate oven, so that it is baked quite through.

Hazel-Nut Toffee.—Put half a pound of butter

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into a large saucepan, and let it melt over the fire; then add one pound of treacle and one pound of moist sugar; let it boil till it will set and bear pulling when dropped into cold water; stir in two dozen chopped hazel-nuts, and pour up into a shallow tin to cool; then pull or cut into squares, as liked.

Water Toast.—Have a shallow pan with one quart of boiling water and a teaspoonful of salt. Dip each slice of dry toast quickly in the water, then pile on a hot platter. Spread evenly with butter and serve very hot. Do not let them soak an instant in the water.

Rice Omelette.—Dissolve, in one teacupful of milk, one teacupful of cold boiled rice; mix in one tablespoonful of butter, a little salt, and then stir in three well-beaten eggs, and bake as plain omelette.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECEIPTS.

To make good Coffee.—Use about a tablespoonful for each person, and one egg mixed with it. Place this in a coffee-pot, put in a little cold water, then the desired amount of boiling water; place it upon the stove, and let it come to a boil. If no egg be used, it may boil two minutes, when it will be ready for use. The coffee-pot should be as close as possible, so as to retain the full flavor.

FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

FIG. I.—EVENING-GOWN, OF BLACK NET. The skirt is short and full, as all lace dresses should be. On the panel on the right side, are large trails of poppies with green leaves. The gathered bodice and high full sleeves are studded with smaller flowers. The sleeves are caught together on the outside of the arm by satin bows.

FIG. II.—EVENING-GOWN, OF WHITE BENGALINE. The front of the skirt is slightly draped. The train is long and square. The only ornament of this stylish simple dress is a cascade of bows-and-ends of watered ribbon, of the color of the gown. The bodice is made of watered silk of the same color. A "tucker" of white crèpe-lisse fills up the low corsage.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED CLOTH. The plain skirt has panels of a darker shade of brown velvet. The bodice is slightly pointed, is rather loose at the left shoulder, and fastens under a trimming of brown velvet. Small Medici collar, of velvet. Long tight sleeves of dark-green velvet under long pointed ones of the cloth, edged with brown velvet. Toque of the cloth, bound with brown velvet and trimmed in front with dark-green ostrich-tips or with a rosette of green velvet.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-COSTUME, OF GREEN BROCADE, figured with branches of lilac. A band of gray fox fur passes around the neck and trims the cloak down the front. The sleeves are high and are cut in one piece with the cloak; they are trimmed with the fur, which falls to the bottom and passes around the lower edge of the cloak. Muff of gray fox, with a bow of green ribbon on the top. Large hat of green velvet, trimmed with lilac-colored feathers.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GRAYISH WHITE CLOTH, worn over a skirt of gold or garnet silk. The cloth skirt is quite plain. The bodice is close-fitting at the back, has a full silk vest of the color of the cloth, and is trimmed with steel passementerie. Long tight sleeves, with straight over-sleeves hanging loosely, put in with deep plaits on the shoulders, and reaching to the bottom of the dress. They are lined with silk of the color of the dress, and are trimmed with steel passementerie. Small hat of gray cloth, trimmed with loops of ribbon to match skirt, and an ostrich-tip.

FIG. VI.—WINTER WRAP, OF GRAY CHEVIOT. It is made in front without being fitted to the figure; at the back, it is full below the waist. The sleeves are quite wide. The trimming consists of black velvet and gray Astrakhan fur. Gray hat, lined with black velvet and ornamented with a gray ostrich-feather and two black birds.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The skirt is plain in front, and falls in full plaits at the back. It is trimmed with a broad band of black Astrakhan fur. The square open jacket has fur sleeves of the Astrakhan, and is edged with the same. The vest is of silk, striped in dark-green and drab. This jacket is made large enough to wear a chamois or heavy flannel bodice under it. Small hat of dark-green cloth, trimmed with pale-yellow aigrette.

FIG. VIII.—SKATING-COSTUME, OF LIGHT-GRAY CLOTH. The plain skirt is edged with a band of brown fur. The jacket and vest are of gray cloth, trimmed with the brown fur. Brown velvet toque, with fur border.

FIG. IX.—SKATING-COSTUME, OF DAHLIA-COLORED AND DULL-ORANGE PLAID. The skirt is slightly draped on the hips, is full at the back, and edged with a band of black fox fur. The jacket-bodice is of dahlia-colored cloth, with sleeves of the plaid, and is trimmed with black fox. Dahlia-colored toque, with fox-fur band. Either of these costumes is suitable for walking-dress.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CLOTH. The plain skirt is slightly raised on the right hip, to show a petticoat of cloth of a lighter shade of gray. Two bands of dark-gray braid ornament this underskirt. Sometimes the lower edge of these skirts is made bias. The long plain jacket is of the darker shade of gray, opening over a vest of the light shade of gray, of which the high puffed sleeves are also composed. The cuffs are of the dark cloth. Small steel or crochet buttons ornament the jacket and sleeves. Toque of light-gray felt, with dark-

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gray velvet brim. This model is suitable for a house-dress made of some less heavy material.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-COSTUME. The coat is of a dark-blue cloth, made Princesse style, is double-breasted, and fastens from the left shoulder down the front with butterfly-bows of dark-blue gros-grain ribbon with jet tips at the ends. Sleeves very full to the elbows, from which to the wrists are sleeves of blue cloth, closely braided in black. The collar is also braided. Large hat of blue felt, trimmed with blue feathers and ribbon. Full long spotted black veil.

GENERAL REMARKS.—But few silks are seen in out-of-door wear, cloths and woolens of various kinds taking the place of silk, even in visiting-dresses. Light woolen fabrics are also much worn in the house, while silks, bengalines, crèpes, and gauzes are used for evening and ceremonious occasions.

Skirts for walking, we are sorry to say, are now cut rather too long at the back. They are perhaps more graceful than the shorter ones, but must be untidy, as they sweep up all the dust.

For evening-dress, the skirt is cut with a train more or less long, as the fancy may dictate, though dancing-dresses are nearly always short, as so much more convenient.

All skirts are still clinging, with the fullness gathered into a narrow space at the back, and the very slightest drapery—just enough to give ease to the skirt on the front.

Small paniers have appeared on some of the imported gowns, especially those intended for full-dress wear. The fullness reaches from the front of the waist, over the hips, and is gathered under the plaits of the skirt at the back. This drapery is frequently of some different material from the skirt; it may correspond with the sleeves or bodice.

Bodices are of every variety. The round bodice is becoming to young girls or slender women, the pointed bodice to older persons or stouter women. The cuirass bodice, which is an old fashion revived, where the bodice is close-fitting, coming well down over the hips, with dull points back and front, is very dressy when made of gold or silver braid or much studded with jet. The sleeves are frequently of the same material as the skirt. These cuirass bodices should not be made open in front.

Fullness or trimmings of some sort continue to be put on nearly all bodices, except the cuirass ones; and they cross or open over vests or plastrons, or are ornamented with passementerie, just as the fancy dictates.

Sleeves are made a trifle wider than formerly, but there is a tendency to make them not quite so high at the top, and the shoulder-seam a little longer. They are also made longer at the hand, quite covering the wrists and in some cases reaching to the back of the hand. Velvet sleeves are quite fashionable in silk or woolen dresses, and the sleeves of evening-dresses are made in many fanciful styles.

Jets, metal braids, and all kinds of passementerie are extensively used for ornamenting dresses and cloaks. Ostrich-feather trimming is much worn. Furs were never more used for trimming than now. Narrow velvet ribbons are also very fashionable, put on in bands on the bottom of skirts; in fact, no kind of trimming appears to come amiss in the wardrobe at present.

Cloaks are loose and long, often drawn in at the waist at the back by a band, and are trimmed with fur or passementerie, or are plain, as is fancied.

Short round cloaks, reaching nearly to the knees, are sometimes seen; they are convenient, as they are easily thrown off, but are ungraceful.

Mantles are close-fitting at the back, with long pelerine fronts usually, and either have sleeves cut in the garment somewhat like a dolman, or have loose sleeves set in at the shoulders.

The new jackets are nearly all close-fitting, reaching to the knees, have the skirts set on to the bodice, and are double or single breasted, as wished.

The Medici collar is very much worn on many wraps, but it does not assimilate well with the long jacket just described.

Bonnets are quite small; they are short at the sides, and rather pointed, back and front—rather the shape of half a melon.

Hats present more variety; some are quite small, others quite large, and are of many fantastic shapes.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S COAT, OF STEEL-BLUE CLOTH. It is made Princesse style. The cape, which can be removed at pleasure, is made with a slight fullness, set to a plain pointed yoke. Large sleeves. The trimming down the front of the coat, the pockets, collar, around the cape, and cuffs, is of black Astrakhan-cloth or fur. Steel-blue felt hat, ornamented with black ostrich-feathers.

FIG. II.—YOUNG GIRL'S COAT, OF GRAY CLOTH. The front is finished with several rows of machine-stitching. The bottom is trimmed with a band of gray Astrakhan-cloth. The full sleeves are set on to deep cuffs of velvet, of a darker shade of gray than the coat. The round cape has several rows of machine-stitching near the edge, is surmounted by a hood lined with dark-red silk, and caught with an oxydized clasp. Toque of gray velvet.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT. Trousers of brown tweed. Coat of brown cloth, slightly open in front. The rolling collar is of brown velvet. Brown felt hat.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S TOQUE, OF SEAL-SKIN, with a band of otter fur around the edge.

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LIFE'S SPRING-TIME

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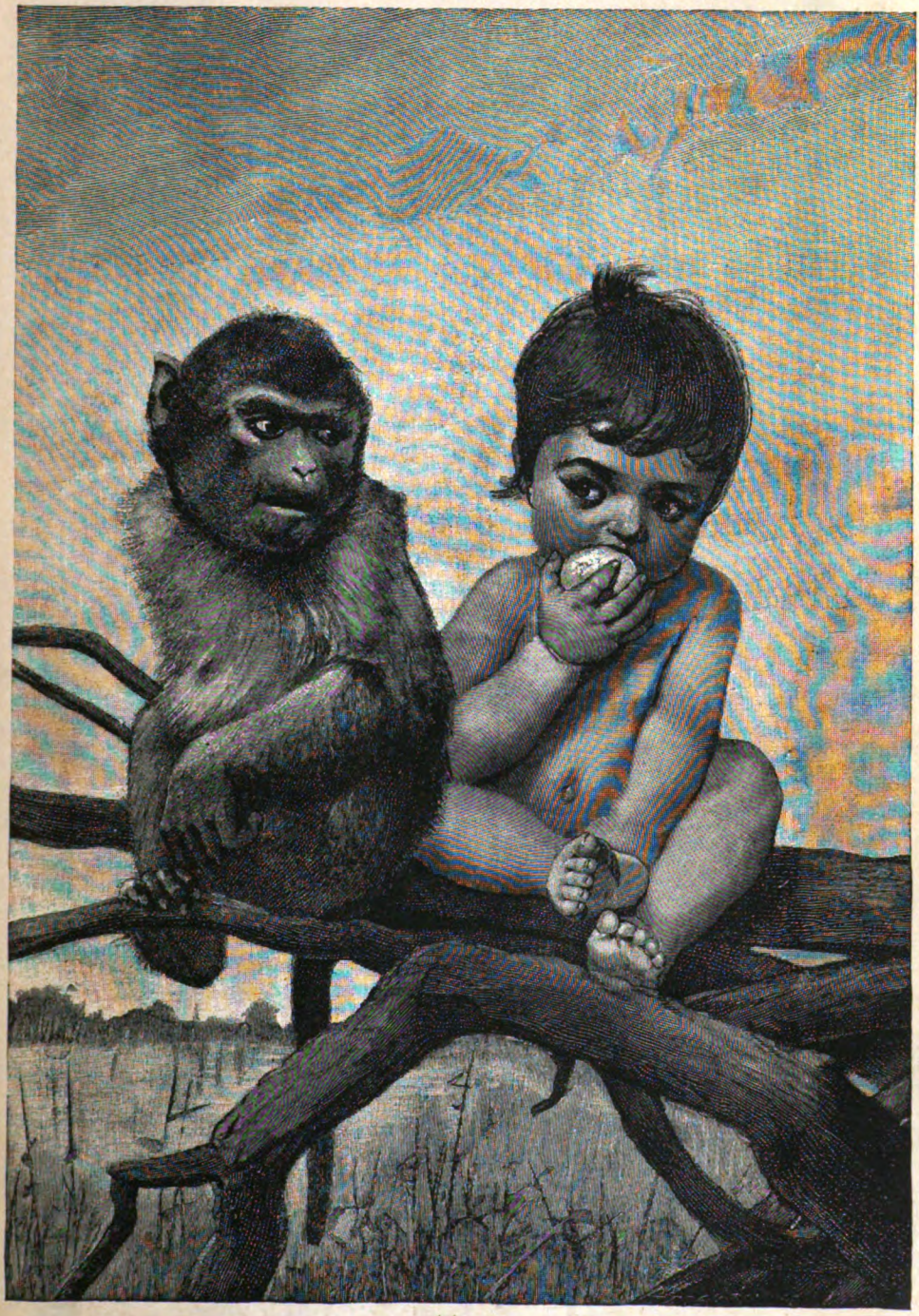

So Very Human.

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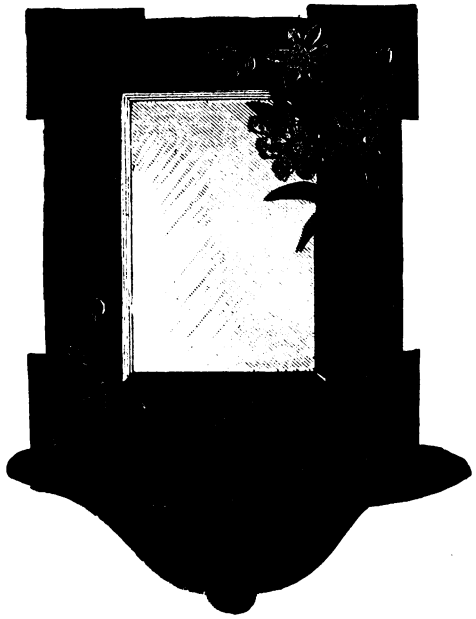

Design for Mirror Bracket, Folding Screen, Group of Cranes, Fire-Place Screen.

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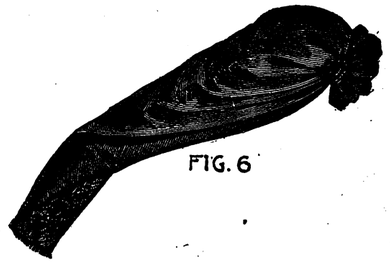

FIG. 6

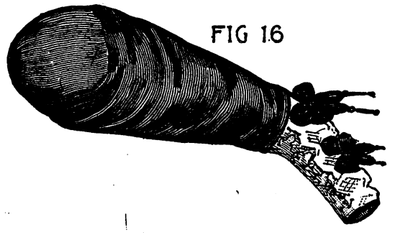

FIG 16

FIG. 9

FIG. 13

FIG. 14

G. 10

FIG. 11

FIG. 12

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DUCKS AND GREEN PEAS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIX. PHILADELPHIA, FEBRUARY, 1891. No. 2.

AMONG JAPANESE MARVELS.

BY SIDNEY ROSS.

THE Americans of the East, some writer not long since styled the Japanese; and, when contemplating the gigantic strides in advancement which they have made during the past thirty years the most arrogant son of the New World can hardly deny that, in a way, they merit the title.

The great empire which is so rapidly forcing itself into prominence cannot fail to form a very noticeable feature in the record of this century, which has proved so fruitful in works whose far-reaching and incalculable results must give it an exceptional place in history.

The sweeping fashion in which former writers classed the Japanese with the race to which belong the sons of China remains still the belief of many. In reality, the original inhabitants of Japan were more nearly allied to the Caucasian than the Mongolian type, though in the course of centuries the latter has permeated all classes so thoroughly that its distinctive features show on every hand.

Still, as a nation, there is slight resemblance to the Chinese, either in figure, feature, or complexion; indeed, the general appearance of the people is more suggestive of the Portuguese. According to a learned German authority, there is a far greater difference in the relative height of the sexes than in Europe. The medium stature of the men is five feet one or two inches, that of the women only four feet two or three inches. The color of the skin varies in the different classes, from the coppery brown of the Malay to the tawny hue of Southern Europe. The prevailing tint is a dark olive; but children, youths, and young girls often have fresh rosy cheeks like those of fairer races.

The women sometimes are perfectly white; indeed, "a uniform dead-white complexion," says the same learned German, "is considered a sign of aristocratic blood." All Japanese, however, possess two peculiarities which, according to the standard of the Western hemisphere, detract sadly from good looks — the slanting eyes and the ungraceful narrowness and flatness of their chests.

In spite of these drawbacks, however, a Japanese maiden of the upper ranks is frequently a very attractive object, when she is wise enough to cling to the peculiar garb of her country and station. The national Japanese dress for both sexes is the "kirimon," a loose open gown, worn somewhat longer and fuller by women than men. This garment is crossed in front and secured by a girdle. The men employ a scarf, and the women a broad band, elaborately ornamented and fastened at the back, or a large sash of rich silk. Jackets and trousers are worn under the "kirimon," and the chief difference of costume between the various ranks consists in the materials, the nobles alone possessing the privilege of wearing silk. All classes use the same covering for the feet: cotton socks and straw sandals or wooden soles confined by straps that pass between the

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first and second toes. It is worthy of remark, as exemplifying the tidy habits of the people, that these sandals are always left at the door when the wearers enter their own houses or those of their neighbors.

The Japanese specimens of industrial productions are as varied as they are ingenious; there really seems to be nothing these quick-eyed nimble-fingered adepts cannot do with every sort of implement, from a stylus to an embroidery-needle, employing for their tasks tables so low that they are able to sit squatted on the floor in the peculiar fashion which they seem to find so comfortable.

These works are characterized by a good taste which is wanting in those of the Chinese. The Japanese fancy never goes to the length of outraging nature which is so common with the children of the Flowery Empire, even if it does in many things display what foreigners hastily term a childish—actually puerile—element, even while admitting that, though amusing, it is never offensive.

EMBROIDERY TABLE.

The favorite practice of dwarfing trees comes under this head; but the custom, so far from originating in a freak of fashion or an infantile-like caprice, was in reality suggested by the wants of a nation. The Japanese are passionately fond of pretty surroundings, of plants and flowers; and, as a rule, their houses and gardens are too small to admit of such indulgence, except on the most limited scale. To meet this need, the native horticulturists long ago devised an ingenious method of inducing trees to take shapes and restrict themselves to the size demanded by the narrow compass which could be allowed to them. The strange coiling of the trunk and the odd interlacing of the branches of the pine-tree represented further along are typical of the perfection to which the art has been brought. The tree was a hundred and fifty years old, but only twentyfour inches in height, with its roots projecting seven inches above the rim of the vase in which it had been a prisoner from babyhood.

The manner of obtaining these phenomenal results has been so well described by a recent French writer, that I cannot do better than to translate his account:

"First, a system of semi-starvation has to be followed. A seedling or cutting is put on a bit of stone, in a shallow pan or a high narrow vase, which is filled with a soil light or heavy, but never rich, the object being to prevent an abundant flow of sap; so that, while the young tree is kept alive, vegetation does not go on with its natural activity. The plant is also sparingly provided with water; hence it grows slowly. Trees thus reared will scarcely grow more than half a yard high, whilst their natural height might have been perhaps from forty to fifty feet.

"The unusual direction of the roots is carefully prepared from the beginning, and the peculiar shape of the trunk and twisting of the branches are the result of endless care and perseverance, and of the aversion of the gardener for straight lines, which do not answer the object aimed at. As soon as the trunk is sufficiently strong, it is bent almost in two parts by dint of incessant propping and tying. The tree develops itself in this position, but remains crooked; and the operation must be repeated many times, although occasionally the top is allowed to grow straight up. Leading shoots are pinched off, and their branches bent and twisted to describe S's, spirals, or made to bend over the pot. Much clipping of branches is required, and even the buds growing at the extremity of the shoots are nipped off to avoid any further lengthening, whilst those growing at the sides are retained.

"Some of these cramped plants are produced by ingenious grafting. A stem the size of a man's wrist is placed in a

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vase, and cut down to about four inches above the pot; then on each side is grafted a small shoot of Podocarpus macrophylla, bearing fern-like branches and exceedingly pretty clusters of pyramid-like blossoms. Several sorts of fruit-trees are stunted; but the most hardy species for this treatment are coniferæ, which can be easily trained to take the bizarre yet always artistic shapes required of them by the gardener."

The age of the specimen copied here shows that this complete thwarting of natural inclination does not interfere with the health of the tree; another proof of the wonderful manner in which nature will adapt men, animals, or plants to fit their surroundings. To our eyes, it is of course painful to see what ought to have been a stately forest monarch dwarfed to the dimensions of a tiny shrub; but, before Americans or Europeans cry out against the barbarism and actual cruelty of the custom, it would be well for these leaders of civilization to remember a wide-spread crime in their own lands which is much more heathenish and cruel. I refer to the habit of keeping singing-birds in cages: making prisoners of heaven's most poetical gift: dooming to confinement the beautiful-winged creatures, the very essence of whose life is constant movement and change.

These lights of the world might also, with shame and remorse, recall a still more heinous sin—the slaughter yearly of thousands and thousands of the sweetest song-birds, to make decorations for ladies' bonnets and dresses. It seems incredible that any woman possessing a heart can be induced to follow a caprice of fashion so unutterably horrible; and yet, if untold numbers of the sex did not, the indiscriminate destruction would cease. The plea so often put forward that the mode is adopted thoughtlessly, is as bad as the crime; and no woman can shelter herself behind the common excuse: "Oh, it could do no good for one person to try to take a stand against the fashion," any more than she could find a reason for ill-treating a child in the fact that her next-door neighbor set a refractory boy on a hot stove.

PINE TREE, 150 YEARS OLD.

But, to go back to the Japanese and their tree-dwarfing system—after you have taken a few moments to meditate over the last two paragraphs. The potter and brass-worker have learned to fashion wonderful pans and vases to hold these uncouthly-twisted shrubs, and the gardeners have carried their art so far that they arrange these stunted trees to form an artificial landscape with which to decorate their houses. They have a picturesque way of growing different kinds of pine-trees for this purpose, by planting them on the trunk of the Aristophylla, an arborescent fern of the south of Japan, which in time produces a luxuriant mass of foliage.

Where more space can be afforded, as in a conservatory, this idea is elaborated still further. A miniature lake will be represented under the trees, with its angler and boatman; winding paths are traced about the margin, huts for the cranes or other birds are seen, with a bamboo hedge, and mountains in the distance. The background is a screen covered with pictures which carry out

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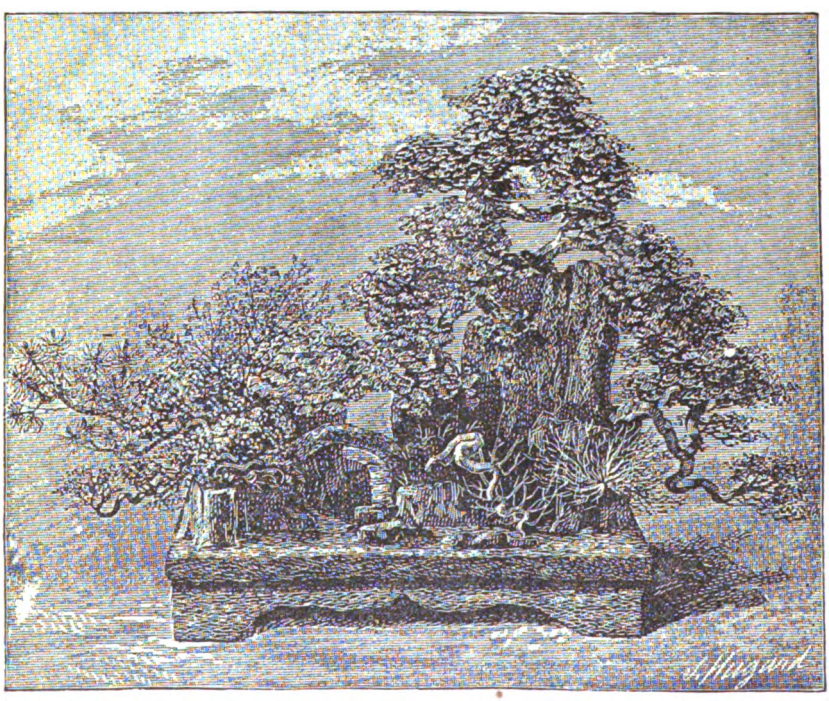
the design, and a funny little nook of the sort makes the happiness alike of Japanese workman and scholar.

The triumphs of the Japanese in the manufacture of porcelain are too well known to need any lengthy description. The art was originally derived from China, but centuries ago Japan learned to surpass the highest achievements of its teacher. The manufactories are chiefly situated on the island of Kiou-siou; they consist of twenty-five villages congregated on the slope of a mountain which furnishes the feldspar of which the finest porcelain is made. Two of these establishments are devoted solely to ware meant for home consumption, and—at least until recently—no specimens therefrom were allowed to be exported.

The making of the red painted porcelain is the prerogative of a single factory, and the process is kept a strict secret. Though the ware of Japan bears a resemblance to that of China, it can easily be distinguished by a practiced eye. Its white is clearer and possesses greater brilliancy, owing to the superiority of the clay employed. Then, too, the designs are simpler, the dragons less monstrous, the flowers and other decorations nearer in accordance with nature, and the forms much more artistic.

The oldest kind of Japanese ware is of a quaint shape, with curious embossed figures painted on a white ground in red and blue. Their most remarkable effort is a delicate vitreous porcelain, the paste of which is so fine it gave rise to a belief that human bones were an ingredient in its composition. It is so white and thin that it is translucent; the glaze so equal, clear, and colorless, that one can hardly believe it the work of the potter. It is the highest perfection of the ceramic art. The specimens to be found in this country and Europe are mostly cups, often bell-shaped, sometimes with covers and saucers. The greatest display of Japanese porcelain that any foreign country can boast is in a Dresden gallery. One room alone contains fortyseven vases five feet high, of every shade of purest blue—among the rarest specimens to be found.



TREES ARRANGED IN A MINIATURE LANDSCAPE.

The full-length figure of the warrior, in Satsuma, is very remarkable, both in design and workmanship. This peculiar and highly-valued stoneware is frequently

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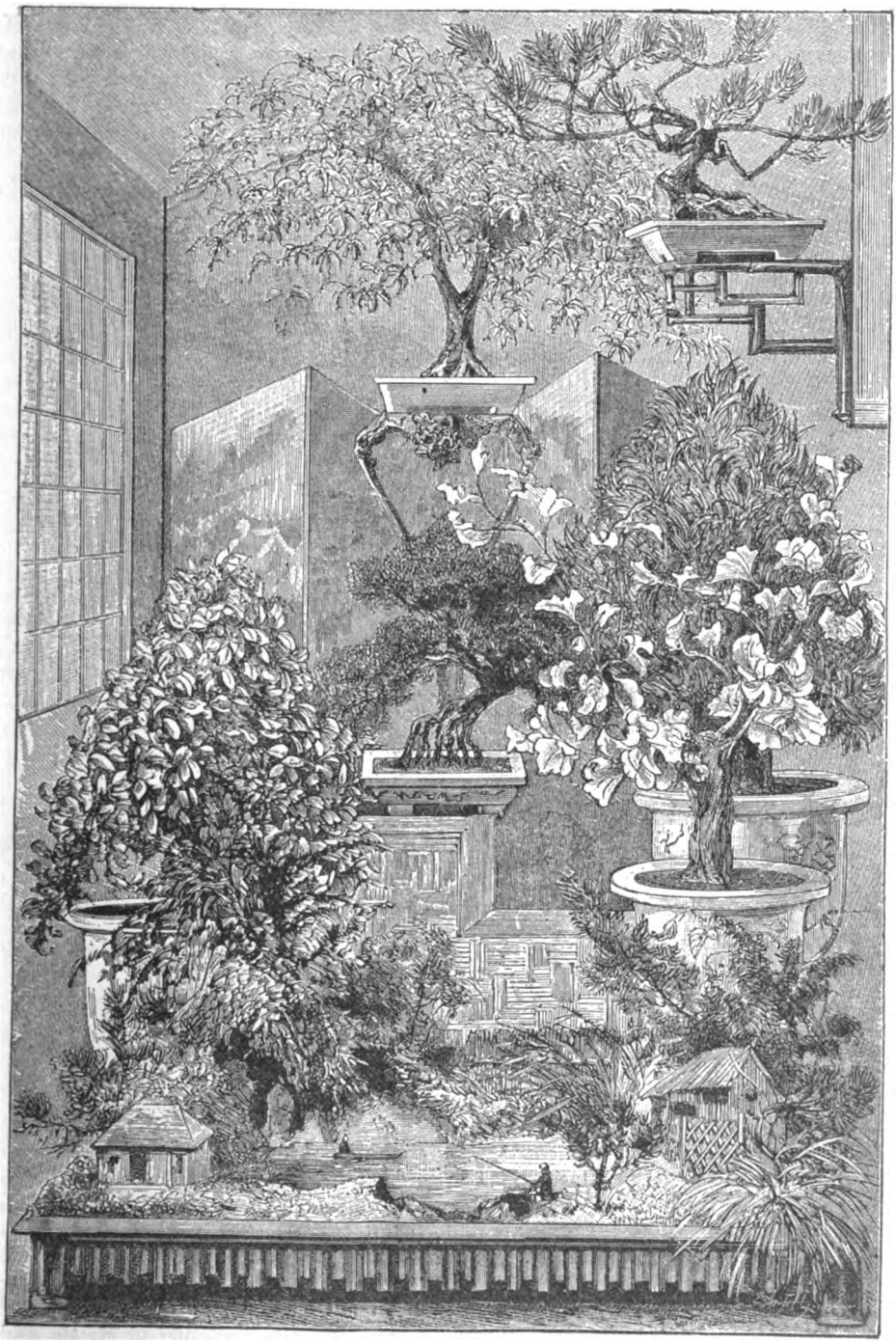

DWARF TREES IN A CONSERVATORY.

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seen in this country in the form of cups and bowls, but it is very seldom that so fine an example is offered as the model from which our design was made.

Satsuma or Awata is composed of a rare species of porcelain clay which requires scarcely any fusion. The glaze is a combination of feldspathic materials and potash, which dries in the curious tiny cracks that are the distinguishing marks of this ware.

The vase is another almost unique specimen of old Satsuma. It was originally an incense-jar in a Buddhist temple, and is exquisitely ornamented in high relief with landscapes, bamboo-trees, figures of priests and children, with a marvelous mythological beast as an ornament on the cover. Both these specimens formerly belonged in the private gallery of the late Samuel B. Fales, who was a true lover and generous patron of the fine arts, but who won for himself a higher and more enduring record during our civil war, by his active instrumentality in the establishment and admirable carrying-on of the famous Philadelphia volunteer refreshment-room and hospital.

STATUETTE OF A JAPANESE WARRIOR.

The appreciation of the arts and industries of Japan grows constantly, and these are themselves rapidly developing and widening. It will be interesting to watch what changes this free intercourse with foreign nations, this influx of the spirit of the Western world, may effect in their ideas. It is to be feared that, while gaining in certain ways, they may lose in originality; nor is it easy to see how any attempt to engraft Western

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ideas could ever result in an harmonious blending of styles so different.

SATSUMA VASE.

The interest of Christendom increases, too, in the political and social future of Japan. The people are essaying many changes in their institutions—many of them wise, others open to serious doubt. The eagerness they show to adopt the customs of the Western world is fraught with many dangers, and, if not more discriminatingly indulged, must lead to numerous evil results.

It would be sad indeed to see this people of simple abstemious habits adopt the two most flagrant vices of America and Europe—luxury and alcoholic stimulants; yet the verdict of later travelers leads the thoughtful to fear that those terribly active causes of moral and physical degradation are insidiously making deep inroad.

Let us hope that, before too late, a check may be put to these crying sins caught from our boasted civilization, and that, while gaining broader views of social life and higher ideas of government, the Japanese may have the wisdom not only to prevent the further spread, but to eradicate the plague-germs with which American and European refinement threatens to inoculate them.

ONCE AND AGAIN.

BY GERTIE VIVIAN GUERNSEY.

ONCE, when the rifted clouds of April skies
Showed sunny deeps between,
And the pale blood that quickened in the trees
Flushed all the woods with green—

White trilliums bloomed, and violets starred the grass,
And waved the plumy fern,
And brooks unchained went singing on their way,
Laughing at every turn—

And nature, even as her nesting birds,
All creatures seemed to call
To live and love and be supremely blest
As ere the primal fall—

Sunlight and song and wild fresh odors blent
Made the air sweet as wine:
Two walked together under whispering boughs
And felt the charm divine;

Their souls were glorified and lifted up
To the same exalted mood,
But softened each by human sympathy,
In that sweet solitude.

They saw each other at the best, that day,
That sunny day in spring,
And words were spoken then that bound their lives,
Linked by love's golden ring.

Years passed, and, on another spring-time day,
One wandered there alone
And felt the freshness of the earth's young life
Steal softly o'er his own.

He thought upon that time so long ago,
When last he viewed the scene—
The hopes that sprung within his wakened heart,
And all that lay between.

The sordid cares that narrow human minds
And lower lofty aims,
Cold looks and words that harshly put aside
Love's tender timid claims.

Ah, love! too often, when the way is rough,
Forgotten till too late;
Like a star set, a fountain dried away,
And we are desolate

He thought on all life's possibilities,
His own in happier hours,
Then of its bitter memories and a grave
Where none had planted flowers.

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THE ROSE CHAMBER.

BY ADA MARIE PECK.

RACHEL WOLVERTON always said that intensity was at the bottom of everything: that one only needed to be intense, to fathom all mysteries, to achieve greatness, to gain one's dearest wish. When I hinted that she was adopting the Emersonian idea of earnestness of thought, she conceded the truth of my remark, declaring that she believed, with a great philosopher, that, if one earnestly desired anything, and sat on a rock in mid-ocean—entirely out of its reach, to all intents and purposes—the very earnestness of the desire would cause the longed-for possession to come floating by, and one only need stretch out one's hand to take it.

"In other words," I said, quoting directly from Emerson, "if there is any great and good thing in store for you, it will not come at the first or second call."

"It will not," she answered. "But, if you persist, it will finally be yours. It may be an honor, an idea, a lover, or a jewel; you can command it, if you have earnestness enough."

Rachel and I had been schoolmates, and, after a year of travel for her and a year of teaching for me, she had come to take me home with her, to spend the long summer vacation; and we had been having one of our old-time talks, on our journey. There entered, into the temperament of each, a vein of the mystic, which made us in sympathy and led us to discuss grave matters. The girls at school called us "peculiar," as people content with the conventional routine of thought and opinion always designate those who venture out.

Rachel's home, which was a mansion of the Colonial period in the suburbs of a town near the Hudson, had so often been described to me that I recognized it as we approached, and felt that I had a previous acquaintance with it and with its occupants. It looked solemn and gloomy in the dusk of evening, and there was no light in the wide hall save that of the after-glow which shone through the stained windows and cast dull gleams across the sombre interior. I saw that there were weapons and a stag's head and a coat-of-arms. I saw, too, that we had arrived ahead of time; for there was no one to welcome us, and no light in the drawing-room except that thrown by the blaze in the fireplace, while the group gathered around it rose in surprise to greet us.

Rachel's parents were just the dignified people I expected to see; but the third person, introduced as Colonel Wetmore, immediately aroused my curiosity. There was nothing uncommon about his personal appearance, except that he was an unusually well-preserved gentleman of sixtyfive or seventy, with a fine soldierly bearing. It was the strangely abstracted look of his eyes that impressed me. They seemed to gaze at me, yet beyond; and there was, in them and on his face, a peculiarly winning and tender expression—as if the object he saw beyond me or in my stead were pleasing and precious. An abundant waving mass of snow-white hair was carelessly thrown back from his forehead; his features were well cut, and his face but little furrowed by time—but there were those mysteriously penetrating yet soft dark eyes! In courtly fashion, he advanced to take my hand; and then I experienced, for the first time in my life, a thrill of supernatural awe—a sensation of terror and pleasure combined, for I felt convinced that at last I saw a person possessed of occult power. It was the result, perhaps—according to Rachel's theory—of the earnestness of my desire: possibly to assist me in solving a problem which, with all my abstruse studies, had never been made in the least clear to me.

We were weary after our journey, and retired early. I threw open the blinds of my chamber to let in the soft breeze, and fell into a dreamless slumber from which I awakened just as the clock was striking two. I think the light must have disturbed me, for the moon had risen and shone in brightly. I lay half asleep, when the sound

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of footsteps on the gravel path caused me fully to waken and look to see who was abroad at such an unseemly hour. There, with the moonlight full on his face so there was no mistaking it, was Colonel Wetmore; while clinging to his arm was a young girl clad in pink. I drew the curtain hastily and went back to bed.

The next morning was passed in rambling about the delightful grounds. Colonel Wetmore, we were told, rode home after an early breakfast. There must have been a peculiar expression on my face as his name was mentioned, for my friend asked if I did not like the colonel. I evaded the question by replying that I had scarcely seen him.

"Yet you have formed an opinion," said Rachel; "for you had a look of aversion when he was spoken of."

"First tell me one thing, Rachel," I exclaimed: "Who walks the grounds with him at two o'clock in the morning? I saw Colonel Wetmore at that hour, in close conversation with a young girl dressed in pink, who was about the height of one of your maids."

We were standing by the window, during our conversation; but Rachel sank in a chair, looking so pale that I reproached myself for exposing the indiscretion of perhaps a favorite servant.

"I do not understand," she faltered, "why it should be given you to see this! For," she continued, solemnly, "you have seen the lady of the Rose Chamber—the family ghost which, rumor says, never leaves Colonel Wetmore."

I, in turn, grew pale. "Why, indeed, should I see it?" I asked. For, with all my study of esoterics, I found that I trembled at the likelihood of solving a problem.

"That I do not know," replied Rachel. "None of us has seen it. We have been sensible of the odor of roses when none were in bloom; and, long ago, somebody tried to sleep in the haunted chamber, and was found unconscious in the morning."

"Roses are in bloom now," I half asserted, half inquired, looking out into the grounds.

"Not yet; they soon will be, but none are opened—or were not, yesterday."

"But my room was filled with their odor last night." After I made this statement, Rachel again became agitated, and I begged her to explain the mystery without delay. The substance of her story was this: Her great-aunt Rosalie, who had been a beauty and a belle, suddenly and mysteriously disappeared. She retired one night as usual; her chamber was found empty in the morning, and no trace of her ever discovered. She disappeared a short time before her wedding-day, and, as not even circumstantial evidence was forthcoming, the only ground for suspicion was the fact that her father and brother—Rachel's grandfather and great-grandfather—threatened to place her in a convent if she held further communication with a certain Richard Dinston—a hot-headed arrogant youth, who by his very imperiousness exercised a strange power over Rosalie, sometimes almost making her swerve in her fidelity to Wetmore, her accepted lover. She had been seen talking with Dinston a few days before her disappearance. But, as her relatives at that time knew nothing of the stolen meeting, they had no reason to execute their threat; nor would they have executed it under any circumstances, for the pretty Rosalie was the idol of the family. Dinston disclaimed all knowledge of her whereabouts, as did Wetmore, who was beside himself with grief.

Dinston still resided in an adjoining county, and was now a feeble old man, living in the most solitary manner. Wetmore served with distinction in the army; had never married, rarely went in society, and had always that far-away look, as of one present only in the body.

"Why haven't you shown me the Rose Chamber?" I exclaimed. "And is there no portrait of your ill-fated aunt?"

Rachel replied, sadly: "If you care to see the dismal room, come. Yes, there is what is said to be an excellent portrait in the upper hall."

I started in amazement—the picture was so like the figure I had seen by Colonel Wetmore's side. Only here I saw the face—a lovely face, with velvety brown eyes, arched brows, and masses of chestnut curls, in which nestled one rose. The pale-pink dress was identical, and there was a great bunch of roses in the wide belt.

The portrait seemed instinct with life, and the eyes and lips full of entreaty. Just then, there was a faint yet decided odor of roses, and I could have sworn a light soft touch was on my arm. I turned to Rachel, who

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seemed unconscious of anything except the portrait and was saying:

"Now that you have seen its former mistress, are you still anxious to explore the Rose Chamber?"

I replied that I was even more anxious; and, as we passed through the corridors leading to the room, a vapory pink shadow appeared to precede us and to beckon with a ghostly hand.

I expected to hear a rusty key grate in an unused lock, and to see a room given up to dust and decay; but there was neither, nor was the door locked.

"Little fear of anybody's entering that chamber," said Rachel, grimly, "except one of the old servants, who always takes care of it—and occasionally Colonel Wetmore."

The apartment was hung with chintz that had been gayly figured with roses; the wall-paper was rose-flowered, and the delicate carpet rose-strewn. The once brilliant hues had faded to a dull-pink, and the dressing-table was covered with time-tarnished ornaments belonging to the unfortunate girl.

"Roses were her favorite flowers," Rachel explained, looking about with a sigh for the bright young life that came to so mysterious an end, "and I have always felt that the clue to the whole affair lies in this room. I have searched repeatedly, but without avail."

"Have you ever slept here?" I asked.

"No—nor would I for worlds," she replied, shuddering from head to foot.

"With your permission, I will," I ventured, not knowing how she would meet my proposition.

"I cannot take the responsibility of consenting. Who knows what might happen? Some sudden shock might deprive you of your reason."

"No danger," I declared. "And, if this ghostly 'rose-maiden' has anything to make known to me, as I somehow feel she has, and through me to others, I will gladly be the medium of communication. There can be nothing frightful in the wraith of a pretty young girl."

A few days later, we were invited to dinner at Colonel Wetmore's. I went with much curiosity. The rooms were stately and grand in the fashion of a bygone day, and there was a tribute to the lost love in the great vases of roses scattered about. After dinner, our host went to the library to bring an illuminated missal which he had been fortunate enough to secure when abroad. My eyes followed him, and, in the dim light, I saw him stand for a moment with his arm around a pink-robed figure; and there seemed to be an exhalation from the roses, as if they recognized the impalpable presence in whose honor they had been gathered. When he returned, I noticed that same abstracted look, which had in it a hint of pain as well as pleasure, and my determination to occupy the haunted room was strengthened. I made known my resolve to Rachel that very night.

It would be untrue to say that I entered the room fearlessly. I felt a nervous shrinking, an indefinable dread of something, I knew not what. Setting the blinds wide open, that I might at least have the moonlight for companionship, I crept into bed with repugnance, and, covering my head, lay trembling until sleep overtook me. Then I dreamed such wild and fanciful dreams, that would have befitted a hasheesh-eater. Roses were scattered over me; soft cool fingers were laid on my heated brow, and their touch suddenly awakened me. The room was flooded with light and heavy with perfume, and in the rays I saw plainly the dainty figure of the portrait. It paused before the mantel, where stood a quaint Indian jar, of blue-and-white porcelain. It seemed to beckon to me and point to the jar, then approached the bed with an appealing look in its eyes and with a shadowy hand stretched toward me. I seemed to grasp the hand; I was powerless to do otherwise. I seemed to float after the figure, to pass through the window, and on and on, without pause, until the edge of a little lake was reached. Then my vision was given added power: opaque substances became transparent; far down through the earth, I saw the rootlets running in every direction, and insects that never saw the light darting here and there. At that moment, my shadowy guide was apparently convulsed with grief, and pointed down; I looked by my feet, and behold! I saw, as through glass, a little heap of bones, too evidently human remains. The skull and a few fragments were intact, the rest a heap of moldering dust. Then all faded away; I had no further consciousness until, at the first peep of dawn, I saw Rachel bending over me with awe-struck face.

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"She breathes at last. Thank God!" I heard her exclaim. And, when I recovered, I saw that I was lying on the floor in front of the mantel on which stood the Indian jar. Rachel was trembling with fear.

"Come quickly," she said; "never mind your clothing, but leave this room!"

"No," I answered; for I felt strong again —strong with the strength mysteriously given one who has an Herculean task to perform. "I must examine that jar. Please give it to me."

Rachel tremblingly obeyed, and I emptied its contents on the floor. At the bottom, so discolored by time and the spices of which the still fragrant pot-pourri was compounded as to be hardly distinguishable, I found adhering a little three-cornered note, without date or address. I unfolded it with utmost care, and, going to the window, deciphered with difficulty these lines:

"I realize my folly and weakness; but how can I refuse the solace of a few words of farewell to Richard, who so loves me in his hot mad fashion? It may be given me to say words that will somewhat ease his disappointment; and there can be no disloyalty to Wilfred, whom I love so truly. If I do wrong—if—"

And there the letter ended, as if the writer thought it not worth while to complete it. That strange prescience sometimes given mortals probably led to its writing and placing in the jar.

We went to Rachel's room, where, warmly covered in her bed, I secured a short sleep, which I felt I must have before entering upon the duty which seemed given me to perform.

I asked, after breakfast, that a servant should be sent for Colonel Wetmore. Then, closeted in the library, I gave him the letter. He read it with intense emotion, and, leaning back in his chair, closed his eyes for an instant, is if quite overcome. At this moment, a perfume of roses filled the room, a shadowy form stood by him, leaning over as if to comfort and reassure him; its darker curls mingled with his silvery locks, and slender hands seemed to stroke his brow. I shall never forget the exalted expression of his countenance when he resumed conversation with me. He asked that Mr. Wolverton and Rachel be summoned, and that I should make known to them my strange experience of the previous night.

Mr. Wolverton said there was a small sheet of water, such as I described, near the woods; and I felt that, once there, I could point out the exact spot where the remains would be found. The spot, which I soon identified with a thrill of superstitious fear, was completely overgrown with bracken; but I defined its boundary, then stood with rapidly beating heart while they threw out the earth. It seemed to me that I should never breathe —that my heart was held as in a vise; and, when there were revealed to the light of day the very fragments of my vision—the poor remains of the once beautiful Rosalie—I sank to the ground in unconsciousness.

It was a strange coincidence that Mr. Wolverton should be sent for, that night, to ride in all haste to the next county. Richard Dinston was on his death-bed and must see him. He returned two days later, haggard and sorrowful, bringing with him a written confession of Dinston's guilt.

When he wrote to Rosalie, asking her to grant him a last interview, he meant so to plead with her that she would renounce Wetmore and flee with him. She utterly refused. He loved her to desperation, and the thought of seeing her the wife of another so maddened him that he flung her from him as they stood by the water's edge, meaning that she should beg him to save her and should promise herself in return for her life. In his frenzy, he pushed her with such force that her head hit a projecting stone, and instant death was the result. He secreted the remains, and, the next night, buried them on the same spot. Then followed harrowing sentences: Every moment, every hour, day, and year of his life since, had been fraught with keenest suffering. What man could endure and live, he had endured. Was there expiation in fifty years of remorse and agony? Could he dare hope for God's mercy and Rosalie's forgiveness?

The remains, at the colonel's request, were buried in the family vault of the Wetmores, and it was not long before he was laid beside them.

There was a change from the time of the unraveling of the mystery. He grew languid, and said, one day as he was lying on the couch, weak and emaciated:

"I am happy, for I know that Rosalie is at rest. All heavenly joys are hers, and she is daily drawing me to her. When I close my eyes, I see her, radiant and smiling, and we

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are only separated by this feebly beating heart."

I turned to the window where Rachel was sitting, to hide my tears; and, through their blur, I saw the rosy vaporous clouds of the sunset, and the far-away mass of molten gold that might be the gates of the Celestial City. The invalid made a faint move, and we hastened to his side; and the golden gleam seemed like an unclosing of the portals to let his spirit through, for at that instant he breathed his last, and lay so calm and peaceful, with the little crystal locket that contained a curl of Rosalie's hair and a flower she once had worn—"the dust that was a rose"—above his heart.

CONSOLATION.

BY LILLA PRICE.

I STOOD in the gloaming
And looked at the sky,
The night-voices sang
"In the sweet by and by."

Each little star twinkled
And held out its light
To shine through the shadow
And guide me aright.

A hand seemed to beckon
And point me the way,
A loving voice whispered:
"Oh, soon 'twill be day;

"Sad heart, in the gloaming
Thy spirit now lies,
But soon, in the dawning,
'Twill mount to the skies.

"Be patient, be cheerful,
Bid sorrow depart;
Be helpful to others—
'Twill lighten thy heart.

"Give comfort to sad ones,
Hold out a kind hand,
Be gentle with weak ones
And help them to stand.

"Thy life live for others;
The time will soon fly,
And then thou wilt enter
The sweet by and by."

The night fell around me,
The shadows grew deep,
The little birds twittered
Their nestlings to sleep;

And still through the shadows
I gazed on the sky,
And watched the bright sparkle
Of each golden eye;

Out under night's curtain,
Alone and apart,
With darkness about me,
But light in my heart.

Oh, may I be faithful
My mission to fill,
Until in the gloaming
My heart shall lie still!

Then under the daisies
Where soft breezes play,
I'll wait for the dawning
Of God's perfect day.

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THE SHERIFF OF OSKALOO.

BY HOWARD SEELY.

PART I.

THE Sheriff of Oskaloo was in a retrospective mood. He was seated on the front gallery of the Alameda Hotel and listlessly smoking. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and he had been sitting there since dinner-time, his eyes straying away over the level plain to the cool shadows and green vistas that bordered the river. The opportunity to indulge in reverie was unusual with him, and he regarded his present leisure with a certain cynical misgiving. For a month past, there had been throughout the county no disturbance that justified his professional interference; a singular amity pervaded all commercial dealing. From his contemplative post of observation, Mr. Mosely shook his head at this state of things with a grave disquietude.

"I feel," he remarked to an appreciative friend, "as if I was livin' in a powder-mill, and, if I winked more than common, somebody 'd be dead certain to fire the magazine. I wonder jest natchally what deviltry is gettin' up."

This apparent distrust of human nature, on the part of Mr. Mosely, was one which his calling perhaps justified. It was noticeable, moreover, that he had allowed no rust to accumulate on his six-shooters in the interval. How far the recent enforcement of a law that no private citizen should be permitted to carry revolvers may have contributed to the present public serenity, is debatable. Mr. Mosely, in his official capacity, wore his prominently, with the accustomed ease and familiarity of long habit. As he reclined in his chair, their long polished barrels, protruding from his leathern belt, lent his diminutive figure an air of force and power which was generally accented by a certain hard steely glitter in his clear blue eyes during moments of excitement. At present, these eyes had in them a pensive expression to which they were not entirely strangers; and the heavy mustache, which concealed the firm mouth beneath it, swept his bronzed cheek with a caress that half softened the stern line of the jaw. It was easy to see that the natural hardihood of the man slumbered within him, and that some finer emotion had stolen upon him unchallenged.

The fact was, that, under the influence of the genial sunshine and the soft balmy air of that summer afternoon, the Sheriff's memory had gone back to an episode of his early life which he seldom permitted himself to disturb, but which he cherished with tenderest affection. He had never married; and, now that there were streaks of silver in his scanty hair, he had certain lonely moments when his thoughts recurred to a dream of his youth, that had faded almost as soon as realized. Whatever his career had been, and the exigencies of his calling had not made it a pleasant one to contemplate, he could say with truth that he had been faithful to this memory. There was one bright spot in his past, about which the holiest associations were gathered; and the name "Edith" still swept over his heart with its former thrill. He pictured to himself how different his life might have been, had a kindly fate spared to him the society of this lovely being of earlier days. He recalled her nameless graces, her charming coquetries, her sweet feminine candor and appreciative sympathy; and then he thought of other men, companions of his early manhood, whom he had seen gather about them the refining influences of home and children. As he contrasted their enviable lot with his own isolated perilous existence, he seemed the loneliest man he knew, and there stole into his eyes an unaccustomed moisture that quite subdued their professional fearlessness. With a record for courage and daring that was unimpeached, he seemed to himself, at such moments, as weak as a woman; and, as his troubled gaze rested upon the wooded heights before him, he thought

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he would stroll across the intervening space and try to forget it all under the familiar shadows of the pecans.

For a person of the Sheriff's temperament, an idea of this kind was no sooner entertained than acted upon; and, a few moments later, he had penetrated the shady stillness of the grove. There was a subtle companionship in the sturdy trunks that stood about him, their lofty tops scarcely stirring in the gentle breeze. Calm, erect, and immovable, they seemed to typify, in the austerity of their repose, that very self-reliance for which the Sheriff was remarkable. The disquieted man was, in a measure, sustained by their presence. Afar in the dim wood, the faint cawing of quarrelsome ravens soothed him unconsciously. In the cool pervasive twilight about him, he was beginning to regain his customary equipoise, when the sight of an unfamiliar object recalled his former musings with a distinct emotional thrill. Lying at the foot of the tree against which he was leaning, was a woman's glove. The Sheriff stooped and picked it up. It was a slight affair of undressed kid, and there clung to it a delicate perfume that pleasantly suggested the sex of the wearer. With a half-unconscious gesture, Mosely raised it to his lips, and, as the soft trifle swept his rough cheek, his whole being was again convulsed with the anguish of a vanished memory. It was in just such a place as this that he had been wont to meet the woman he had loved. He closed his eyes dreamily, and his trembling thought went tenderly back to a little grave far away over Southern hills; and, as he mused, a wood-dove on a limb above filled the air with her mournful cooing.

It was only a fancy, to be sure; but, as the Sheriff listened, with nerves all aquiver with sad recollections, the plaintive cry seemed to him the moan of some disembodied spirit in the air about him. Perhaps the wraith of the love he had lost was that instant hovering near him in the recesses of the wood. He raised his eyes involuntarily to the blue vault, and, as he did so, a small white bird, aloft in the limitless ether, drifted on motionless pinions far above his head and dropped from sight behind the leafy veil of the trees. The Sheriff sighed. Even thus, in a breath, he thought, we are gone. With a half-caressing tenderness, he smoothed out the crumpled glove and placed it in the breast-pocket of his ducking jacket.

He stood there some moments, lost in an abstracted reverie, until the pleasant sound of voices came to him through the wood. The Sheriff was in a mood when he shrank from scrutiny, and, without betraying his presence, his swiftly observant eyes ran hurriedly over objects about him. At some distance in front of him, he perceived the figures of a young man and woman seated at the base of a mighty bowlder and engaged in conversation. The girl was talking rapidly and earnestly, with pretty feminine gestures of protest and appeal. Her companion listened in an attitude of dejection. He had cast his hat upon the ground, and his bowed head rested upon his hands. To the soothing remonstrances of the woman, he made no response; and presently the pleasant voice ceased its entreaty. There was a short interval of silence, during which Mosely, wishing to escape observation, sank down quietly at the foot of the tree. When the Sheriff looked again, the woman had bent her head upon the shoulder of her dejected companion, and was wiping the tears from her eyes with a diminutive handkerchief.

There was something in this little incident so in keeping with Mosely's own reflections, that he felt its pathos mingled with a keen curiosity. He shrewdly guessed that the young woman was the owner of the glove he had just found, and he felt a natural inclination to restore it; but it was evident the occasion was not a fitting one. Such an act on his part would be attended, under the circumstances, with an embarrassment he did not care to cause. Perhaps he would not have hesitated, in the case of strangers; but it happened that both parties were well known to him. He recognized, in the weeping girl, Miss Jessie Meredith, the daughter of a wealthy cattle-owner of Oskaloo. The young fellow was Dick Heyward, for whom the Sheriff entertained a cordial regard. He had long suspected a secret attachment to exist between the couple, and now he had unwittingly stumbled upon their little romance. He would have willingly retraced his steps; but he could not do this without betraying the fact that they had been observed. So he remained seated at the foot of the tree, speculating not a little on the cause of the girl's disquietude.

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"The old story," he told himself, thinking of the proverbial trials and disappointments of clandestine lovers and recalling certain tears in his own experience which he would have given worlds not to have caused. Somehow, the irony of fate seemed to him even more cruel than before; and, lost to his immediate surroundings, he became tinged with a gentle melancholy. A sudden beam of sunlight, falling through the branches overhead, recalled him to himself.

Whatever farewells were exchanged between the lovers had evidently taken place in the interval. On raising his eyes, he espied the erect figure and fluttering skirts of Miss Jessie, far across the level meadow that led to the village. The girl was walking rapidly, as if belated, and in a few moments disappeared from view behind some intervening shrubbery. Surprised at this sudden departure, Mosely turned to see if Heyward still kept his position. The young man was seated in the same despondent attitude, but apparently examining something intently. His behavior was singular. Mosely regarded him critically, and his quick ear caught the sharp familiar click of steel. He saw Heyward rise suddenly to his feet and place something to his head that glanced in the sunlight. On the instant, the Sheriff sent his voice before him through the wood, in a shrill scream of warning that woke its remotest echoes.

The man started, faced about, and a revolver fell involuntarily from his hand. With a bound, in which trained nerve and muscle seemed at once to assert their accustomed energy, the Sheriff hurried to his side.

Evidently his intrusion was as unwelcome as it was unexpected. After the first shock of surprise, Heyward had thrown himself down again disconsolately at the foot of the bowlder. In this attitude, he was found by the panting Sheriff.

"What's up, Dick?" said Mosely, briskly.

For answer, the man flung a pebble at a neighboring tree and turned away with a hopeless gesture.

"You ain't reckonin' to put an end to yerself?" the Sheriff inquired, stooping and possessing himself of the relinquished pistol.

Heyward aimed a kick at a fragment of bark, but said nothing.

The Sheriff lost his temper at this obstinacy.

"Look here!" he said. "Dick Heyward, this child's-play is all nonsense! I'm a friend of yours, and I want to know what's gone with ye."

After a few moments' sullen contemplation of his boots, the dejected figure became briefly communicative.

"I lost my pile last night, at Jim Wily's."

"Buckin' agin faro?"

"No—Mexican monte."

The Sheriff whistled to himself contemplatively.

"When are you goin' to give up thet business?" he said, severely. "I thought you told me you'd quit gamblin'."

"I reckoned to give it all up," the man said, sullenly, plucking at the grass about him.

"I see you did," said the other, quietly. Then, stooping down, he put one hand upon the shoulder of his companion and gazed long and critically into his eyes.

"See here, Dick: you don't want to play an old feller like me. What's up between you and Jessie?"

"Nothin'," said Heyward, doggedly.

"In course not," rejoined the Sheriff, with an incredulous sneer. "Hez the old man asked you to marry her lately?"

Heyward laughed bitterly.

"He said he'd postpone thet until he consulted with you on the subject," he replied.

Mr. Mosely shed this evident sarcasm with a shrug of his shoulders.

"You wouldn't lose nothin' by his doin' thet," he remarked, convincingly. "Come, old chap," he said, in a friendly tone, "aren't you crowdin' the mourners? I know the old man's a crank, and it's all thet young blood can do to put up with it. But you've got too good stuff in ye, to give up in this fashion. Them ez does this thing," the Sheriff remarked, gravely, rising to his feet and appealing to the surrounding trees in witness of the folly of suicide, "is nothin' short of cowards or jackasses. I've known you for the last dozen years, and yer name ain't found in either directory."

Touched by the manner of the Sheriff, Dick Heyward assumed a half-erect attitude.

"It ain't thet the old man don't like me," he said, doggedly; "but he's backin' somebody else, and I can't do nothin'. He sent me word, this afternoon, by Jessie, not to come near his ranch nor to call on his daugh-

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ter. Bein' ez I'm cleaned out now, it don't make so much difference, and I reckoned the easiest way out of the hull bizness was to get out!"

Heyward stared before him in a hopeless way.

"Stuff!" said Mosely, with sudden emphasis. He drew a couple of segars from his pocket, and tossed one to his companion.

"Who does the old man favor?" he inquired, striking a match.

"Thet's what gets me!" returned Heyward, disconsolately, disdaining the proffered segar. "I never met him, and Jessie won't tell me, because she allows I'd have a row with him."

"Sensible girl," said the Sheriff, nodding through the smoke-wreaths about his head. "She don't care for him, I reckon?"

"She allows she don't," returned Heyward. "Natchally I can't say."

The Sheriff ruminated a few moments in silence. "I reckon she oughter know," he replied. He took a long pull at his segar and expelled the smoke forcibly.

"Old man," he said, slowly, glancing down affectionately at his friend, "do you remember thet little bizness you did for me once, when thet blackleg allowed to call me in with thet double-barreled shot-gun?"

Heyward looked up at him.

"You mean Johnson?"

"Yes," said the Sheriff, "I mean Johnson. Are you tryin' to tell me thet a man who kin shoot a rascal dead in his tracks ez nip and percise ez you did on thet occasion ain't built for somethin' better than to put this miserable toy shooter to his head and throw up the game, jest because the luck's agin him? Dick Heyward," he said, severely, "for a young man with points and a good girl to work for, you come the nearest to bein' a plumb idgit of anybody I've ever seen."

Dick Heyward shrugged his shoulders under this wholesale castigation.

"What's a fellow goin' to do?" he pleaded. "Run away and get married?"

"No," said Mosely, sternly; "not in no circumstances. No man is justified in takin' a young woman away from her father and mother, without they give him leave."

"What then?" asked Heyward, hopelessly.

"Look here," said Mosely, quickly: "I've been a young man myself, and I can feel for ye. I did thet very thing you speak of, and it killed the loveliest woman thet was ever born. I've had my hard lines too, and I tell you thet there's nothin' I wouldn't do to wipe out thet one act of a rash and hot-headed boy."

Heyward had risen to his feet during this last appeal.

"I've been pretty near where you've been," continued the Sheriff, in strong emotion, turning his gaze upon his surprised companion; "and what a man wants, that day, is some friend to put an arm around him and stand by."

With a strong potential gesture, the Sheriff laid both hands upon the shoulders of his companion and looked him full in the eyes.

"Dick Heyward," he said, firmly, "tell me you'll quit gamblin', and I'll appoint you my deputy this minute."

The ruined gamester met the resolute orbs of his friend, and felt a subtle influence of power. Clear and compelling, their indomitable glance thrilled his resolves and strengthened his feeble will.

He grasped both hands of the Sheriff in his own and said:

"I've cashed my last chip, Ike; I swear it!"

"I knowed it! I knowed it!" said Mosely, fervently. With a sudden contemptuous gesture, he flung far away from him the small Derringer he had held. The flashing weapon circled through the twilight wood, and fell with a tiny splash into the neighboring river.

The Sheriff put his hand significantly to the great six-shooters that hung in his belt.

"And now," he said, "to a man's work and a man's weapons. It's in you, Dick, to behave yourself and to win this woman."

He paused, and, as if in earnest of his previous words, threw one arm affectionately about his companion.

"And through it all, old man, in luck and out of luck, yer best friend is Ike Mosely. Don't you never forgit it."

He turned, gripped the hand of his companion in his quick nervous clasp, and together they passed out of the grove.

PART II.

WITH his appointment as Deputy Sheriff, a great change came upon Heyward's life. Hitherto he had led an aimless listless existence, with little thought for the morrow or its obligations. A good-looking easy-mannered fellow, he had tried his hand at

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the various means of livelihood which the frontier town afforded, and found little difficulty in satisfying the scanty needs of that primitive civilization. A dreamer of dreams and the possessor of sound health, he made no provision for the future. So, when the mechanical toil of one occupation palled upon him, he readily forsook it for another. From beginning life as an apprentice to a carpenter, he had aspired to the exciting life of a stage-driver, and, finding that too laborious, had abandoned it for the duties of postmaster and a clerkship in the village store. Wearying in turn of these, he left the town behind him, and followed for a time the wild life of the plains—learning, amid cow-camps, and sheep-ranches, the rude details of a perilous calling. But the same restless spirit which sent his comrades periodically to town invariably brought Heyward thither, to vie with them in recklessness and extravagance. Thus it was that the money earned at the risk of life and limb found, in the hands of this careless spendthrift, the inevitable goal of the gaming-table, until, as we have seen, the Sheriff discovered his improvident friend stranded and desperate.

Far different from the easy makeshifts of his former life were the demands of his new calling. Responsibility and method were to be the watchwords of his future. Appreciating that the change in his habits would be best brought about by close companionship, the practical Sheriff arranged that his deputy should reside with him. In the snug and box-like cottage which he called his own, there were none of the allurements that had formerly betrayed his protégé. The Sheriff's home was as austere as his daily existence. There was little about his lonely cabin that did not smack of the hand-to-hand fight with danger which was its owner's daily portion. But, with the ready tact and cheerful hardihood that characterized him, Mr. Mosely addressed himself to his pupil. I pass over the long homilies, the shrewd bits of advice, the daily practice in the use of fire-arms, with which the neophyte was favored. Suffice it that, with that easy adaptability which seemed his by nature, he became readily proficient; and that, when a sudden outbreak of "road-agents" in a neighboring county justified the Sheriff's former misgivings and summoned both to the scene of hostilities Dick Heyward acquitted himself with a skil and intrepidity that justified Mr. Mosely's warmest commendation.

Six weeks of their adventurous life had thus rolled away, and there had been no allusion made by the Sheriff to the theme of which Heyward's heart was full. Beyond a vague statement on the part of his chief, that he would "use his influoense with the old 'un," Mr. Mosely had refrained from referring to the subject. Heyward often wondered whether his friend realized that he had had no glimpse of Jessie in the interval, and that his heart ached with loneliness and foreboding. Indeed, as the days passed by, it seemed to Dick that a strange moodiness and abstraction possessed his companion. After a few shrewd inquiries as to the temperament and character of the man he was to approach, the latter abandoned himself to long silences, wrapped in clouds of tobacco-smoke, or given over to diligent and profitless whittling upon the door-stone. It was a phase of the Sheriff's character which had not hitherto presented itself to Heyward, and it troubled him, as the strange and unaccountable always do. But, when he drew the attention of certain fellow-townsmen to the matter, their comments were reassuring and characteristic.

"Figurin' on his chances of re-election," said these philosophers. "Ike's took thet way occasional, and ye know he allowed to run agin, next fall. Prob'ly reckons he's bit off more'n he kin chew."

Somehow this explanation did not satisfy Heyward.

It was a pleasant afternoon, some days after this, when Sheriff Mosely left his lonely cottage, wrapped apparently in the same gloomy reverie that had lately oppressed him. To the observant spectator, there was something in his appearance that suggested business of a novel and peculiar nature. The well-worn suit of brown ducking, that usually clothed his nervous figure as if a part of the actual man, had been discarded for newer garments of conventional pattern, known on the frontier as "store-clothes." In them, the worthy officer betrayed an uncomfortable sense of being "dressed up," that was accented by the "boiled shirt" and standing collar which oppressed his sinewy neck. Nor did he regard with complacency the "fine boots" which gave his trousers a painful appearance of being too short for their wearer.

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He stooped beside a small spring that bubbled along the road he was pursuing, and drew a pocket-flask from his hip with a preoccupied air.

"I reckon the old feller don't irrigate," he said to himself, solemnly. "All the more reason why I should get myself in fix to wrastle with him."

He raised the flask to his lips and partook freely of its contents. Evidently the stimulant did not possess its customary virtues.

"Somehow ye don't seem to reconcile me none to the situation," he soliloquized, addressing the flask. "I hed ruther conduct a dozen 'neck-tie matinees' than approach a parent on the subject of his darter."

At this moment, the footfall of a horse struck the Sheriff's alert ear, and a young woman rode suddenly up to the side of the spring. Mr. Mosely restored the flask to his hip with an abashed expression. It needed but a glance to discover that the fair equestrienne was none other than Miss Jessie Meredith, and attired in a fashion to provoke the admiration of mankind. As the Sheriff noted the brown eyes, fresh complexion, and bewildering dimples that had proved so disquieting to his friend's peace of mind, he was fain to confess the excellence of his taste on purely æsthetic grounds. Apparently the first impulse of the gray-haired man was to pay tribute to this vision of beauty, for his hand sought the pocket of his coat containing the missing glove he had picked up in the wood.

"I happen to have a little favor of yours I've been wanting to restore to you, miss," he said, abruptly; then, becoming aware of the change in his attire, and that he had forgotten to transfer it, he stopped in confusion.

"My glove, I presume," the fair apparition returned, smiling down at him from the saddle, as her mustang pony plunged his nostrils in the cool spring after his recent canter. "I remember I lost it over on the river, weeks ago; but it's a matter of no consequence."

She raised her frank brown eyes to the Sheriff's keen scrutiny, and a sudden blush mantled her cheek.

"How is Mr. Heyward?" she inquired. "I understand he has made his home with you lately."

"He's up to the shanty—where I reckon I left your glove," the Sheriff rejoined, quietly, but secretly beside himself with admiration at the courage which thus demanded her lover's welfare. He paused a moment, as if to collect himself, and then adopted an equally fearless policy.

"I hope you'll excuse me, Miss Meredith," he said, "but Dick has given me the bedrock in this little matter, and I want to say that my sympathies are with you and him from way back. I was jest now on my way to have a little tangle with your old gentleman, to see what I could do to put things in good fix. I reckon I'm competent so far as Dick is consarned, for I love the boy, and he hain't no points thet I don't onderstand. But, you see, in regard to your governor, I'm somehow off the trail. Ef the old man hez got any crankiness or other foolishness it'd be wise for me to steer clear of, bein' ez your heart's in this bizness, I'd be obliged for any light you'd throw on the subject afore I wade in."

Having concluded this remarkable appeal, which was delivered in a confidential undertone, the Sheriff doffed his broad sombrero and patiently waited the lady's reply.

Miss Meredith, thus abruptly confronted with the Sheriff's purpose, was quite overcome with embarrassment. She blushed like a peony, under the searching glance of the man before her, and seemed at first uncertain what to say or do. In her agitation, she dropped her riding-whip. Her eyes, which had hitherto dwelt calmly upon Mr. Mosely, wandered up and down the trail-road restlessly.

"I'm sure—it's very kind of you—Mr. Mosely—to take this interest," she began, hesitatingly; "but I'm afraid papa wouldn't like to have you speak to him about it."

"That's jest it!" returned Mosely, "and I reckon it's mighty lucky I run across you this very afternoon. I've been figgerin' on the matter until I've pretty near lost my grip; and now, miss, I'm goin' to ask you to turn back, and we'll try and corral the old man in partnership. I'll put it to him fair and square; and, if he rares or shows any signs of kickin' in the traces, you kin stand by and kinder put the curb on him. I reckon you look as if you might be able to do it, and, when strangers prove anyway excitin', there's nothin' like the presence of a man's own flesh and blood to prevent his raisin' the roof."

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He bestowed an appreciative glance on Miss Meredith, as he gallantly restored the riding-whip. The young lady was still embarrassed.

"But, you see, I had something else I wanted to do, this afternoon — another engagement."

The Sheriff gave a shrewd glance in the direction of his distant cottage.

"I know it," he said, quickly; "but Dick is very busy to-day. I left him cleanin' up my Winchesters and six-shooters; and besides, you and I don't want to ring anything in on the governor that isn't straight and above-board. He's seen fit to quarantine Dick from your society; and, unless he gives the word, we don't want to start in anything onderhanded. Come, miss—you go back with me, and we'll have a reg'lar tow-row with the old gentleman over the situation."

He slipped her horse's bridle over his arm as he spoke, and took a step or two, as if to compel her compliance.

"In all affairs of this kind," he said, reassuringly, glancing back at her, "someone hez gct to break the ice and start the mill, or we don't get nowhar. I reckon, in the present case, we've got a big contract; but, whatever the old man proposes, at least we'll meet him in the open." And, by sheer force of will, he led the unwilling maiden off captive.

Meanwhile, left to himself in the cottage, Dick Heyward, pursuing his task of cleaning the Sheriff's fire-arms, was speculating sadly over his unfortunate love-affair and the Sheriff's singular change of manner. Engrossed in his work, there suddenly seemed to come to him, on the breeze that was borne up the valley, the sound of a well-remembered voice. He raised his head and listened. It must have been a fancy; and yet, half wonderingly, he stepped to the door and cast a longing glance down the dim trail-road. He beheld the Sheriff in conversation with a lady on horseback, and the flash of a familiar gray dress through the trees at once disclosed her identity. His nervous hand closed tight upon the revolver he was cleaning, in the suddenness of his surprise. Why was it? He was not jealous of the gray-haired man who had so recently left him? He dared not trust himself to say; and, after a few moments' reverie, he left the door with an impatient gesture. The incident disquieted him; and, when an hour later he went to the closet to procure some implement, he was flushed and irritated, and a nervous light shone in his eyes. The tool he wanted did not readily present itself, and half unconsciously he made a rapid examination of the pockets of an old coat in the closet, in his efforts to find it. Some formless object was hidden in the breast of the garment. He drew it quickly forth. Crushed, crumpled, but still redolent of odor, he spread it out, and discovered a woman's soiled glove. Dick Heyward smiled grimly to himself. Had the Sheriff, too, his own romance? The next moment, he dashed the glove upon the floor and spurned it beneath his heel in a sudden frenzy. It was Jessie's! He knew it by the peculiar brown stitching he had often examined, and the perfume so strangely familiar. In the first tumult of his jealous agony, he put both hands to his eyes, as if to blot out the sight of the hateful object. A shudder shook him, and he groaned aloud. Then he ran to the door and cast a quick searching glance down the narrow valley. There was no one in sight. Down by the spring, where he had formerly seen the couple in conversation, the shrill scream of a soaring hawk came distinctly to him, as he wheeled aloft in the still breezy afternoon. To the man's startled nerves, it seemed like the mocking cry of some demon who was cognizant of the agony within him.

It was all clear now; and Heyward reeled against the wall, as he comprehended the significance of the weeks that had gone over his head, while his rival had improved the opportunity of his absence. It had all been a plot, devised by the Sheriff and Jessie's father, to cheat him of the love he coveted. He understood now the former's reticence and singular apathy. The man so vaguely understood by him to be a disputant for his sweetheart's affections was the Sheriff—Mosely himself! In his rage and mortification, the indignant deputy caught up a pair of six-shooters and began to load them rapidly, the steel cylinders clicking ominously, as if in remonstrance, under his eager fingers.

There was but one way now, and his mind was made up to it. He would seek out the man who had thus betrayed him, upbraid him

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with his perfidy, press his six-shooters upon him, and force him to defend at the revolver's muzzle the flagrancy of his conduct. His brain was on fire with his wrongs, and his hands shook as he caught up his hat from the table and buttoned his pistol-belt about him. He cast one hurried glance around at the dwelling which had grown to be a home to him in the days now past. How quiet and still it looked! how utterly out of sympathy with the mad emotions which thrilled him! His eyes fell upon the glove lying upon the floor—a mute witness to the treachery of its owner—and, with a muttered imprecation, he caught it up and strode away, slamming the door behind him with a violence that shook the rafters.

As his swift footsteps took him rapidly from the little cottage, the wrath that was in him surged in his brain and spoke in his heart. Where could he find a parallel for the treachery of this man he had called his friend? What cause, pray, had he to attempt to settle his quarrel in the interest of right and justice? Had not the culprit placed himself, by his act, beyond the pale of mercy? Was he justified in giving so double-dyed a villain a single chance for his miserable existence? Ought he not rather to rush upon him, and, with a single imprecation at his baseness, shoot him down as ruthlessly as he might some desperate assassin?

And, as he thought, he heard a quick step along the road ahead of him, and a familiar voice apparently in exultant conversation. With his fell purpose still mastering him and his hand clutching a revolver, he sprang quickly aside and dashed into the thicket.

The voices quickly drew near. They were those of a man and woman. Apparently they were discussing something of a jocular nature, for occasional peals of laughter smote the ears of the listener. Straining his ears, he with difficulty made out the following:

"I reckoned I was plumb done for when I first opened up the subjeck to the old gentleman," said the voice of Mosely. "Lord! when he first brought them gray optics o' his'n to bear on me, I felt like throwin' up my hands. But I sez to myself: 'Ike, yer in fur it,' and I jest waded in. And, when I got my blood up in the heat and thick o' the argyment, I didn't mind. I sorter let go my hopples and went in foot-loose. Did you hear him when he aired them views o' his'n on what a husband should be? Geewittaker! I never reckoned thet was only a game of bluff. I sez to myself: 'Mosely, he's got the drop on ye now; ye needn't say nothin',' until I riz right up and summed up the case in a few words. I said my say, and then I axed him plump and squar; and dern my skin ef he didn't weaken! He weakened and give his consent ez gentle ez a lamb."

"And I am so happy," said a soft voice which thrilled the listener through every fibre.

"Natchally," returned Mosely, fervently, "jest natchally; but no more than I, sis. Why, I'm a tenderfoot ef this ain't one of the happiest days— Hello! what's that?"

A stone, dislodged from a neighboring embankment, came hurtling down into the road. The next moment, a frenzied figure, torn with the thicket and brandishing a cocked revolver, burst from the roadside and confronted the Sheriff upon the open plain.

"In God's name, Dick, what's gone with you?" exclaimed the startled man, recoiling before the threatening attitude of his friend.

Dick Heyward, panting with suppressed passion, his muscles twitching with excitement, his face drawn and blanched, at first could not reply. He paid no heed to the frightened girlish figure by the Sheriff's side. His eyes, wild with an intense fury, seemed to dilate and comprehend the Sheriff only.

"You ask me that?" at last he burst forth. "I should think you'd ask me that! Here—take this six-shooter! step off ten paces, and, if you're a man, Ike Mosely, and not a blackguard—"

"Easy, now! easy, Dick, over the rough places!" returned the imperturbable Sheriff, but grasping in his steady hand the pistol which the trembling fingers of the other forced upon him. He eyed his furious friend calmly, and his clear cold blue eye shone like a diamond.

"You know me, pard; my record's a clear one. I don't do nothin' I ain't willin' to back, and, ef I've wronged you in any way, I'll meet you sartin. But speak out, boy! Are you crazy, Dick? What hev you got agin me?"

With a quick movement, Heyward tore the tell-tale glove from his breast and cast it upon the ground between them.

"How came you by that?" he asked, sternly.

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The eyes of Mosely dwelt upon the missing gauntlet an instant, and then lighted up with a humorous gleam. He stooped, and, with a quick gesture, restored it to his companion.

"There's thet unfortunet glove I told you I found in the grove over a month since," he said, carelessly. Then he took the hand of the embarrassed girl, and, with a strong compelling gesture, placed it in the grasp of his astounded deputy.

"Old man," he said, "ef I hadn't been in love myself, and didn't know what an idgit it makes of the best men, I'd be tempted to step out here and exchange shots with you, jest to teach you a moral lesson. Here for the last six weeks I've hed this subjeck on my mind to an extent that it's broke my sleep and interfered with my appetite. It's done more to put gray in my hair than anything I ever attempted, and, when at last I got my spunk up and interviewed the old man fur ye—told him how changed ye were, and sorter contemplated ye ez I might a brand-new statue I'd been makin'—set things in a proper light, and got his consent to the match, you turns upon me and reckons to scalp me like a wild Injun. It's enough," said the Sheriff, solemnly, baring his head and glancing upward reverentially, "the foolishness thet the course of true love will ring in on a rational creetur is almost enough to shake one's faith in Providence."

ONE ON EARTH AND ONE IN HEAVEN.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Up from the streets below me, through the gathering twilight's gloom,
The voices of little children float into my lonely room;
And I sit and dream, as I listen, of the lost little one of mine,
And the low grave under the grasses and the sheltering arms of the pine.

I see, in a swift sweet vision, the eyes that I miss so much;
I feel the breath of my baby and his tender clinging touch.
I hear the voice that is silent, I clasp him close to my breast,
And, beguiled for a moment by fancy, my heart is abrim with rest.

O my little blue-eyed baby, I have missed you so long from my arms!
Summers have come and vanished, but I never forget your charms,
Always at coming of twilight, with a love that grows never old,
My heart yearns after the baby asleep in the church-yard mold.

Oh, to clasp you and kiss you, to feel your warm lips on my cheek,
To count your rosy dimples, and to hear you laugh and speak—
Only for one brief moment, just as I used to do!
But no: I have only a dream-child, to give my kisses to.

I say to myself, in moments when the little children are near:
"If my little boy were living, the child that I held so dear,
He would be a child no longer, but grown to man's estate;
I would have an arm to lean on, what time I have to wait

For the call of the messenger-angel." And then it seems to me
That a lonely mother's sorrow is the saddest that can be,
As I sit in the twilight, hearing the voices of children at play,
And think of the grave in the grasses that hides my child away.

The children are going homeward and the streets are growing still,
But my thoughts are still of my baby in the low grave on the hill.
Does he wake from his sleep, I wonder, and cry for my arms and kiss?
Or is he happy in heaven? Oh, tell me how it is!

Out in the night's white silence, out in the falling dew,
And yet—he is safe in heaven. Oh, mystery old yet new!
It seems that I have two children: the grave hides one away,
And one in the dear God's Country is waiting for me to-day.

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IN THE WOODS.

BY M. G. M'CLELLAND, AUTHOR OF "OBLIVION," ETC.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 44.

CHAPTER II.

IN Asheville, there lived a famous criminal lawyer whose renown for acumen and kindliness of heart had penetrated even to the lonesome places, so that men's thoughts inclined toward him with admiration, and their faith in his powers waxed exceeding strong. More than one doubtful case had he caused to be decided as equity rather than written law required, and it was said of him that no woman yet had come to him for aid and been refused, provided her cause had aught of truth or justice. It was also said that, when this man rose to his feet and shook back the hair from his leonine visage and laid his hands together, finger to finger, in a way he had, and put forth the strength that was in him in argument, invective, or appeal, no jury yet impaneled could withstand him.

To this lawyer, Rose Harrison, filled with anger at the insult that had been offered her and with love for the man who had avenged it, proposed to go and plead her cause, trusting to her woman's wit and weakness to secure for her the great man's sympathy and co-operation. Money she would offer likewise, for, in an abstract way, she knew that the time and work of a lawyer were costly commodities; but she did not trouble much about that, or about the smallness of the sum she would have to offer: the simple conditions of her life had bred neither distrust nor worldly wisdom, and she unconsciously relied on her youth and womanhood as constituting her surest claim to consideration. At first, her distress had prevented activity of thought or action. She was not accustomed to emergencies or to the instant assumption of responsibility, and it had taken her some days to realize the situation and formulate some scheme of defense. Indeed, it was only within the last week—since John, finding that the Tweavers were in earnest to hunt him down, had decided to give himself the advantage of a voluntary surrender—that the emergency had become urgent. But now it behooved her to be quick as well as secret, for there was no telling but that Lem's wife might have an inspiration similar to her own, and subtlety enough to steal a march and to train against John the very gun which his sweetheart sought to wheel into line for his defense.

With the first stage of the journey, Nick Profitt had charged himself, undertaking to get the young woman to Crumbleton in time for the Asheville train, and to communicate with John and make such arrangements as might be necessary. In the village, it would be given out that Rose had gone across into Georgia to consult with her own people, and whether the tale should be believed or not would be of little consequence, since Rose would have secured a start.

The fire burned low, the chunks fell apart, and a soft white ash settled over the coals. Elizabeth laid the child in his cradle and stepped out on the porch for more wood. It was piled in a corner where the moonlight could not penetrate, and she left the door open to enable her to distinguish between the logs and make the proper selection of oak and hickory for the night fire. The dogs, a big blood-hound called Nobbler and a brace of pointers, taking advantage of the open door, slipped in and established themselves in the ingle. Elizabeth mended the fire, laying the chunks together and piling on the logs. Then she swept the hearth anew and turned to eject the dogs, who at once concentrated their gaze upon the fire and sought to convey the impression of

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being within their right and utterly oblivious of unkind intention. Elizabeth let them stay, not having the heart to convict them of a shallow subterfuge; and besides, it was lonely sitting there, the only waking person in the house, and, as far as her consciousness was concerned, it might be, in the world.

She took her knitting out and worked at it industriously, jogging the cradle, from time to time, with her foot. The clock on the mantel struck eleven—an unprecedented hour for wakefulness, under ordinary circumstances. She counted the strokes, intending to go to bed presently; but the fire was alluring and her eyes devoid of slumber. The pointers, curled up like caterpillars, enjoyed the present good, without a thought of that which might be in store for them. The blood-hound had possessed himself of the old man's arm-chair, and lay on its cushioned seat with his paws folded together on one of its broad arms and his head pillowed upon them. His golden-brown eyes shone through half-shut lids, like jewels through a rent in a woman's dark glove.

Presently the hound lifted his head, with his ears pricked at attention and a soft growl low down in his chest; then he quitted his place and moved toward the door, with his ruff stiffened, but no noise as yet. He had been trained to silence as well as vigilance, and knew when to hold down the bell-like notes already vibrating in his throat. The eyes of his mistress followed his movements with interest; involuntarily she bent her head to listen—a fox, perhaps, or a wild-cat, prowling around with evil intent. She glanced up at the gun in the hooks above the door, and calculated chances of a shot; she had a quick hand and a sure eye. There was a step outside—hesitating and muffled, as though stirring among dead leaves; the pointers roused and sprang forward with sudden clamor, and the hound gave forth a deep-toned note of warning. The step grew more distinct, evidently gaining confidence from knowledge that the dogs were inside. It advanced to the porch and ascended the steps, swift and light, like the step of a woman; a knock fell on the door.

Elizabeth quieted the dogs and then called to know who was without.

"Me," a woman's voice answered: "Courtney Tweaver. Open the door, 'Lizabeth, an' hold ther dogs back. I be afeard o' 'em."

Elizabeth unbarred the door, much mystified and a trifle excited. What could have brought Lem's widow over from the settlement at that time of night? Had wind of the expedition reached her and drawn her forth on a visit of investigation? Elizabeth felt herself the equal in strategy of any woman who drew the breath of life, and scored an inward resolution to be wary and circumspect. The old man snored peacefully, his slumber unvexed by the canine uproar, which, sooth to say, was a thing of nightly occurrence.

Courtney Tweaver crossed the threshold the instant the door was opened, nodding in acknowledgment of the other woman's greeting, and taking scant heed of exclamations of surprise or welcome. She was a tall woman, upright as a pine, and with a certain swaying grace of movement. Her hair was hidden under the folds of a black shawl, from which her face, plain and strongly marked, showed white, as dead wood shows through rifts in charred blackened bark. Her eyes were darkened with anxiety, and her hands twitched and quivered with excitement. Two dogs attempted to follow her, putting experimental paws upon the door-sill, but were inhospitably pounced on and put to flight by the pointers. The blood-hound, scorning interference in such small matters, returned to the fireside and sat himself down, fixing amber eyes of inquiry upon the visitor. Elizabeth closed the door and thrust lightwood knots between the glowing logs, talking the while politely and as though a visit from a lone woman in the dead of night were an ordinary happening.

Lem's widow glanced about.

"Whar's Nick an' ther old man?" she abruptly inquired.

From the direction of the shed-room came the peaceful sound of snoring, but the bed in the corner of the outer room was obviously unoccupied. There was the roof-room, however, where there was also a bed. Elizabeth bent over the child's cradle and avoided direct reply.

"I war about gwine to bed whenst you knocked," she said. "Ther fire war so good, I got to noddin' over it—me an' ther dogs."

The other woman broke out eagerly: "They air home? One or both? I war afeard they'd be gone—afeard all ther way,

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though I come over as quick as I could. Thar ain't nary man left in ther settlement to do man's work this night. Thar's a fool corn-shuckin' over at Miles Benedict, t'other side o' ther Cove, an' Tom Evans an' Jackson Price air a-gwine to shuck agin one another fur a bet, an' thar'll be dancin' an' frolickin' arterwards; an' every forked idgit, big enough an' young enough to straddle a horse, have lit out from ther settlement to shake thar heels an' show off thar foolishness along o' ther Cove folks. I war afeard in my soul Nick mout be gone too."

Elizabeth changed her tactics. She would be forced to admit the absence of her husband, if she should be hard pushed; it would be better to admit it at once, with this natural and commonplace explanation. She had forgotten the corn-shucking. She spoke out at once, declaring that her husband had saddled his horse and ridden off in the direction of the Cove, directly after supper. Then her tone changed from explanation to inquiry. Was there any special reason why the services of a man were needed?

Urgent need, Lem's widow said, and then told how, just after dusk, a small boy, hardly big enough to hold himself on the sorrel mare he was riding, had come to the settlement with a message from his mother, Nancy White, John Gilroy's sister, to tell the people that the little mute, Jacky Gilroy, had wandered away from his temporary home and was lost in the woods. She sent word to the men for God's sake to come to her assistance, for her husband had gone across the mountains after cattle, in which he traded, taking with him the two largest boys, and would not be home for a week. She was alone with her smaller children, the youngest an infant in arms.

The messenger, a boy of seven, who answered to the name of Tony, told them that his mother had watched Jacky carefully for the first day or two, fearing he would be lonesome in the strange place and fret after Rose and his father. The child had appeared satisfied, however, and, in his dumb way, had attached himself to a little girl cousin a year younger than himself, with whom he had played contentedly. What was working in his little mind, of course, they could not say, not having grown sufficiently familiar with his signs and expressions; but it seemed probable that at first he had rested satisfied with Rose's promise to come for him in a little while, and that, when the little while had lengthened into that which to his baby mind must have appeared a long while, a wave of loneliness had struck the poor little man and swept him out into the world, to search for his friends by the instinct which guides God's other dumb creatures.

The children had been at play outside the yard fence, Tony told the women, stumbling and crying in his story from nervousness and excitement. They had been holding an election, with a hen-coop for a voting-booth and bits of bark for tickets. He had been candidate for Sheriff and had made a speech, and his next brother had kept the polls and counted votes. Jacky could not play, because he did not understand what they were about and could not talk, so they had given him some corn-cobs behind the wood-pile, and by signs told him to build himself a house. Becoming absorbed in their game, they had forgotten Jacky and their mother's injunction to take care of him, and it was only when the summons had come for supper that he had been missed. They had searched the premises thoroughly, thinking that he might be asleep in some fence-corner and knowing how useless it was to call. As night gathered in and they could not find the child, the idea that he was in the woods, striving to make his way home, took hold upon them, and his mother, half crazy with anxiety, had saddled the sorrel mare and sent him down to the village for help.

The women, kind and pitiful as the poor usually are to one another in the lonesome places, had consulted together as to what had best be done in the emergency. They were self-reliant women, bred to toil and hardship, prompt and fertile in resource; but the idea of beating all that waste of forest in the darkness, in search of the lost child, daunted the bravest of them—the undertaking seemed so great, the chance of success so infinitesimal. There was no telling how far or in what direction the little fellow might have wandered; he was a sturdy child, and had been missing many hours. The women had realized their comparative helplessness with grave looks, and the wishes for the return of the "men-folks" were many and fervent; then they had set

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themselves to do that which lay in their power.

They had sent the little messenger back to his mother with cheering words and promises of help as speedily as might be, and the blacksmith's wife had sent her boy along for company, because of the length and loneliness of the way. Then old Enoch Tweaver. explaining that he had "holt on no grudge agin babies," had volunteered, if somebody would lend him a horse, to ride over to the Cove and give the alarm, and then on to Miles Benedick's and turn the whole posse of corn-shuckers into the woods.

When all this had been arranged and old Tweaver had ridden away, the knot of excited women had had time to note the absence of both Rose Harrison and her aunt; and, knowing Rose's fondness for the boy and her interest in all Gilroy proceedings, the whole gang had gone in a body to break the news to her and offer suggestions. With their sympathy had mingled expectant curiosity, and each woman had felt that it behooved her to be first in the field and to monopolize, if possible, the telling. So much of import was happening to Rose Harrison all around, and so many demands were being made upon her emotions, that popular expectation as to her ability to honor all the drafts had risen to fever heat.

The surprise and disappointment of the news-bearers had been great when, just outside of her own gate, they had encountered Rose's aunt, intent on discovering the cause of the stir, and learned from her that Rose was not in the settlement. The old lady informed them, with an air of truth which disarmed suspicion, that Rose had got "addled with ther notion" that her own people might aid her in the emergency, and had ridden over to the Cove that afternoon, to see if she could not find someone willing and able to go with her across the line into Georgia.

When she learned of the child being out in the woods—nobody could tell where—the old woman had broken into wails of lamentation over him, herself, and all her belongings, because of the trouble that had come to them, diversified with condemnation of Nancy for having taken the child away "from them whar sensed his meanin' 'thout no words, an' kep' him satisfied an' out'n harm's way." She prognosticated much evil, also: such as that, by the time a relief expedition could be organized, there would be naught to search for but a pale little corpse, stiff and stark, bailed up in a laurel brake or lying in a huddle under some tree or bowlder, or "happen a passel o' bones picked clean by wild varmints whar'd stoled up on ther pore little fellow onbeknownst, an' he not able so much as to dodge, seein' his livin' eyes warn't no more service to him then his dead y'ears, in ther night-time." She had rung the changes on themes like this until every woman of them was like to scream aloud for very pity, and each one had hastened home to count her own brood and assure herself of their safety.

Too nervous to sleep or even to keep herself quiet, Lem's widow had sat by her lonely hearth and pondered. Like her aged kinsman, she had "no quarrel along o' babies," and the woman's heart, all passionate and undisciplined as it was, sorrowed over the lost little one with the yearning comprehension of the claims of helpless childhood upon woman's love and care which comes with the realization of impending motherhood. The child had in no way harmed her, and the child was not only helpless, but afflicted. Perhaps the time might come when her child—who should say? Her restlessness increased; she moved about the homely room, touching things, moving and rearranging them, with no accurate idea of that which she was doing. Then, like an inspiration, had come the thought of Nick Profitt's blood-hound. The brute was known to possess sagacity and keenness of scent beyond any dog in the district. He had come of a race of famous "trackers," dogs with a record. If the hound could be laid on the child's trail while it was fresh, the rest would be easy. Men might beat the woods for weeks without success, but the dog would lead them to the quarry at once. It was strange none of the women had thought of it, or sent a messenger over to Profitt's. She caught up a shawl, threw it over her head, and left the house, calling her own dogs to follow. They would be useful to distract the attention of Nick's dogs while she roused up the family.

All this Courtney Tweaver conveyed to Elizabeth in hurried sentences, with breaks and slurring-over of details. Then the women looked at one another, each brain at work, each consciousness alive to something required, something impending.

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"Nick air gone away," his wife's troubled voice announced, "an' 'tain't a mite o' use roustin' up ther old man. It would take ther patience o' Job to make him understand, an' plumb twell daybreak to do it. Then 'twouldn't be no service; he'd set still an' be sorry, an' wait fur Nick or some yuther man to notch in an' kyar ther row. He air sot agin extry stirrin', father air." Then, noting the other's look of acquiescence, she loyally added: "He air ponderable some, an' it's more trouble to him to get around 'en 'tis to folks whar ain't so turrible fleashy."

The eyes of the visitor were on the dog; she put out her hand and caressed his head, whistling and speaking to him softly. The hound regarded her with critical intelligence; he seemed to suspect an underlying intention. He withdrew his brindled head from her caress and made a muttering sound in his throat.

Lem's widow glanced toward the door. "I wonder ef he'd follow me?" she said.

Elizabeth divined her intention at once, but shook her head.

"Not to save yer life," she answered. "He won't follow no person but Nick an' me. He have been trained that-a-way."

"Ef he could be laid on ther child's trail whilst 'twar fresh, afore rain falls or jew, he'd find him sartain," the other woman suggested. "Ef he war took up to Nancy White's to-night, he'd be thar ready aginst ther first glint o' daylight." Her tone was significant.

Again Elizabeth caught her meaning. She pondered an instant, and then reached out her hand for the shawl which hung against the wall. The widow handed it to her, and watched eagerly while she threw it over her head and pinned it together beneath her chin. The child in the cradle stirred and whimpered, and his mother folded his blanket around him and lifted him in her arms. They might be away many hours, and he was too young to be left.

Then, bidding the hound to follow, the women passed out into the night.

The atmosphere was clear and pale; the stars looked far off and innumerable; the moon, nearly full, shone with a broad radiance which made the well-defined pathway easy enough to travel. The hound kept near them, evidently filled with doubt and suspicion whether this most unusual departure would be justified. For the first mile or so, there was little said, each woman being busy with her thoughts. Once Lem's widow offered to carry the baby, so that the other might rest her arms a bit; but Elizabeth declined: she liked the feeling of the soft breathing bundle against her breast—it gave her a sense of safety and custom amid the strangeness of her surroundings.

As they neared the end of their journey, she suggested that they might have difficulty in rousing up the people at White's.

"They won't be lookin' for no person afore mornin'," she said, "an' maybe they'll all be wore out an' gone to bed. Watchin' an' waitin' is weariful work in the night-time. As soon as it gits light, I'll make ther dog snuff o' some o' Jacky's clothes an' lay him on to ther trail. He won't quit it arter he's sot, an' anybody kin follow 'twell he find ther child fur 'em."

Lem's widow made no comment. She had no intention of waiting until morning. There was upon her an urgency not to be paltered with or thrust aside. The image of the lost child was between her and the thought of her dead husband now, but who could say how long it would remain so? The feelings of the night are rarely those of the morning.

The cabin, set in a good-sized clearing almost on the crest of the mountain, was silent and deserted-looking when the women came in sight of it. Everything within and without seemed locked in slumber; no glow of firelight shone from the crack under the door or through the unshuttered window. Elizabeth glanced upward and made a rough guess at the hour. Somehow the quiescence of the house appeared to make the thought of the lost child more poignant, more compelling. They two alone seemed waking for him in a heartlessly slumbering world.

They drew near the house. Two curs rushed out, barking furiously, but were met and ingloriously bullied into acquiescence in the intrusion by the blood-hound. The yard was enclosed by a low rail-fence, against one panel of which were piled several loads of wood. An axe, forgotten in the search for Jacky, lay beside a log half cut into firewood.

"Come this way," Lem's widow said, and walked to the further end, where a little heap of fresh clean corn-cobs showed white in the moonlight. They had been piled

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crosswise, in the similitude of a log cabin, half of which was still standing.

"Here's whar he war playin' whenst ther notion struck him to go home," Elizabeth murmured, clasping her own child closer.

Courtney Tweaver drew something from under her shawl and thrust it into the other woman's hands; her eyes glittered with excitement which strangely communicated itself to her companion. Elizabeth glanced at the sleeping house and the brooding forest where the shadows were growing denser. Nervous tremors passed through her; the blood in her veins seemed water. She turned the child's frock in her hand irresolutely.

The stronger will dominated yet again. "Lay ther dog on ther trail," the widow commanded, and once more Elizabeth obeyed.

The hound, standing at attention, sniffed the little dress sagaciously, then nosed the corn-cobs and the ground about. He comprehended his task at once, and set himself to it without circumlocution or waste of time. Hither and thither he ran, in ever widening circles; after a moment, he paused, glanced backward to see that he was followed, threw up his head and uttered the clear bell-like note which proclaimed that he had found the trail.

"Stay here with ther child," Courtney directed. "It will be better. I ain't afeard to follow by myself."

But Elizabeth shook her head and kept abreast. All the womanhood within her was astir; she would see this thing through —no person should have it to say of her that she had turned coward and left another woman to face an emergency alone.

Downward through the forest the hound led them, through laurel brakes and ivy thickets where they scarce could follow, and along a way whose roughness tried them sorely, burdened as they were with the care of the infant. The moonlight was waning, but they could see still, after a fashion; and they dared not stop, for fear of losing sound of the hound. They stumbled on and on, helping each other as much as they were able, and guided by the trailing note the dog uttered from time to time.

At length it changed, grew deeper, rang out with acclamation, with triumph. The search was at an end.

The little fellow, overcome by fatigue and perhaps bewilderment, had curled himself, like a kitten, in a great heap of leaves which had drifted against a fallen sycamore log, and was sleeping as peacefully as though tucked into an accustomed bed. The sound of the dog's joyous proclamation had no effect upon him, poor little shut-in baby: but, when Elizabeth knelt and half lifted him in her arms, he cried a little in a whimpering sort of fashion, like a dumb animal disturbed.

The moon was setting, and in a very short time the forest would be dark as a pocket, so that no person might walk, even with circumspection. The place where they had found the child was a sheltered little cove, with many leaves heaped about; and it was Indian summer still, and the chill of night by no means unendurable, even in the mountains. It seemed best to remain where they were, and wait for daylight to show them the true direction.

The little mute had not wandered as far from the right path as they had feared, and, with the break of day, they were able to discover their whereabouts. They were in the woods above Nick Profitt's house, and so near it that, had the fire been still alight, they could have seen the smoke arise like incense to the coming of the day-god.

The women made their way down to the house in silence. Elizabeth had given up marveling over her companion's mood, and contented herself with blindly following her lead. Everything was as still and undisturbed as when they had left the house, hours before. The dogs bustled out, but, recognizing the intruders, stopped on the second bark and regarded each other sheepishly. The fire had burned down to a few coals which glowed and blinked redly amid a bank of gray ashes. The slumber of the old man was still unbroken.

Elizabeth put little Jack Gilroy in the old man's chair, and drew the coals together and laid on chips and lightwood. The child was wide awake and sat staring about with his abnormally intelligent pathetic eyes. His flaxen curls had been rumpled into a halo, which, with his stillness, made him seem singularly helpless and innocent.

Lem's widow had laid the Profitt baby in its cradle. She stood on the hearth and gazed down at the child whose life she,

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in all probability, had saved, with an intent expression. In the light of dawn, her face looked pinched and pallid. Within her soul was a struggle: anger, race traditions, the habit of thought of a lifetime, were warring with some new force whose strength she could not gauge, whose might she was growing ever more powerless to resist. The shawl had fallen back, leaving her face exposed and the coils of black hair which lay against her throat like serpents asleep against a quartz-vein. Her eyes were on the child's eyes, and within her was stirring something that responded to the innocence of the child's look. Suddenly she threw out her hands, as one who protests against an edict.

"I can't forgive him! I can't!" she wailed, almost under her breath. "Thar ain't no call thet I should. He war mine—mine! an' t'other man shot him down. I don't keer ef Lem war to blame. I don't keer ef he did shove ther quarrel on Gilroy an' shoot fust. God A'mighty! I can't—I can't! Don't ax it—don't! He air dead an' gone to Jedgement, but he war mine! I loved him—I can't forgive!" she moaned, rocking herself as one in bodily pain and never removing her look from the child's look.

Elizabeth stared at her, speechless.

The pallor of the face grew ashen; the shaking hands wrung themselves together. It was as though she were under compulsion. Her lips unclosed a second time, but her tone had changed: the passion had left it, and it sounded monotonous and well-nigh expressionless.

"Ther 'torney fur ther Commonwealth air a strong man," she said, deliberately. "He'll git a verdict agin Gilroy, ef he ain't hindered. Thar ain't nary lawyer on ther circuit 'kin tetch him afore a jury." She paused, then flung additional words out, as though they were forced from her: "Thar's a man in Asheville kin beat him: a lawyer no person kin wrassle with, his grip is so true an' strong. I thought to go to him myself—to double on ther defense. I gin it up now. He mout be got, though, ef folks war anxious. Ther trial air sot fur Circuit Court. Ther Asheville lawyer kin do what he pleases, folks say, an' git any verdict he've a mind to."

She turned away and quitted the house without another word.

Elizabeth, startled and subdued, followed her with her eyes, but had no heart to stop her. It appeared a needless cruelty to tell her that her renunciation would be of no avail; that her climax had been forestalled.

She sighed and shook her head slowly, as one who ponders problems deep and complex. Then she laid wood on the fire and busied herself to warm milk for the little dumb child.

ST. VALENTINE'S EVE.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

One night—ah, who will care to know
How many, many years ago?—
A lover bent, with eyes ashine,
And whispered low: "Remember, dear,
This sweetest night of all the year—
This eve of good Saint Valentine."

Remember? Heaven! could I forget,
This heart-ache might know surcease yet!
But memory's links about me twine;
I close my eyes—again I hear
"O sweetest night of all the year—
This eve of good Saint Valentine."

The lips that breathed the words—ah me,
I know not even if they be
Athrob with life and love to-night
And warm with passion's thrilling breath,
Or folded still in pulseless death;
Fate e'en denies that knowledge slight.

St. Valentine's Eve! The moon hangs low,
The same old moon of long ago;
The same trees cast their shadows fine
Across the path where he bent near
And whispered soft and sweet and clear:
"My love, my queen, my valentine!"

O poor old moon, pale burns thy flame!
O trees, ye are not quite the same!
O life, O hope, O lover mine,
Ye all are changed—all, all; and yet
I can't—O God, I can't forget
My dear old love, my valentine!

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FEBRUARY.

BY MINNA IRVING.

STILL as a graveyard lies the field,
  Within its shroud of gleaming snow;
The sky is gray, the brook congealed,
  And loud the north winds blow.

The branches of the trysting-tree
  Are numb and stiffened with the cold,
And death's own silence seems to be
  Abroad on hill and wold.

How strange it seems, how desolate,
  Without the voices of the birds,
The crickets' piping shrill and late,
  The lowing of the herds!

But lo! beneath the bank that shelves
  Above the brook, I see a break
Athwart the ice—the water-elves
  Begin to stir and wake;

While on the tree the frost-work frets,
  The buds are swelling, two by two,
And at its root the violets
  Are dreaming of the dew.

Soon, soon some morning we shall rise
  And hear the peans, silver clear,
Of larks go ringing up the skies
  To tell us spring is here;

And every breath of balmy air
  Will bring to us the rich perfume
From ancient orchards everywhere
  All white with dainty bloom.

And there my little love will stand
  Beneath the dear old trysting-tree,
The first blue violet in her hand,
  Which she hath plucked for me.

Then we will walk in tender mood
  At twilight in the quiet vale,
Or linger by the dusky wood
  To hear the nightingale.

And that sweet bird to us shall tell
  Of wedded blisses evermore—
A cottage where my love shall dwell,
  With roses round the door.

But how could I so soon forget?
  My little love is dead and gone;
A stone above her grave is set,
  Among the snowdrifts wan.

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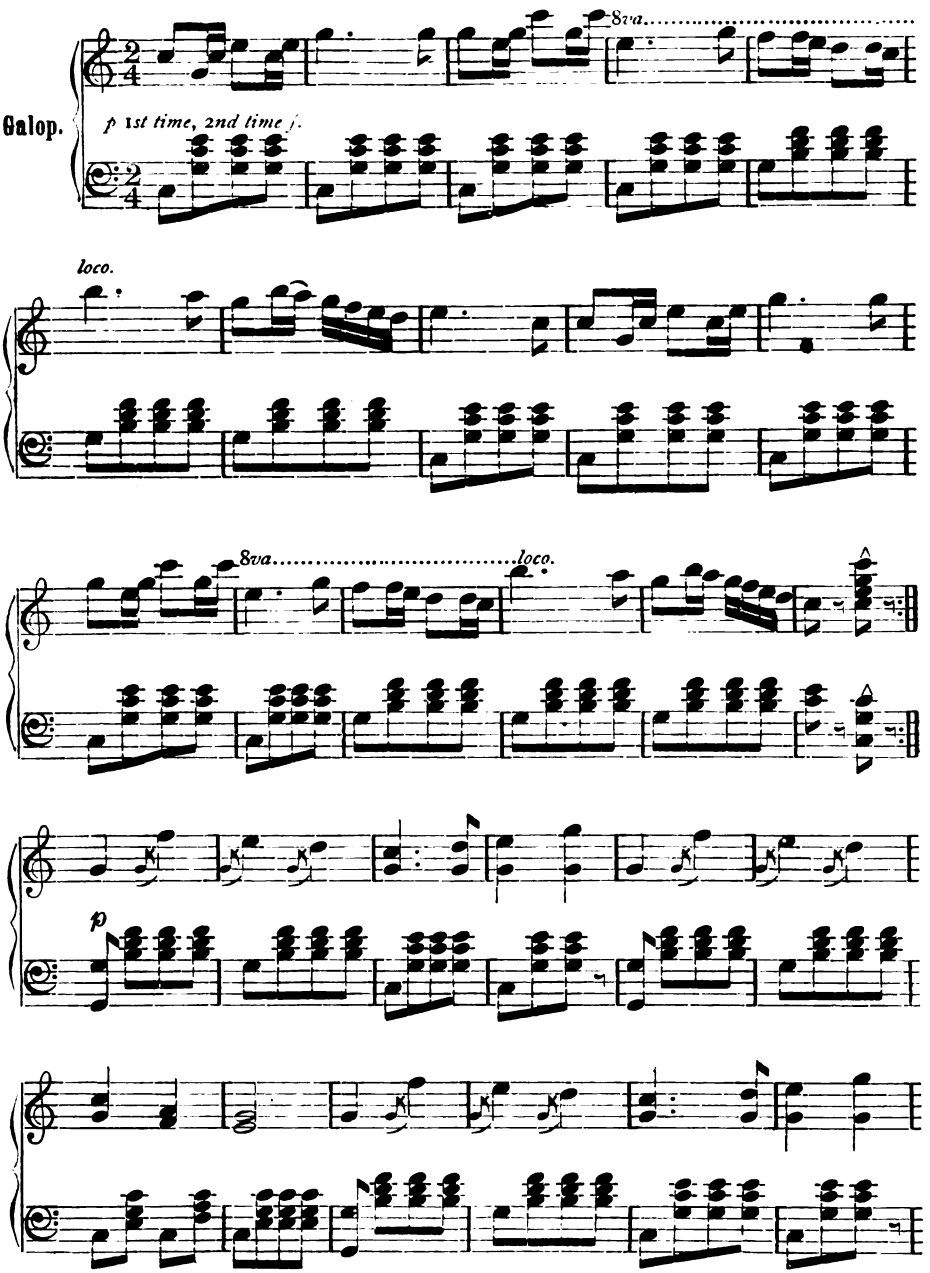
THE CITIZEN GALOP.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

By CARL VOLTI.



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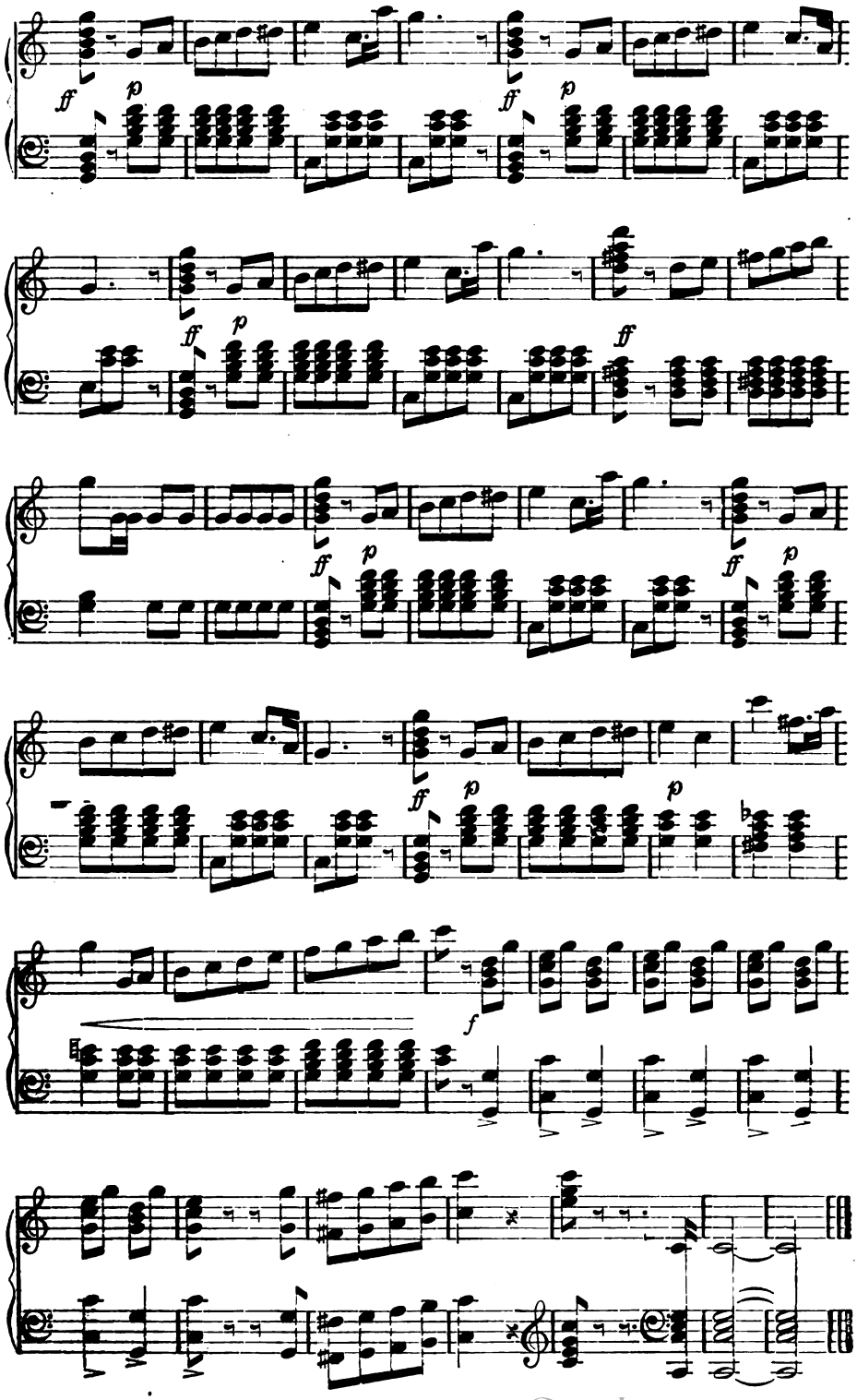

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LADY RACHEL RUSSELL: THE WIFE OF AN ENGLISH HERO.

BY E. A. MATTHEWS.

THE name of Lady Rachel Russell is firmly enshrined in English history on account of her husband's martyrdom for the cause of the people's rights, and also because of the noble qualities she possessed as an individual and a woman.

She was the daughter of an illustrious father, Thomas Wriothesley, Lord Southampton, who, during the first disputes between Charles Stuart and his Parliament, took the popular side and left the court. He was a man of large and generous heart, and, although he had shown his disapproval of the king's conduct by turning his back upon his follies, yet, when that king had met with death upon the scaffold, he was one of the four faithful servants who asked and obtained permission to pay their respect to his remains.

His wife was a Huguenot lady named Rache de Ruvigny, who died early, leaving two little daughters, of whom Lady Rachel was the younger. In this daughter's character was much of the lofty piety which we always associate with the name of Huguenot, blended with her father's spirit of universal charity. At a very early age, she was so conscientious, and questioned her young heart so closely, that her father had to teach her to spare herself as she would spare others.

We hear but little of the childhood of our heroine; yet, as the daughter of so great a man, she was reared among noble people, and nothing so affects the plastic nature of youth as to be always with companions of a lofty type.

Very early in life, she was betrothed and married to Lord Vaughn; but she was left a widow while still a mere girl. A few years after her husband's death, she had the good fortune to find the mate for whom her nature was admirably fitted, and, with him, she entered into one of those delightful unions that are so seldom seen, and yet are longed for by every true woman.

This chosen companion was Lord William Russell, one of the noblest characters in the history of the race—whose efforts on behalf of liberty and against oppression are a part of the heritage of English-speaking people. To the labors and suffering of this man, with other kindred spirits, we owe the religious freedom that we enjoy to-day; and because he died as a martyr for conscience, you and I can worship according to our own free will.

The situation of England in those days was similar to that of France under the Revolution. Indeed, it was a time of revolution, and a struggle was constantly going on between tyranny and a popular government.

Such a man as the earnest young Lord Russell was the natural leader of his companions, and he was not long permitted to share with his wife the sweets of a quiet retired home.

It is delightful to read of the happiness of this handsome high-born pair, dwelling together in such simple dignity and giving the world such an example of wedded bliss. In their country home, called Cherries, they led an almost ideal life. It is near a small village in Buckinghamshire, shaded by trees and surrounded by waving grain and hop fields. The ivy-covered turrets and the carved gables are still standing, rugged and strong as ever. In town, their residence was in the celebrated Southampton House, in Bloomsbury Square, now partly destroyed, but, in the days of Charles Stuart, a large and elegant mansion.

Living in these charming homes, surrounded by a loving circle of husband and children and friends, Lady Rachel was per-

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fectly happy, and it is said of her that "she diffused light and comfort upon all who came within her gates."

How pleasant to read of the manner in which she requites the tender kindness of her husband! How her letters glow with words of love and fondness! She speaks of how wonderfully God had blessed her family, and recounts many special items for which she returns thanks. She had a nature so rich that, to every call upon her sympathies, whether as daughter, sister, mother, or wife, she responded by an unquestioning devotion. Her tender and almost prophetic appeals to her husband, to remember the source of all their happiness, show the zeal of a saint, combined with the affections of a woman.

These two were united, in the holiest and best sense of that oft-used word—one in principle, in intellect, in views and sympathies, pursuing one common end, sustaining and strengthening each other. No harshness, no tyranny, no small arts of teasing, no deceit, no struggling for undue power—each finding in the other a true, devoted, and candid friend.

She delighted in the homely business of "housekeeping"; yet, with all her love for what she termed "the dear delights" of domestic life—those small items so precious to the heart of every true woman—she was always ready to join her husband, to assist him in his political labors, and held her mind always open to understand the great interests of the day. She writes to her sister of the joy she finds in his society; yet, when his duties call him from her side, she is careful to hide from him her sorrow, and urges him to do his very best for the cause of the people.

In the meantime, the political horizon grew darker and more threatening, and the revolution was near at hand. Those happy days were but the lull before the storm, and Lady Rachel was soon to meet the great sorrow of her life. History has told how Lord William Russell was so feared by the plotters and time-serving unscrupulous men about the throne that he was arrested on false charges, on a pretended connection with a conspiracy. His enemies hoped and believed that he would fly, and thus leave them a chance to villify his character without his being present to defend himself. When he was arrested, he sent his wife a message and asked her whether she thought he had better "withdraw himself." And the heroic woman sent back the answer: "No! I love your honor better than your life."

History records the shameful proceedings of his pretended trial, and makes us blush at the thought of such injustice. Only two weeks were allowed to intervene between the arrest and the "trial for high treason." During this time, the wife took upon herself the whole task of preparing for his defense. She could not and would not believe that his doom was fixed beforehand, and that no efforts, however powerful, would avail.

The trial of Lord William Russell will live in history as one of its most thrilling and pathetic events. When the Lord Chief Justice asked if he had anyone present to assist him by writing down the proceedings, the noble prisoner said simply: "My lord, my wife is here to aid me." And, with the most wonderful calmness and self-possession, the usually timid woman rose from her husband's side and seated herself to take notes in those proceedings that were to issue in his life or death. Could womanly heroism go beyond this? It shook even the hearts of their bitter persecutors; the "atrocious judge" himself assumed a milder tone and said: "Will my lady give herself that trouble?"

Imagine the scene, ye wives who love your husbands; think of yourselves, compelled to sit and hear the trial that might end in such a cruel parting! Day and night, she sat there, working against fate, to prevent Lord Russell's condemnation. Day and night, did she labor afterward for a mitigation of his sentence. But all in vain. "The vindictive James Stuart longed for his blood; Charles, the king, laughed at mercy; the venial Duchess of Portsmouth feared to risk her power over the king by helping her." Every plan was tried, that would not lower the honor of the man. All, all in vain.

Bishop Burnett tells us that, "even in his last hours, Lord Russell expressed great joy in his 'sweet saint,'" and he describes, in his plain quaint style, the memorable parting:

"At eleven o'clock, they took leave of each other. He kissed her four or five times, and she kept her sorrows so hidden within

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her soul that she gave him no disturbance at their parting. 'There was,' said he, 'a signal providence of God, in giving him such a wife.' In her, there was every gift—of fortune, of great understanding, great religion, and a great kindness for himself. But her carriage in this extremity went beyond all ever known, and it was a great comfort to him that he could leave his children in such noble hands."

It is said that, as she cast her last look upon the honored and beloved of her true heart, she gazed steadfastly upon him, and then went away without permitting a single sob to disturb his serene composure—went away to that home which had known him for fourteen happy years, but which would know him no more forever. She went away, away, to count the fleeting moments that would pass before she should be a widow, and her little children without a father.

In this crisis of her life, she was alone with God. Her beloved sister was already gone, and her infant children could not understand her grief. In after years, she said that there was something almost divine and glorious in her sorrow, and her soul was upborne by the Lord, and could not be overwhelmed.

Even when all was over, she did not sit down with her sorrow; but, roused by her duties to her children as well as to her husband, she defended the memory of that martyred hero. She wrote a letter to King Charles—a letter that breathed the truth in every word; and even poor vacillating Charles Stuart could not refrain from expressing his admiration of her character.

The rest of her life, she devoted to the care and education of her children. But, above and beyond all else, she still labored for that cause which had been so dear to her husband, and also to wipe out the stain that had been put upon his name.

She says, in a letter to a friend: "I am anxious to do my duty in such a manner to the children of the one to whom I owe so much, so that my son may never say that, if his mother had been less ignorant or less negligent, he had been more blessed."

As time passed, she lived to reap the reward of her labors. She lived to see the triumph of those principles for which her beloved husband had suffered, and to see his name restored to all its former glory and forever coupled with the honor and freedom of his country. She saw the revolution settled into a new and popular government, and the first act of the new monarch was to reverse the sentence of Lord Russell's attainder, and his execution was called a "murder" by the new House of Commons.

Yes, she lived to see all this, and to receive honors and compliments that would have shaken a mind less firm and self-centred. Honors were showered upon the two noble houses she loved so well. Devonshire and Bedford were elevated to dukedoms, and most worthy mention was made of Lord William Russell in the royal letters-patent.

But, tried by both adversity and prosperity, this heroine remained unchanged. History has embalmed her name as a talisman—the watchword of truth, of virtue and vigilance, of domestic love and lofty heroism.

She lived to become a very old lady, but no trace of the prejudices or peculiarities of old age was found to linger about her. Her heart was green with immortal youth, and to the very last she busied herself about her orphan grandchildren, and enjoyed, in the depths of her chastened spirit, the respect and honor due to experience and wisdom and length of days.

A halo of glory encircles her name, and every spot that is connected with her earthly pilgrimage is cherished by the daughters of England as a sacred shrine.

LOVE.

BY ESSIE SWEIN.

Oh, the love that is born of pleasure
Is sweet as the breath of a rose;
'Tis gentle as is the sweet June breeze
That over the meadow blows.

But the love that is born of sorrow
Is strong: it is wild and deep,
And not all the quiet of ages
Can lull its wild longing to sleep.

And which is the love for choosing?
And which to possess is the best?
Ah, neither—since he who possesses
Most love is possessed of unrest!

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A STORY OF '49.

BY HERO STRONG.

IT was in '49.

The gold-fever was at its highest, and, in the vicinity of the great Westbourne lode, hundreds of miners' cabins sent up their blue smoke against the morning sky.

A rough and lawless set were these miners; yet, after their own notions, they were generous and possessed of a stern sense of honor—oftentimes, alas! found lacking in more civilized society.

Back of the camp, the snow-clad Sierra Nevadas rose towering to the very heavens; and, through a gap in the craggy ridges toward the east, the sun rose out of the desolate plains of alkali, and worked his way upward out of the mountain-peaks.

A noisy tumultuous stream broke into numberless waterfalls on its course downward to mingle its waters with the majestic sweep of the Sacramento, and, nights when the sound of the shovel and the pick was still, the mountain stream blended its music with the murmur of the wind in the tree-tops and reminded the wakeful miner of the clear waters and the whispering pines in the land he had left behind him.

Tom Cartland, the old man who had struck the rich vein in the Westbourne lode, was one of the very first to locate in that vicinity. He had come from somewhere east of the Mississippi, nobody knew exactly where, and it was believed by many that his past record would not bear very close examination. That, however, made very little difference to the society of wild natures in which he found himself, as they were not disposed to look very closely into a man's antecedents. So that he possessed courage and endurance, and would fight when insulted, and could play poker without cheating, he needed no other passport.

Cartland had a daughter, who joined him some six months after he settled at Westbourne's—a pretty blue-eyed creature, with a face like a lily, and a grace which would have ornamented a city drawing-room.

Stella—that was her name—was about seventeen years of age, and the devotion of the father to his daughter was something wonderful to behold. A woman in the camp was such a rare thing, in those days, that the miners treated her like a queen; and, rough and savage though they were in the main, not a man among them but lowered his voice and softened his hard face with a smile at her approach. The rarest flowers and the finest trophies of the hunt were brought to Cartland's cabin for the pleasure of his pretty daughter, and a kind word of thanks from her sweet lips was ample reward for everything.

Toward the spring of 1850, the grizzly bears were very troublesome, and at length the miners of Westbourne's Gulch organized a party to go out and try to capture some of the boldest of the terrible animals. Cartland was the leader.

They came upon a couple of the animals, made desperate by hunger, and a fight ensued. Old Cartland had slain more than one of the terrible creatures in close encounters before now, and he did not know the meaning of the word fear. And the result was that the bear, convulsed in the agonies of death, with Cartland's sharp knife through her vitals, dealt the old man a blow which crushed in his chest and made it a matter of only a few hours' time when the old miner would render up his final account.

With sad hearts and tender hands, his companions bore the desperately wounded man to his cabin under the mountain crags, and stood around the couch of skins where he lay gasping his life away, to hear his last commands.

Stella, wild with grief, knelt beside her dying father—her white face buried in the shaggy gray beard which fell over his breast, her small hand held fast in his horny palm.

"Pards," said the old miner, lifting his fast-glazing eyes to the sympathizing faces

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above him, "I'm a-going to vamose the ranch. Before the sun goes down, I shall see her mother," touching lightly the girl's golden hair. "Shall I tell her, pards, that I left her little girl in safe hands? Shall I tell her that her child will be cared for and protected—"

"Ay, that you may!" came solemnly from half a score of men. "We will protect her with the last drop of blood in our veins! Tell her that, pardner!"

Cartland's eyes closed, his fingers relaxed their grasp on Stella's hand, and it mattered not to him then whether the rugged cliffs of the rocky Nevadas or the smiling meadow-lands of his boyhood's home cradled his body for its long rest. It was rest, all the same.

For a long time, Stella was sad and would not be consoled. The miners vied with each other in contributing to her comfort. They took long journeys to the eastward to bring her books and the pretty trinkets that they knew she longed for, and one of the men imported his sister, a vigorous old woman from San Francisco, to wait on the young girl and keep her company.

By and by, Stella outlived her trouble and smiled again, and sang the songs she had loved, and danced up and down the rough paths to gather the brilliant wild flowers and to frolic with the dogs, as had been her wont before her father was carried out and laid in the green shadowy cañon behind Mount Major.

Sometime in the summer following Cartland's death, a new vein of ore was discovered lower down on the mountain-side, and a party from the East came on to develop it.

Mr. Earle Sherwood was the manager for the company, and his father, a wealthy New York merchant, was one of the principal owners. Accident brought Mr. Sherwood to Westbourne's, and accident led to a meeting between him and Stella.

It was the sad old story over again, the story which is being continually repeated all over the world. He was handsome and fascinating and unprincipled, and she was lovely and innocent; and, before her rough guardians had time to put themselves on the defense, the mischief had been done: Stella's young heart had passed out of her possession. And, one morning, when the sun was shining and the noisy stream poured out its merry music on the pure mountain air, young Sherwood rode up the rocky path on his white horse, to tell the poor young girl that he was going away on the morrow, and that he should not come back.

"It is a little hard for you, my dear," he said, lightly; "but of course it would be out of my power to marry one like you. I should be disowned by my set. Our stations in life are so different—you cannot understand. But I shall always think of you kindly—you have made the summer very pleasant for me; and now, if you will shake hands and kiss me good-bye—"

"I would die before I would touch your hand!" cried Stella, rising to her slender height like a queen. "You told me that you loved me—you won my heart, and now you have ruined my happiness! And I—God help me! I loved you!"

"There, there, Stella!" said young Sherwood, trying to stay her wild flood of tears, "there is no harm done. We have both enjoyed the summer hugely, and you have gained some useful experience. Of course, I never dreamed that you would take our little flirtation so seriously."

A heavy step sounded on the refuse stone behind the rude bench where the treacherous Sherwood was sitting, and Jack Selford, one of the friends of old Cartland, stalked out of the underbrush and stood before the young gentleman with a lowering brow.

"I don't know what yer code of laws may be, in the big town you hail from, young man," said the miner; "but here at Westbourne's, the man as fools a woman has a choice of two things—marriage or death!"

"Don't be tragic!" said Sherwood, reddening with anger and drawing a revolver from his pocket as he spoke. "I have done the girl no harm. Stand out of my way, or I shall hurt you!"

Selford laughed.

He lifted his huge fist and struck the gleaming weapon from the young man's grasp, and sent it ringing down the precipice at their feet.

"I will give you your choice," he said, grimly—"marriage or death!"

"Go to the devil!" roared Sherwood. "I am married already. And my wife, the

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fairest and loveliest woman in New York, is waiting there for me. Marriage, indeed! Why, man, you must be crazy!" and he attempted to pass the burly miner as he stood in his path.

"Stop!" cried Selford, hoarsely. "You are a monster, and the wife who waits for you shall never again look on your false face!"

He sprang upon Sherwood, and bore him down with his great weight. Upon the very brink of the awful precipice, the two men struggled for the mastery, their eyes wild with savage rage, their breaths hot in each other's face.

Sherwood's well-trained strength was no match for the iron brawn and sinew of the miner. He was losing ground—another moment, and he would be forced back and down over the precipice!

Stella darted forward and threw her arms around him.

"Spare him, Jack!" she cried. "Oh, I pray you, spare him! I loved him! Heaven help me, I love him still!"

Selford fell back, his bronzed face working with emotion.

Quick as thought, Sherwood seized on the advantage, sprang to his feet, and snatched a pistol from his pocket.

He aimed it at Jack's heart, and instantly there was a sharp report; but, before the ball sped on its deadly way, Stella had rushed between the two men, and her uplifted white arm fell powerless at her side, while the blood dyed her blue dress crimson.

At the sight of her pale and deathly faint, Selford dashed down on young Sherwood, and, with an oath which shall not be written here, he hurled him headlong over the precipice!

Two years afterward, Jack Selford quietly married Stella Cartland, and the old forty-niners who had known her father danced at the wedding and showered gold-dust without stint on the wandering minister who performed the ceremony.

Later on, when, having made his fortune, Jack Selford shaved off his uncivilized beard, donned the clothes of a gentleman, and took his fair young wife to the East to live, Sherwood's widow was pointed out to him as a woman who had never heard from her husband, who went to California in '49. And Selford smiled grimly to himself, and thought it very likely that she would go on to the end, never hearing from him.

PASSION-FLOWERS.

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.

THE pages of white flutter open to-night
And the poem she loved lies revealed to my sight.
We read it together in days that were ours,
And she signed it her own with the pale passion-flowers—
The sad passion-flowers that drift to my feet,
Drained dry of the dew and the dawn and the sweet—
The dead passion-flowers, once trembling to this,
The word of my love and the touch of my kiss.

And I speak to the dead, and I dream in her eyes;
I am kissed by her lips, I am sad in her sighs.
I were glad did she smile; but the dead do not smile—
Tears, sighing and laughter and silence, the while.

But the dead never smile, and the dead are not glad:
For she lay in my arms, all uncaring to rise,
And the life of the dead was revealed in her eyes,
And the love of the grave and the blank of the skies.
Was there song for the lips? And the lips whispered "Nay."
Was there light for the eyes? And the eyes turned away.
Gold ways for the feet? Ah! the white feet had bled.
And crownless and sad hung the beautiful head.

Ah, pale passion-flowers, that glowed in the dawn
Of the days that were youth's and the days that are gone!
Ah, sad passion-flowers—once leaning to know
The kiss of my bliss and the kiss of my woe!
Ah! dead passion-flowers, I hide you from sight
Forever away 'twixt the pages of white.

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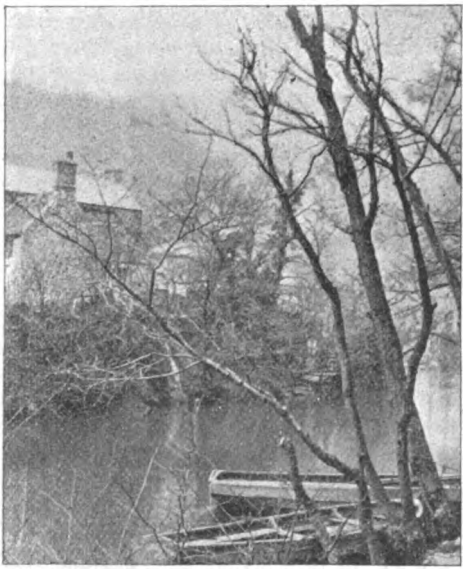
A TARDY ANSWER.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.



"WHAT is it the proverb says about a January thaw? Well, I don't exactly remember; but a February thaw is quite as bad, especially when one has a new fur-trimmed pelisse and is anxious to wear it," sighed Alma Creighton, as she gazed out of the nursery window, a half-pouting expression on her lovely face.

The prospect without was much more inviting than that within. Alma often thought that the view from the children's room half reconciled her to the dreary hours she spent there. The Creighton homestead, a handsome old house rapidly falling to pieces, stood apart from the other dwellings in the little village of Buxton. The front of the mansion faced its neighbors; but the back, where the nursery was, looked out on the open country. Close by, the river took a sudden turn into sight, bordered by trees, bare now of leaves; and on the opposite bank, almost hidden by the foliage in summer, stood the home of Mrs. Creighton's brother. The boats moored on the Creightons' side really belonged to Alma's uncle; but there was a whole troop of his small nieces and nephews to use them, and only one representative of the Richmond family —a young lady not much given to athletic or outdoor sports. Those boats were rather a grievance to Alma.

"If I could ride and row and drive and play lawn-tennis as much as I pleased, do you think I'd be content to poke in the house all day, as Gertrude does?" she thought for the thousandth time this February day. "But then, Gertrude never did like the things I care about, except once," and, at the remembrance of that once, Alma's face clouded. She did not let her thoughts run long in this direction, however; for, after all, she had no very good reason for her belief. "I really think," continuing her reflections, "Gertrude would not mind being shut up here in this little stuffy room with these tiresome children, trying to teach them something!" It never occurred to Alma to take any credit to herself for the patience with which she ordinarily bore her burdens; she had been too long used to having her cousin held up as a paragon of all the virtues, to dispute the correctness of the family ideal. "Why wasn't I born with a silver spoon in my mouth, instead of Gertrude?" It was characteristic of Miss Richmond, that nobody, not even her cousins, dreamed of nicknaming her. "I'm sure I would have enjoyed it more. Why did papa fail and Uncle Richmond succeed in the same business?"

At this point in her meditations, the abstracted school-mistress was recalled to her immediate duties by a loud wail from her pupils. One of the youthful Creightons was receiving a severe shaking from her elder brother, for spilling ink on his copy-book; and, while Alma settled the disturbance and reminded the incensed boy that she was the dispenser of justice in that temple of Minerva, another of the small fry burst into tears, sobbing:

"Oh, sister, I've worked so long over this old multiplication, I've rubbed the lines most all out."

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Conscious of her deficiencies as an instructor of youth—for she had been educated at a fashionable boarding-school in the days of their prosperity—Alma did her best to restore order in her small kingdom. All the while, however, she had an unhappy sense of how well, prudent sensible Gertrude would have managed in her place, and the discouraging contrast increased her low spirits.

The Creighton family had just begun to multiply when adversity overtook the father,

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and, though Alma had served an apprenticeship of five years at her task, she felt as if there would never be an end to it, there were so many small brothers and sisters growing up.

If mamma would only be sensible and send them all to the public school in the village, they would learn ever so much more, and how much happier I should be! But poor mamma can never get over her aristocratic notions; she can never forget that she belongs to one of the first families in Virginia!"

Alma sighed, not for the first time, over her mother's pride, as she dismissed the children to get ready for luncheon. It was seldom that she allowed herself to indulge in such melancholy reflections as she had just given way to; but to-day was her birthday, and on this occasion she felt privileged to make a little moan all to herself. Twentytwo, and there seemed a poor chance of her doing anything with her life! The opportunities for a wider venture were small in a country village, hampered by family cares and duties as she had been. Then, too, just when the spirit of revolt was strongest in her, a new world had seemed to open before her; but it was all a mistake. At that thought, Alma always ended her reveries and brought herself back to every-day existence. This time, she was glad that the luncheon-bell sounded its imperative summons—she must go down and cut bread for five hungry mouths.

The weather changed in the night, and, with it, Alma's mood. The snow fell fast, and, as fast as it fell, froze hard, for the thermometer had fallen rapidly in a few hours. The storm was over before morning; but, when the sun came out, it shone brightly on a world shrouded in white.

As soon as luncheon was ended, Alma arrayed herself in her new coat and a hat which her own cunning fingers had contrived to make look like new.

"For, you see," she explained to Gertrude, "it is my misfortune never to have two new things at the same time, much less an entire costume. If my cloak is new, that means my other clothes are old. I wonder how it would feel to have everything you had on fresh from the shops!"

Gertrude experienced that sensation so often, perhaps she did not appreciate it, for she thought her cousin rather frivolous.

Alma had no special destination, this cold February afternoon; she only wanted to get into the open air, and she wore her best clothes simply because she so hated shabby things. Her mother would have been shocked at her recklessness. Half unconsciously, she turned her steps away from the village. The wind blew sharply in her face, and, holding her muff up to shield her from it, she hurried on, rather enjoying her contest with the elements. She did not glance up as she went along, for she knew every step of the way; and besides, she was still dreaming. Some careless allusion of Gertrude's—her cousin had been over to see her before luncheon—had brought back the past so keenly that she could not put it out of her mind. She had oped the wind would blow it away; but instead, it had sharpened all her recollections until the only escape was to go over the old story again and again, in every detail.

Possibly it was the wood into which she was entering, and in whose shadows they two had walked, many a hot summer day! Surely the giant trees, with their leafless branches, and the verdureless frozen ground, were different enough from their summer aspect to disenchant her effectually of any idle dreams; there was nothing in the outward garb of her surroundings to recall that vanished summer of youth and love. Positively, Alma felt very ancient and spinster-like as she stood at the foot of an old dead tree and gazed up at the wintry sky.

"Perhaps I shouldn't be such a goose," she thought, a little bitterly, as she noticed a tear-drop on her muff, "if I had a few pleasant things in my outlook, to make me forget the past. I always thought poor Caroline Helstone, in 'Shirley,' cared so much for Robert Moore because she had few other interests. Shall I ever be able to make a career for myself, I wonder—for nobody will want to marry me, even if I want to marry!"

The matrimonial possibilities of Buxton were poor indeed; the village consisted chiefly of the houses of the workmen in Mr. Richmond's great manufactory, around which as a nucleus the place had grown into its not very extensive proportions. When Mr. Creighton failed in his New York business, just as Alma reached her sixteenth year, he had accepted his brother-in-law's

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offer and become head book-keeper in the latter's large factory. He had moved into the almost tumbledown mansion, which was a relic of a former land-owner's now departed greatness, and which its present proprietor—Mr. Richmond—had given to his sister.

Alma had never had but the one lover, unless you could apply the term to the village clergyman, a middle-aged widower with a large family of small children, who had asked Miss Creighton to share his brilliant lot a year ago. The young lady had declined with thanks, smiling to herself as she did so; for she happened to know that the honor had first been proffered to Gertrude.

"Now, it would have been the very thing for Gertrude," Alma thought; "it would have given her such a wide field for her peculiar talents!"

Gertrude herself thought differently, however; indeed, Alma firmly believed, though she could give no good reason for the belief, that her cousin was smarting under the same sense of loss that she was. There had come no further test of the constancy of either of the damsels; and perhaps, for Alma's sake at least, it was just as well. Brought up in the narrow conventional fashion in which the poor girl had been, it is probable that, if a pleasant way of escape had been offered her, she would have accepted it without that essential glorifier of every marriage-lot, whether rich or poor—love.

Something of all this Alma was vaguely thinking as she emerged from the wood into the open country beyond. She was nearing the site of an old village that had been destroyed at the beginning of the French and Indian war, when the savages, at French instigation, made incursions from Canada into Northern New York. An attack similar to that on Schenectady, but of less consequence, had swept away almost every trace of the old settlement, from which Mr. Richmond's more modern colony had borrowed its name. An old and ruined mansion, the principal residence in the village probably, together with an ancient well-sweep, was the pride of the new Buxton. These relics of antiquity were on property belonging at the present to Alma's uncle, and he had promised her that they should remain untouched as long as it was in his power to preserve them.

The old well-sweep possessed a peculiar fascination for Alma; her keenest joy and pain both centred about the place. It was

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covered with snow now, and the snow-birds fluttered around it. Like everything in the world—her world—it had changed since that pleasant summer day when she and Gertrude and Walter Haydyn walked by it, laughing and chatting gayly. At least, she and Walter had been gay; afterward, when she thought about it, she remembered that Gertrude had been unusually silent—Gertrude, who never indulged in moods.

"That was one of the things that made me think she cared for Walter," thought Alma, though she hardly liked to admit the idea, even to herself. "Gertrude would have been a more suitable wife for him than I, both in years and disposition. Such

a quiet creature as he was, almost grave; but I don't believe he ever gave her a thought."

No, Alma had never for a moment fancied that, even when he so heartlessly left without a word. He had gone back to some other duty, some other love. It had been a mystery then, and it was a mystery still, after eighteen long weary months in which she had heard nothing of Walter Haydyn.

They had grown to be such good friends, in that brief bright summer he spent in Buxton, recruiting his health after a long illness brought on by overwork. But they so seldom saw each other alone that they had no chance to utter a word of love. Gertrude or the children were always about. Afterward, Alma fancied, though she tried to banish the idea, that Gertrude had haunted her side purposely. She could not bear to think so, but her cousin had never been so intimate with her before or since.

"It is a mean, petty, unworthy thought," Alma told herself once again, as she had oftentimes before in thinking of the past; but still she could not rid her mind of it.

Then the time came that he was to go away, back to the world and his work. They were taking their last walk together, and Gertrude must needs join them. They were going toward the old well-sweep, near which they paused and rested. He made some excuse, tore a slip of paper out of his note-book, and scribbled a few lines. He pretended it was a memorandum; but, when they reached the door of the Creighton mansion and he shook hands with both the young ladies, he managed to slip the note into Alma's hand. It was very brief, but it was the epitome of a lifetime of joy and sweetness to the silently grieving girl.

"Alma, dearest," he wrote, "if you care for me ever so little, let me have one word saying so. Meet me by the old well-sweep at six o'clock, or place your answer in that deep crevice in the woodwork. I will come to the house this evening, if you say so; if not, I must bid you good-bye forever."

When Alma's first bewilderment resolved itself into joy and she realized what her answer would be, she remembered that six o'clock was the children's supper-hour and she could not be spared. She wrote a brief reply, begging him to come to the trysting-place at half-past eight o'clock. If he called at the house, she knew how it would be. He would not dare, in the quiet village, to come after eight; and, if he came before, the children would be rampant and she would not be able to see him. She shuddered at the thought of love's beautiful poetry being rubbed off by the sordid prosaic atmosphere of the Creighton home.

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At five o'clock, she slipped out with the note and returned to her work, light-hearted as a bird. She was so cheerful and patient that she managed to get the children to bed earlier than usual, and, by a few moments past eight, had slipped quietly out of the house. On her way, she met Gertrude; seeing whom, Alma started guiltily.

"Were you coming to see me?" she asked. "I have a little errand in the village."

"You are taking the wrong direction," remarked her cousin, dryly.

"Yes, I know; I want to get a breath of fresh air first," explained Alma.

"Well, don't stop for me; good-bye," answered Gertrude, turning in the direction of her own house, without appearing to notice that she had not been invited to accompany her cousin.

Poor Alma! She waited at the trysting-place till long after the appointed hour, and then crept home through the darkness of the still summer night, glad that there was no moon.

Early the next morning, Mr. Haydyn went back to New York, passing completely out of all their lives. Gertrude rarely spoke of him, and everybody seemed to forget him, after the manner of acquaintances generally —Alma, apparently, soonest and easiest of all.

Forget him! For a single instant, Alma buried her head in her muff, then she turned hastily and fairly flew over the ground toward home. She had been living for a few moments in the long dead summer, so vividly that the newly rising wind, which had abated for a while, struck her face and heart with an icy chill.

"It is winter now," she remembered, and hastened to get into the warm fire-lit house.

Two or three days afterward, Gertrude came over to see her cousin, looking strangely bright and excited.

"We had such a pleasant visitor last night," she remarked—trying, Alma thought, to speak carelessly. "Of course, I told you about the new foreman. He is highly educated and intelligent, and will prove quite an acquisition to Buxton."

"No, you didn't say anything about him," answered Alma; "but papa was telling me something about him. Lost all his money, poor fellow, I believe."

"Yes," assented Gertrude; "it seems a great pity."

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"Well, I don't think he interests me much; I am too impecunious myself to feel an interest in poor people. I shall never assist at the Romance of a Poor Young Man."

"How disagreeable of you, Alma!" cried Gertrude; but she hastened to change the subject before her cousin had a chance to reply.

The winter lingers long in Northern New York, and this particular year it lingered longer than usual. April found the ground still white with snow, and people clinging to their heavy wraps. It seemed to Alma the longest and dreariest winter she had ever passed; but she was beginning to see that it had been different with her cousin. A change had come over Gertrude—"a change of heart," Alma phrased it to herself, when thinking of the alteration. The grave sedate girl had blossomed into a new beauty and brightness. Alma thought she could guess the cause.

She had met the foreman, but perhaps some talisman within her own heart had kept her impervious to his charms. They were excellent friends, but it was evidently Miss Richmond whom he preferred; and, before April came, Alma had decided that it was no mercenary consideration which drew him toward her cousin—it was probably the attraction of opposites.

Frank Garry was a bright, breezy, frank young fellow, open as the sunshine or a cheery fire. Speaking of him one day, in the way she knew Gertrude liked, Alma had said:

"He seems so true; you can't imagine his doing a mean thing, nor even of anyone's doing a mean thing if he were near. His breezy frankness blows all baseness and littleness away, not only from one's life, but even one's nature."

She would have gone on with her eulogy, probably, for there was no smallness about her; she wanted Gertrude to find happiness, if she herself could not. But, happening to glance toward her hearer, she noticed that her cousin was very pale and did not seem to be listening to her. Soon afterward, Gertrude took her leave.

"Surely it is the last snow-storm of the season," mused Alma, as she sat at the nursery window, gazing dreamily over at her uncle's house. The winter's storms had broken down some of the obstructing trees, and the door was plainly in view. She had just seen Frank Garry go in—to inquire after Mr. Richmond, who had been ill, she supposed. It was a long time before he came out, and, when he did, he looked neither sad nor exactly exultant. In a few moments, Gertrude came over.

She would remove neither her long coat nor her fur cap, but begged Alma to go with her into the library. Once there, she told her cousin, with a nervousness new to the sober Gertrude, that Mr. Garry had asked her to marry him.

"You said 'yes'?" cried Alma, eagerly; but her companion shook her head in response.

"I wished him to give me a week's time to decide in," came the hesitating answer.

Alma was disappointed; but, after making this confession, which she had seemed urged on to utter, Gertrude would not explain herself and soon left the house, while Alma returned to the nursery window. As she looked idly out, she noticed a man, whose whole figure and air seemed strangely familiar, approaching her uncle's residence. He was about to ring the bell when she saw her cousin hurry up to him and evidently call, for the man turned, and, as Gertrude caught his hands almost imploringly, Alma gave a smothered cry. It was Walter Haydyn!

And this was what Gertrude Richmond was saying, so rapidly as not to allow herself time to retreat:

"I sent for you, Mr. Haydyn, to make a confession and give you this," handing him a folded paper as she spoke. "I took that note from its hiding-place in the old well-sweep, on a certain day that I believe you have not forgotten. You will understand, when you read it, why Alma was not in the house the evening you called, hoping the answer to your question might have been blown away. I told you the truth, and, even if you had rung the bell, you would not have seen her. I can only ask your forgiveness for the year of separation and suffering I have caused you both. Do you think you can ever grant it?"

"That is all past and done—what does it matter now?" Walter Haydyn answered, as, with transfigured face, he read Alma's long-lost note. "You have given her back to me, and we have all our lives before us."

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THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

"WHY, Harrison Vyner! Is that you? I had not an idea that you were in Europe. I thought you were too busy painting portraits, after the sensation you created with that of Mrs. Clement Addison at the Academy of Design three years ago, to be permitted to leave your native land."

"I have been traveling over the Continent for nearly two years past," made answer the gentleman thus unceremoniously addressed, as he paused on the shady side of Bond Street, one bright morning early in July, two years after the season rendered memorable in London by the death of Mrs. Rivers.

The first speaker, a young New-Yorker, extremely well dressed and good-looking as well, by name Walter Reynolds, linked his arm unceremoniously in that of his countryman.

"Come and lunch with me, there's a good fellow, and tell me all that has been going on in the art-world for the last twelvemonth. Since I was named Secretary of Legation in Spain, I have had very little chance to see anyone or to hear about anything."

"I will lunch with you with pleasure, Reynolds, but—"

"But me no buts, old fellow. I'll not take a refusal for any reason whatever. Here's the Grosvenor—come right in; I see an inviting-looking table just beyond the window. Waiter! two siphons of Seltzer-water and lots of ice, and then bring me the bill of fare."

"As impetuous, as willful, and as hospitable as ever, Reynolds. Well, my 'but,' that caused such a vehement protest on your part, was merely a deprecation of my powers of giving you the news of the art-world—or of any other world, indeed—for the past year. I have seen nothing and heard nothing, and, apart from the little work I have been able to do myself, I am ignorant entirely of all the facts connected with painting or with pictures."

"Then, what on earth have you been about all this time? In love—eh? No, that shake of the head was all-convincing. I'll just order lunch forthwith, and then I shall insist on having you tell me all about your past life. No objection, I hope, to eggs with anchovies, and to stewed kidneys? That's right—and a broiled chicken with mushrooms will do nicely, to wind up with. There, waiter—look sharp and tell the cook not to forget the mushrooms, as he did last Wednesday. Take another lump of ice, Vyner, and put some Chablis in your Seltzer-water. And now begin. What have you been about since you left New York?"

"I have been trying to save the life of a man who once saved mine."

"That seems to have been an unduly prolonged process, it strikes me. Begin at the beginning, and let me hear the whole story."

"I suppose you remember that, after I took my first prize at the Academy of Fine Arts in Paris, I went for a tour through Switzerland?"

"Yes, I recollect hearing about it. Also, you painted one or two bits of Swiss scenery that were exhibited in New York."

"You are right. They sold well, too, which was a comfort. I got to Chamounix during the last days of an uncommonly warm August, and the first excursion that I decided upon making was to cross the Mer de Glace. I was rather tired of guides and valets de place, and I made up my mind that I would go by myself. As to the danger in doing so, it never so much as entered my brain. Being strong and active, used to walking and given to keeping on the look-out for any difficult places in the path, I could not dream of any possible danger. So off I started, one fine

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morning, with my spy-glass slung over my shoulder and my alpenstock in hand, carefully keeping out of the way of any stray parties of tourists that might be bound for the same spot as myself. I reached the Mer de Glace in good order and condition, and was quite charmed with its vast extent and its singular beauty—that great frozen sea, with its motionless waves and its gleams as of emeralds and sapphires in the depths of its fathomless crevasses. These had become more numerous and wider by reason of the recent warm weather; but, whenever one of them crossed my path, I easily contrived to leap over it by means of my alpenstock. But at last, whilst I was springing over a crevasse of unusual width, my alpenstock broke short off near the ferrule, and I was precipitated into the icy abyss."

"Good heavens, what a predicament! And you were all alone, too."

"Yes; and, but for one fortunate circumstance, I should never have released myself or returned to terra-firma to tell of my adventure. This was the existence of a ledge of frozen snow about half-way down one of the walls of the crevasse. On this I chanced to lodge, and, by the aid of the upper part of my alpenstock—to which I had clung during my fall—I managed to keep myself from slipping any farther. I shouted long and loudly for assistance. Nobody heard my cries, and nobody came. The snow-ledge began to melt beneath the weight and warmth of my body, and I was so benumbed with the intense cold that it was with the utmost difficulty that I could retain my position. I managed to force my stick into a crack in the ice-wall, and this aided greatly in supporting me. But, just as I was about to give up in despair, after uttering one last despairing shriek for aid, a face looked down upon me from the upper world. It was that of a young Englishman, Francis Severne by name, who was, like me, making a tour through Switzerland."

"And so you were saved."

"Yes, but not easily nor at once. Sir Francis—"

"Ah, your preserver then was the 'millionaire baronet,' as he is called at the clubs."

"The very man. He sent off his guide at once to the nearest refuge, in search of ropes and more men; and, until these came, he knelt at the edge of the crevasse, encouraging me with voice and gesture—and he also contrived, by tearing his handkerchief and the lining of his overcoat into strips, to lower to me his spirit-flask. I think it was the contents of that flask that saved my life. Even with its aid, I was insensible when the guides arrived with the ropes; and the men declared that I was dead, and that there was no use in taking any more trouble about me. But Severne insisted upon having me brought out of the crevasse; and finally, seeing the snow-ledge crumbling and plashing to its fall, he insisted upon knotting the rope around his own body and being lowered to bring me up. He was just in time. He caught my cold insensible figure in his arms at the moment that the frail shelf on which I had rested broke away and went crashing down into the depths, and it was with infinite difficulty that he maintained his hold till we were both landed in safety on the surface of the Mer de Glace."

"That was gallantly done!"

"Was it not? And the more so that Severne has never been very robust, and the effort and the anxiety of my rescue brought about a severe attack of illness, which prostrated him for some weeks. Long after I was well and strong and able once more to travel, my deliverer was unable to leave his bed. I remained with him and helped to take care of him till he had entirely recovered. And then we parted; he returning to his estates in England, and I taking my departure for the United States, to begin the exercise of my art."

"But all this happened years ago, you tell me. What connection has your adventure on the Mer de Glace with your presence just now in London?"

"I am coming now to that part of my story. Do you remember the beautiful Mrs. Lemuel Rivers, who died very suddenly of heart-disease, in this city, two years ago?"

"Perfectly. She dropped dead, did she not, at a ball she was giving in her house on Piccadilly? It was a shocking affair. I read all about it in the newspapers."

"But perhaps you did not come across—or rather, did not notice—a paragraph which appeared later, stating that the engagement of Mrs. Rivers to Sir Francis Severne had been announced at the ball in question, and that the shock of her sudden death had so prostrated the gentleman—whose

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health had never been very strong—that he was lying dangerously ill at his London residence, and that grave fears were entertained by his physicians that he would either die or lose his reason."

"No, that part of the history escaped my notice, as you say. He must have been madly in love with the lady, to have been so terribly affected by her loss."

"That he most certainly was; and, being of a nervous sensitive temperament, the terrible shock of her sudden death, joined to the agony of losing the woman he adored and had only just won, utterly crushed him mentally and physically. As soon as I saw this statement in the papers, I said to myself: 'Vyner, old fellow, there is something here for you to do, perhaps.' So I packed up my belongings, gave my mother and sisters a good-bye kiss each, and started across the Atlantic as fast as steam could bring me. And I have been with Severne ever since."

"Have you succeeded in doing him any good, do you think?"

"Yes and no. I have not been able to rouse him entirely from the dull stupor of grief in which I found him plunged, but I have managed to induce him to travel and to interest himself in a portrait of Mrs. Rivers, on which I have been at work for a long time past."

"A portrait of Mrs. Rivers? Had you ever seen her?"

"Yes, frequently. She was in Paris during the year that I was studying at the Beaux Arts, and I often met her in society or saw her at the Opera. But it is by no means easy to paint a likeness from memory, and, above all, one that will satisfy a heart-broken and bereaved lover. I have nothing to guide me but a very poor photograph; for Mrs. Rivers, like most persons with very blue eyes, never was successful in obtaining a satisfactory photograph of herself. And, what was rather odd for a lady so wealthy and of such exceptional loveliness, she had never sat for her portrait to any one of the great painters of the day. So Severne's only hope of obtaining a good likeness of her lies in the efforts of my brush."

"I wish you all success. And now, what are you intending to do?"

"Severne's restless misery impels him to travel continually, and he clings to me and to my companionship as though I were the only person to afford him even a partial consolation. And that, in fact, I believe I am. We leave for Scotland this evening, to spend a few weeks; and after that, I hope to persuade him to take a trip to the United States."

"Then you mean to devote yourself to him for an indefinite length of time?"

"Reynolds, I remember, when I lay frozen and dying on the snow-ledge in the Mer de Glace, it was Severne's face that first looked down upon me with an assurance of possible safety; it was Severne's self-devotion that dragged me back to sunlight and to life. I shall remain beside him till I can snatch him from this worse abyss into which a great grief has hurled him, or till—"

"Till what?"

"Till I find that my cares and my efforts are useless to aid him. Up to the present time, I know that I have held him back from sinking utterly into despair; and, were I to leave him, the black depths of mental and physical prostration would yawn to receive him, and would not be cheated of their prey."

CHAPTER II.

"WELL, Severne, what are our plans for the day?" remarked young Vyner, in a cheerful tone, as he entered the private drawing-room appropriated to his friend's use and his own, at the Royal Hotel in Edinburgh.

Sir Francis, who was standing at the window, with the "Times" hanging idly in his listless hand, scarcely turned round as he made answer in a low monotonous tone:

"Anything that you please."

"You have visited Edinburgh before?"

"Yes, often."

"Then you have seen, I suppose, everything of interest in the city."

"I suppose so."

"What do you say, then, to our going to see the fair that is being held in the suburbs? It will form an object for a drive, at least."

"I have no objection."

"Then come to the table. Here is as good a breakfast as Scotland can provide—and that is saying a good deal—set out to tempt you."

Sir Francis languidly drew up his chair to the table, but did scant justice to the dainties

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which his companion piled upon his plate. Indeed, had it not been for the good example set him by Vyner and the genial presence and conversation of that personage, he would probably have sent away the meal wholly untasted. Then, after persuading Severne to take a cigar and luring him out for a walk, in which he contrived to interest him in the beauties of that singularly lovely city, he found himself seated by his side in a luxurious open carriage, en-route for the country fair. Sir Francis leaned back in the vehicle and closed his eyes, unheeding the charming details of the scenery through which the driver was conducting them. Yet he did not sleep; for, from time to time, one of the long-drawn sighs which had become habitual to him escaped from his lips.

"Utterly crushed!" said Vyner to himself, as he smoked his cigar in silence. "I begin to wonder if I am doing him any good, after all. He is just as sad, as taciturn, as wrapped up in his grief, as he was two years ago. I do keep him stirred up a little, I must confess; but that is all. After he takes that projected tour in the United States, I think I shall give up the struggle in despair. And yet, poor fellow, it would be a cruel action on my part, to leave him to himself. He would go mad or die in a month, I should think. I'll e'en let circumstances take their course, and the future shall decide."

The fair, with its bustling crowd, its varied humors, and its booths set out with cheap finery and gay crockery and other popular wares, formed an animated scene, which greatly amused Vyner, though it attracted scarce a glance from the dull eyes of his companion. At last, they paused before one of those itinerant theatres which form a prominent feature of every popular fair in Europe. On the platform before it, a clown in the traditional white suit was banging away lustily at a big drum. The manager of the show was setting forth, at the top of his hoarse cracked voice, the merits and marvels of the piece that was shortly to be represented, and the members of his company, full-dressed for the performance, were parading up and down, arm in arm, casting glances and smiles from time to time at the crowd collected to gaze at them.

"Good heavens, what a likeness! Look, Vyner—that girl—the third one from the end."

"A very pretty blonde, decidedly; and delicate and modest-looking, withal."

"Do you not see the resemblance? It is marvelous!"

"I confess that I cannot trace any likeness to anyone that I have ever seen before. Whom does she resemble so strongly?"

"Why do you compel me to pronounce her name? She is the living image of Adelaide Rivers. Come—the representation is about to begin. Let us take our tickets and get good places as close to the stage as possible. I must not lose sight of that girl."

The likeness was really remarkable, though probably less striking than it appeared to the morbid ideas of Francis Severne. The young girl who had so attracted his attention was tall and slender, with the same vivid blue eyes, golden hair, and natural grace of movement that had distinguished Mrs. Rivers. There existed between them, likewise, that peculiar identity of gesture and expression that is often to be traced between persons in no wise related. There was also an astonishing identity in the tones of the voice. If Mrs. Rivers and the young Scotch girl had ever stood side by side, many details of difference in their personal appearance would have become noticeable; but the likeness was sufficiently strong to strike Harrison Vyner with astonishment as soon as his attention was called to it, while, as to Francis Severne, he was in an ecstasy. Fully aroused from the apathy that had so long weighed upon his brain, he followed with absorbed attention every movement and every change of expression of the girl, who had restored to his eyes a copy of the living loveliness that he had so wildly worshiped.

The dress of the young actress aided in carrying out the illusion. It was a semi-regal costume, in pale-blue cotton velvet, set off with an infinity of false diamonds and pearls; and it presented, in the dim light of the booth, a shadow, so to speak, of the splendid robes and dazzling gems of the radiant Queen of Diamonds of two years before.

"Who is she, Vyner? What is her name?" asked Severne, as the curtain fell, shutting out from his gaze the object of his rapt contemplation.

His friend consulted the shabby little playbill.

"The Princess Eglantine—Miss Stella Dunbar," he read.

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"Dunbar—Stella Dunbar. I shall not forget that name. You must get her to sit to you, Vyner. I want you to secure a study of her head, so that you may finish the portrait that has kept you busy for so long."

"I think, Severne, that there is less resemblance between her and Mrs. Rivers than you imagine; and a portrait of this girl—"

"I tell you, man, that she is her image—her living image! Oh, if I only could keep her in view, so as to have always present before my eyes that wonderful reproduction of my lost love! See—they are about to recommence the piece. I shall not move from this place. Go and take tickets for me, if not for yourself, for every other representation of the day. Ah, there she comes again! That pose of the head, the turn of the wrist in that last gesture—she is Adelaide Rivers restored to me from the grave!"

Vyner was too well pleased to see his friend's attention aroused by anything whatever, to find fault with the new interest that had caused him to shake off the torpor that had so long held him in a trance of dull indifference. He sat out complacently the whole series of performances, and, when they were at last concluded for the day, he went in search of Miss Dunbar, whom he found stopping with some of her comrades, at a little tavern close at hand.

He was prepared to be repelled and disenchanted by the aspect of the young girl, when viewed close at hand. Such, however, was not the case. He found himself in the presence of a very fragile and winning young creature, almost a child in years, so painfully shy as to remind him of some inoffensive animal that has been subjected to cruel treatment—and so is alarmed by everybody and everything—but neither uncultured nor unrefined. He imparted to her his wish to paint her portrait, saying that he would remunerate her handsomely. She hesitated and stammered; and finally Mrs. Maclean, the old woman of the troupe, who seemed to take quite a maternal interest in her pretty comrade, came to the rescue.

"You see, sir, Stella doesn't dare to make any such arrangements without first getting old Jargoyle's consent."

"And who is old Jargoyle, may I ask?"

"He's our manager, and Stella was bound apprentice to him by her mother before she died; so she darsn't make engagements for anything outside her daily work. Many's the time she could have bettered herself, had it not been for those indentures of hers. It was a bad business, that."

"My poor mother only thought of securing bread and protection for me," murmured Stella. "See, sir, I cannot accept your offer, kind as it is, unless the manager give his consent."

More and more struck with the great likeness of the young girl to Mrs. Rivers, and being proportionately anxious to secure a study of her head, with a view to the completion of the picture of the Queen of Diamonds, Mr. Vyner lost no time in looking up Mr. Jargoyle, a burly vulgar Englishman with a red face and a swollen purplish nose, who was readily found in the nearest drinking-shop of the quarter.

At first, he met Vyner's request with a flat refusal; but an offer of liberal payment for Miss Dunbar's services brought about a rapid change in his tone and manner, and finally he consented to put another member of his company in the part of the "Princess Eglantine," so as to leave her free to devote several hours a day to the required sittings.

"But look here, young man," went on Jargoyle, in his hoarse beery tones: "You mustn't be cockering up Stella and persuading her to run away from me. She's my apprentice, look you, and I'm going to hold on to her for the next three years; for I've got her tight and fast till she's twentyone. And she's pretty, and she can sing, and she's worth money to me. So, no tampering with my leading lady, or I'll set the police after you."

"You need not be uneasy on that score, Mr. Jargoyle; I have no idea of advising Miss Dunbar to leave her present position. I merely want to paint her portrait. I have fixed upon next Wednesday, at one o'clock, for the first sitting, and here is a week's payment in advance."

"Very good," responded Jargoyle, quite mollified by that last argument, slipping the coins into his pocket. "I'll send Stella round, never fear. The Royal Hotel, you say? That's all right and all settled."

Punctually at the appointed time, Miss Dunbar presented herself timidly at the door of the studio that Harrison Vyner had improvised in one of the largest of the private drawing-rooms of the Royal Hotel.

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The sittings, from the very first, were a great success. The youth, the modesty, and the rare loveliness of the young girl deeply interested the kindly heart of the young artist, and Sir Francis Severne was absorbed in contemplation, less of the portrait that was growing to completion on the canvas than of that other and living portrait of the vanished and adored original. He was always present at each one of the sittings, suggesting now a slight change of attitude, and now a deepening or softening of some tint in the complexion or the eyes or the hair, and always deeply interested in the progress of the picture.

During the sittings, Harrison Vyner, in order better to seize the varying aspects of the young girl's features, contrived to draw her into conversation, and soon learned the whole of her past history.

"Yes, I have been well taught," said Stella, in response to a remark concerning the correctness of her pronunciation and the purity of her language. "My mother was a governess in a wealthy Glasgow family, and only left their employ to marry my father, who was a clerk in a great banking-house in that city. I was their only child, and, as long as he lived, we wanted for nothing. We lived simply, it is true, but always comfortably and nicely. But he died when I was just twelve years old. After that, my mother lost her health and had hard work to support herself and me. At last, she took to singing Scotch ballads—she had a good voice and had been well educated in music, had my poor mother—and she joined a concert-company that Mr. Jargoyle was taking around the Scotch watering-places one summer. The work was too hard for her, and she broke down under it; and, before she died, she signed the papers that bind me to remain in Mr. Jargoyle's employ till I either marry or am twentyone. I lost her two years ago."

"And are you happy in your present life, my poor girl?" asked Sir Francis, with kindly solicitude.

"Happy? I am wretched—most wretched! I understood that I was to be a singer, like my mother; but Mr. Jargoyle— No, I will talk of this no more. Nobody can help me. I must try to get along as best I can till I am twentyone. Three long years! But then, if I have patience, the time will come to an end after a while, and I shall be free."

"You may marry in the meantime, and so get away earlier," remarked Harrison Vyner, touching the lips of the portrait, as he spoke, with the most vivid tints of which his palette was capable.

"Ah, no; that is hardly possible, for Mr. Jargoyle has set so high a value on my services that—that—" And Stella hesitated, stammered, and hung down her head, blushing to the very tips of her small shell-like ears.

"What is it, Miss Dunbar? We are both your friends, so do not hesitate to tell us."

"He wants to marry me himself; but that I could never bring myself to consent to. I would rather die!"

Then, as if terrified by her own vehemence, the young girl took refuge in absolute silence, and the sitting came to an end without further incident.

The interest excited in Sir Francis Severne's mind by the portrait and by the daily sittings produced the most favorable effect upon his health. He no longer spent his time in listless torpor, heeding nothing and caring for nothing. The resemblance existing between Stella Dunbar and Mrs. Rivers was really very great, and was exaggerated by his feverish fancy into almost an identity of aspect and expression. He delighted in lingering beside his friend's easel, watching every movement of his brush and every detail of the countenance of the youthful sitter. And, though sometimes the keen pang of a renewed grief would cause him suddenly to leave the room, in order to give way in private to the anguish of his remembered bereavement, he improved rapidly in bodily and mental health under the stimulus of this renewed interest. The image of Adelaide Rivers still filled and dominated his life, but he was no longer crushed beneath its overwhelming influence. And Harrison Vyner, charmed with the result of his experiment, prolonged as much as possible the period of the sittings, so as to continue the healthful influence of Severne's new preoccupation.

"I wish he would really fall in love with this girl and marry her," said the artist, over and over again, to himself, whilst working at his picture. "Severne is alone in the world, and is wealthy and can afford to please himself in the choice of a wife. But it would mortally offend him, were I even

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to hint at such a thing. Poor Stella—poor, pretty, gentle creature! What is to become of her, I wonder, when this refuge from persecution and uncongenial toil is at an end? I must try to suggest to Severne some means of releasing her from the clutches of Jargoyle. So young, so timid, and so refined as she is, life must be a burden to her, passed under the domination of that dreadful man. Well, we shall see hereafter. Your head a little more to the left, if you please, Miss Dunbar. Yes, that is about right." And the painter became absorbed anew in his occupation.

It was hardly possible that either of the two friends should comprehend to the full the nature of the influence exercised over the sensitive mind of the young girl by the hours she passed in the studio. The genial kindliness of Vyner and the gentle courtesy of Sir Francis differed so widely from the brutality of Jargoyle and the roughness of her other companions, and were so infinitely more congenial to the innate refinement of her nature, that the poor child felt as a chilled and half-drowned butterfly may when exposed to the reviving rays of the summer sun. The two gentlemen had become really interested in her, and they vied with each other in providing little pleasures to surprise her with at the daily sittings: a bouquet of choice flowers, a little basket of rare fruit, a portfolio of sketches and water-color drawings specially arranged for her inspection, etc. The exigences of the picture furnished, too, a pretext for forcing upon her acceptance—for she was as proud as she was shy—a simple but fresh and stylish white dress, with accompaniments of laces and ribbons, a toilette in which Severne declared that she looked more like Adelaide Rivers than ever. He did not say so before Stella. His invincible reticence concerning his dead betrothed kept his lips sealed respecting her, and he never so much as mentioned her name except to Vyner, and then only when there was no third person present. Meanwhile, Stella, though at first greatly surprised and puzzled at the anxiety manifested by this grave and elegant gentleman to possess her portrait, had long since ceased to wonder at it and had given up her poor bruised heart and tired-out brain to a tranquil enjoyment of the healing and refreshing influences of the situation.

But the sittings, though prolonged far beyond the original period fixed for their cessation, by Vyner's desire to keep up their revivifying influence over Francis Severne's nature, came to an end at last. The studio was filled with endless studies of Miss Dunbar's charming head, seen in profile, from the right, from the left, a three-quarter view, one done in full face, and so on. Jargoyle's show had long since departed on its travels; but he came back to Edinburgh from Glasgow, with his head full of new projects which could not be carried out, he asserted, without the presence and the aid of Stella Dunbar. What these projects were, he refused to reveal; but he wanted his "leading lady," as he called her, and he insisted upon her returning to him. So, one morning, there was quite a solemn leave-taking in the studio. Sir Francis slipped on Stella's arm a slender gold bangle as a parting gift, and Harrison Vyner threw over her head a gold neck-chain to which was attached a plain but pretty locket. But these presents, and the kind words wherewith they were accompanied, only drew from Stella's white lips a feeble murmur of thanks. She looked, poor child, like one about to die, so pale was her haggard countenance and so wild the look in her piteous blue eyes.

"You do not know—you do not know," she gasped, finally. "The sunshine of my life is going out. Good-bye—good-bye! I shall never forget your kindness while I live—not so long as I live!" And, hurrying to the door, she disappeared.

CHAPTER III.

"WHAT do you say to a drive, Severne?" said Harrison Vyner, late on the following day, holding off at arm's-length, as he spoke, his latest sketch of the expressive features of Stella Dunbar. "I have packed up all my traps, except one or two of my pictures which are not quite dry enough as yet to bear packing. And, as we leave Edinburgh to-morrow, I think that a visit to some of the pretty places in the suburbs will be interesting."

"Whatever you please, Vyner," answered Sir Francis, with something of the listless monotony of tone which had become habitual to him, but which he had partly shaken off during the past few weeks. He came forward and looked over the artist's shoulder at the picture.

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"I think now," he continued, "that you can complete your work on the Queen of Diamonds. What a wonderful resemblance! It strikes me with fresh astonishment every time that I look at any of your sketches."

"I wish you would let me send the Queen of Diamonds to the Paris Salon next spring."

"Perhaps I may, if you finish it to my satisfaction. How I regret the loss of my dead love's living image! Come—the air will do me good, and you too, Vyner, for you look quite worn out by your exertions."

The drive was a pleasant one, and the painter contrived to keep his friend talking by starting a discussion upon Scotch marriages and the ease with which they were formed and the indissoluble nature of the tie thus created.

"I have read something about them in old novels," remarked Vyner. "Mrs. Opie's 'Madeline,' for instance, and Mrs. Craik's 'Head of the Family.' I used to be very fond of reading novels when I was quite a small boy, and spent hours in devouring a great lot that had belonged to my mother in her youth, that were stored in our garret. A simple announcement before witnesses, that the parties intend to take each other for better and for worse, is sufficient in this country to make a marriage."

"Or an exchange of writings to the same effect. Do you not remember the catastrophe of Wilkie Collins's novel of 'Man and Wife'?"

"At any rate, the marriage-laws of a good many of the States of our Union are—Good heavens! Severne, what is that?"

They were approaching a deep cutting on the railroad. The setting sun—for the afternoon was far advanced—streamed down the open space and showed to the two gentlemen the form of a woman kneeling, or rather crouching, on the track, with her head buried in her hands. The deep thunder of the express-train from England, then due, was audible in the distance.

Both men were young and active and energetic. To leap from the carriage and to hurry toward that cowering figure were the work of a moment. It was Francis Severne who reached her first. Catching her by the arm, he swung her by main force clear of the rails just as the locomotive, followed by its countless cars, rushed past with a shriek and a roar and vanished, leaving behind it a trail of smoke and steam, a shower of red coals on the track, a pair of horses that plunged and reared and snorted with affright, and a desperate woman, shivering and sobbing in the grasp of her preserver. It was Stella Dunbar.

"Oh, why—why did you snatch me from the track?" she cried, panting with the anguish of her despair. "I should have been so safe and happy and at rest—yes, at rest, by this time. It would all have been over, and now I have only to begin again."

"Why, Stella, my poor girl, do you not know us? What is the matter? What has driven you to attempt so dreadful a deed?"

"Ah, I know you both. You mean to be kind, but I cannot, cannot live to endure the existence that Jargoyle has planned out for me. He will force me to become his wife, and to turn circus-rider, and to show myself in public as Mazeppa tied to the wild horse, and—and— No, I cannot—I will not live to go through such horrors! I am a decent girl, gentlemen; and how could I meet my dead mother's eyes, when I go to find her in heaven, if I did not keep my life as pure and clean as it was when she left me? Let me go—let me go, I say! There are streams that will drown, and knives that will stab, and poisons— Ah, too late—too late! Here comes my persecutor to claim me!"

Down the other side of the embankment plunged Jargoyle, followed by a policeman. He rushed up to the wretched girl and seized her by the shoulder.

"So I've found you at last, miss!" he shouted. "Planning to run off with these two swells, I suppose. But you're under age and you're my apprentice. Here, Bobby, give these here fellows a bit of the law."

"Mr. Jargoyle is in the right, gentlemen," said the policeman, respectfully. "He claims Miss Dunbar by virtue of the paper signed by her mother, which binds her apprentice to him till she is married or reaches the age of twentyone."

"If money is any consideration, Mr. Jargoyle—" began Sir Francis.

"But it ain't!" interrupted Jargoyle, rudely; "and besides, I can make a lot more out of her services than you would be willing to pay to have her indentures canceled. Thousands, maybe — hundreds upon hundreds, at all events. Then, too, I want to have my revenge upon her.

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Stuck-up piece—turning up her nose at her manager—confound her!"

"Come, come, Mr. Jargoyle," interposed the policeman, "you have said enough; so bring Miss Dunbar along, and let us get back to the city."

"Come along, then, I tell you!" And he shook the poor girl till her slight frame quivered like a reed in his savage grasp. Vyner, with a cry of indignation, was about to interpose; but Stella stopped him with a gesture.

"It will only be the worse for me, if you interfere," she murmured. "The law gives this man power over me. Turn aside and go your ways, gentlemen. It will not be for long—no, no, it will not be for long."

She was about to follow Jargoyle, unresisting in her stony calm, when Sir Francis Severne hurried forward and caught her by the hand.

"The knot that cannot be untied must be severed!" he cried. "Stella Dunbar, will you become my wife?"

"Your wife? Your wife?" gasped the girl, as though a glimpse of heaven had suddenly opened before her.

"Answer me, Stella! Will you accept me as your husband?"

"Yes! Yes! Oh, yes!"

"What!" yelled Jargoyle, beside himself with rage. But Vyner caught him by the collar, and, in the sinewy grasp of the athletic American, he was powerless.

"Then, by the laws of Scotland, I claim you as my wife! Get you gone, Jargoyle—you have no hold over Lady Severne!"

With a mighty effort, Jargoyle shook himself free and rushed forward to seize his prey. This time, the policeman interposed anew, and not on his behalf.

"The law that was for you a moment ago is now against you," he said, solemnly. "Till your apprentice married or attained her majority, say the indentures. She is legally married to this gentleman, as hard and fast as though the Archbishop of Canterbury had read the wedding-service for her. Lady Severne, I salute you!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

THE SLEEPING CITY.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

In the heart of the busy city,
  Where the tide of life runs strong,
Near the street, with its noise and hurry
  And its great impatient throng,
There lies another city,
  Its streets with grass grown deep,
And its dwellings all closed and silent,
  For its people are asleep.

From homes in the busy city,
  The tired ones turned away
And entered the quiet city
  At close of a weary day;
And, safe from all care and sorrow,
  They now in peace abide,
While the tide of life and trouble
  Runs strong in the street outside.

At night, when the stars are shining,
  Their watchful eyes look down
On the quiet homes of this city
  And the sleep of the busy town;
And many a weary watcher
  Awakes to work and weep
And wish for a home in the city
  Of death and eternal sleep

ELOPEMENT.

BY ALICE ARCHER.

My boat is moored 'mid sedge and rush,
  A crescent moon swings low;
The piping crickets chirp at will
  To the river's sluggish flow.

The town lies asleep on hillside slope
  By breath of flowers kissed;
O haste, my love, to the river shore,
  Ere the night-wind tells our tryst.

To the surpliced priest in yonder town
  We'll fly, my promised one!
The moonbeams shine on a maiden fair,
  A bride shall greet the sun.

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FILLING NOOKS AND CORNERS.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

A SMALL HALL.

In these days, when, not only in cities, but in moderate-sized towns and even villages, house-rent steadily grows a more serious item in the yearly expenses, it behooves us to devise ways and means for utilizing every available inch of space, and also for eking out the meagre closet-accommodations afforded by modern dwellings, unless of unusual dimensions.

Sojourners in hotels, boarding-houses, or lodging-houses, who cannot afford a suite of apartments—indeed, must often make one chamber serve for sitting-room and bed-room—are put to terrible straits by the smallness and fewness of cupboards and wardrobes and a general lack of conveniences necessary to enable even the most careful person to give that chamber a dainty home-like appearance, or keep it free from litter.

Now certain arrangements and make-shifts of my own invention have proved so useful to friends living in narrow quarters, that I am induced to give here designs and descriptions of some of the best and easiest-contrived, for the benefit of any readers who may find themselves "cribbed, cabined, and confined" in similar fashion.

To begin at the entrance of a house or flat. A hall, however narrow, will always hold a lounge somewhere—at the side, by the stairs, or at the end—and in that place a lounge should be put, to serve the double purpose of a seat and receptacle for whatever articles it may suit the housekeeper to store therein.

This lounge, if one can afford to spend money freely, may be as handsome as one pleases; but, on the other hand, a nice-looking affair can be contrived at a trifling cost. What is needed is a wooden box with a lid, which will fit into the place where it is meant

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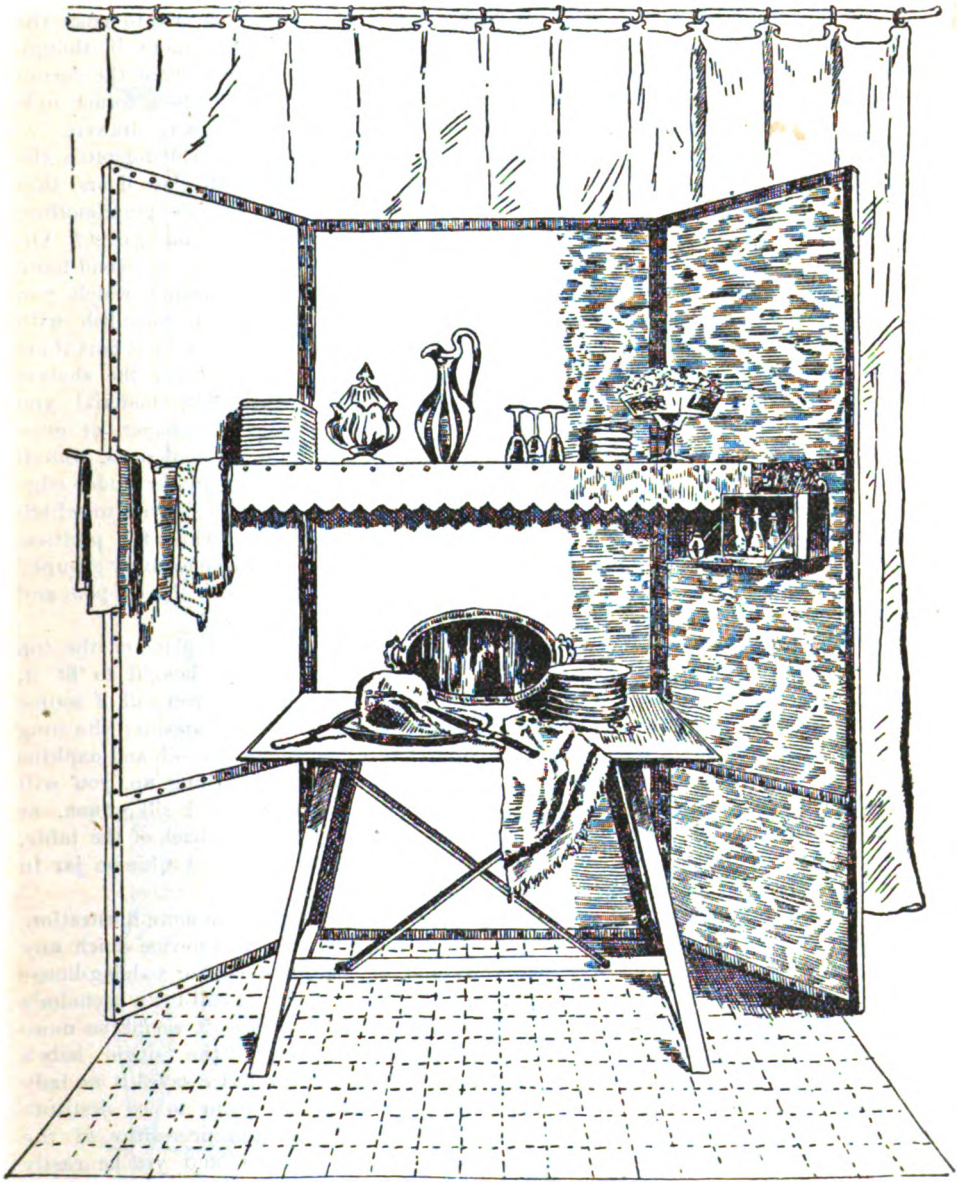
to stand. It can be made of pine boards; one can stuff the top, or lay over it a narrow mattress, cover the lid and sides with cretonne or some worsted material, or use an



AN IMPROMPTU PANTRY IN A DINING-ROOM.

afghan for the purpose, and add a pretty cushion to complete the effect.

A somewhat more expensive way is to have the lounge stained to correspond with the wood-work of the hall, or a wooden settle with a lid may be bought outright at still a little more cost. The apartment-houses, built to be let in flats, often have square halls with windows, and these can be arranged to look much prettier than the ordinary long passage, as over the door can be placed a narrow shelf to hold bric-a-brac, and the

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window-sill can be brightened by a stand or pot of flowers. But, whether living in a little house, flat, or suite of rooms, nobody troubled by lack of closets should omit this lounge.

At first thought, it may seem superfluous to begin with a suggestion so simple; but, if any woman who reads this article will reflect in how few dwellings where space is limited does she ever see a convenience of the sort, she will take back her hasty verdict that the writer is wasting time "carrying coals to Newcastle." Very possibly, too, it may remind her of the fact—in case it should not, I will—that somewhere upstairs in her own domicile there is a nook which might hold just such a box that would offer an inviting spot to rest on the way to the top story, and might also hold the extra blankets and comfortables which are not often needed and have so long taken up room on the upper shelf of the linen-closet, which she requires for articles in more frequent use during cold weather.

In a small house, the hall is so near the dining-room that we may as well look about there next, and see if we cannot show the youthful Cornelia how to arrange that additional pantry sometimes needed, or to supply the lack if there chance to be none at all. Really, the deficiency can be remedied by the exercise of a little ingenuity and patience.

Cornelia must first buy a screen; its size will depend on the size of her room. She can, if she pleases, buy a very cheap one, and can herself cover it with fluted silk, worsted, or Japanese paper. She must have a shelf made that will fit across the inside of the screen, to be suspended on hooks and covered to suit her taste. There must also be hooks to hold light towel-racks. Under the shelf must stand a table; one that can be folded up is the best.

The front of the screen forms an ornament in the room; it hides the kitchen-door, too. On the shelf inside can be set the dessert and the dishes needed therefor; on the table can be placed the soup-tureen and platter with the joint. If not required for daily use, the screen can be stood against the wall, the shelf and folding table concealed behind it.

And now let me try if I cannot help our young housewife to compensate for that pretty but expensive sideboard she was sorely tempted to purchase. Like the wise little helpmeet she is, she resolutely repressed the longing, and did not even communicate it to Dominus, who—the matrimonial tie being still fresh and new—would have urged her to gratify it. She managed to make the room look very dainty without it, though often looking regretfully toward the corner where it would have stood—a corner now occupied only by a table with drawers.

My dear Cornelia, have you forgotten the antiquated cupboard with glass doors, that belonged to your husband's grandmother, and which stands up in the garret? Or, if the cupboard is not there, a second-hand shop will furnish one cheaply, which you can repaint, varnish, and embellish with your own skillful fingers—and not hurt them a bit, either. You can cover the shelves and inside with any pretty material you like, from plush to velvet-paper, or even tissue-paper cut into quaint designs. Small hooks must be screwed into the under edge of the first and second shelves, to which cups can be suspended, while the prettiest plates and saucers can be effectively grouped as a background along with the tea-pots and artistically shaped pitchers.

This cupboard you will place on the top of the table which you bought to fit it, and in the little drawers you will of course lay the knives, forks, and spoons; the long drawer will hold the table-cloth and napkins in use. To finish the thing up, you will hang a bit of embroidered silk, linen, or a Japanese banner at the back of the table, and set a pot of ferns or a Chinese jar in front of that.

I have only space for one more illustration, and I will devote this to a device which any dweller in boarding-house or lodging-house will find invaluable. I call it "a bachelor's wardrobe," but I believe it would be more appropriately termed "the single lady's friend," for, once she has essayed it, no lady will ever allow her room to be destitute thereof. In it, all the necessities of the toilet can be prisoned, and yet be easily accessible. As seen in the illustration, the wardrobe is divided, with a long drawer at the bottom and a shelf at the top. One side is furnished with pegs for hanging clothes. On the right side can be put a shelf and three drawers, to serve as a wash-stand. A brass rod, on which is hung an embroid-

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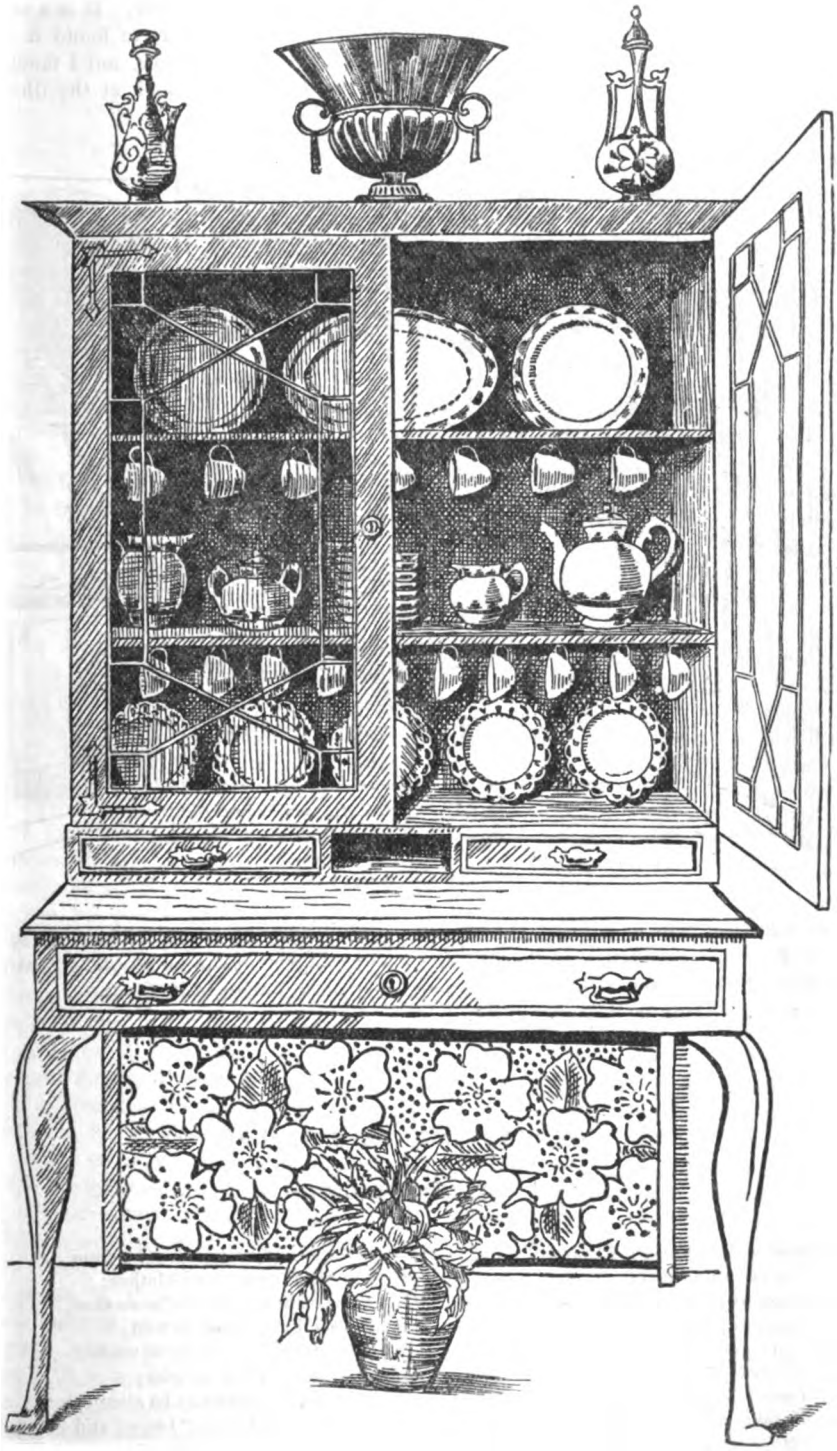

A QUICKLY-MADE CHINA CLOSET.

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ered linen or China silk curtain, conceals the closet-part of the stand. The top shelf may be utilized for bonnet or hat boxes, boots, and other articles.

BACHELOR'S WARDROBE.

The left-hand door must be furnished with a rack for canes, umbrellas, clothes-brushes, and other little matters. The opposite door has a looking-glass, a shelf for combs and brushes, and a towel-rack. It is a very simple invention, but I have found it entirely new to dozens of persons, and I fancy it will be so to many who look at the illustration given here. Then too the fact that so useful an arrangement can be so easily contrived is a great argument in its favor.

NO BABY IN THE HOUSE.

BY MISS ENGLISH.

No baby in the house, I know:
'Tis far too nice and clean;
No tops by careless fingers thrown
Upon the floor are seen;
No finger-marks are on the panes,
No scratches on the chairs;
No wooden men set up in rows,
Or marshaled off in pairs;
No little stockings to be darned,
All ragged at the toes;
No pile of mending to be done,
Made up of baby-clothes;
No little troubles to be soothed,
No little hands to fold;
No grimy fingers to be washed,
No stories to be told;
No tender kisses to be given,
No nicknames, "Love" and "Mouse";
No merry frolics after tea—
No baby in the house.

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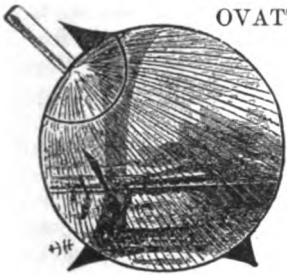
IN A COVERED BRIDGE.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.



LOVATT'S BRIDGE was its name throughout the county, though Lovatt himself was neither the architect of the structure nor a shareholder therein. Lovatt was simply the gate-keeper, and the most unsuitable man for the post who could possibly have been found.

Nature had evidently intended him for a hermit; but fate had for some reason pushed him into another walk of life. Why the old dame had done this remained a puzzle, for he was so crusty and cross-grained that, if he had chanced ever to be stranded on a South Sea island, like Robinson Crusoe, every beast and bird would undoubtedly have flown or swum to mainland before he had held possession there for four-and-twenty hours.

Nobody liked the poor fellow; ordinary mortals detested him; the parson and a few other charitable souls said that he deserved pity because he was a hopeless victim to various physical ills, noticeably dyspepsia; but the neighborhood at large agreed that even chronic dyspepsia, which can cover a multitude of sins, could not account for Lovatt's crossness and crankiness. Yet he kept the post for years—how or why he got it, nobody appeared to know—and was currently believed to have scolded every man, woman, child, or four-footed animal that crossed the bridge during that period. But nobody ever presumed to suggest that he should be superseded by a more amiable individual; and there he remained, ruling the bridge as if it had been a private stronghold and his own property.

As for the bridge itself, it looked as if it had been built to make a home for Lovatt; it was as cranky and ill-conditioned as even he could be in his most dyspeptic moments. It spanned the Susquehanna, near the head of one of the numerous lovely valleys through which that capricious river winds its devious course. In the time I am writing about—some fifteen years back—there was a growing town on the left bank, and a budding village on the right, which were connected by Lovatt's bridge. It was wide enough to have two roadways and raised walks for the convenience of pedestrians. It had a peaked roof, the sides were pierced at intervals with loop-holes, the floor was uneven, the frame creaked and grumbled whenever the lightest weight traversed it, it was always needing repairs, always threatening to leave its foundations, or the foundations threatening to give way beneath it, and was voted the worst bridge in the State. It was never lighted at night; wagons or foot-passengers had to carry their own lanterns, and, as these latter often omitted to do so, all sorts of absurd incidents were constantly happening.

One evening, two dignified ladies walked up the side of a cow which had lain down in the bridge to rest; on another occasion, a lady roused the whole village by her shrieks, supposing that some desperate villain had clutched her. It turned out that she had run against her own husband; at her first cry, he had recognized her, caught her arm, and vainly tried to make her understand that he had a right so to do. The parson and the doctor once had a tussle there, each believing that the other was a foot-pad with designs on his pocket-book. Lovers walked there when it was desirable to avoid disapproving parents; truant boys hid there, and several times the bridge narrowly escaped conflagration through the aid of matches lighted by the young reprobates. Husbands made that bridge an excuse for getting home late, housewives for any forgetfulness as to grocery or table supplies, servants for staying out till morning, and so on, and yet the community put up with the bridge, the lack of lights, and Lovatt's gruffness and rudeness, as patiently as if any remedy for either of the evils were an impossibility.

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Lovatt occupied a tiny house on the left bank, at the entrance to the bridge; the toll-room stood opposite, and there he lived in solitude—a hermit in spite of the fact that he saw more people in the course of each twentyfour hours than anybody else in an entire week. He expected passengers to offer the exact change; if they did not, he rated them as a cross school-master would faulty pupils. He never hesitated to tell young women who crossed after dusk that they would look better at home; he menaced young men with arrest if they presumed to sing in his hearing. He reviled teamsters whose wagons were heavily loaded; he would refuse passage to covered drays till he learned the nature of their contents, and inform persons in carriages that they ought to leave them on the bank and cross on foot. If he wished to go to bed early, he went and shut the gate, and get up he would not till he saw fit, no matter if a dozen voices were bawling under his window.

There was no limit to his eccentricities and disobliging ways; he had no influential backers, he did not in any way appeal to or require the sympathy of the philanthropic, there were a dozen good reasons for putting him out of his place, and not one for retaining him therein, yet nobody ever talked seriously of giving the position to another, any more than of pulling down the old bridge. The two nuisances were put up with as rain, cold, and heat are; more or less philosophically according to the natural temperament, but as necessary or destined evils.

Of course, Lovatt was a bachelor; to imagine him making love, much less marrying, would have required an impossible stretch of imagination. Indeed, it was difficult to picture him with a father or mother, or as ever having been a baby or a restless tree-climbing boy. He had no relatives; nobody knew where he came from—nobody asked; Lovatt was there and likely to remain.

His toll-room was as neat as wax; his little house neater, upstairs and down. He kept things in order himself, and did his own washing and cooking. He had a taste, too, for dainties, and often munched candy; but sweets never put any flesh on his bones. He was not an ill-looking man, though he had the appearance of delicate health; and his dress was as neat as his house. He was something of a reader, and nothing offended him so much as for anyone to presume to cross the bridge when he had got hold of a newspaper or was eating his dinner; and he was quite capable of shutting the gate at midday and making everybody await his pleasure.

One person there was who always tried to find excuses for his surliness, and who kept on companionable terms with the recluse; and that was little Miss Tyson, the village tailoress—a meek, painstaking, pious creature who lived away up the river-bank, in a cottage so exquisitely clean that it must have excited Lovatt's envy, had he ever entered it. The acquaintance began not long after Miss Tyson settled in the village, and was brought about by the illness of Lovatt's pet cat: an ungainly brute, with one hind leg too long, one ear too short, and a pair of eyes that did not match, but beloved of her master to such an extent that she could do what no human creature ever attempted—take liberties with him.

The cat got a hurt, and Lovatt was in despair, which he showed by being more cross-grained and morose than usual. Little Miss Tyson saw the cat looking the picture of misery, and, without a word to Lovatt, she brought some medicine and administered it, and in the end restored Witch—as the boys dubbed her—to perfect health.

Witch showed her gratitude by adopting Miss Tyson as a friend, running out to greet her whenever the lady crossed the bridge, and not unseldom paying visits to her cottage. Probably Lovatt decided that a woman for whom Witch had conceived such enthusiastic affection must be different from the generality of her sex, whom he regarded with absolute aversion.

"Men are bad enough," he was wont to say; "but women must be worse, since they are men's mothers."

However, Miss Tyson became complete mistress of the situation; Witch even invited her into the house, and Miss Tyson went. Then Lovatt was confined to his bed for a fortnight, and Miss Tyson not only took care of him, but played gatekeeper a part of the time. Somehow nobody laughed or gossiped, though the spinster was still several years under forty and rather a pretty little body—reminding one of a slightly withered wild rose, with her delicate complexion and a faded tint of pink in her cheeks.

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Miss Tyson was a person whom everybody, high and low, respected and spoke well of, for her advent in the village had been notable. Small-pox broke out soon after she settled there, and the little tailoress nursed the patients and did more to prevent the spread of the disease than all the doctors and dignitaries put together. Then a relative somewhere out West died and left the tiny spinster a comfortable sum of money—wealth, in fact, to one of her simple tastes. She bought the cottage, had an orchard, garden, and an acre of land besides; and, between the fruit, vegetables, and chickens which she sold and the money she earned by her trade, Miss Tyson's bank-account would have been a very tidy one, except for her dreadful extravagance.

Not that she spent money on herself, beyond what was necessary for dressing neatly; yet her money went freely—lavishly. Miss Tyson had an odd mania: she liked to help the people about her. If a sick person could not be taken care of at home, Miss Tyson's house received the sufferer; if a poor girl fell into trouble, the cottage was her refuge; if a child was left an orphan, or some little waif strayed into the neighborhood, Miss Tyson made a home for the unfortunate as long as might be necessary.

She was the shyest and most retiring of creatures, but on occasion she could be as brave as a lioness. When Granny Daly's house got on fire, she rushed in, mounted the blazing stairs, and managed to get the old woman out on the roof. More than once she stopped fights between drunken miners, walking straight in among them and laying her hands on clubs or knives without hesitation; and, no matter how crazy the combatants were, they never failed to recognize the little heroine and listen to her voice.

You will say I am drawing on my imagination for this description; but I am telling the truth, understating it rather than exaggerating. Well, the point I wanted to get at was her friendship with Lovatt. When she subdued the misanthrope, the village decided that she had performed her crowning exploit. From the time she came into the district, Lovatt had been fairly venomous in regard to her; he sneered at her Sister-of-Charity acts and declared it his opinion that she was playing some deep game. Nobody really wanted to do good, Lovatt vowed, and never did it without being influenced by personal motive; and, since Miss Tyson did so much good, she must be just so much more selfish and designing than one who did less.

But, after Witch's adoption of the spinster, Lovatt gave in; not that he treated her amiably—he scolded and growled, but all the same he submitted to her influence, and gradually in her presence showed himself quite human and tolerable.

The wag of the village once tried to joke Lovatt on this weakness; but he never tried it again, for Lovatt chased him across the bridge with a broomstick and refused to let him pass again for a whole fortnight. Appeals and complaints were useless; threats of a lawsuit had no effect; set foot on the bridge Lovatt vowed he should not until the two weeks were up, and Lovatt kept his word. The man actually had to cross the river in a skiff when business called him on the other side; and everybody, beginning with the justice of peace and the parson, laughed instead of listening to his angry protests for aid and support in punishing Lovatt for his high-handed proceeding against law and right.

The friendship between the spinster, the gatekeeper, and the cat—a very important personage in the trio—continued without break for several years; it might not be correct to say peacefully, because even with Miss Tyson the old bachelor would contradict and try to argue—as he would with Witch, for that matter. Neither lady ever paid the least heed to his whimsies and humors, though they used often to glance at each other, and Miss Tyson would smile and be assured by Witch's expression that she enjoyed the joke quite as much as if she laughed outright.

Without the intervention of fate, there might have been no change in the relations of the three till "finis" was written against the record of one or the other. But fate did intervene, and the result was as startling as it was unexpected to the whole neighborhood, and indeed to Miss Tyson and Lovatt. Whether or not Witch was equally surprised by the denouement may reasonably be open to doubt, for Witch's perspicacity went far beyond that of any human biped.

Early one June, there came a week of fierce storm; and, at the end of it, the Susquehanna suddenly began to rise with

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the rapidity for which it is famous, and the freshet of that year surpassed any similar performance on the part of the river for something like a half-century.

The nascent village on the right-hand bank was partly under water, and the current still continued to rise. During the first day, the bridge was crowded with spectators to watch the mighty flood as it rushed along, bearing hay-stacks, rafts of logs, barns, and houses enough to make up a fair-sized town, if they could have been stopped and gathered together. On the second morning, the bridge, which had creaked and moaned through the night like some antediluvian monster in pain, looked so unsteady on its foundations that few persons ventured to cross. During every freshet for the last five years, the united village had expected the bridge to go; but this time its doom appeared sealed.

Only Lovatt remained as stubborn in his certainty that it would weather the tempest, as he had been on all former occasions. He unmercifully abused anybody who asserted the contrary or pleaded with him to keep at the end of the bridge. His house and the toll-room were built on the foundations and were in nearly as much danger as the rest of the structure; but not an article of furniture would he remove, and, as the day went on, he grew so fierce that the passengers were glad to pass him in silence.

Miss Tyson herself had a belligerent reception; but, in spite of that, she went thrice to plead with him, and Witch showed plainly that she was on the spinster's side by setting up a series of prolonged and awful wails. But Lovatt would not be persuaded; and, when Miss Tyson went home on the last occasion, Witch, after trying one final frenzied appeal, trotted off behind her, leaving Lovatt alone.

No wink of sleep visited the eyelids of the spinster or her feline guest. The former spent the greater portion of the night in prayer, and Witch sat near by, and, when her hostess sobbed aloud, wailed a low refrain of sympathy. At least half a dozen times before daylight did the little spinster, wrapped in a waterproof and armed with a lantern, wander down to the entrance of the toll-house, in one window of which burned a lamp. The unhappy lady once caught a glimpse of Lovatt, as he crossed the room; but she dared not make her presence known, and returned always more oppressed by terrible fears for his safety.

The water was still rising; the rain had begun again; the wind blew in fitful gusts, and, when for a few seconds it parted the low-hanging clouds, the moon shone forth pale and frightened-looking, and Miss Tyson could see that the water had actually reached to within a few feet of the flooring of the bridge.

The next morning dawned as perfect as only a June day can be; but its brightness only added to the awful aspect of the river, so wide now that it was fairly like a lake as far as the eye could reach. Communication had ceased between the two villages; business was almost suspended; crowds thronged either bank, but nobody ventured on the bridge—indeed, it would have been necessary, on the right side, to wade in the water to do so.

It was still early when Miss Tyson, after giving Witch her breakfast and vainly trying to eat her own, again set forth to attempt a last appeal to Lovatt; from her windows, she could see that the bridge still held its own. Witch was determined to accompany her, and Miss Tyson was forced to shut her in the bed-room before leaving the house. As she neared the bridge, she was overtaken by the parson, a kindly though rather imperious man, who liked the spinster and frequently indulged in wordy combats with Lovatt which both secretly enjoyed.

"I am going to see that obstinate fellow," the parson said; "they tell me he is still on the bridge. I dare say you were going there, too?" Miss Tyson nodded, afraid to trust her voice. "Well, then, we'll go together; maybe the pair of us may be able to persuade him to act like a sane man."

Miss Tyson's answer was inaudible, and the two walked quickly on to the toll-house. Lovatt was not there, so they mounted the steps on the lower side, to the walk constructed for foot-passengers. They could see Lovatt standing near the middle of the bridge, surveying the torrent which almost hid the buttresses and was foaming and rushing higher and higher.

He turned as they approached; both saw that the obstinacy which his features ordinarily revealed had increased tenfold.

"Good-morning," said Lovatt, with a nod

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which included the two; and, before either could speak, he added: "I'm glad somebody had the courage to come and look at the wonderfulest sight we'll see in one while! I don't believe there's a neighborhood in the State, that holds so many cowards as this."

"Keeping away from here is no proof of cowardice, Lovatt," said the parson, sternly. "We came solely to insist on your coming with us. The bridge is sure to go—it is tottering now on its foundations."

Little Miss Tyson felt that the speech was wrongly put—nothing could be done with Lovatt in this way; his answer and the added surliness of his eyes showed that she was right.

"The bridge won't go," he said. "Fo-lks" (the pause in the monosyllable made it plain that he meant "fools") "have said it would, pretty nearly every January and June for the last fifteen years; and very likely they'll keep on saying it for the next fifteen. Let fo-lks once get a notion in their heads, and you couldn't beat it out with a pestle and mortar."

"But do come over to my house and have some breakfast," chimed in Miss Tyson, before the parson could speak. "I made a strong cup of coffee on purpose. I am sure that to stay here all the while and watch that river is enough to make a body dizzy."

Lovatt gave her a tiny smile, half friendly, half contemptuous; but the parson could not let well enough alone, and must needs add in his pulpit voice:

"Of course he must come—and stay too, for that matter; in less than an hour, the bridge will go."

"The bridge won't go," rejoined Lovatt, in a tone as harsh as the sound a key makes in a rusty lock; "and, if it does, I'll go with it."

"Did any mortal ever listen to the like!" cried the parson, lifting his hands in exhortation. "You must be crazy, Lovatt. Why, you are flying full in the face of Providence!"

"I'm not so crazy as my neighbors," retorted Lovatt, "and Providence gave me my common sense to use. The only fear for the bridge would be if a big house or a raft of logs hit her, and there's been nothing of the sort running for twenty-four hours; everything up the river that could be carried away has come down already, and the water has stopped rising."

"Oh, the water gets higher every minute," moaned Miss Tyson; "there you are wrong, Mr. Lovatt."

"Wrong?" echoed the parson. "He is wrong in everything he says, does, or thinks—he's the wrongest-headed man ever created. Lovatt, come away! I'll have you dragged off, if you don't."

"Well," said Lovatt, grimly, "I'd like to see this united village—teams, oxen, and all—try to take me, against my will. Why, I'd shove the old bridge down-stream myself if I could—I know just where to hit her."

The parson jumped as if he expected to see the threat carried into instant execution; then Lovatt's grating laugh roused him to a pitch of very unsanctified wrath, and he poured on the offender several terse sentences which might have been devised for a commination service. Lovatt was not a man to endure anything of the sort, from priest, potentate, or pope; and he had begun a counter-blast, when both men were startled by a cry from Miss Tyson.

"Look! look!" she moaned. They turned and glanced across the roadway and the opposite sidewalk—through the openings, they could see up the stream. A great pile of timber was rushing down; the foremost log struck the middle buttress with the force of a battering-ram, and the whole structure heaved and shook ominously.

The parson started toward the toll-house, calling to the other two to follow. Miss Tyson caught Lovatt's arm, with pleading exclamations. Again there was a terrible blow—another and another; a mass of logs was driven away from the rest, and fairly leaped across the river toward the end foundations.

Miss Tyson and Lovatt were flung heavily to the ground, deafened by a roar like that of a whole row of falling houses and blinded by a cloud of dust. When they could struggle to their feet, the bridge was swinging like a hammock in a high wind; the beating of the logs still continued, the creaking and the roar. The toll-house had fallen; the buttress had given way; the end of the bridge was whirling round. Again the pair were flung on the floor, and for some seconds neither tried to rise.

Gradually the dust lightened and the roaring ceased. The bridge swayed up and down

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to and fro, but with an even motion. Through the cracks in the floor beneath, the water was pouring in. The bridge had parted from its foundations, turned like a mighty ship, and was drifting down the current.

"Oh!" was the only sound that broke from Miss Tyson, as she steadied herself against the railing.

"Now, don't cry!" snapped Lovatt, whose face was white, but not from fear; he was choked with rage and grief. "Don't cry—that won't mend matters."

"I don't mean to cry," replied Miss Tyson, quietly. She turned her head away—her lips moved in rapid prayer. She was interrupted by a piteous mewing: at her feet stood Witch, who had escaped by some means. Later, the spinster learned that the cat was seen to reach the bridge a few instants before the final crash. "Oh, poor Kitty! poor Kitty!" said the tender-hearted woman, lifting Witch in her arms and holding her fast.

"Well, we're all together, anyhow," she heard Lovatt say, and through the harshness of his voice caught a sudden tremor of compunction and remorse.

"I am glad we are," Miss Tyson answered, softly, "all together."

The eyes of the man and woman met; Lovatt suddenly averted his face, muttering:

"It's my fault; but I'd never have believed the bridge would go."

At this instant, the parson's voice sounded close at hand. He had not succeeded in escaping: he had been thrown down and tossed about, enduring a very natural fright; but he was a man of courage and will, and, after the bridge had begun to sail along steadily enough so that walking became possible, he struggled up, rubbed his bruised shins, brushed his clerical suit with his pocket-handkerchief, and moved back toward the trio.

"I hope you're satisfied now, Lovatt," was his salutation. "What did I tell you?" Then, to add greater weight and impart a more withering sarcasm to his words, he repeated them with great emphasis on the adverb: "Now I hope you are satisfied."

"No, I'm not," said Lovatt, quick as a flash; "it's you that ought to be, because you've proved a prophet."

"And we are all in danger of losing our lives through your fault—your willful wicked obstinacy!" cried the parson.

"I didn't ask you to join me on the voyage," said Lovatt, and walked away. He was still thinking more of the destruction of the bridge than of his own peril or that of his companions.

There was silence during the next quarter of an hour; each of the three stood alone, Miss Tyson holding the cat in her arms. The bridge drifted on with great rapidity. Occasionally one of the saw-logs hit the side a terrible blow, but the parson saw that their most imminent danger awaited ahead, where in a turn of the river lay an island, completely submerged except for a broad rock with a sharp comb-like edge. The island was exactly in their course; the bridge must careen over on its side when it struck the rock, if it hit sideways; should the end strike, it would be forced so far up that to retain a footing must prove out of the question.

The parson strode back to Lovatt.

"That's what will finish us," he said, waving his hand.

"It won't!" retorted Lovatt.

"We are helpless," continued the parson; "no boat can reach us; in twenty minutes, we may be in eternity—"

"We shan't!" broke in Lovatt.

The parson walked away again; his piety was shocked, but he could not help smiling at the man's dogged persistence, and he had too much physical courage not to admire Lovatt's coolness.

The gatekeeper was roused from his sombre reflections by a touch on his shoulder; he turned to meet Miss Tyson's gentle eyes and the solemn gaze of Witch sitting perched on the spinster's left arm.

"I heard what you two were saying," Miss Tyson began, with a tremor in her voice that rendered it sweeter than ever. "It is very possible that you men may hold on till help can reach you, but I shall not be able to, and—"

"The parson doesn't know everything!" broke in Lovatt. "Because he was right before, it doesn't follow I mayn't be right this time." Then he stopped, glanced out at the rock, felt and saw how swiftly the bridge was rushing on. "It's my fault that you are here," he fairly snarled; "my fault!"

"I am glad to be," she answered. "This was what I wanted to say—with death so near, we may speak freely. I—I have that

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little property; if—if you should be saved, I'd like it to be yours."

"I've got money in the bank," said Lovatt; "I'd rather you had it than anybody. But how to manage—maybe the parson—"

"Wait a minute!" Miss Tyson interrupted. "We've been friends for a long while, Mr. Lovatt—good friends."

"Mew!" put in Witch.

"We have," said Lovatt. "Puss knows it! Why, I don't mind saying now, though it's not my way to praise people, that you're the one woman—or man either—in this whole neighborhood, that I ever thought of calling friend."

"Thank you," said Miss Tyson.

She looked troubled; a faint pink stole over her cheeks; her gray eyes grew misty.

"I'm sorry you are here," said Lovatt.

"Don't say that," she pleaded. "Oh, only think—if I were on shore and could not get near!" She paused for an instant; Lovatt's features worked oddly. "This is what I wanted to say," Miss Tyson went on: "There's a clause in my uncle's will—if—if—I don't marry, the money goes at my death to a public charity. I—I want you to have it."

He stared at her incredulously; at first, he looked as if he were going to whistle, then as if about to cry; then he said gruffly:

"And I want you to have what's mine! Why, why—we could call the parson; it's likely to be for such a little while, that—"

He did not finish the sentence, but hurried away to the parson. After a rapid colloquy, the two men walked back together.

The parson took Miss Tyson's hand and held it silently in his for a minute; as he looked in her eyes, he read the little spinster's secret: he knew that, incredible as it appeared, she loved the rough, gruff, cross-grained man who stood a few paces off, looking as obstinate as ever.

"I shall have to give you away as well as marry you," was all the clergyman said, and Witch uttered a long miaul. "Puss evidently considers that she has a part, too," he added. "Come, Lovatt."

And presently the marriage-ceremony was performed under as strange circumstances certainly as have ever been recorded, and Lovatt actually kissed his bride. The parson looked away to hide an irrepressible smile, then a shout broke from him.

"Look! look!" he cried. "The current has veered! We are passing alongside of the island! We shan't even graze the rock!"

In less than an hour, the bridge was swept round and stranded on a stretch of flats where the water was quiet enough to permit a boat to put out to succor the prisoners. The bride pointed it out to her companions.

"We are saved—saved!" she exclaimed.

"I said the bridge wouldn't be lost, only you must always be in the right, Mr. Parson," growled Lovatt.

"Don't speak so to the minister, James," said the bride, quietly.

Lovatt stared at her; but the soft gray eyes which met his held a certain power that he felt in spite of himself, and he extended his hand to the reverend gentleman, saying:

"It was only my joke, anyhow."

"I knew then," the parson used to say afterward, "that the little woman would rule; neither Lovatt or Witch could hold head against her."

And they were wise enough never to try.

ROSE-COLOR.

BY JESSIE K. B. TAYLOR.

I LOVE you, my dear, through the beautiful days—
I am heart-glad from morning till set of the sun;
Your love crowns with glory life's commonest ways,
And for ever and ever my heart you have won.
Yes, I love you, my dear!

Autumn frowns on the earth—the sweet blossoms die,
Lying low in the silence 'mid frost-whispers light;
The grasses and leaves fade as winds hasten by,
But flowers bloom in my heart with no frost and no blight.
For I love you, my dear!

The snows cover deeply all beautiful things,
The branches are leafless—no bird-songs are there;
But joy comes to me on the swiftest of wings—
There's a song in my heart, and all earth-land is fair.
For you love me, my dear!

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DECLARED A DRAW.

BY JONAS JUTTON.

THE little village of Norton boasted but two good sportsmen. As a rule, it required the best marksmen around that part of the country to kill a quail sitting on a fence, to say nothing of bringing one to earth while whirring his way through the air.

Tom Ridgway and Fred Mentor were the two skilled sportsmen referred to in the preceding paragraph. There was a good deal of rivalry between them, though neither claimed to be the best shot; for sometimes one, and again the other, would bring in the larger bag.

One day in early November, while seated by a blazing fire in the bar-room of the village tavern, surrounded by a party of admiring friends, they for the first time got into a heated dispute as to which was the best shot.

"Here's ten dollars says I can bring in more birds to-morrow night than you can," Tom Ridgway excitedly exclaimed, as he handed a crisp bill to the bartender.

"I generally back my judgment with my money," retorted Fred, as he counted out the amount and shoved it across the counter. "Put the money in the drawer, Charley," he continued, "and to-morrow night we will let you know who is entitled to it. We will start from here in the morning at six, and will meet here again at sundown. The one who brings in the most birds—when I say birds, I mean quails—gets the pot. Is that right, Ridgway?"

"That's right," replied Tom, good-naturedly. "Let's take something, and say nothing else about our skill as marksmen until to-morrow night."

"Agreed. Here's to your health, Ridgway, but wishing I may bring in a larger bag than you will, to-morrow evening. I am in a little tight place just now, and that ten-dollar bill of yours will help me out considerably."

"I am afraid you will have to visit your uncle, if you are depending on that source to replenish your exchequer," laughed Tom, as he pulled on his great-coat and started out.

Promptly at six o'clock, the following morning, Tom and Fred met at the appointed place, with guns and dogs. They were to hunt anywhere they pleased, but were required to be at the tavern by sundown.

"I believe I'll go out to the Rawlins farm," said Fred, shouldering his gun and starting off, with something sticking from his coat-pocket which looked very much like a bottle.

"Very well," replied Tom; "I think I will try the Covington fields to-day," and, whistling his dog from the tavern kitchen, where he was busily exploring the bottoms of the pots and kettles, he started in an opposite direction from that taken by Mentor.

Most of the farms around Norton were small, and, as they abounded with thickets and slashes, there were but few good spots for game. The best shooting-ground in the neighborhood was on the Rains farm, about one mile from town. There were several hundred acres of land, that years before had been turned out as worthless, and it had grown up in broom-sedge. Birds were numerous in the old sedge-fields, and Mentor and Ridgway generally hunted there.

Ridgway, after leaving the tavern, started in an opposite direction from the Rains farm; but, after getting well out of sight of Mentor, he turned and hurriedly bent his steps in the direction of the old sedge-fields, wondering why it was that Mentor had gone to the Rawlins farm, which was the poorest ground in the whole country.

"I'll beat him two to one," he mused, "unless he is also making for Rains's. I hope, though, he meant what he said, and will go to Rawlins's." His dog, making a point, interrupted his musing. The birds were flushed, and Tom brought two of them down.

"Pretty good start," he ejaculated; "but confound if every bird hasn't gone to the woods. It won't do to lose any more time with them."

A few minutes later, he reached the sedge-fields, and was climbing over a fence when

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his eyes fell upon a board nailed to a tree, on which in large black letters were the words:

"Anyone shooting on this land will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
H. B. RAINS."

"This is the deuce!" angrily cried Mentor. "I wonder what in the mischief induced the old scoundrel to put that up. I'll be confound if I don't believe yonder is another notice!" he said, as he caught sight of another board on a tree a little further down the road. Going up to it, he read:

"Positively no shooting on this farm.
H. B. RAINS."

"Well, this cooks my goose," almost groaned the disappointed fellow. "Here it is nearly a mile to any field fit to hunt in. As old Rains does not like me very much, I would be apt to have to pay a fifty-dollar fine if I hunted here, so I had better be traveling somewhere else."

Just as the sun was sinking in a gorgeous golden sea of glory behind the western horizon, Ridgway reached the tavern. Mentor, who had arrived a few minutes before, called out in a voice of exultation:

"Come in, Ridgway, and take something at my expense. I am satisfied that I have won your money, so I think I can stand treat."

"Count 'em out, and let's see how many you have," coolly and sarcastically said Ridgway, as he drew a chair in front of the fire.

Mentor began taking the birds from his bag and dropping them, one at a time, upon the floor. As the last one fell, he sung out:

"Fourteen!"

"Pshaw!" said Tom. "I thought you knew something about killing birds. You will have to take something at my expense." And, in an exasperating way, he counted out twentyone birds.

Fred was the picture of astonishment. He counted Tom's birds several times, to make sure there was no mistake.

"Well, I'll be blasted if you don't get my ten dollars," he said, as he finished counting. "Where in the world did you find them, Tom?"

"Oh, all around," was the reply; "but I found most of them on the Covington farm. Come and drink something in honor of my victory, and we will go to supper."

A day or two later, Ridgway called Mentor to one side, and, handing him twenty dollars, said:

"Here, Fred, is your money. You won it, and you should have it. Eleven of those birds I found in a trap, and, taking them out to an open part of the field, turned them loose, one at a time, and shot them."

"I won't take the twenty dollars, Tom," laughingly said Fred; "but I will take my ten dollars, and we will call the match a draw. The night of the day on which we made the bet, I went out and posted old Rains's farm for him. I was sitting in a thicket and saw you when you read the warnings. I was afraid you would hear me laughing. I had the sedge-fields all to myself, and, after you were gone, I made good use of my time. Neither of us was on the square, so we will call it a draw."

"Agreed," said Tom, with a hearty laugh as he thought of how nicely Fred's sign-boards had turned him away from the best shooting-ground in the county.

DREAM-FANCIES.

BY MARIE M. PURSEL.

WHY does the poet ever sadly write
Of vanished hopes and sorrow's bitter blight,
Of happy days long past, of idols clay,
Of beauties born to last but for a day?
Is transient joy this fair earth's heritage,
Bequeathed alike to youth and older age?

If, then, it be—"things are not what they seem."
I fain would pass my life in happy dream
Where sorrow touches not, love cannot fade,
And pleasure reigns alone and undismayed;
In dreams such vagaries may fancy take,
It were a thousand pities to awake.

Swayed by the wand of slumber, angel-kept,
The heart forgets when scalding tears were wept,
When friendship turned to hate for love of gold,
And love's sweet coin as worthless metal sold.
Ah, no! to suffer waking woe were vain!
Woo me, sweet angel, till I dream again.

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NOTES ON THE VIOLIN.

BY HENRY P. ROBINSON.

THE principle of the violin, whether by original or transmitted development, appears to have been known among all ancient peoples, and the ravenestrom of India and the monochord of Egypt are of kin with the modern fiddle.

Scotland had the violin in the fifteenth century, and traces it back to the eleventh. It was early used as a military instrument in Europe, and, at a certain medieval siege, the Prince of Condé had four-and-twenty fiddlers, who played courage into the soldiers or softened the asperities of war by gentle airs. Fiddlers alternated with jesters in kings' houses, and Charles II kept a fiddling band of twentyfour, who played before him while at table. Toy fiddles were sold at English fairs; and, at lyke-wakes in Scotland, the violin added its piping wails to the cries of the mourners.

Models of the rebec, similar to the violin, are found on ancient stone monuments in Great Britain, and a bas-relief at Melrose Abbey has preserved such a memento; for, at the founding of the Abbey in 1136, the violin alternated with the harp, the bagpipe, and the tabor.. The instrument was shown also on the stained-glass windows of churches and on the carved seats of cathedral choirs, as also on the façade of Amiens Cathedral.

The fiddler, in the fourteenth century, was called the vidulator; while, early in the fifteenth, every Scotch town had its fithelar. The violin was used at Queen Elizabeth's court, and the queen had one with a hole cut through the hand-part, to admit the thumb of the player. The early morris-dancers tripped to the tune of the fiddle, and it led off the merry festivities around the Maypole.

Sixteenth-century weddings were conducted "with a great noise of harpes, lutes, kyttes (fiddles), basons, and drommes, wherewyth they trouble the whole church."

Marriage-feasts were enlivened by its tones. "The next morning came the fiddlers and scrape a wicked reveillez; the drums rattle, the shaumers tote, the trumpets sound tan-ta-ra-ra-ra, and the whole street rings with the benedicite."

Pepys describes the fiddlers in red vests in an orchestra of twentyfour violins. The king gave certain Italian violinists each two hundred pounds a year for musical services. The instrument even entered tavern-signs, as "The Cat and Fiddle."

The violin is made up of plates and strings, and, as a rule, consists of seventy different pieces.

The back and the breast apart have dissimilar vibrations; but, when joined into an instrument, they vibrate always in unison. If the thickness of either is reduced, the sound is changed. If the thickness of the face is greater at the edge, as in the Guarnerius, it makes the greater power; if the thickness is greater at the centre, as in the Amati, it lessens the power but adds to the sweetness. The Stradivarius, with equal measurements throughout, strikes the golden mean of power and tune.

The position of the bridge affects the quality, and the pressure of the posts upon the tables greatly modifies the sound. A post badly placed will spoil the best instrument, for its pressure upon the tables changes the pitch; if too short, the sound is made low; if too long, the pressure being removed, the sound is rendered more acute and brilliant.

The size and shape of the neck and the hardness or softness of the wood also affect the tone, increasing or diminishing its intensity. The size of the *f* holes, by affecting the amount of air, also raises or lowers the tone. When the tables are more nearly flat, we get greater purity but less brilliancy of tone.

The present form of the violin has been reached through centuries of experiment and test. It has been found that the resonance is greater as the diameter of the column of air is large in relation to its quantity. Stradivarius, to raise the resonance, increased the extension of his models and diminished the arching.

Only special woods may enter into the

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make of the violin. Those grown upon rocky soil are most sonorous, and the inner wood nearest the heart of the tree is best. Swiss pine, lemon, ash, maple, beech, ebony, deal, pear, and cherry are chiefly used. The famous French maker, Vuillaume, traveled over Switzerland and Italy, looking up wood for material. He took from the houses of peasants tables centuries old, sonorous from age, and made them into violins.

It is said that the pitch has been raised one half-note since the days of Stradivarius, early in the eighteenth century. The tone is often found to be best when tuned to C-flat, and the violin is very human in giving out some notes better than others.

Fiddle-strings are made from the smaller muscular intestines of sheep. The best Italian strings are formed of the intestines of lambs. Silk strings are now much preferred for outdoor use, as they are less affected by moisture; but they give a sharper tone. American makers use steel largely; this wears well, yet is finally apt to rust, and a better material is found in the combination silver string, which is soft and clear in tone and holds its pitch.

All instruments need to be lightly strung; yet, if the strings are too light, the tone is weak and poor; if strings are too large, the tone is coarse and low.

Stradivarius, the famous maker, was born at Cremona, Italy, in 1644, and lived to the age of ninetytwo. During his lifetime, his instruments brought commonly four pounds; they have since sold for eight hundred. Amati also made them at Cremona.

The violin of the great Paganini is kept in the museum of Genoa, his native city.

It is said that, in the early history of Cincinnati, fifteen hundred acres of land were given for a Stainer violin.

NEW GAMES FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

Drawing-Room Blizzard.—This amusing game is thus played: Eight players are required, four of whom go to one end of the room, and four to the other. Two wide tapes are stretched across the carpet for "goals," and a large paper rose or other light article is placed in the middle of the room. Each player must be provided with a small pair of bellows, and, the signal being given to start, it is the aim and object of the two sides to blow the paper flower over the stretched tape. A "goal" is scored to the winning side. The number of goals to form a game must be previously decided, and much fun is caused by the efforts to blow the rose across.

A New Form of Blind-Man's Buff.—Light a candle and place it on a table in the centre of the room, then blindfold three or four players, and, turning them all round and starting them from different sides of the room, let each endeavor to blow out the candle. It will be amusing to watch the unavailing efforts made, and the different ways in which those who are blindfolded endeavor to attain the end desired, and to extinguish the candle.

A New Spelling-Game.—In this game, each player must endeavor to spell his or her best, and a prize must be given to the best speller, and a wooden spoon or other booby prize to the worst. If played by grown-up people, the more difficult the words the better. The words to be spelled should be written out clearly on slips of paper, with the definition added below, and all placed in a box or covered basket on the table, round which the players are seated. The person to start the game draws one of the papers at random, pronounces the word distinctly, and reads out the definition. The player seated next to him spells the word. If she does so correctly, she takes the paper, draws another, and pronounces it and reads the definition to the next neighbor; but, if she misses the word, the one pronouncing it spells it aloud and places it by itself. This continues round the table, the papers being drawn in turn till the game comes back to the starter. No one is allowed to try twice to spell a word. Each player keeps his own pile of correctly spelled words, and as many rounds may be played as agreed on at the beginning of the game. The prize goes to the one who has spelled the best. To people who get interested in this game, it affords a great amount of amusement, often those who feel quite confident about the spelling of a word being those who make the most amusing mistakes.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a home-gown, made in the Princesse style, with demi-train, caught up in graceful folds at the waist, under a tapering waistband in silk gimp, which starts only from the arm-seams and corresponds with the long narrow cuffs, plastron, and high collar. The bodice is draped, cut V-shape, and fastened on the side under a close row of knob buttons in chased silver. Full medieval sleeves, reaching only to the elbows. A band of the gimp edges the front of the skirt and

No. 1.

No. 2.

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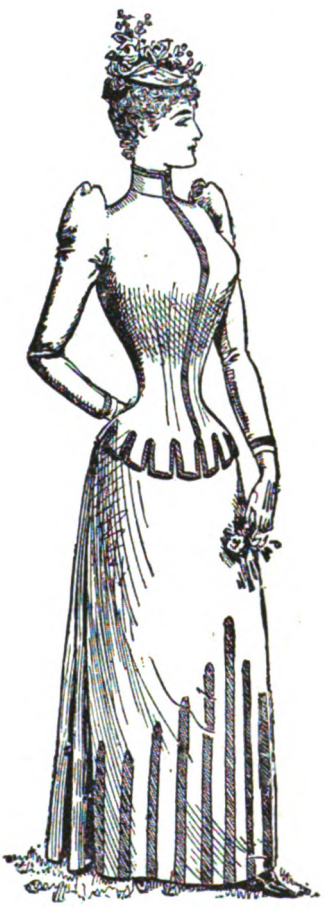
relieves the gray color of the material, which may be either of gray cashmere, surah, or

No. 3.

bengaline. Of cashmere, ten yards will be required; of silk, fifteen to sixteen yards.

No. 2.—This gown is entirely made of soft cashmere, of an iron-gray tint. The skirt is full, cut in large round scallops at the base; these scallops are embroidered at the edge with the same tint of wool or silk. The jacket-bodice is without any trimming, but of the same material. The basque is somewhat full, and also the flounce, which simulates a cape. The folds are neatly and smoothly laid on the bust. The petticoat is of deep garnet-color velveteen. The vest is of the same color, but of silk velvet, made plain. The foundation-skirt may be bordered with the velveteen to simulate a petticoat of that material, and be lighter in weight. Eight to nine yards of cashmere will be required.

No. 3.—Reception-gown, in cloth of the new thistle-bloom tint, trimmed with graduated bands of Astrakhan fur or cloth. Passementerie or braiding, if preferred. Kerchief-front in white China silk or crèpe. The bordering frames the kerchief, and the pointed waistband corresponds. Five to six



No. 4.

yards of light-weight lady's-cloth will be required.

No. 4—Is a street-gown, of any dark self-colored camel's-hair or lady's-cloth. The

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trimming is of worsted braids in black. The front and sides of the skirt are trimmed by graduated bands of the braid, arranged perpendicularly. The basque is cut in square tabs all around and edged with the braid. Full high sleeves and high collar, trimmed to correspond. Cloth toque, trimmed with loops of ribbon and velvet flowers.

No. 5—Is a home wrapper, of flannel or cashmere. The front is gathered at the neck and is framed on both sides with a band of chenille trimming. Collar and cuffs to match.

No. 5.

Any pretty trimming of velvet or brocaded silk may be substituted for the chenille.

No. 6.—We give here the front and back view of this dress for a girl of ten years. It is made of a large-plaided woolen or silk poplin in the Scotch colors. The bretelles and waistband are of velvet of the darkest shade of color in the plaid. As may be seen by the illustration, the dress is cut on the bias, all except the sleeves, which are straight.

No. 7.—For a small boy of three to four

No. 6.

years, we give the first kilted skirt, of white or colored serge combined with black velvet.

No. 7.

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The blouse-waist is gathered into a velvet yoke. Full sleeves into deep cuffs.

No. 8—Is a stylish street-costume for a girl of twelve to fourteen years. The dress, of

No. 8.

plaid cheviot, is trimmed with two bands of Astrakhan fur or cloth. The jacket-coat is of fancy cloth, simply bound on the edge with braid, tight-fitting in the back, with loose double-breasted fronts. Hat of felt to correspond, trimmed with ostrich-tips.

No. 9—Is quite a novel style of making a pin-striped woolen or a plain cashmere dress for a little girl of six years. The skirt is edged with white cashmere and has a band of the same above the edge, then the skirt is laid in fine kilt-plaiting all around. The

No. 9.

waist has a turn-over collar, edged with a plaited ruffle to correspond with the skirt. The inside is filled in with the white cashmere. Close-fitting sleeves, edged with white.

NAMES FOR MARKING.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

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WINTER BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

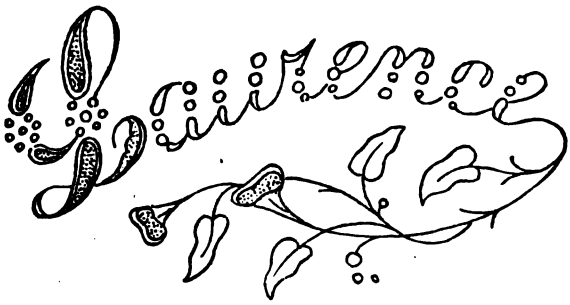
For our Supplement this month, we give the newest fad in bodices (thirtysix-inch bust, when finished. Six pieces are used for the pattern; they give exactly one-half of the bodice, namely:

1. ONE FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. ONE SIDE-PIECE.
4. SECOND SIDE-PIECE.
5. SLEEVE.
6. COLLAR.

The numbers and lettering show how the pieces are joined.

Our pattern shows the high puffed sleeves and the newest collar and cuffs. Sometimes the sleeves are made of a different material from the bodice, as in the present instance, when cloth is used for the bodice, and rich repped silk for the sleeves, while velvet is used for the cuffs and collar. The new woolens are cheviots, in large tartan plaids; the skirts of the gown are made up on the bias, while the bodices are generally of the prevailing color of the plaid, in plain material, with or without the plaid sleeves. Some new cheviots are in stripes in brown and black, or in large invisible plaids—black on brown, or brown on blue, etc. An infinite variety can be had in this style of winter woolen.

NAME FOR MARKING.



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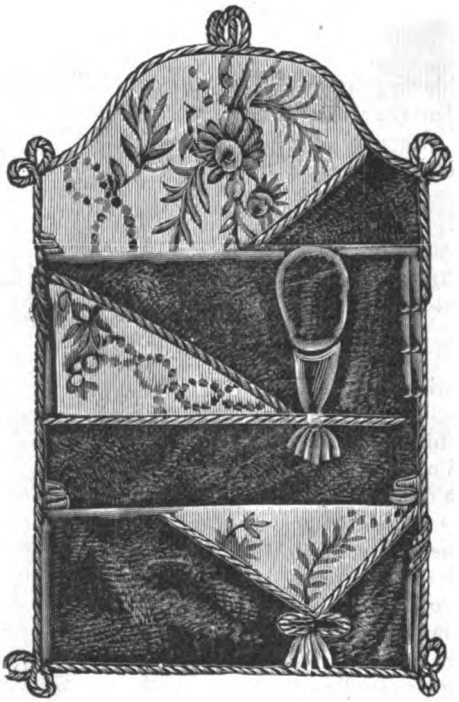
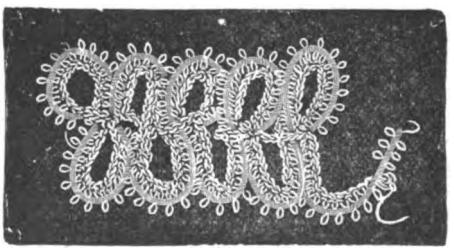
BED-ROOM POCKET.



Panel with curved top in terra-cotta plush or cloth stretched over stout board or thin wood. It is outlined with a thick chenille cord entwined with tinsel threads, which also borders the fancy-shaped tabs in figured brocade or embroidery in chenille on satin. The two horizontal pockets are well padded and scented. Pincushion or trinket-bag is added to the top pocket, finished with a tassel at the bottom. Loops of cord in shrimp-pink secure the expanding folds of the pockets at the sides.

CROCHETED INSERTION.



Fasten thread in braid, sixteen sc. in every loop, join, turn, ch. one, repeat from beginning. In making the third wheel, the first five loops are joined to the first one.

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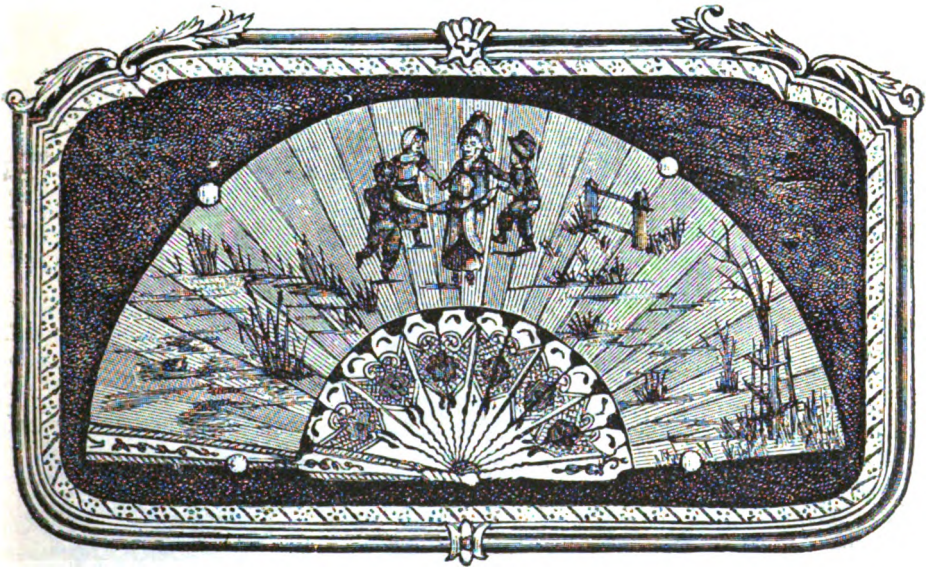
OLD FAN, MOUNTED AND FRAMED.



The present fad for mounting and framing old fans sets everyone to looking up any old and valuable fan of bygone days, and mounting and framing it as seen in our illustration, which is a very good design. The background is of dark plush, framed in white and gilt. The fan is fastened to the background with gilt or brass studs. Some of these old fans are mounted and framed behind glass, to preserve them from the dust, if they are very valuable. Care should be taken in the arrangement, both in kind and style.

COLORED PLATE.

For our colored plate, we give a variety of articles for home decoration, the frame-work of which can easily be made by a carpenter, and then painted black and varnished.

The first illustration shows a Mirror Bracket, with daffodils painted on the glass and frame. The ornamentation may be varied to suit the taste and the coloring of the room; some of these mirror-frames are painted white, and any simple pretty design of flowers added—chrysanthemums, poppies, yellow daisies, blue corn-flowers, etc.

The second illustration shows a Folding Screen in a black frame; the panels are painted on gray silk, pongee, or linen, in Japanese style, with cranes amongst rushes, water-lilies, etc.

The third illustration gives a Group of Cranes, to be either painted or embroidered, for the decoration of a screen for a fire-board.

The fourth shows a Fire-place Screen, with circular top and a box for natural plants at the base. A branch of laburnum is painted in graceful arrangement across the top of the mirror, water-lilies, and grasses, ornamenting the front panel of the box.

BRAIDING DESIGN.

On the Supplement, we give a design in braiding for the vest of a dress; this is marked I. The revers and part of the collar are II; and the back of the collar, which is attached to III. is joined where the dotted lines are crossed by X. Stem-stitch is very effective for a vest of this pattern.

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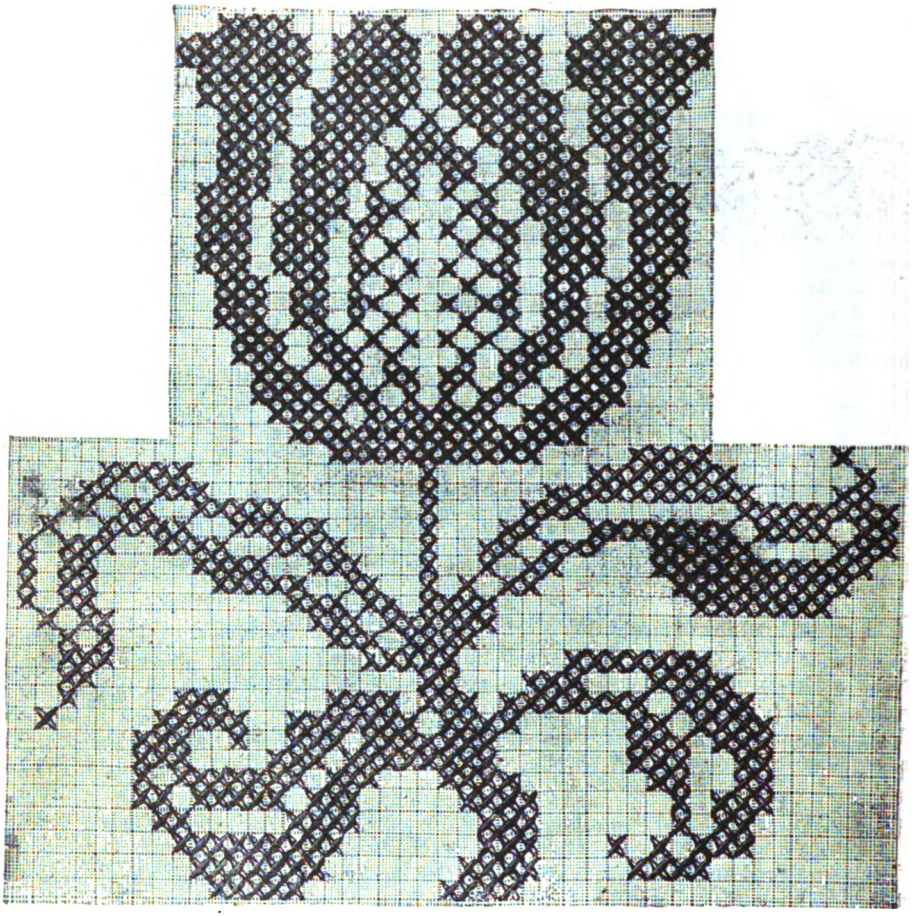
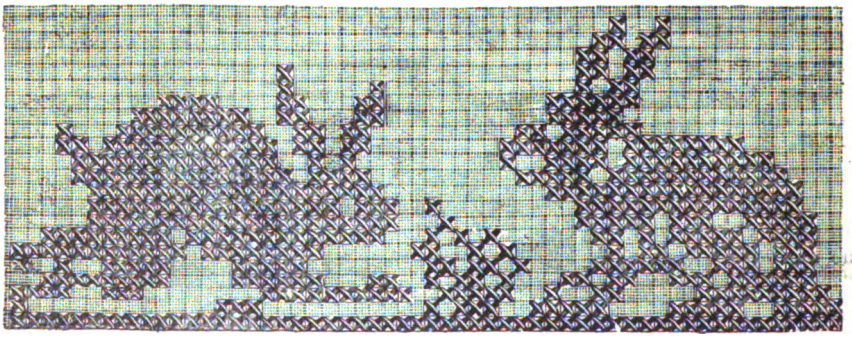
TULIP PATTERN. RABBIT DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.





The Tulip design is useful for many purposes; it is pretty as a border for a tea-table cloth, done in red marking-cotton. It will be more readily worked if canvas be basted on the cloth, and, when embroidered, the canvas threads can be pulled out.

The Rabbit design is suitable for napkins, done in cross-stitch in red cotton.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BABY IN MID-WINTER.—Do not let him roll on the floor, where even on the mildest day there is a current of cold air. Set him in the middle of a bed or in the corner of a lounge, giving him ample space for moving and playing about. Keep him from the windows. Draughts often set the seeds of painful eye-affections. Examine his feet and hands frequently through the day. Young mothers are apt to forget that little toes and fingers quickly become quite icy. The feet and hands should be kept uniformly comfortable. There is no excuse for chilblains. If the feet are cold, either the shoes are too tight, the socks too small, or the clothes are fastened so as to impede circulation. If when baby is asleep he kicks the coverings off his bed, sew buttons on the edge of the mattress, and loops under the margin of the quilt or blanket, or broad tape strings on both, and button or tie them together. Sleeping-socks should be put on his feet.

Do not take an infant-in-arms from room to room or up and down draughty passages and stairways without throwing a square of flannel or a woolen shawl over his head and shoulders. His clothing during the winter should be light and warm. Heavy garments should be strictly avoided, as they are productive of much mischief. To take a baby out of wadded garments, and put him, while perspiring from every pore, in thinner house-garments, is cruel. Above all things, the thin embroidered gowns, of which young mothers generally are so proud, should never be put on baby in the winter. Woolen garments from the skin out, and gowns with high necks and long sleeves, are the best kind of clothing.

Thoroughly ventilate the nursery or the room in which baby passes most of his time. This can be done thrice a day: during breakfast and dinner-time, and while baby is out. The heat of the nursery should be from sixtyfive to sixty-eight degrees, and never exceed seventy. The bath should be of a temperature that will not render the child chilly owing to too much heat, nor cause him to catch his breath at the first plunge.

Baby should not be taken out when bleak east winds are blowing, or when "black frosts" nip people's feet and fingers. When the weather is sunny and not too cold, he may go for an hour's airing with the greatest possible advantage. Impress on the nurse to seek the sunniest side of the streets in winter, and never to halt anywhere, even for a moment, when conveying the baby for his airing. It is a mistake to make a hard-and-fast rule about infants' promenades. Some children are more susceptible than others to the variations of the atmosphere. A mother must judge for herself whether her child is the better or worse for his outing. Baby will soon show whether or not he has benefited thereby. Do not permit him to go out in a perambulator, but let his nurse carry him in her arms. He can then nestle his face against her shoulder and gain comfort from the warmth of her body. Children of very poor but careful parents are often kept freer from colds than those of persons in better circumstances, because they have the advantage of human heat derived from their mothers' arms.

A NOVELTY—or a revival of a very old fashion—is the large gold chain passed simply over the neck and allowed to hang to below the waist. It is used to hang the eye-glass to it, or the watch, or anything else my lady pleases. Chatelain-bags are again in fashion, of velvet or kid, with ancient clasps and fittings. They have, indeed, become a necessity, now that pockets cannot be worn with the present narrow skirts.

A PRETTY DECORATION.—Fill a sponge with rice, grass, or other seeds, and place it in a shallow glass dish. Put in water enough to keep the sponge thoroughly moist. In a short time, the seeds will sprout, and the sponge can then be suspended where it will be exposed to the sunlight. If kept always moist, it will soon display a mass of delicate foliage.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.—Look on the bright side. It is the right side. The times may be hard, but it will make them no easier to wear a gloomy and sad countenance. It is the sunshine and not the cloud that makes the flower. The sky is blue ten times when it is black once. Simple axioms; easy to remember and worth applying.

LINEN COLLARS AND CUFFS or crossway pieces of batiste are worn with woolen dresses now, to obviate the hard effect and economical appearance of the straight unrelieved band so long in favor.

WHAT IT WILL SAVE.—The Mt. Ayr (Iowa) Journal says: "'Peterson' will more than ten times save the subscription-price to every family that takes it."

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NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Discovery of America. By Warren Holden. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This striking poem contains the record of Columbus's voyage to the New World and the marvelous results which have sprung therefrom. There is scarcely a page on which, even in a hasty first reading, metaphors or lines do not stand out so bold and earnest that they keep a fast hold on the memory. Of the great discoverer, it is well said: "His faults were unripe virtues of his time." Further on, his whole character is depicted in a single line: "His courage marched beside his daring thought." The lesson to be drawn from Columbus's sorrows and disappointments is thus tersely given:

"When nature's workman has performed his task,
She bids him stand aside, nor questions ask
Of honors and rewards he may deserve—
Enough reward and honor but to serve.
For due approval, wait a thousand years;
A race redeemed shall settle all arrears."

Even these brief extracts afford ample proof that the volume will well repay perusal and deserves more than one reading.

A Primer of Darwinism and Organic Evolution. By I. V. and Fanny D. Berger. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Every person to-day who desires to be well informed must possess a knowledge of the cardinal principles of organic evolution, which has proved to be "the master-key to the significance of the entire animated world." Now such knowledge can be easily gained from this admirable little volume. While within the comprehension of the average high-school pupil, it contains a great deal that will be new to cultivated men and women who have had no leisure to make a study of the works of Darwin, Wallace, and the scores of investigators who have contributed to the overwhelming mass of evidence which has fully established the doctrine of organic evolution as a fundamental truth.

The Other Man's Wife. By John Strange Winter. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—A new book by the author of "Bootle's Baby," "Mrs. Bob," etc., is always a welcome arrival. The present story will be found as admirable in its way as any of its predecessors, dangerous rivals as these must always prove to all later efforts. As is the case with so many recent successful novels, these clever books are the work of a woman, though the most astute among the critics failed even to suspect the fact until it was divulged by her publishers.

Sheridan's Ride. By T. Buchanan Read. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The publishers have issued a holiday edition of this stirring poem, which retains as firm a hold on popular favor as in the days of its first appearance. The book is extremely well got up, printed on elegant paper, and enriched with appropriate illustrations. All boys have an especial admiration for this recital of gallant Sheridan's famous exploit, and the volume will make a welcome gift.

Heimburg's Christmas Stories. Translated By Mrs. J. W. Davis. New York: Worthington Co.—These quaint novelettes display uncommon originality and great imaginative power and vividness of description. The author, who is so fast gaining popularity in this country, proves to be a woman, and the same is the case with the clever writer who signs herself "Ossip Schubin." The book is handsomely bound, enriched with some fifty photogravures, and will make a lovely present.

One of Cleopatra's Nights, and Other Stories. By Théophile Gautier. New York: Worthington Co.—These tales are delightful, full of the subtle charm of Gautier's best vein, teeming with the brilliant fancies and power of words which made him the foremost romancer of his time. The translation by Lafcadio Hearn preserves the light sparkling style of the original in a way that could only have been done by one thoroughly in sympathy with his author.

Married In Haste. By Mrs. Ann S. Stephens. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This charming story has been issued in the publishers' twentyfive-cent edition. Any person among the late authoress's hosts of admirers who is unfamiliar with the tale has a great pleasure in store, and those who read it on its first publication will be glad of an opportunity to re-read its brilliant dialogues and beautiful descriptions.

Every-Day Etiquette. By Louise Fiske Bryson. New York: W. D. Kerr.—This is a valuable little volume on a subject which, as the author says in her preface, "is now happily receiving constant attention in the public press and has become a recognized part of human advancement." The book contains much useful information on all sorts of social matters which no person can afford to ignore.

The Colonel's Christmas Dinner. Edited by Captain Charles King. Philadelphia: L. R. Hamersly & Co.—This collection of tales is supposed to be told at a garrison Christmas dinner, the difficulties attending the preparation of which repast are related in the author's happiest vein. The stories are all worth reading, and several among the number are exceptionally clever.

The Demagogue. By David Ross Locke. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This novel by the well-known humorist "Nasby" will possess a peculiar interest from its being a posthumous publication. It is an unusual story, strongly written, and forces one to admit that the author's gift of passion and pathos is equal to the humorous vein by which he achieved a wide reputation.

The Round Trip. By Susie E. Clark. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A very bright and entertaining description of a trip from Boston to the Pacific Slope and back again. Besides being so agreeably told that it is as interesting as a story,

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the volume will afford much information to persons who may follow in the writer's footsteps.

On the Blockade. By Oliver Optic. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A story that will delight every boy who gets hold of it. The scene is laid in the time of the Civil War, and the heroic endurance of the South and the noble persistence of the North in the cause of duty are portrayed with equal fidelity and enthusiasm.

Tisayac of the Yosemite. By M. B. M. Toland. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This very original poem is founded on a legend of the Nevada tribes, told in smooth easy verse. The work is profusely illustrated, prettily bound, and makes one of the noticeable books of the season.

In Trust. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This popular writer's numerous novels are all worth reading, but this latest effort is superior to most of them. It is written in a delightfully natural way, and the characters and plot are both admirably managed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A HANDSOME CATALOGUE.—The catalogues issued in the different branches of trade for 1891 show, in many instances, a decided improvement over those of 1890. The seed trade leads all others in the beauty and cost of these publications. One now before us, sent out by Wm. Henry Maule, Philadelphia, Pa., well illustrates this truth. It would be difficult to find a page that has not been utilized, both artistically and practically. In addition to the colored outside pages, twelve colored plates are scattered through the body of the book. The letter-press condenses all the needful information which will enable the farmer and gardener to select such seeds, plants, or trees as he desires. The illustrations are used in such connection with the printed descriptions as to give an accurate conception of the ripened products of Maule's Seeds. Last year, Mr. Maule paid $1,500 in cash prizes for field and garden products raised from his seeds, and $1,000 for the largest club-orders for seeds sent him in 1890. He repeats these offers for the current year.

A NOVEL AND POPULAR PLAN for selling pianos and organs has been introduced by the Marchal & Smith Piano Co., of New York. They make it easy for anyone to buy of them, and, by giving a trial in your own home, you are sure of being suited. Their instruments must be beautiful as well as perfect to be sold in this way, and the expressions of delight that come from their patrons show that they possess many grand and noble qualities. The liberal dealings of the Company deserve approval and should be tested by all who want a piano or an organ. Address them at 235 E. 21st Street, New York.

THE QUESTION OF PURITY IN FOOD is a matter of the greatest importance; yet so ingenious are the methods nowadays adopted to adulterate, that it is often very difficult to determine the merits of any particular article of food. With W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa, however, no such difficulty arises, for it is produced from the finest cocoa-seeds only; and, as no chemicals whatever are used in its preparation, all possibility of impurity is avoided. The result is that it is not excelled in solubility and is not approached in purity by any similar product in the market, and it still remains, as for over one hundred years past, the standard of excellence and the most healthful and nutritive cocoa in the world.

MISSING.—4210 subscribers to "Peterson's Magazine" who have not yet received a trial quantity of Electro-Silicon, the famous silver-polish. It is the wish of the proprietors of this celebrated household requisite that every reader who is a housekeeper, and not now using Electro-Silicon, should have a quantity for trial, which will be sent without charge and post-paid. We strongly recommend that you, if among the missing, send your address at once to the Electro-Silicon Co., 72 John Street, New York City, and thereby learn of the only proper method for the care of your silverware.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Irish Stew.—Slice some good potatoes rather thickly and put a layer of them in a stew-pan; next slice down some onions, and, if liked, turnips. Make a layer of these, then a layer of mutton—usually the best end of the neck cut into cutlets, though for family use the scrag is used also—rather highly seasoned; fill the pan in this way, finishing up with a layer of potato; pour in about a good tumblerful of cold water, and, when it boils, add the salt. After this, it should only stew (not boil) until the potatoes are done to a regular mash. A good-sized dish generally takes from two to two and a half hours, to cook properly. It must be served very hot.

Cold Beef au Gratin.—Cut any cold beef you have in thin neat slices, and lay them nicely like cutlets in the dish you mean to send up to table; add a little chopped parsley and shalot, pepper and salt, and pour over it a wineglassful of water mixed with mushroom ketchup or Harvey sauce. Strew dried breadcrumb over it, and add a few nobs of butter on them. Put the dish in a hot oven for ten minutes.

VEGETABLES.

Beets.—Wash but do not cut them, as that destroys the sweetness and color. Cook in boil-

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ing water until tender. Young beets will cook in one hour, old beets require a longer time; and, if tough, wilted, or stringy, they will never boil tender. When cooked, put them in a pan of cold water, and rub off the skin. Young beets are cut in slices and served hot with butter, salt, and pepper, or cut in small cubes and served in a white sauce. They are often pickled in vinegar, spiced or plain, and served cold; or they may be cut into dice and mixed with other vegetables for a salad.

Fricasseed Potatoes.—Take cold boiled potatoes, slice them thin. Boil together half a pint of milk, a teaspoonful of butter, one egg well beaten, and thicken slightly with flour; add a little salt. When boiled, add the potatoes and serve at once.

DESSERTS.

French Rice-Pudding.—Pick and wash in two or three waters a couple of handfuls of rice, and put it to cook in rather less than a quart of milk, sweetened to taste, and with the addition of the thin rind of one lemon, cut in one piece, and a small stick of cinnamon. Let the rice simmer gently until it has absorbed all the milk. Turn it out into a basin, and, when cold, remove the lemon-rind and cinnamon. Then stir into it the yolks of four eggs and one whole egg beaten up, add a small quantity of candied citron cut into small pieces, and mix it well in. Butter and breadcrumb a plain tin mold, put the mixture into it, and bake in a quick oven for about half an hour. To ascertain when the pudding is done, insert a bright trussing-needle into it, and, if it comes out clean, it is done.

Potato Pudding.—Boil four large potatoes and pass them through a sieve; stir into them powdered loaf-sugar to taste and the yolks of two or three eggs; add a few drops of essence of lemon, then the whites of the eggs whisked to a froth; mix quickly and well; pour into a plain mold, buttered and breadcrumbed, and bake for twenty minutes in a quick oven. Serve with

Sweet Sauce.—Beat up the yolks of four eggs with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar; add a tumblerful of sherry and a glassful of brandy; put the mixture in a jug; place this in a saucepanful of boiling water on the fire, and froth up the same with a chocolate-mill.

FASHIONS FOR FEBRUARY.

FIG. I.—LONG CLOAK, OF TAN-COLORED CLOTH. The inner front is straight from the neck to the feet, and has open spaces for the arms to pass through. It is drawn in to the figure at the back, and a long straight piece covers the under-sleeve. The three capes are slightly full at the back. It is tied in front with tan-colored ribbon. Black felt hat, with a fan-shaped tan-colored silk plaiting as trimming.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUISH-GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The front of the skirt is slightly full and is trimmed at the bottom with five bands of wide military braid. The skirt is full at the back, and at the sides is trimmed with an embroidered edge woven in the material. The bodice is pointed behind, and has revers of the woven material opening over a vest of the plain cashmere striped with military braid. Hat of bluish-gray cloth, trimmed with a black rosette.

FIG. III.—EVENING-DRESS, OF CANARY-COLORED SURAH. The front of the bodice, as well as the skirt, is laid in small tucks; these tucks, stopping about a quarter of a yard from the bottom, form a scant flounce. The back is in full straight plaits. The panels at the sides are formed of white brocaded ribbon. The back is cut in a point, and the front is like a Spanish jacket, with a braided design in the corners, and the revers and front of the collar of white brocaded ribbon. The silk cut away from the jacket forms a point at the waist.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DULL GREENISH-BLUE HENRIETTA-CLOTH. The bodice and skirt are cut in one piece, Princesse style, falling quite straight. The edges are ornamented with braiding, as are also the sides of the bodice and sleeves. The front of the skirt and bodice is of greenish-blue and white plaid, the bodice being folded across the chest over a brocaded vest. Sleeves ornamented with braid, and puffs of the plaid. Bonnet of the Henrietta-cloth, trimmed with yellow primroses.

FIG. V.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF COACHMAN'S-DRAB SUMMER-CLOTH. The garment is cut in one piece and opens over a black bengaline skirt, which is plaited in front. The revers and cuffs are of black bengaline, edged with a very narrow gold braid. Vest with a double row of buttons, of the drab cloth; this vest has small basque and large collar of the cloth. The straight collar of black bengaline is trimmed with several rows of gold braid.

FIG. VI.—SLEEVE, OF CASHMERE, with a silk over-sleeve and brocaded pointed cuff.

FIG. VII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN KNOTTED CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with several rows of braid, tufted with a lighter shade. The Henry II cloak is in plain brown cloth, bordered with a fancy galloon which also trims the turned-up collar and lappels of dark-brown velvet. Felt hat, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with ostrich-feathers.

FIG. VIII.—LONG COAT, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH, double-breasted, with Astrakhan trimming and buttons down the front. The collar, cuffs, and pocket-trimmings are of Astrakhan. Green felt hat, trimmed with silk and a stiff wing.

FIG. IX.—CUIRASS JACKET, OF BLACK SILK, spotted with velvet. The sleeves are of plain heavy silk, and, like the Medici collar, are

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trimme, with jet beads. Black velvet hat, trimmed with a band of black ostrich-feathers.

FIG. X.—BONNET, OF GRAY FELT, for an elderly lady. There is a broad Alsatian bow of gray satin ribbon on the front. The strings are of gray satin ribbon, extending across the lower edge of the back of the bonnet.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS OR WALKING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED CASHMERE. The skirt is laid in full small plaits at the back, and is buttoned a little to the left side down the front. The jacket-bodice opens with lappels. A brocaded open vest is filled in with jabots of crèpelisse. High full sleeves, trimmed with buttons.

FIG. XII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLACK AND WHITE STRIPED SILK, cut bias. The skirt is full at the back, and is made with a short train. It is plain and bias in front, and opens over a black silk plaiting at the sides. The jacket-bodice is made pointed at the back. The deep skirt is set on to the waist, with large plaits behind. The sleeves and waistcoat-front are of the striped silk.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF BLUE CASHMERE. The skirt is plain. The bodice, which is slightly full at the waist, opens over a blue and straw-colored brocade. The long high sleeves are of the brocade, with gold braid put on in vandykes.

FIG. XIV.—TOQUE, OF BLACK VELVET, with pink roses on the front brim.

FIG. XV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CLOTH, opening at the sides over black velvet trimmed with three bands of graduated fancy braiding. The bodice, of the gray cloth, is trimmed with bands of the braiding and black velvet. Long black velvet sleeves. Boa of gray fur. Large hat of gray velvet, trimmed with black velvet and feathers.

FIG. XVI.—SLEEVE FOR HOUSE-DRESS. It is wide and made long enough to wrinkle to below the elbow. The deep cuff is of white lace put over a plain cuff of the silk, and is trimmed with bows with jet tags.

FIG. XVII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN CLOTH, the bottom of the skirt being formed of a woven-in pattern. Louis XV jacket, of chestnut-colored cloth, the skirt made quite deep and having large pockets. The bodice is pointed and double-breasted, with a notched collar. The sleeves are long and full, with square cuffs. Bonnet of brown velvet, trimmed with chestnut-colored feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—At this season, there is but little to chronicle that is new in the fashions.

Combinations of two materials, such as velvet and woolen, or of different colors, are seen in nearly all costumes.

The style of making has varied but slightly.

Skirts are close-fitting in front, full at the back, and still too long for comfort or neatness in walking. Bias bands near the bottom of skirts are frequently the only trimming, but rose quillings and rows of braid are popular.

Bodices have been made in such great variety for so long that there can be but little that is new to say of them. Fancy has had full sway, and, if the bodice has been unbecoming to the figure, it has been the fault of the wearer only. The one thing that is new is the gradual adoption of the deep basque, extending all around the edge of the bodice, much like the Louis Quinze jacket cut short to the hips; but this style has been seen as yet on only one or two imported garments. It is not so becoming to stout women as the fashion now in vogue, with points back and front, with the slope above the hips; but for slender people it is a good mode.

Sleeves continue to be quite large at the top, and, for outdoor wear or ordinary house-wear, quite long over the hands; for more ceremonious occasions, the three-quarter sleeve arranged in many ways is fashionable.

Cheviots and tweeds, made tailor-fashion, will continue to be in style for street-wear; they are too useful and convenient, to be abandoned.

Bordered fabrics, of sufficient width for the length of the skirt from waist to hem, avoiding seams, are made up very gracefully. The bordering is put on in a variety of ways to please the wearer.

Flounces arranged in lambrequin style are popular, especially for house-dresses and on striped or Watteau silks; these lambrequin flounces are gathered, to form scallops or festoons. On evening-gowns, flowers or bows of ribbon are often placed at the top of the scallop; this is the most graceful style of flounce.

Cloaks and long mantles have varied but little for the past year. For the spring, when lighter ones will be worn, the style will remain much the same. The long loose coat will be popular.

Jackets of the so-called Louis Quinze shape are the newest wraps; these, to be quite correct, should have deep basques, large pockets, wide cuffs, and a jabot of lace at the neck. This style is varied, however, to suit many fancies: so we see them with high full sleeves, high Medici collars, small cuffs, pockets of all sizes, and double-breasted; and they look well, too, if not quite a copy of the original.

Hats and bonnets retain the shapes worn for some months; but these are legion, and all tastes may be suited.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I think that the present season is decidedly one of eccentricity in dress. One sees the oddest materials combined together, and the most singular blending of colors. The latest idea is to trim evening-dresses with dark fur, bands of imitation sable being employed on pink or blue or brilliant yellow satins and brocades. These

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fur bands border the top of the low-necked corsage and the almost inevitable opening up one side of the skirt, and stripe the satin underskirt beneath this opening; and then a band encircles the wearer's throat, this sombre trimming being exceedingly becoming to the complexion.

Another very popular trimming for evening-dresses is composed of ruffles of silk gauze, which are employed very much as lace used to be, and form jabots and fichus, and border evening-dress corsages and the sides of trains. White gauze is the favorite for ball or dinner dress trimming, and pale-blue or tea-rose for house-wear. The latter hue looks especially well on black silk dresses.

Ladies who have old-fashioned lace flounces, either white or black, packed away amongst their disused treasures, can bring them out, and, by imitating the style of using them now in vogue amongst the Parisian dressmakers, may fashion lovely toilettes from them. I allude, of course, to the flounces about a quarter of a yard in depth, which were so much worn some twentyfive years ago. They are to be joined together with a finger-wide satin ribbon, set under the edge of the lace and running lengthwise, the ribbon being invariably of the color of the lace. The underskirt, too, must be in satin, either white for the white lace or black for the black Chantilly or guipure. In this way, very elegant skirt-fronts—or, if necessary, the entire skirt of an evening-dress—may be arranged, and the effect produced is very beautiful.

A dress that is shortly to go to America has the skirt-front in point-lace and white satin ribbon. The train is in white brocade, as is also the low-necked corsage, which is finished around the top and over the shoulders with a band of white feather-trimming. A handsome visiting-dress has the front and sides in black guipure lace and black satin ribbon, made up over black satin, and the back of the short skirt is in plain gathered widths of satin. The black satin high-necked and long-sleeved corsage is entirely covered with guipure lace, puffed high at the top of the sleeves. A narrow ribbon in black satin passes down the front, being set under the edge of the lace.

Sleeves are growing longer and longer for demi-toilette and street-wear, and in some instances actually half cover the hand, after the style of those worn by "Margaret" in "Faust," in Retsch's outline illustrations. Gloves are following this innovation by becoming shorter and shorter, till the four-button length has been adopted for street-wear, and we seem in danger of once more wearing the gloves with one or two buttons, so dear to the hearts of our mothers.

The prevalence of ostrich-feathers for trimming dresses and cloaks has reacted on the fashions in another direction, by making fans in those plumes so very expensive that only very wealthy ladies can afford to carry them. The latest style of fan is excessively pretty. The sticks are in colored mother-of-pearl, blue and rose-pink being the most successful tints. The leaf is in shaded gauze to match, being a little paler than the sticks at the left hand, and deepening to a shade darker than the mother-of-pearl on the right. On this leaf is painted a group of Watteau personages. Fans with lacquered sticks and with gauze leaves are also shown in all delicate evening-dress colors. The leaf is usually adorned with a cluster of flowers painted in water-colors, and the fan thus composed is much less expensive than those which I described at first. Fans are still quite large, though less immense than were the great affairs in long ostrich-plumes that were the rage a few seasons ago. A novel way of lengthening a fan in real lace which is too small and the leaf too narrow for the present fashion has just been invented. This is to border the fan with a double row, or rather band, of white or black feather-trimming a finger-length wide.

Dress-skirts are becoming narrower and narrower, till there seems every danger of their attaining to the uncomfortable tightness of the days of our grandmothers, when a slim and well-made young lady in a fashionable gown could not venture to attempt stepping across a gutter filled with water. I say "slim and well-made" advisedly, for stout and elderly ladies have, with but few exceptions, refused to adopt the "sheath" skirt, as it is called, but continue to maintain a little fullness in that part of their costumes.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-COLORED WOOLEN. The skirt is plain, with a band of mink fur around the bottom. The Spanish jacket opens over a bodice of brown velveteen, cut in a point in front. The jacket is edged with a gold cord. Brown cloth toque, trimmed with a band of mink fur and two stiff feathers.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF DULL-ORANGE AND DARK-RED PLAID. The skirt is quite plain. The bodice is cut bias, having folds which cross from the shoulder. The sleeves are also bias, set in at the armholes with doubled straps of the plaid. Felt hat, trimmed with plaid ribbon.

FIG. III.—COAT, OF BLUE CLOTH, for a young girl. The front is slightly loose, the rest of the cloak is gathered into a plain yoke, and the fullness from it comes over the close sleeves. Bands of black velvet meet in a point at the back, and continue over the shoulder and down the front of the cloak. Large bone buttons. Black fur trimming around the yoke, the collar, and the cuffs. Hat of blue felt, ornamented with black ostrich-tips and blue ribbon.

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1891

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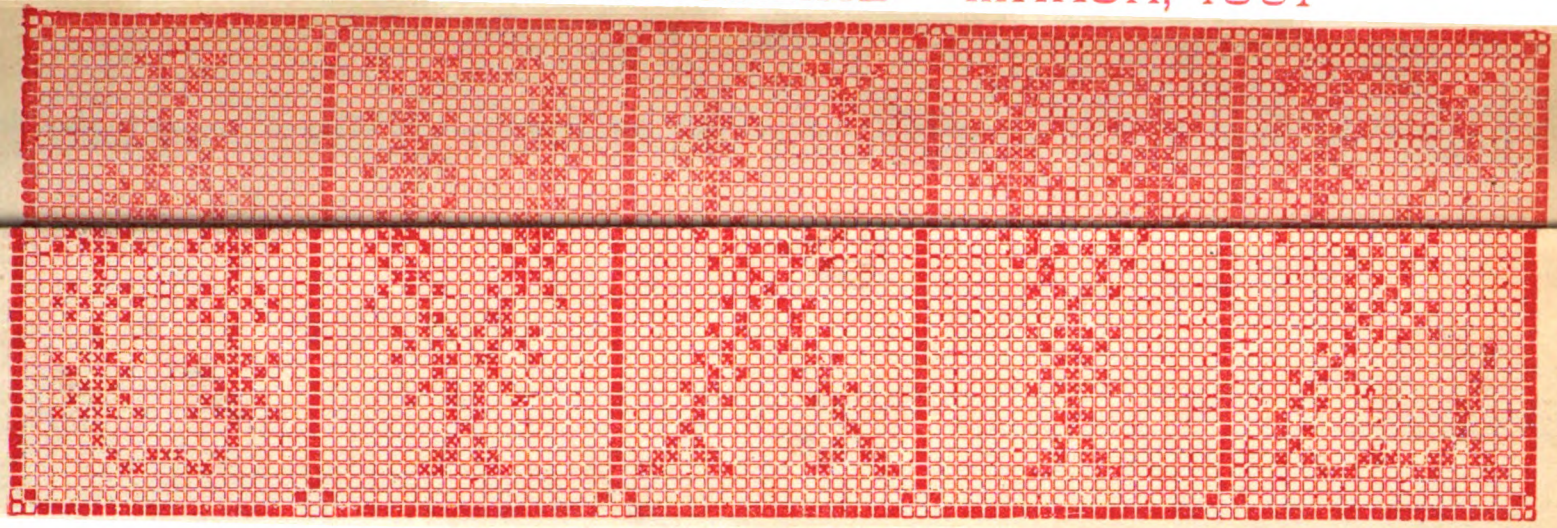

ALPHABET IN CROSS-STITCH

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Fig.

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THE WELCOME HOME.

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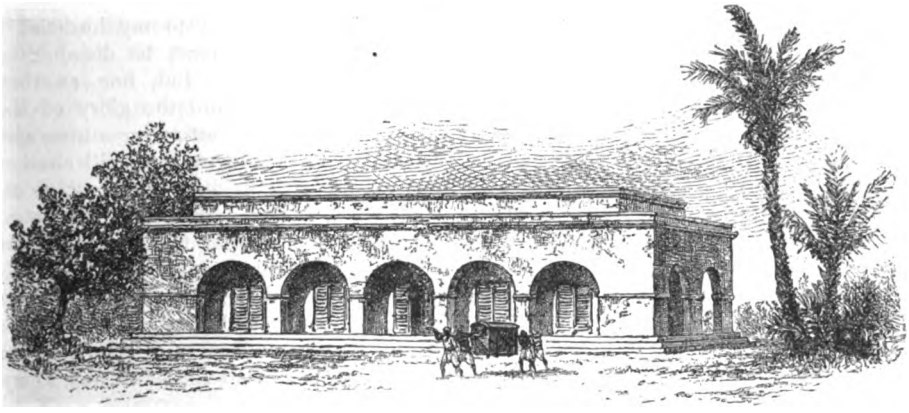
HOUSEKEEPING IN INDIA.

BY MRS. MARCIA B. LONG.



EAST INDIAN BUNGALOW.

WHEN I first went to India, I was fortunate enough to reach there in November—to me, almost the one thoroughly delightful month in the entire year.

It was early morning when the Aden steamer entered the harbor of Bombay, and I stood on deck gazing fairly entranced at the beautiful scene. The bay is admitted to be unrivaled in picturesque beauty; every point and turn presents some new marvel, till one is ready to cry out that it cannot be real, so dream-like and fairly unearthly are the changing views.

An arm of the sea separates the island of Bombay from the mainland; but it is connected by causeways and arched bridges with several other lovely islands, so that the group forms a breakwater extending north and south for several miles.

Chief among the wonderful sights in this great commercial city are the Parsee bazaars stretching for a full league along one quarter. These markets are a succession of handsome Eastern houses, ornamented with latticed windows and countless balconies that are marvels of wood-carving. The merchants dwell in the upper stories, and the ground-floors are divided into shops and stalls where all sorts of exquisite specimens of native work drive one wild with longing. There are wonderful boxes, fans, and drinking-cups, articles of furniture, marvelous cloths of gold, and muslins so transparent that they well deserve their name of "running waters."

The Bhendee bazaar is the most attractive of all, because it is so purely Oriental, from its productions to its stately merchants in flowing robes, women in odd costumes, half-naked beggars, yelling peddlers, yelping dogs, turbaned Mahomedans, closely veiled Hindoo ladies on foot or in carriages drawn by white bullocks, native soldiers, and loungers of every shade of color and peculiarity of dress.

The people seem to live on the balconies, instead of inside their houses; all sorts of occupations go on there, from washing the

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children to eating the meals. The shoemaker sits in the street, with his bench before him; the tailor squats on a carpet

DIRZI (TAILOR).

and plies his needle, while watching the crowd or exchanging remarks with the passers-by. Nobody ever seems in a hurry, nobody ever seems to go home, and the changing panorama never ceases from dawn till nightfall.

Not far from one end of the bazaars are found the residences of some of the wealthiest inhabitants—bright cheerful dwellings with broad verandas, nestled among a wealth of foliage and standing between two fine bays. At the end of this promontory are situated the English barracks, built with reference to the exigencies of the climate and replete with comfort for officers and soldiers.

Another interesting sight is the Jain hospital for animals—an Eastern institution whose humaneness puts Christendom to the blush. A walk through it makes one ready to laugh and cry. Any person who finds an animal—no matter what—sick, worn out, old, or dying, is authorized to bring it here, where it is well cared for while its life lasts.

One's first dinner-party in India is a sensation that one does not easily forget. My first festivity of the kind was a very grand affair at the residence of an English officer of high rank, whose wife was as charming in manner as she was lovely physically and mentally.

The general's bungalow stood near the town, surrounded by a grove and fronted by a long avenue of fine trees. It was a spacious building and furnished in a happy combination of European comfort and Eastern magnificence. The servants were legion; half a dozen, arrayed in long white robes with gold-and-red turbans and bright-blue scarfs, were grouped at the entrance, like a knot of brilliant-colored tropical plants. They helped us to alight with such stateliness that I whispered to my husband I verily believed they must be disinherited princes, at the least. But, fine as they were, they faded before the glory of the band of magnificently attired creatures who met me in the dressing-room. Still another troop of dusky individuals, gorgeous as so many Solomons and as handsome as bronze statues, showed us into the suite of great drawing-rooms, where a party of four-and-twenty was assembled.

The ladies were all dressed in exquisite Indian fabrics, and most of the men in military dress; so that the effect was, to my

KHANSAMAN.

American eyes, like that of a fancy ball. The dinner was simply perfect—like the house, a mixture of Europe and the Orient.

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But the odd spectacle was the troop of servants who served at table. They did not seem to walk; they glided about, noiseless as shadows, performing every service with unmatched dexterity—not even once did a glass rattle. The punkahs waved overhead; the chandeliers, fed with cocoanut-oil, cast a soft radiance over the scene, till I felt as if in some magical dream. But the servants: I could not keep my eyes off them. Besides those who waited, numbers stood in the doorways and by the pillars, so motionless that, but for the strange glitter of their eyes, one might actually have mistaken them for groups molded in bronze.

I must admit that at first they impressed me unpleasantly; they seemed to look at nothing, yet one felt that they saw everything. I thought of the dreadful tales of the long-past rebellion, and wondered if we should ever get away alive. I learned to be ashamed of this prejudice and to find many qualities to like among the natives of all classes; but those were my feelings on that night, so I set them down.

Only a week later, I began housekeeping on my own account—an initial attempt, as I was still a bride when my husband took me out to India. He had held a consular appointment at Bombay for several years, and I found a large circle of his American and English acquaintances ready to give me a friendly welcome.

MAHOMEDAN BOY.

The house which became my home was situated near Malabar Hill, along which winds a beautiful road that is a favorite carriage-drive. The dwelling was large and very commodious, as it had been built by a wealthy Englishman to suit his own fancy. It had two stories and a tower, elaborately carved balconies and pillars, and in the very centre stood a great acacia, to accommodate which a circular opening had been left in the roof.

It was entirely unlike any house I ever saw in India; so, instead of giving a picture of it, I have headed this article with a sketch of the dwelling we occupied in the hill-country when the summer heats drove us thither. Now, that was a typical bungalow, one story in height, with a flat roof of baked mud. It possessed neither front nor back door, and was innocent of passages or even windows in the strict sense. A broad veranda surrounded the dwelling, and each room had several double glass doors which opened into this shady place. Before these doors hung blinds of split bamboo, which formed a screen from dust or curious eyes. The rooms all communicated—those in the front opening into a corresponding suite at the back; and no door was ever shut, each being provided with thin or heavy draperies, according to the season. The floors were covered with matting, and over this in the principal rooms were spread beautiful carpets and rugs; but these proved as much a torment as a pleasure, between the ravages of the white ants that surged up from the concrete floors, and the mud which frequently sent a deluge from the roof. Some of the rooms were tenanted by flocks of sparrows, who evidently considered the rafters their legal habitation, and any attempt to get rid of them was time wasted. There they chirped, fluttered, flirted, and quarreled from daybreak till dusk, often mistaking lamp-light for sunrise, and so continuing their chatter far into the night, and always ready to pilfer every sort of provision they could manage to carry off.

The array of domestics which even the smallest family is obliged to keep is calculated to strike terror to the heart of a housekeeper unaccustomed to East Indian life. I shall never forget how absolutely appalled I was at the seemingly endless row of dusky faces which met me on my arrival at my new home. There they were, however, and had to be endured, for an attempt to dispense with a single member would have been the signal for the entire band to depart.

There was a servant for every separate thing to be done; and, at the head of them all, stood the khansman, a cross between a steward and a butler, who was supposed to

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keep the others in order, though he appeared to me a perfect firebrand. He made the purchases, going at an early hour to the bazaar, but requiring the aid of a coolie to carry the baskets, and of a writer to record the purchases. Then came that important functionary, the cook, who was as terrible a tyrant as cooks are in all lands. His kingdom was a building detached from the house and fairly crowded with myrmidons who did —well, whatever they pleased or the khansman might force them to do when he chanced to be in a mood to assert his authority.

For my special behoof, I had two ayahs or maids, and, besides these, a little Mahomedan boy whom I named Tom. The creature was the most helpful, mischievous, and exasperating young rascal that ever lived. He was always in disgrace, and, sorely as he plagued me, I had constantly to stand his friend against the complaints—usually thoroughly deserved—of the entire establishment.

The valet was a functionary of high importance in the eyes of the rest of the staff because from his position he was supposed to have his master on his side. My husband's man really was a very faithful

MALLI.

VALET.

competent fellow, though his face looked so treacherous and his soft voice sounded so deceitful that I never ceased to suspect him of plotting some deep dark villainy. Besides serving as the personal attendant of the Sahib—the title of the head of the house—he sat in the veranda to announce visitors, summon the other servants, and also to give, as I used to say, an Arabian Nights sort of look to the whole place.

As a rule, each servant appeared to exert himself to combine the minimum of labor with the maximum of time. Merely to enumerate the names of our troop would be enough to make an American housekeeper marvel how I ever managed to avoid being put in an insane-asylum before the expiration of three months.

There was a sweeper, who not only performed the duty denoted by his name, but took the chickens out daily for a walk, waving a wand to keep off

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the kites that were always hovering about. There was a dhoby or washerman, and a dirzi or tailor, who made the clothes of the other servants. There was a personage styled a bheestie, who brought water in a great skin for the kitchen and bath-room. There were khitmutgars, four of them, who waited at table and cleaned the plate. There was a messalji, who washed the dishes, and, while employed in this work, sat in the compound and was always surrounded by gray squirrels and a circle of crows and vultures eager for scraps. There was a picturesque creature called a malli, whose duty it was to keep the various rooms supplied with flowers. There were two syces or horsekeepers; they had attendants who were grass-cutters, and I am not sure that these latter had not somebody under them. There was the gwallah or cowman, and, very important, the chokydar, who guarded the house at night. Our functionary used to establish himself in the front veranda, with a lantern, a coffee-pot, a charcoal-stove, a great volume of devotions, and a huge stick. After he had drunk all the coffee he could, he would roll himself in a blanket and go to sleep till about three o'clock, after which time he chanted melancholy ditties at the top of his voice, or clattered through the house in a pair of heavy shoes, in search of some fancied marauder.

SWEEPER.

No servants sleep in the house; and, as they all reside in the grounds, with their wives, children, sisters-in-law, nephews, and other relations, their dogs, goats, and occasionally a stray bullock, quite a miniature village is formed. Very picturesque is the appearance at dusk, when the fires blazing outside each hut throw into strong relief the groups of men, women, and children huddled round them. During the day, the people live out-of-doors. The women are engaged pressing into shape cakes of manure —which, after being dried in the sun, are used as fuel—or in polishing the beautiful brass vessels used for cooking, eating, and drinking, and which are handed down through several generations.

These huts are always of sun-baked mud, and, as a rule, the door is the only means of ingress for air and light. The Hindoos often keep their huts exquisitely clean; but the Mahomedans, especially the women, are always horribly dirty and slovenly. In the hot weather, the people sleep out-of-doors, wrapped in long white draperies; and these silent motionless figures present a very weird ghost-like effect.

But I am not quite at the end of my list of our band of domestics. My husband had so many letters and messages to send that he was obliged to employ a confidential person styled a chuprassis. These men, as a rule, are notably trustworthy, and our man certainly was among the best of his race; during the five years that he remained in my husband's service, not so much as a tiny note ever went astray.

Another favorite of mine was Dhona, the wife of the gwallah or cowherd. She used to go about in picturesque draperies, and walked like a queen while carrying on her head a heavy jar of milk; she was a patient docile creature, born to be tyrannized over, and her husband took full advantage of the fact.

All the servants wear white clothes except during the winter, when the master is expected to supply them with warmer wearing-apparel. The Indian winter lasts from November till toward the end of February. The middle of the day is warm and bright, but the nights are cold. Spring comes with

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startling suddenness, and March is usually a lovely month, while in April the reapers

SYCE.

are busy with the barley-harvest. From May to November, the heat is intense, and coolies to keep the punkahs waving become a terribly troublesome addition to the already too numerous band of retainers.

In countless ways, the housekeeper's patience is sorely taxed, especially by the fact that, as some of the servants are Hindoos and others Mahomedans, the jealousies, intrigues, and hatreds are endless. But they unite in one thing—the Sahib and the Mem Sahib are watched with lynx eyes; and, even when the language spoken is not understood, the power seems to exist of guessing the sense of what is said by the expression of the face. The foibles and virtues of every foreigner in the city or station are familiar to the entire native population, who do not fail to make the knowledge serve their purposes.

Like East Indians of all classes, servants are desperate gamblers, and so generally head-over-ears in debt to the usurers—a state of affairs they often try to retrieve by robbing their masters of money, stamps, and any other articles convertible into hard cash. If a head servant commit a theft, and suspicion be roused against him, an inferior domestic of the same caste will at once confess the crime, and his companions will support his assertion by the most circumstantial evidence. The employer may be perfectly well aware that the confession and evidence are a tissue of falsehoods; but he will be unable to prove it, nor will any effort to clear up the matter be of the least avail. The innocent man who has taken the crime on his shoulders would rather undergo the full penalty of the English law

GRASS-CUTTER.

than incur the displeasure of his friends and companions.

With all their faults, the native servants

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have many good points. Even to better their fortunes, they will rarely quit your service unless you drive them away. They contrive also to combine having their own way with a delightfully respectful manner. They bow or salāam with every other word, move so softly about with bare feet that you hardly know they are present, and, on the whole, each attends well to the duties of his special department. They are always neat, their long flowing white robes and turbans spotless, and they never address you without some flattering phrase which it is difficult to resist.

They never ask for holidays, and never seek permission to be absent for a day except in the case of sudden death among their many relatives; but, as at least two or three during each week are pretty sure to have somebody near and dear die without warning, they manage to get as much relaxation

CHUPRASSIS.

as the more belligerent servants of other lands. An acquaintance told me of a lamplighter in her household, who asked permission three times in the course of as many months to be allowed to go and bury his mother. When on the last occasion she

GWALLAH'S WIFE.

ventured to remind him that he had already twice buried or burned this honored progenitress, he burst into passionate tears, saying: "Mem Sahib mistook! The first who died was my aunt's mother, the second my father's mother; but this is my own, own mother, and I had but the one."

Wages are not dear, house-rent is reasonable—fire-wood and oil are the most costly items. Provisions are cheap, both on the plains and up in the hills.

The sooner the foreign housekeeper in India learns to be satisfied with having matters go smoothly without too much apparent loss in the matter of perquisites and thefts, the sooner she will attain the state of mind necessary to comfort in that climate. After a very few years, a wise woman will get beyond the possibility of being disturbed by any minor troubles or accidents, and be able to remain "mistress of herself," though not only china, but the roof, should unexpectedly fall in the middle of a dinner-party.

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A SNOW-SHOE TRAMP.

BY W. BLACKBURN HARTE.

IT was a typical Canadian winter night; and one and all declared, when they started, that it was just splendid weather for a snow-shoe tramp. The wind was blowing with keen force, and the loose snow was driven before it in clouds every few minutes, with a sudden and blinding vehemence.

Mr. Maurice Cleghorne honestly thought the weather was a little too propitious for a tramp, but he deemed it wise to keep his own counsel. In the depths of his heart, however, he was conscious of a dismal lack of appreciation for the whole business, and a patronizing contempt for its entnusiastic promoters and participants. At all events, he would have gladly welcomed a thaw; an opportunity for grumbling at the beastly mildness of the weather would have secretly thrown him into a transport of exultation. The loss of all the stinging delights of tramping under the particular auspices of blustering jolly old Boreas would not have cost him a single pang.

Mr. Cleghorne was an American, visiting Montreal for the ostensible purpose of enjoying the exhilarations of a Canadian winter; he really had another reason for his visit. The "boys" had insisted that, unless he went for a tramp, he could never fairly claim to have seen every aspect of the winter season in these latitudes. As a matter of fact, this would have caused him but slight annoyance.

But there was something else entered into his calculations. It was his cousin who decided him to embark on this enterprise.

The influential young person in question was Miss Amy Clohecy, one of the fairest of Montreal's host of divinities. The cousinship which existed between the pair was of the most distant character; indeed, it was so elusive that Mr. Cleghorne was possessed with an inordinate desire to render the connection a great deal closer. Consequently he, of all things, wished to avoid appearing ridiculous in her eyes. Ridicule is so fatal to a lover's hopes: it is like a sudden frost in spring.

The party, on leaving town, had consisted of about forty members of the Montreal Snow-Shoe Club and several ladies. It was a ladies' night, and Canadian girls can tramp through the snow as sturdily as their lovers and brothers. Cleghorne and his cousin had been left a long way behind the others, in consequence of the gentleman's frequent falls. His expectations of having Amy to himself during the tramp had been fulfilled, but nevertheless he ardently regretted that he had not remained steadfast to his original determination to stay in town with a volume of Daudet and a good cigar. He began to think that this source of consolation for the loss of his cousin's society would, under the circumstances, have been far preferable to the boon itself; and besides, it would have had the additional charm of involving a certain sense of martyrdom. In his heart, he was now very angry. He had experienced great difficulty in maintaining the perpendicular, and had met with a great many little mishaps. His snow-shoe strings had become unloosed; he had tripped and fallen several times, and his cousin had been obliged to go to his assistance before he could regain his feet. He was thoroughly fatigued and painfully conscious of the fact that there was nothing of the heroic about his appearance. Every true lover wishes to be a hero in the eyes of his mistress. There was but one source of comfort left to him: it was too dark for them to distinguish one another clearly, and he hoped that his distress would escape her observation. At last, he became desperate; and, as he panted painfully behind her, he suddenly exclaimed, with as much superior scorn as the exhausted state of his lungs would allow him to impart to the words:

"And so this is snow-shoeing—this is sport?"

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"Yes," Miss Amy rejoined, with a cheerful lack of sympathy. "Aren't you enjoying yourself?"

"I am—immensely," he replied, with a ludicrous prolongation of the second syllable, as he scrambled over some fallen boughs and emerged into the half-light.

"Come on!" she cried, with laughing impatience. "We must catch up with the others. It is getting late."

It had grown very dark. The snow, which had begun to fall lightly at first, was now descending in a thick mantle which enwrapped them and blotted out everything but their immediate surroundings. The wind had changed and was increasing in strength each minute; it seemed to be blowing from every quarter at once. They could hear the boughs overhead clash together as they were swung violently back and forth, and every now and again they were startled by the sharp crack of a branch flung a few paces from them with a sound like the agonized cry of a living creature torn limb from limb. A lull was followed by a more terrific succession of moans, as if the trees were filled with frightened elves. Then came the fierce defiant yell of the wind, as it whirled the snow with despotic uncertainty of purpose hither and thither, and the tall trees bent before it in moaning submission.

"Amy!" cried Cleghorne, stopping with an abrupt determination—his cousinship conferred on him the privilege of calling her by her Christian name, and he pronounced it now with more than a cousinly tenderness. "This is a storm. We had better not try to reach the Club-house, but turn back and get home as fast as we can."

She wheeled round quickly and laid her gloved hand gently on his arm. He noticed that she was trembling, but she answered with forced gayety:

"Turn back? Never! We are going home. I am taking you by a short cut through the 'Pines' down to the Cote; we can then take a carter from the end of St. Catharine Street."

"Oh! a carter! My kingdom for a carter!" He did not dare show how anxious he felt, and attempted to speak lightly.

Amy was becoming very much alarmed and fatigued from buffeting against the wind. She had lost the track, but bravely hoped that she would find it again; and, although her heart sank within her at the prospect before them, she answered with an assumption of heedless good-natured sarcasm:

"I'm afraid that that would be obtaining a favor from the gods under false pretenses." Then, as the desolation of their position forced itself more strongly on her in the light of her own words, she burst into tears.

"Why, what is the matter, Amy?" he said, well knowing the reason of her distress, but not venturing to allude to it, unless despair should entirely unnerve her. "Come, come," he continued, not allowing her time to answer: "this will never do. I feel like a criminal. You are tired and nervous; I can't bear to see you cry. It is all my fault: you would have reached the Club-house by this time, if it had not been for me. But we will soon discover the road and get home. We have got to go down to the cemetery, you say, eh?" She shuddered at this mention of the city of the dead, but pressed his arm in assent. "Then come along: I'm just commencing to acquire the swing of this business."

He tried hard to speak cheerily and with unconcern, although he began to feel something tighten about his heart. He looked at her slight figure and thought of what a night out on the mountain in such a storm must mean. It was death! He pictured her lying dead before him, and the thought of how helpless he was made his blood boil in his veins, in indignation with fate; then, as the inevitableness of it all pressed like lead into his brain, he turned deadly cold. He longed to take her into his arms and hold her against his heart until death came to both; but, even situated as they were, apparently lost to the world, the little arch-demon of conventionality whispered that such a course would be highly improper. Another voice also suggested that perhaps she did not love him at all, and that the little signs he had construed as indicative of a reciprocal feeling on her part were but the expression of a naïve and genuine hospitality and kindness. A grand passion is a wonderful admixture of doubt, hope, and despair.

He was oppressed by a feeling that, under the circumstances, to ascertain whether she cared for him or not, by the usual mode of approaching the subject, which permitted of retreat, would seem puerile and foolish.

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He loved her very dearly, and yet we are all so weighted down by conventionality nowadays that we dare not be natural, even in the most supreme moments of our lives. Although they stood within measurable distance of death, he hesitated to ask her direct if she loved him. He felt somehow that, if she did not, it would seem like taking advantage of the situation, to press an unwelcome suit. Still, he could not bear the thought that they might both go to their graves and he not have spoken.

They plodded on for a few minutes longer in silence, keeping close together for fear of losing one another. They went up hill and down dale, and Amy stopped almost every moment, thinking that she recognized some landmark that would give her a true course, but was always as confused as before. The snow was forming into immense drifts and obscured everything. At last, she sank down despairingly in the snow and sobbed aloud.

In an instant, he raised her, and, before he realized what he was doing, he had covered her cold face with passionate kisses.

"My poor darling!" he cried, in a hoarse choked voice. "My darling—speak to me—speak!"

"Oh, Maurice," she whispered, with chattering teeth, as she shudderingly released herself from his embrace, "I am so sorry that I undertook to guide you! We are lost—we are lost! We shall be frozen to death out here. I'm so sorry for you, and it is all my fault! I promised to go for a sleigh-drive with Charlie; but we quarreled last evening, and we shall never, never meet again!"

In the intensity of her own pain and grief, her companion was momentarily forgotten.

"Then you love another?" His voice, in its agony, so pained her that she flew to his side and laid her hand on his shoulder in mute sympathy. She could not reply for some instants, then said brokenly:

"I never dreamed that you cared for me! I love Charlie Morrison—you met him the other night, at our house. We are not openly engaged yet, but I have promised to become his wife. Oh, I'm so sorry you have not known this. I'm so sorry to have caused you this unhappiness." Her heart was too full for any feminine dissembling, and she spoke hurriedly and disjointedly, with a sob in her voice that wrenched his heart.

He shivered and grew dizzy with pain. Then he laughed in a way which sounded strange in his own ears.

"I'm a fool," he cried. "I could have died beside you here without a pang of regret, but now we must find the road. Come—say no more; you are exhausted already. Oh, if there were only some stars out, we should be safe."

They blundered on through the darkness in silence. She was benumbed with conflicting emotions. He was smitten alternately by a blinding passion of forgetfulness and a blank despair which robbed him of strength.

At length, as they were cautiously descending a steep declivity that Amy believed led to the valley in which lay the cemetery, Maurice stumbled against an obstruction that barred his progress. It was a log hut almost buried in the snow. The wind, however, had swept the snow away from one side, so that the hut was discernible; otherwise, it might have been mistaken for an immense drift. With a cry of joy, Maurice found the door. It was blocked almost to the lintel; but in a few minutes, with the help of one of his snow-shoes, he succeeded in clearing the drift away sufficiently to gain an entrance. He felt about the walls in the darkness until he came across what was evidently a hearth, and, best of all, a number of logs piled up together on it, together with some dry twigs and shavings.

"Amy, we are saved!" he said.

The girl could not reply. Her lips moved without sound as she offered up a short prayer of thanksgiving to God for His mercy. Then, as her hopes of life returned, she began to experience in a greater degree a sense of pain for Maurice's disappointment. A woman is always inclined to be sympathetic and appreciative when she is the direct cause of a man's grief; not only is her interest awakened by the genuine sorrow she often feels, but she is invested with a sense of sovereignty that is sweet to every woman. Next to the supreme happiness of being content in a man's love, a woman enjoys nothing so absolutely as trying to assuage a misery which she is perfectly well aware her presence only tends to promote.

Maurice went down on his knees, and, taking one or two old letters from his pocket-book, carefully built a small fire of

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twigs and shavings. The draught blew out his matches almost as quickly as he struck them; but at last he managed to secure a little flame, and he carefully fed it until a bright fire was blazing on the hearth, lighting up and warming the interior.

Amy was very tired after the excitement she had passed through, and, now that they were out of danger and the tension on her nerves relaxed, she began to experience a reaction. She was very cold and wet, and her limbs ached horribly; but the heat of the fire began to exercise a somnolent effect. She did not wish to go to sleep, and fought against the feeling. It looked so selfish, when she knew that he could not sleep. Then, too, their isolation suggested horrible fears as to the opinion of "Mrs. Grundy," who of course insists that the "proprieties" be observed, in defiance of the elements and all principalities and powers. She dismissed the thought as unworthy—a stigma on her companion's chivalrous generosity, and a reproach to herself. She glanced at him from beneath her half-closed lids. There was a hopeless look of resignation on his face, and she yearned to try and comfort him; but she could not bring herself to re-open the subject. She could not think of anything that would not be too dangerously tender, and her innate sense of justice revolted from the administration of commonplace condolences. Nature, however, is inexorable in her demands. After a few efforts to keep awake, weaker each time, Amy closed her eyes and fell asleep.

Maurice bent over her for a few moments, and a sad wistful expression came into his eyes. She looked so happy and content in her dream; a realization of how utterly he was outside her life, while she so completely absorbed his every thought, chilled his heart, and he turned away with a dry harsh sob. She was smiling—dreaming, perhaps, of her lover. She gave a little shudder, started, then smiled again, and sighed with content. Maurice took off his blanket tunic, laid it carefully over her, and crouched down by the fire.

He could not sleep; his mind was too full of the bitterness of despair. The night seemed an eternity to him, the hours dragged so slowly. The wind howling outside like a pack of starving wolves, and the alternate gleams and shadows of the fitful firelight within, all seemed to partake of and add to the dreariness which pressed upon his heart. He sat with his elbows resting on his knees, his head in his hands, gazing into the glowing coals as if he sought to read his destiny in their fantastic creations. He longed for daylight, and yet dreaded it. He had learned his fate. He knew that the morrow would be as hopeless as the night—would intensify his grief. Although this continual brooding was hideous, he almost fancied his desolation unreal and occasionally suffered himself to dream his hopes over again; and then the truth would again sweep over him, and his anguish was the more complete. He sat thus for two or three hours, when all at once thoughts of a very different complexion began to assume shape in his brain, that fairly startled him with their importunity. What if people said that it was very strange they should have become separated from the main body of the trampers? What if their isolation during this terrible night should be made the subject of gossip, and cause suspicion to fall on her fair name? He turned hot and cold at the idea. He would never allow the breath of scandal to tarnish her reputation through his stupidity. If any man dared to hint that she was not as good and pure as an angel, he would shoot him. And Morrison? Supposing the one she loved with all her heart were to become possessed of insane jealousy and leave her. Why, then, Morrison would prove himself a base coward! Who could doubt her? Still, stranger things had happened, and it suddenly flashed on him that such an event would probably force her to turn to him. His heart leaped at the thought, but only for an instant. Was he as cynical and cruel as the rest of the world, to accept such a mean advantage over a defenseless girl? No; he would never take to his bosom an unwilling bride. He looked quickly toward her, to see if she still slept. She lay as quiet and beautiful as the statue of a sleeping Aurora. She was altogether outside his life; he could never enter hers in any way. He would leave the hut and try to make his way through the cemetery to the Cote, and get back to his hotel. Then, when questions were asked, he would say that he left her immediately after the finding of the hut, to seek assistance, and never returned. Yes, that was the best thing to do. She

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would be safe until daylight, and then he could direct a search-party to the place, and not a word could be said reflecting upon either his or her honor. He piled logs on the fire, sufficient to burn until morning, and, lighting a pipe to calm his agitated nerves, he rose softly, and stepped out into the snow.

It was about four o'clock. The gray dusk of approaching dawn was stealing up in the east, coming in white misty gusts through the driving storm. It was impossible, however, to discern anything a few feet away; and Maurice, having no knowledge of the locality, turned resolutely in the direction by which he thought they had come. He had tramped steadily along for some time, when he reached a place where the snow seemed to go down a steep declivity into a valley. In attempting to descend by a circuitous route along a narrow projection, he suddenly felt the ground give way beneath him. There was a break in the path, covered by treacherous snow. A half-stifled cry, followed by a loud crackling of fallen boughs, a low moan, drowned by a fierce howl of the wind —then all was still.

Amy awoke suddenly, with a sensation of numbness in her limbs. The fire was a smoldering mass of ashes; daylight was streaming in. She glanced quickly toward the corner in which Maurice had sat—he was gone. With a cry, she started to her feet and staggered to the door. It was half open, and at the threshold she paused. A little distance off, she heard voices, and hurried out.

The snow had ceased to fall and the morning was clear and bright. The sun shone brilliantly, and the white plain was scintillant with its refracted light; but it gave no warmth—all was cold and desolate.

"Maurice! Maurice!" she cried, and her voice echoed in the valley beneath. She listened; the other tones became hushed, and then a voice which she recognized with a glad cry of joy exclaimed:

"Thank God, we have found you at last!"

In another minute, she was in Charles Morrison's arms, and his kisses fell on her upturned radiant face.

The search-party, which had been out since early dawn, soon afterward found the body of poor Maurice, stiff and frozen and half buried in a drift. He had evidently been stunned in his fall by striking his head against a tree, and had lain unconscious until suffocated under the snow. A few dead sticks grasped tightly in a death-grip alone told how he had met his end.

CUPID IS ABROAD TO-NIGHT.

BY S. Q. LAPIUS.

FLYING hoofs and jingling bells,
On the air the music swells;
Frozen spume-flakes floating wide,
From the steeds on either side;
Swaying sled with merry load
Down the sheeted moonlit road
Glides—an engine strong and swift—
Through each deep opposing drift;
Beauty's cheeks are crimsoned bright—
Cupid is abroad to-night!

Shouting boys and laughing girls,
Sparkling eyes and shining curls,
Foaming steeds and creaking sleighs,
Ploughing through the snowy ways;
Merry jest and happy song
Cheer the crowd that speeds along,
By the farm-house, grim and dark,
Where the watch-dog's wicked bark
Makes the horses shy with fright:
Cupid is abroad to-night!

Crescent moon and twinkling stars
Strew the road with silver bars,
Mingling with the dismal shade
By the tossing tree-tops made.
Here doth naughty Cupid hide,
Bow and quiver at his side,
Waiting to discharge a dart
At some blushing maiden's heart.
See, the red lips change to white—
Cupid is abroad to-night!

Slender form kept safe from harm
By a strong encircling arm;
Love-lit eyes and ruby lips,
Finger-tips meet finger-tips,
Hand clasps hand—and then, you know,
Cupid leaps from out the snow,
Finishes the work begun—
Two hearts pierced instead of one.
Hear him laugh, the merry sprite—
Cupid is abroad to-night!

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THE MYSTERY OF DULCE DOMUM.

BY ALICE BOWMAN.

INTRODUCTION.

AND those pine-breezes will blow some color here," said father, drawing his finger over my sister Theodora's pale cheek. We five—mother and father, brother Harold who was seventeen, Theodora fifteen, and I, the baby of the family, aged eleven—were all gathered together in the old family sitting-room. It was early March; but the season was backward for the clime of New Orleans, and the orange-trees surrounding our home had put forth only a few blossoms, and a fire in our open grate was really comfortable.

"What is it, father? What do you say?" asked Theodora.

I can see her now—my fair gentle sister, sitting with easy grace on the low ottoman by father's knee, her golden head uplifted from the book over which she had been bending, her brown eyes fixed inquiringly on father's face. Truly, she was wisely named Theodora—God's gift.

"It is only," said father, "it is only that I am planning to place my little daughter where she will grow strong and rosy, and so give me a hearty welcome home."

Theodora's face became very grave.

"Father," she asked, regarding him earnestly, "father, do you mean that you must cross the ocean and leave us here?"

Father picked up his evening paper and commenced unfolding it. I don't think he felt quite able to meet Theodora's eyes, though he answered calmly and even cheerfully: "So it has been decided, little daughter—only four or five months away; and has not mother told you of my plan?"

He smiled now and laid his hand on her head as he glanced toward mother, who smiled faintly back, quite forgetting the leaf she embroidered while listening, and so letting her work fall negligently into her lap.

"Ah," resumed father, "I see she has left me to tell of the summer campaign. Well, you are all to take possession of an enchanted palace, and try what wonders it will work. You are all to spend this summer at Dulce Domum." And father, having made the announcement, looked around cheerfully on wife and children.

"Glorious!" exclaimed Harold, standing tall and slim against the old mantel and tossing back his proud young head with a gesture peculiarly Harold's. "I shall become a good hunter and a good fisherman. Father, you have promised me a gun."

"And I hope," said father, gravely regarding him, "I hope you will not forget your responsibilities."

"Oh, never fear," responded Harold; "I shall be pater to the little ones and protector to mother, and, as for the gun, it shall never be brought into the house loaded, and never shot nearer than—how near, mother darling?" he asked, laughing, coming toward mother and throwing about her shoulder a caressing arm.

Harold was a handsome winning fellow, very Creole in appearance—like father's mother, who was a Bienvenu—and, though his eyes and hair were dark, sunlight followed wherever he went. I have seen the dingiest room grow bright when he entered.

"I am afraid I shall never want to hear the report of that gun, Harold," said mother, looking gently upon her darling boy—the pride of her heart, we all knew.

"Such a little coward," cried Harold, stooping to kiss her and knocking all the worsteds out of her lap.

"Careless boy!" exclaimed mother, as he stooped and gathered them together.

"But seriously, father," said Harold, seating himself, "don't you think the gun ought

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to be kept loaded? That house has been empty these two years, and the country is rather wild, isn't it? At least, I know there are Indians about, and—"

"Indians?" I cried. "Indians? Oh!" and I turned a pair of startled eyes toward father, for that day's history-lesson had told of Indian cruelties during Philip's war, and visions of scalps and tomahawks yet floated through my mind.

"Don't be a coward, Madge. These Indians are tame. They just drink whiskey and steal chickens," laughed Harold.

"But I don't want to go where there are Indians."

"Does my darling think I would send her among savages?" asked father, lifting me on his lap.

"If only you could be there," I half whispered.

He did not answer in words, but held me close while explaining to the others something about the business necessities of his trip to Europe.

Theodora sat quietly while he talked, her soft eyes looking dreamily into the glowing coals—I was sure there were tears under the drooping lids; but she was brave as well as tender, and I knew would not let father see them fall. The firelight flickered over her, and the lamp-light fell with a sort of radiance about her golden head. I can see it all now: this quiet home-scene comes before me, like the memory of a beautiful picture—the old room, the long French-glass doors, the dark antique furniture, the portraits with their haunting eyes looking down from mauve-tinted walls, firelight touching their faces almost into life—touching, too, mother and Harold as they sat hand in hand, playing over father's grave face, and flickering over me, Baby Madge, gathered up lovingly in his arms.

"Father," presently asked Harold, breaking the short silence which had fallen on us, "father, I don't understand how this property comes into your possession. I know," continued Harold, "I've heard talk enough about the whole affair, but I really don't understand—perhaps I haven't tried and cared to understand. And why, too, did this cousin—Mr. Forsythe—live in the pine-woods?"

I could hear father sigh before he answered.

"Norman Forsythe, my son, was a college-mate and distant cousin of mine. He was a minister, and, when about twentyfive, married a lovely girl. But her constitution was frail—she had the seeds of consumption in her system. Physicians ordered a residence in the pine-lands, and Mr. Forsythe, who was quite rich, immediately moved to a rather wild parish of this State and built a church and a parsonage near by."

"A church?" exclaimed Harold. "He must have been rich."

Father smiled.

"Not a church as you know them, my son. This little house of worship is a very humble building, but large enough to hold the congregation for twenty miles around."

"And the wife—did she recover?"

"No," answered father, stroking my hair. "She lived probably three years, and life after her death seemed of no value to my poor friend. He remained in the old home, passed much of his time in his library, wrote several articles on botany, and rather dreamed the years away. A great mistake, Harold," said father, turning his keen intellectual face toward my brother. "Mr. Forsythe was a man of talent; and talents, my son, are entrusted to us for use."

Harold's eyes fell. He knew just what father meant. He knew his professors pronounced him the brightest boy in school, but unfortunately the end of every term brought reports ranking Harold only midway in a class of youths, most of whom were naturally his inferiors.

"But," said my brother, smoothing mother's hand as he looked down, "didn't you say that a great sorrow had changed Mr. Forsythe?"

"And when sorrow comes, my son, should it make us forget duty? Life is still left, and life is not given for selfish broodings. There is always work for the living, Harold. Our dead are not dead. They are always with us in memory, and it is our duty to live as they would have us live."

Father's face grew thoughtful. I knew he was thinking of his own lovely mother—my grandmother, whom I could just remember.

"But," objected Harold, "didn't Mr. Forsythe do good where he lived?"

"Not the good he ought to have done," answered father, rousing himself from reverie. "He preached every Sabbath to a few backwoods people, and, I believe, was kind

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to the sick; but he became a bookworm, and thus even his business affairs were neglected, and so the trouble fell."

"What exactly was the trouble?" asked Harold. "You know, I was at school and never heard details."

"Simply, he negligently allowed his cousin, a spendthrift, to manage all his property, and so became involved—his name dishonored, almost; for really, without examining into matters, he had signed papers which—well, which no strictly honorable man ought to have signed, and altogether, when this dishonor was discovered, the shock shattered his health and eventually killed him. Long ago," continued father, "I was really attached to Norman Forsythe; but, after my marriage, I seldom thought of him except when there came memories of school and college terms. One day, I received a letter begging that I would come to him in his home. I was extremely busy at the time, but in the course of ten days I managed to slip over the lake and into the wilderness."

"And did you see any Indians, father?" I interrupted, sitting upright.

"Yes, a whole tribe, all done up in feathers and war-paint," cried Harold; "and they danced a war-dance and—"

"Hush, Harold," interposed father. "No, Madge, I can't say that I saw any Indians. But I saw a beautiful country—hills and woods and clear springs and winding streams. How you will enjoy them! Take care you don't turn Indian or gipsy before I come back, Madge."

"She can't be a gipsy—she can't get rid of her blue eyes," laughed Harold. "But," he continued, "what of Mr. Forsythe? Did you help him—at least, I know you helped him—did you punish that wretch of a cousin?"

"My old friend was very feeble," said father, resuming his story without noting Harold's inquiry. "It was impossible, at first, to trace any likeness to the Norman of old times; but after a while—well, the face became familiar. Yes, I was able to help him. It took several visits to perfect matters, and a good deal of time. I really would not have done this for anyone else," continued father; "but Norman Forsythe was too infirm to leave his home—not fitted, after all those years of retirement, to meet the bustle of city life. Besides, he—" Here father hesitated, then added impressively: "Harold, my boy, when you are as old as I am, you will learn that the friends of youth are peculiarly dear. I was enabled to advance money and pay off debts which were really not his debts—they were his cousin's debts; but Norman Forsythe's name was signed as guarantee for payment, and so he of course held himself responsible for them. You are rather young, my children, to understand all this business."

"But what I want to know," persisted Harold, "is this: Mr. Forsythe died two years ago. Didn't this property then become yours? And, if so, why didn't you sell it or move over there at once? Why have you left it to the care of those two old negroes all this time?"

Father hesitated a moment, I could see, and glanced toward mother, as if asking advice.

"Tell the children," said mother. "It is better to let them know."

"Your questions, Harold, are natural," commenced father, again thoughtfully stroking my hair. "Well, after three or four visits, matters were quite straightened. I had advanced about four thousand five hundred dollars, and had received in exchange a mortgage on Dulce Domum for three thousand, and a note-of-hand for the remaining fifteen hundred, said note-of-hand to be paid one year from date."

Father paused here a moment.

"Well?" exclaimed Harold, "did you get the money?"

"After a good deal of trouble, yes. That last visit, although matters had been arranged to much better advantage than I anticipated, and although my friend expressed himself as more than satisfied with all that had been done, he seemed unaccountably depressed. We held a long conversation in the study—I expected to leave next morning—and he then informed me that he had had an interview, three weeks before, with Ralston Forsythe. It must have been a trying interview."

"Why?" asked Harold.

"Through some business visitor, who had come into the wilderness to have his claims settled, Norman Forsythe learned that this wretched Ralston had, ten years before, been privately married to a stage actress. She might have been a good young woman—I know nothing about her," said father; "but the fact of the concealment and other circum-

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stances enraged and grieved my old friend beyond words. Ralston Forsythe was what is called 'forced heir'—that is, as nearest relative, in case of Norman Forsythe's death without will, he was entitled to all property left. Of course, my friend now thought with abhorrence of allowing his fortune to fall without control entirely into Ralston Forsythe's possession. Having pledged me to silence, he placed in my hands a will—a will which he said obviated all this, and with which he had threatened his cousin during that previous interview."

"And to whom did he leave the property?" asked Harold.

"That," said father, "I cannot tell, for I do not know."

"Do not know? Wasn't the will made public?"

"No, Harold; the will was lost—it has never been found."

"Lost? How?"

"I wish I knew," answered father. "It is a mystery altogether. After the making of the will, we sat talking in the study till a late hour. I bade him good-night, and was hastening to my chamber with an envelope in my hand—one of those long legal envelopes, containing the will and documents relating to our business—when he called me back and asked that I would leave the envelope with him till morning, as he wished to make memoranda of the most important documents. Next morning, he returned the envelope. I took it without examining, and laid it in my valise. The drive from the parsonage to the wharf where we meet the boat is about twenty miles. While in the carriage, I unlocked my valise and commenced an examination of the papers, for I was anxious to save time by sorting out those which would demand immediate attention. Imagine my dismay, finding within only blank sheets of paper. However, knowing my friend to be absent-minded, I concluded that he had, during a fit of abstraction, folded blank sheets and placed them within the envelope. It was impossible for me to return, as I had business appointments to meet here; but I wrote a note by the driver, who went back next morning. All search was made—the papers were not found. I think this loss must have agitated Norman Forsythe; at least," continued father, his voice becoming quite low and tender, "he was found that night, sitting at the desk in his study, dead. He had been writing a letter to me—only the first line was finished."

Theodora moved a little nearer father.

"I wish I could catch that rascal of a cousin," cried Harold, his eyes flashing. "I suppose, then, it was he who wouldn't let you have the parsonage."

"Yes," said father, "he gave me a great deal of trouble. As the mortgage was recorded, the loss of that note did not affect me; but he brought suit on other charges. Finally, I was enabled to arrange matters, and his lawyer consented to let me have the parsonage, furniture, etc., for the fifteen-hundred note-of-hand."

"Don't you think Mr. Forsythe left his estate to you?" asked Harold, earnestly regarding father.

"No, I think not. I think it was left me in trust for someone else. The will was not sealed; I was requested to read before sealing. There was not much more than ten thousand to leave, Harold. That miserable dishonest man had wasted and squandered over fifteen thousand."

"What a wretch—a scoundrel—a thief!" cried Harold.

"Father," said Theodora, turning her graceful head and looking up earnestly toward Harold first and then into father's face, "just now, while reading, I came across these words:

> 'Be noble; and the nobleness which lies
> In other men, sleeping but never dead,
> Will rise to meet thine own.'

They are," she hesitated an instant, drawing her pretty brows together, as if considering a problem, "they are just what I always thought and yet did not exactly know how to express. There is some good in everybody, and, if we seek that good, if we try to forget the bad, and can just touch the good—" she paused here, a pretty flush on her cheeks.

I can see father now, bending forward a little to lay his right hand almost reverently on Theodora's head.

"And you think, daughter, that we might appeal to the good spot in Ralston Forsythe's nature, and perhaps reform him?"

"Don't you think so, father?" she persisted, earnestly.

"Well," said father, hesitating, "I suppose

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there must be a good spot somewhere; but," he hesitated again, shuddered a little, then, removing his hand and passing it hastily over his eyes as if to wipe away a disagreeable vision, continued: "God grant that my little daughter may never find herself thrown near a man as bad as Ralston Forsythe."

"I only wish he would come near me," cried Harold, springing up and walking excitedly toward the fire, which he poked with great energy, quite indeed as if brandishing the poker about Ralston Forsythe's shoulders.

"Father," asked Theodora, "why can you not take us with you to Europe?"

"For many reasons, my child. I go on business, and must give all my attention to that business. Moreover," continued father, gravely, "I have met with heavy losses this year, and—"

"Never mind, father," said Theodora, "I can understand that it is impossible; but, at least, let us stay here in the old home till you come back."

"No, my daughter; I wish you to pass the summer at Dulce Domum. I want Harold to feel his responsibilities; I want him to grow manly—I mean, earnest and grave. I think mother needs a change, and you can run about under the pines and get strong, and Madge can be a gipsy, notwithstanding her blue eyes."

Theodora said nothing more, but sighed, turned away her head, and again looked dreamily into the coals. She knew what we all knew: that father sent us to the pine-woods because an attack of low fever had left her languid and weak, had stolen the color from her cheeks and the buoyancy from her step, so that she rested for the greater part of the day on a lounge in mother's room.

"Father," said Harold, again leaning against the tall mantel, "father, what became of those missing papers?"

"I don't know, my son; they disappeared mysteriously. The only servants are an old colored couple—Uncle Washington and Aunt Chloe. They were slaves belonging to Mr. Forsythe—devoted to him and certainly honest. The old man declares that, about an hour after we parted that night, he saw his master lay the big envelope in his desk, lock the study-door, as was his custom, and carry the key of the study to his room."

Just here, the great clock in the hall chimed nine, and father kissed me good-night.

I remember, at the door, looking back into that room and thinking what a pretty picture it all made, and especially how lovely Theodora, smiling at me from her low seat, the red of the fire touching her figure and face with a rich warm glow.

One week later, father left for Europe, and, about the first of May, we crossed Lake Pontchartrain and drove back some twenty miles to our summer home in the backwoods of a south-eastern parish.

CHAPTER I.

I THINK mother felt rather timid about spending long months in a wild part of the pine-lands without father, but certainly all timidity disappeared before the calm and quiet beauty of Dulce Domum. As we came forth from the long stretch of pine-woods through which our road had trailed the past half-hour, as the wheels of our carriage rolled into a soft vale stretching between two gently sloping hills, all covered with rich verdure—as, lifting our eyes, we saw our new home, vine-draped and touched with the soft light of a setting sun—somehow a feeling of peaceful rest came to each of us, even to me, Baby Madge, the little earth-pilgrim of but eleven short years. No word-painting on paper, no color-painting on canvas, can give the tender grace of that old parsonage as it was first presented to us, shaded by twilight and the red tints of low sunbeams.

Mellowed by the benedictions of thirty dead years, it stood—this sweet old home, crowning the higher hill—a large double two-story frame house, the white paint of long ago changed now to a shadowy gray, the green shutters faded to soft neutral tints, and the broad front porch densely draped here and there by thick growths of honeysuckle, which had climbed about the side walls of the house and even over the gray roof. There were no fences visible; they had all disappeared under the green tangled thorny vine of the Cherokee, and this, forming a dense rich hedge, stretched about the extensive grounds as far as we could see.

A large wooden gate, quite green with lichen, was hung between two trees; and, when the carriage halted here, Harold

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jumped to the ground, and, swinging it wide open, stood aside, took off his hat, and cried aloud in his clear young voice: "Welcome to Dulce Domum!"

The avenue swept with graceful curve from the bottom of the hill upward under lovely old trees to the very front of the house, thence winding round either side and so into the beauties of the back grounds.

Here the view was quite open. There were broad fields lying all fallow now, covered with tangled grass and surrounded, some of them, by that same rich hedge of Cherokee, others by the old snake-fence—that most common type of fence in pine-land countries. Out beyond these fields, the pine-forest stretched far away, aisle after aisle, of purple-brown pillars, till lost in the dim depths of that northern horizon, where a dark line showed the dense woods of distant swamp-land.

It was very pleasant to stand on the back porch of Dulce Domum, or to stand in the dormer-window above, and look out over these open pine-stretches.

But all this we learned after a while. It is of that first night I want to tell now.

As our carriage stopped below the broad low steps, and Harold helped us all to alight, I remember standing quite still and looking down over the peaceful hill, and thinking the avenue not unlike those of which I had read in fairy-tales. Low red sunbeams, shining through the white-gray tints of long swaying moss-trails, produced a peculiarly misty and dreamy effect. A bird, which I afterward learned to call the bulbat, uttering low plaintive cries, swooped among these shadowy draperies, lighting here and there on the grass-grown way beneath. There were many of these birds, and their mournful cries suited the stillness of that coming twilight hour.

Immediately about the house were lovely grounds, all overgrown with tangled grass and weeds; but rose-bushes and rose-vines struggled upward through all, and bloomed in that shaded twilight like spirit-flowers. One large mimosa-tree—the largest I have ever seen—stood draped with rose-vines, quite indeed as if someone had thrown a great veil of embroidered blossoms, pale-pink and white, all over its silvery gray branches.

"Ain't leetle missus er comin' inter de house?"

I turned to find that mother and all had mounted the steps, and that I was quite alone with an old negro man—his pleasant wrinkled face, bright with the most benevolent smile, crowned by a mass of white wool. I remember smiling in return.

"You are Uncle Washington?"

"En you's leetle Miss Madge," he rejoined, picking up a valise and following me as I mounted the steps.

"Oh, mother, what a sweet old portico," exclaimed Theodora.

A sweet old portico indeed. There were great folding doors opening into a hall, wide and with high ceilings; and two sets of folding doors beyond these, standing wide open, gave a view of those pine-stretches about which I have already written. On the portico were settees and rustic chairs, apparently formed of twisted vines; but in the back hall, which was quite like a square chamber, stood the supper-table, its centre-piece a basket of lovely roses.

"I'se monstrous glad ter see you all, missus," said an old colored woman, quite resplendent in bandana of brilliant plaid. "Aunt Chloe, mam, en glad en proud ter welcum dem es was his frens."

She stood courtesying and smiling; but I think mother noticed the tremor in the old voice, for she paused a moment, stretched out her hand, took Aunt Chloe's hard palm, and spoke some gentle pleasant words.

Mother's room was on the left as we entered, the parlor on the right, and the stairway leading to the upper story opened from the back hall, which served as a dining-room. There were apartments enough on the ground-floor, so that, besides a study and various other living-rooms, there was a chamber apiece for Harold and George. The house was raised several feet on cypress piles, and there were spacious verandas shaded by luxuriant vines, which were pleasanter lounging-places than any spot indoors.

As for the kitchen, it stood some distance from the dwelling. Near it was the cabin occupied by Uncle Washington and Aunt Chloe, and not far from this cabin stood a row of quarters formerly occupied by some ten or twelve slaves belonging to Mr. Forsythe. These little wooden buildings were now falling into decay.

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Yet further on were the stable, the barn, the well, with the prettiest possible old moss-covered bucket, and by the well, under a great oak, a little house which Aunt Chloe called her dairy.

I remember, that evening, flitting back and forth through all the rooms, dragging Theodora upstairs to look at our room and the guest-chamber and nurse Delia's snuggery, as we called the front dormer-window, where her bed stood behind a curtain of heavy repped stuff. Thence I flitted down again, taking a cursory view of the outbuildings, sniffing gratefully the sweet air of the pines, and so gaining a fine appetite for Aunt Chloe's savory supper.

As we gathered in the parlor after tea, a cool sweet air passing through the opened windows played about Theodora, lifting the little gold curls on her white forehead. She had found a low stool and was sitting with her head on mother's knee, gazing out through the window at the quiet stars.

"If only father could be with us," she said, wistfully.

"Yes," answered mother, "it would indeed then be Dulce Domum. But, daughter, father is not absent if we do his will."

"I know," responded Theodora, "I know; and I do not think, mother darling, that I shall weary you by useless grievings. No," continued my sister, lifting her head with sudden energy, "no, I shall live just as he would have me live."

I knew her thoughts had gone back to father's strictures on the wasted life of his friend, for her eyes turned toward the pictured face of Norman Forsythe's young wife, looking down from the old white wall. In that uncertain light, it bore a faint resemblance to my sister Theodora—perhaps the aureole of golden hair accounted for this resemblance.

Near by hung the portrait of Norman Forsythe himself—the face attractive, thoughtful, and tender. Under these frames was the picture of a boy, apparently in his sixth year. It was a very pretty picture—the child, bearing himself nobly, stood with one foot resting on the crouching form of a large dog.

We had all followed Theodora's glance, and were looking toward the portraits.

"I wonder who that boy is?" cried Harold.

There was a deal of confusion in the hall. Uncle Washington and Aunt Chloe were busily passing back and forth, teaching the servants who had come with us where to put the luggage and groceries brought in the great wagon. As Aunt Chloe passed at this moment, Harold hailed her and asked the name of the pictured boy.

"One ez brung all de trubble en de sorrer en de mawnen inter dis house," said Aunt Chloe, looking solemnly from the portrait into Harold's attentive face; "de one ez es called Ralston Forsythe," pursued the old negress.

We all, even mother, came forward and stood gazing with a mingled feeling of surprise and pain into those fearless and innocent young eyes. Harold, I think, who had found in them a spirit not unlike his own, was even more deeply impressed than the rest of us. Certainly it was not thus he had expected to be brought face to face with Norman Forsythe's terrible cousin. Nevertheless, it was Harold, I remember, who first broke silence.

"By the way," he said, carelessly, "we haven't looked at the study yet. Come, mother, let's see what sort of a room it is. You have the key, Aunt Chloe."

"Y-yes," hesitated Aunt Chloe, "but—but—Mas'r Herold, ef I was you—dat steddy hain't ben much teched dese two 'eres; en—en et'll look er hepe better wen de sun's er shinin' inter et. I'd jes wait till mawnin'."

But Harold persisted, took the key from Aunt Chloe's hand, and, fitting it into the lock, threw open the door.

A damp musty odor—the odor of mildewing books—floated out into the parlor, and, as Harold advanced, lamp in hand, a peculiar muffled sound, not unlike the scampering of rats, met our ears. Two large windows, one opening into the back portico, the other on the western lawn, were hung with heavy curtains. For the rest, there was the fireplace, deep and hollow like a cavern, and there were the walls filled with books. Indeed, no wall was visible except over the mantel, where hung an old picture of a gray-bearded man armed with a scythe.

As Harold lifted the lamp, its beams fell on this figure. I turned to ask Theodora if the painting did not represent Time, but the words just died on my lips. She and mother had paused by the threshold, and Theodora, grasping mother's hand, stood with a startled

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expression, pointing toward a round table in the centre of the room. It was covered with a dark crimson cloth, and this cloth was swaying back and forth as if violently moved by some unseen hand, and on it there was an inkstand overturned, and beside the inkstand a pool of fresh ink.

"Et's de rats—et muss er ben de rats," called Aunt Chloe. "Cum long out, Mas'r Herold; cum, Miss Madge."

"There isn't any other door?" Harold asked, as he stood with the lamp uplifted, gazing all around the little sanctum.

Evidently his mind was running on those lost documents.

"No, honey, no," called Aunt Chloe; "but tu-morrer es ernudder day, Mas'r Herold, en—en—ef I was you, I'd jes cum erlong en wait, en—"

"Was that Mr. Forsythe's desk?" asked Harold, nodding toward a low desk placed by the window opening on to the western grounds.

"Yes, Mas'r Herold, en—en—deed et'll look er hepe sight peerter termorrer. Ef I was you, I'd—"

"Harold," said mother, "come, my son, your sisters and I are all tired. Aunt Chloe is right; this room will seem brighter tomorrow."

I saw my brother look attentively at the pool of ink as he came toward us, but he did not say anything; he smiled, indeed, quite cheerfully while he locked the door and put the key into his pocket. He threw his arm about mother and said lightly: "I shall keep the key of the study, Aunt Chloe. I don't suppose you care to wipe out that ink now."

"Termorrer, Mas'r Herold, termorrer 'll be time 'nuff, when de sun es er shinin'."

"Yes, to-morrow will do," said Harold. "I will see to the closing of the house, mother darling."

My brother kissed us good-night and passed into the hall, humming a gay song.

A half-hour later, when Delia came downstairs to ask mother for some directions, I followed, and, as the great hall-doors were yet wide open, slipped unperceived into the front porch. The parlor blinds were closed, but the slats were open, the curtain not drawn, and a faint light streamed out into the darkness. I peeped through, and was amazed to find the study-door ajar, the lamp placed on the table, and Harold standing before one of the windows, industriously shaking the dark heavy curtains and looping them away.

I hurried back into the hall, and was about to dash into the parlor and ask Harold whether he had found any rats, when Delia came out scolding because I had left Theodora alone, and so, still scolding, carried me off upstairs.

CHAPTER II.

In the sunlight and dew-drops of the next morning, Dulce Domum was lovely.

The door of the study stood wide open, and, though a musty odor streamed forth into our cheerful parlor, this little sanctum looked not uninviting, its heavy window-curtains drawn back, and that western window giving a pleasant view of the mulberry grove, between whose broad green leaves sunlight fell in bright blotches on the ground below. That ink-stained cover had disappeared from the table.

When I asked Harold whether he had found any rats the night before, he laughed, said I was a true daughter of Mother Eve and had no business to watch his actions. Then he took father's seat at the foot of the breakfast-table, looked forth through the great folding doors toward the pine-lands, afterward over his shoulder down the sloping hill, and declared he did not know what to do first.

"There are the supplies for the house and for the cows and horses to be noted down," said mother, "and men engaged to clear the front grounds and to see what can be done toward a late garden, and—"

Here Harold lifted his hands.

"Have pity, mother; you overwhelm me," he cried, in mock terror. "You see," he added, more soberly, "I was thinking of our three ponies, planning a ride with the girls and a drive with you this evening. I thought, too, I might try my gun, and just catch a fish or two in the creek. Now, do be a good little mother—not another word. Duty before pleasure—eh, Baby Madge?"

He bent over and pinched my cheek till it tingled.

It happened that, as mother and brother were both busy, the servants as well, Theodora and I received permission to wander off by ourselves, only pledged not to go far from the grounds.

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We sauntered down the hill, stopping here and there to peep under some leafy covert or rest in the shade of some particularly inviting tree. The whole place was filled with shady nooks and dingles, the sweetest and dreamiest little leaf and vine and moss coves. When we at last reached the old Cherokee hedge, we discovered a small gate, almost hidden by tangled vines. As we pushed it open and stood looking over the grass-grown road by which we had traveled to Dulce Domum, Theodora's eyes wandered wistfully toward the opposite hill or slope, crowned by that rustic church, where for many years Mr. Forsythe had preached to the people of this wild country.

Such a weather-beaten little building, painted gray by sun and wind and rain. It had no steeple and no chimney and a plain shingled roof. It basked there in the brightness of the morning sun, with only one tree—a great oak—shading the further end. Uplifted on thick log stumps, it seemed just set down in the tangled grass which grew all about. There was a low portico in front, and a large double door opening from this portico into the building.

We could see wooden crosses and head-boards rising from the matted grass, and two marble tombstones gleamed snow-white in the sunlight. The blinds of the church windows were all spread wide open, and the little glass panes twinkled, catching the reflection of the sunbeams.

Here and there a wooden post, here and there a few narrow boards stretched between, marked the outline of a fence which had long since fallen into decay.

"I don't think mother would care," said Theodora, still looking wistfully toward the church.

A yellow butterfly danced before me. I ran, chasing the pretty creature. Theodora followed. Once without, somehow we found ourselves presently mounting that opposite slope.

"Not much need of a gate," I said, pushing open the little gray wicket and picking my way along two gray boards quite overgrown with tall grass.

Everything was so quiet that we could hear the pines sighing all about, for they grew tall and straight and far-stretching beyond the wild clearing of the church-yard. We could hear, too, the swish of grass as the wind blew softly and broke in sighs about the corners of the shingled roof.

"It's so lonely, Theodora," I said, and paused with my foot on the lower step.

But my sister did not seem to heed; she was indeed already in the portico, and, with her little gloved hand, twisted the old brass knob of the door. It turned in her grasp and swung open. I was immediately beside my sister, and we both peered within.

It was Theodora who entered first, and she paused a moment, gazing at the rafters above and the long cobwebs trailing low; and it was Theodora who at last timidly climbed into the square pulpit and stood reverently opening an old Bible which rested on a faded red cushion.

"'Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.'"

My sister's sweet voice trembled softly through the silence of the church. She had taken off her hat on entering, and, as she now stood, a long slender sunbeam touched the gold of her hair and made a halo about her head.

"Theodora, you are like a saint in a picture," I called, admiringly.

I don't think she exactly understood; perhaps she did not hear me. I remember she closed the Bible and said, as we soberly walked out and shut the great door:

"How strange, that Mr. Forsythe's Bible should open at my text. Come now, Madge, don't go home. Let us see who sleep here."

"See, Theodora," I cried: "this is Mr. Forsythe's tombstone."

"Yes," said my sister, "and here lies his wife—Lilian Forsythe, aged twentytwo. She was young to die."

A rose-bush bearing pale-pink buds stood near, the turf was green and short, and violets grew luxuriantly all over the mounds. We could see two or three late blossoms, and my sister, stooping, plucked these and then broke a half-blown rose from the low bush.

"I want to put them in water and set them on the shelf under her portrait," said Theodora, bending to pluck another bud. "Aunt Chloe says Mr. Forsythe always—"

But Theodora did not finish her speech, for at this moment something whirled through the air, struck my sister on her temple, and, with the sweet flowers yet in her hand, she fell prostrate at my feet.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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WOMAN—WHAT THE WORLD THINKS OF HER.

AN ACROSTIC.

BY H. C. CLABBY.

Seek in thy need the counsel of a wise woman.—*Calderon.*
Upon a sudden motion and untaught, a woman, for the most part, reasons best.—*Ariosto.*
Be to her merits kind; and to her faults, whate'er they are, be blind.—*Prior.*
Still woman draws new power from every blessing and from every ill.—*Lamb.*
Contact with a high-minded woman is good for the life of any man.—*Vincent.*
Remember that woman is most perfect when most womanly.—*Gladstone.*
If thou wouldst hear what is fitting and seemly, inquire of noble women.—*Goethe.*
Be it ever confess'd, from her we receive both refinement and zest.—*Moore.*
Every woman is in the wrong until she cries, and then she is in the right instantly.—*Victor Hugo.*

For me, I'm woman's slave confest—without her, hopeless and unblest.—*Hogg.*
O fairest of creation! last and best of all God's works!—*Milton.*
Reverence every woman's opinion, whether it be to you right or wrong.—*Rice.*

Provided a woman be well principled, she has dowry enough.—*Plautus.*
Earth has nothing more tender than a pious woman's heart.—*Luther.*
To woman's gentle kind we owe what comforts and delights us here.—*Crabbe.*
Even in the darkest hour of earthly ill, woman's fond affection glows.—*Sand.*
Raptured man quits each dozing sage, O woman, for thy lovelier page.—*Moore.*
Surprising! one woman can dish us so many rare sweets up together.—*N. P. Willis.*
O woman! in this world of ours, what boon can be compared to thee?—*Morris.*
No man can either live piously or die righteous without a wife.—*Richter.*
Some women's faces are, in their brightness, a prophecy; and some, in their sadness, a history. —*Dickens.*

Love lessens woman's delicacy and increases man's.—*Richter.*
All I am or can be, I owe to my angel mother.—*Abraham Lincoln.*
Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.—*Moore.*
If the world was lost through woman, she alone can save it.—*De Beaufort.*
Every pretty woman should be a flirt, every clever woman a politician.—*Ouida.*
Shun vermilion cheeks—they are the red danger-signals on the marriage line.—*Victor Hugo.*

No condition in life is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness.—*Burleigh.*
A woman's strength is most potent when robed in gentleness.—*Lamartine.*
There is a woman at the beginning of all great things.—*Lamartine.*
In affairs of emotion, moral and religious, women will always lead.—*Parker.*
O pearl of all things! Adored by the Artist who created thee.—*Schiller.*
Nothing is so intolerable as a woman with a long purse.—*Juvenal.*
All women are poets in imagination and diplomatists in mind.—*Gonzales.*
Ladies inclined to go fishing for compliments will find them commonly in shallow water.—*Bayard Taylor.*

Modesty in woman is the protecting robe to her virtue —*Heine.*
A man obeys his mother long after she has ceased to live.—*Aimé Martin.*
Gentleness, modesty, and true taste are the triple graces of woman.—*Saunders.*
All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of women.—*Voltaire.*
Zeal and duty are not slow, but, on occasions, forelock watchful wait.—*Milton.*
It is by women that nature writes on the hearts of men.—*Sheridan.*
Narrow waists and narrow minds generally go together.—*Chamfort.*
Every rose has its thorn; you never find a woman without pins and needles.—*Douglas Jerrold.*

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PAGE OF FRENCH HISTORY.

BY W. I. CULVER.

HAPPENING to select, quite at random, a single date in modern French history, and chancing on January 1st, 1774, I find living the King, Louis XV, and five other persons who were in turn to reign over France.

The occupant of the throne had then ruled ingloriously for a period of more than fifty-eight years, his death being heartily welcomed by his discontented subjects four months later. The funeral ceremonials of this unworthy monarch, the stars of whose court had been Madame de Pompadour and Madame du Barry, constituted a Parisian festival.

The three princes who were successively to reign as Louis XVI, Louis XVIII, and Charles X, were all grandsons of Louis XV, and, at the date mentioned, all under twenty years of age. Louis Philippe was then a babe in arms, and Napoleon less than five years old; four Bourbons and one Bonaparte made up the list of future monarchs.

Having married Marie Antoinette of Austria, four years before he became king and while he was yet under sixteen, Louis XVI ascended the throne, as universally welcomed as ever sovereign was. In spite of his early popularity, the prevalent desire for a republican form of government, enhanced by the unhappy condition of the finances of the realm, the poverty of the people, and the success of the American Revolution, brought Louis a life of misery and death by the terrible guillotine, with his confessors last words ringing in his ears as the axe fell: "Son of Saint Louis, ascend to heaven!"

From the taking of the Bastile by the rabble—"a small feat at arms, but a very great event in history: more momentous than a great battle"—the monarchy had been doomed. At midnight, the Duke de la Rochefoucauld entered the King's apartment and informed him of the event.

"Is it, then, a revolt?" asked the King.

"Sire, it is a revolution," was the reply.

Truly, "the whirlpool of the hour ingulfed the growth of centuries," for Louis belonged to a family which had governed France for eight hundred years without interruption. He inherited a revolution from his grandfather, on whom it would more justly have fallen, and died the victim of a brutal excitement which he did not create. He was pronounced guilty of the crimes against the state with which he was charged, by the unanimous vote of the convention, but sentenced to death by a narrow majority of five.

As his successor in the Tuileries came the man of the people; first a Consul with sovereign powers, and then an Emperor, crowned by his own hand under the personal benediction of the Pope.

From Toulon to Marengo, from Austerlitz to Waterloo, from Corsica to Elba, from imperial power to the captivity of St. Helena, from his death to the present hour, no other man has been to such a degree the object of universal interest as Napoleon. We may expect to learn yet more of him from the "Memoirs" of Talleyrand, now in process of publication under the direction of the Duc de Broglie. This extraordinary man, this Corsican, born an untitled subject of a bankrupt king, who lived to create a sovereign from a sergeant of dragoons, as in the cases of Bernadotte, King of Sweden, and Murat, King of Naples, and a Marshal of France from an infantry soldier, as in the case of Soult—who made himself superior in rank and power to all the Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns, and Romanoffs—this "Little Corporal" was greater than Alexander, Cæsar, or Charlemagne. This gambler with fate,

> "Whose game was empires, and whose stakes were thrones,
> Whose table earth—whose dice were human bones,"

certainly is without a parallel in all history.

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His character, his glory, and his overthrow are unique.

Next in order appears Louis XVIII, who, though born in the purple as the Count de Provence, was the creature, politically speaking, of the allied sovereigns of Prussia, Austria, and Russia, the Duke of Wellington, and Prince Talleyrand. The most that can be said of him is that he was very fat and a victim of perpetual gout. Twentyfour years of his life were spent in inglorious exile. Though nominally a constitutional king, he was despotically oppressive to Imperialists and Republicans alike, and was continually harassed by plots for his dethronement. He actually reigned only about ten years—being permitted, however, to enjoy the luxury of a natural death.

Of Charles X, there is also little to be said. A student of history may almost be pardoned if he forgets there was such a ruler. He was more conspicuous as Count d'Artois than as king, and ostensibly governed the reconstructed kingdom but six uneventful years. Deposed by a bloodless revolution, he retired to the seclusion of Holyrood in Scotland—once the home of Mary, Queen of Scots, of Henry Darnley, and of James the Second—dying of cholera six years after his enforced abdication. He was the last to bear the title of "King of France"—the last of the legitimate Bourbons. During his brief reign, he exhibited a natural prejudice in favor of the old nobility; but their day had gone forever, as one of the permanent fruits of the Revolution and of Napoleon's régime.

Louis Philippe, of the Orleans branch of the Bourbon family, was a cousin of his immediate predecessor. At birth, he was given the title of Duke of Valois, and later that of Duc de Chartres, by which name he was best known. In his youth, he exhibited both courage and capacity as a soldier, under the tutelage of Dumoriez, the Republican general. He too was long in exile, sometimes in England, and for a while in the United States. His career of authority began with his appointment as lieutenant-general of the kingdom, on the abdication of Charles X, and he was very soon chosen sovereign under a liberal constitution, assuming the title of "King of the French."

The definitive change in the royal appellation was due to the provisions of the new charter, for in a popular sense the "King of France" embodied the idea of a feudal proprietorship of the soil, while the "King of the French" indicated merely a leadership of the nation itself, and was more consonant with the dignity of the people as the real owners of the land. The French are great sticklers for mere forms of expression, as is abundantly shown by their literature, their worship, and their laws.

This final king reigned eighteen years; then the revolution of 1848 drove him again into exile, under the very democratic name of "Mr. Smith," by which he was known on the British steamer that conveyed him to the harbor of Newhaven. While he was "Citizen King," Thiers epigrammatically said of him: "The king reigns, but does not govern." With an impoverished public treasury, his private estates constituted him the richest man in Europe, of his day. Yet he was the most persistent and greedy of beggars for himself and his family of princelings. His miserly disposition inspired more thought and exertion for the acquisition of personal wealth than for the government of his kingdom.

Notwithstanding this commercial thrift, however, he was far superior to his cousinly predecessor in every way; and, in final exile at Claremont, his daily life was that of a model gentleman, and his death quite as much that of a philosopher as the death of Socrates is reputed by his great pupil, Plato, to have been.

Truly, "history is philosophy teaching by example."

UNBOUGHT TREASURE.

BY WARREN HOLDEN.

EACH pure affection, pledge of human trust,
The mere intention to be kind and just,
The generous word, the sympathetic look—
All, all are written in life's record-book.
Nothing is lost. A man's immortal part
Is fashioned day by day within his heart.

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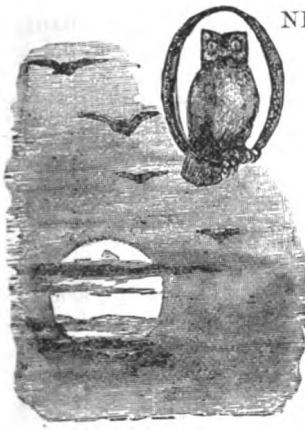
A TALE OF AN OLD TOWN.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

CHAPTER I.



ONE can hardly believe that it was ever a rich, busy, and prosperous town, this weed-grown, ruinous place, crumbling to decay in its half-forgotten obscurity, cut off by miles and miles of sedgy waste and piny thickets, not only from the great outside world, but from even the more thriving part of its own native country. Two or three large, massive houses, built of English brick and white hewn stone, still stand—though with windows broken and roofs in gaping holes—as witnesses of the old life which once flourished there. They are inhabited now by negroes and "poor whites" and beset with mean cabins built from the debris of similar but less enduring structures once thickly grouped around; yet showing still a certain grandeur, even in this degradation, they serve to recall the fair women and brave men, who, as tradition saith, lived and loved, feasted, danced, ay! and doubtless sometimes also wept therein, a hundred years ago.

It was already old when our republic was in its infancy—this Kingstown, loyally so named in old colonial days, in honor of the far off monarch who perhaps never heard of its existence. Lord Fairfax had gravely paced its flagged sidewalks, General Washington and his brother heroes of the Revolution had danced in its ballroom and gathered round its hospitable fires. Rich, proud, and luxurious days were they—with the tobacco market at its topmost height, with the London and West Indian trade abroad, the produce of a new and fertile country within easy reach at home. The tide of fortune was highest in that last quarter of the eighteenth century; then, with curious suddenness, the ebb came.

It was the river that had first called the place into being; it was the treacherous river that turned from and left it desolate at last—when by that strange, changeful, shallowing process so frequent in our southern streams it slackened and shrunk visibly, year by year, month by month. What power of the townspeople could resist it? This earth burden of the upland rivulets ever settling down, this stubborn up-backing of the bay tides below! The commerce dwindled and died away, slowly, but surely, from their mud-bound wharves; their warehouses crumbled to silent decay; strange new diseases, racking chills and slow, wasting fevers, crept out of the ever-widening marsh hard by and assailed them as never before. Then, one wild windy night, a fire broke out and swept well nigh half the town before it. Even the fishing boats were unlucky; and indeed it would seem that misfortune like a cloud hung heavily in the whole social atmosphere. Removals came fast. Many of the finest houses were pulled down and carted bodily away to the new county seat eighteen miles distant; lawyers, merchants, artisans followed in turn; nearly all who could do so went away—but there were some, nay, many, who could not go. Who could sell property in such a place? Who could go elsewhere without means or money? So they lived on, those who could not go, and the very, very few who would not, for love's sake. A sadly changed life and hard to get used to—mais, que voulez vous! Does not poor, piteous, docile human nature get used to all things at last? Though poverty be pinching and sickness drear, must not people talk and walk, buy and sell (to some extent), visit, go to church, dress, quarrel, and fall in love as usual? Must they not dance?

Yes, they danced. A famous place for dancing, this Kingstown had ever been; French, Scotch, and Irish blood had mingled for generations in its people's veins. Could they do less than dance? Not so gayly now

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as of yore, it is true; but the ball-room was still there in their midst, and the fiddlers had not forgotten their old tunes: "Hush, Miss Nancy," "Devil 'mong the Tailors," "Charlie o'er the Water," "Betty Martin," and the like still stirred young blood and led young feet as in the previous generation. They danced; and Emily Gordon was the gayest, fairest, gracefullest dancer of them all.

Emily Gordon! The name is still as a conjurer's charm upon the few old men who still remember Kingstown and her. They have seen her: when they were little boys and she in her girlhood's new-blooming prime—beyond them, but adored no less, as sunshine or bird-song. The present writer has seen a picture of her—a mere water-color sketch, yet lovingly done, life-like, and, as is said, faithful. The high-born aquiline features, the half-gay and half-pensive air, would seem well suited by the dress, with its waist just under the arm-pits, its short puffed sleeves, its wide embroidered bobbinet frill falling lower on the swelling bosom than modern taste admits. Big golden hoops hang from her ears; a tall semi-circular comb holds the rich brown curls in place, tower-like yet graceful, on the crown of her little head. Perhaps this comb is heavy, and that is why the white neck sways a little to one side. The hazel eyes look laughingly up and away, yet the rosy curved lips seem just opening for a sigh. Such was Emily Gordon in the days when she danced.

But young Dr. Piers Dangerfield, who was her lover, to whom since her fifteenth birthday she had been engaged, did not care to dance—for all it was at dancing-school that these two had first loved each other. Perhaps he did not care to wed, either, the gossips kindly remarked, as year after year passed by and the marriage was still deferred. Whose fault was it? they wondered. Was it because Dr. Dangerfield's very large practice brought him in a very small income? Or was it because that he—studious, earnest, and grave as he was—found poor Emily's frivolity, her pleasure-loving nature, less suited to his mind than her sweet self to his heart? However, he was none the less devoted in his way, nor she in hers to him, albeit she saw not her social pleasures through his eyes. She was always willing to forego even a favorite quadrille for a serious talk or promenade with him; but in his frequent absences she was not one to pine.

Old Captain Scott Gordon, Emily's father, lived with his only daughter in one of the oldest, grandest houses in Kingstown, in stately fashion still, though often sorely pinched withal. He was among those who could not go away, even if he would; Dr. Dangerfield was one who voluntarily lingered, perhaps for love's sake, and duty's also—for many were the sick folk that needed his skill, year in and out. He was a little intolerant toward the follies and weaknesses of his fellow-townspeople, more so than he was concerning their ill-paid debts to himself. They had been unfortunate, he was wont to say sometimes; they need not be fools; and yet perhaps he realized, even as he spoke, that the foolishness, the shiftlessness, and the dissipation formed, afer all, only a part of the inherited misfortune. As for the dancing, he objected to that on sanitary principles. It was unwholesome, he contended, even at best; but in this malarious atmosphere, at midnight, with every air-draught, every open door or window, inletting fever and chills upon overheated bodies—why, it was danger, madness, death!

But the people, the young people especially, would not admit the doctor's clearness of judgment here, and ingeniously found causes outside their ball-room for those ailments that he had traced to its doors. They danced still, but they were ready enough to take their turn at nursing when the call came. Indeed, the nursing, the sitting up in long intermittent-fever cases, became another sort of dissipation in summer and autumn nights. I have in my possession now a copy of Young's "Night Thoughts" which did duty as reading-matter on these same occasions, well thumbed and pencil-marked in various feminine Italian handwritings. What whispered girlish confidences, what anxious musings, what fluttering hope of life or fear of nigh-approaching death, these pages, if sentient and vocal, might repeat—who can say or dream? And of the many names scribbled on the fly-leaves and margins, Emily Gordon's is one.

CHAPTER II.

It was a lovely moonlit September night, that night of the last ball in old Kingstown

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ball-room—that long-remembered night, still vividly foremost amid all other times in the place's fading traditions! The moon shone with a soft yellow light along the old streets, like some indulgent sun, kindly passing over the ravages of fire, of time, poverty, and decay. The fine old colonial houses looked grander and more massive, gleaming whitely here and there from foliaceous mysteries of shade. The wind was warm and sweet—from across the marsh, 'tis true, but winging no breath of danger, to present sense at least. White-robed figures, in groups or singly, with dark-coated cavaliers attendant, came gayly afoot from places in the town or in huge lumbering carriages from the country neighborhood just around. Talk and laughter, snatches of song, and gay salutations arose and mingled on the air with the rattle of wheels and the sound of dance-music, just begun and growing louder, clearer, and better defined as the commonly attractive centre was reached.

Beckett's Ordinary, as Kingstown Inn was called, after the speech of that day, was no common roadside tavern, nor was the great public ball-room in its second story a place by any means unworthy of its name. To-night, each one of its many windows was wreathed atop with flowers, wax candles in well-rubbed brazen sconces lighted every nook and corner, the polished floor shone like a mirror, and the black fiddlers in a queer little loft at one end were imposing in their finery and delighted self-importance. A goodly assembly-hall it was, and fairly graced by the company assembled.

It was a rather mixed company, according to certain former Kingstown rules, though a stranger, judging by appearance, might scarcely have noticed the difference. The very sanctum sanctorum of Kingstown aristocracy, had this old tavern ball-room been thirty or forty years before; but, in sooth, the common misfortune, the common dread, had well-nigh done away with such distinction now. First-class and second-class—ay, and even some ambitious members of the third—met and clasped hands, talked and walked and danced good-fellowly together. There was much beauty among the women, though somewhat marred here and there by the pallor of sickliness; and there was much good dressing also. Not many of the gowns were new; not one was tawdry or cheap. The rich old importing-days had left as tokens the filmy India muslins, the Florence and Gros-de-Naples silks, the rustling flowered English brocades, that still bravely held their own—after some deft re-modeling, no doubt. Of costly ornaments, there were but few; nor was it needful to explain the reason for their absence. No lack of grace and beauty, as I said before; no lack of bright eyes—blue, black, or brown—of rose-hued lips, of milk-white rounded necks and arms; and, among all the Kingstown maidens, who but Emily Gordon was fairest and first? There was one outsider to dispute the crown of pre-eminence with her—Rosamond Brent, from prosperous Newtown on the uplands, eighteen miles away. As the two girls stood opposite one another on the dancing-floor that night, they might have been thought singularly typical of the two places where they lived: Emily—fragile, patrician, high-strung, lustrous-eyed, too clearly reflecting every changeful emotion in her sensitive face, yet with something pensive even in her liveliest mood, as under vague foreshadowing of trouble to come; Emily was like a rose that blooms too late, amid summer's drought and dust and fever-heat—to fade perhaps too soon; but Rosamond, with the glad new vigor of her native place about her as a garment—strong, blooming, high-colored, careless, with a dash of hardihood now and again, just grown to woman's size and fresh to the joy of perfect young development—ah! there was the rose of nature's rose-time, in earliest, clearest June.

And how they danced that night—ah, how they danced! How fleetly and lightly they sped through the mazes of those odd old-fashioned figures—reel, contra-dance, quadrille, quickstep, or marvelous combinations of all! With what tempestuous little rushes they swept "down the middle and back again"! Now they clasped "right-hands across" and swayed and swung, spun in one big circle this way and that, like a fairy ring, linked the "grand chain," and "changed ladies." How they danced! Dangerous, was it, did Dr. Dangerfield say, excessive, wearing? Ah! that might be; mais, que voulez vous? Life is short, as had often been brought home to them lately; but pleasure is long, lasting, eternally safe, when once gathered and stored away in the garner of the past. There was a burial the day before;

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there might be another soon; one or two dancers might have to steal away to-night to the dressing-room till an ague-fit was done with; but the present was still their own. Still at midnight the violins played on, still the feet kept energetic time, while the casements rattled, the floor throbbed, the whole house trembled, creaked, and swayed in sympathetic rhythm. All the remaining dignitaries of Kingstown were there amid the onlookers, that night. There was old Judge Browbeater, who had stoutly refused to follow even his beloved county court to any other place; there was Colonel Hightopp, of Revolutionary fame; there was Captain Gordon—rotund, pompous, in a black velvet coat and lace shirt-ruffles—proud of himself and of his daughter; there was Parson Stole of the Episcopal church, most orthodox, yet cracking his jokes with the best; there was old Dr. Bloodlet, too; and presently, after supper, when the night was growing old and these ancient folks perhaps a little weary, came young Dr. Dangerfield. He had been visiting a patient—a typhoid-fever case just outside the town—and now came in his usual dress, rather haggard and heavy-eyed, and looked gravely over the group of gray heads assembled within the ball-room door.

"How is Mrs. Griffith, doctor?" asked the Judge, as he finished a choice anecdote and greeted the new arrival.

"Dead, sir," said the doctor, shortly; "dead for the last two hours—and just as I expected." There was a murmur, a shaking of heads in comment. He added: "She will be buried the day after to-morrow. Of course, our friends here will all attend the funeral. It will furnish a variety, at least. Look at them, now! On my honor, I believe, when only a half-dozen people are left alive in this wretched, pest-smitten, God-forsaken place, they will dance and caper without a tear over the graves of all the rest."

There was a feeble chuckle from his aged listeners—very feeble; the doctor was treading a little heavily upon their own toes. They retired discreetly, two by two, to the card-room, till only Colonel Hightopp was left with Dangerfield, who, for all his bitter speech, did not disdain to watch the dancers for a while. The colonel was a judge of beauty—or thought so, at least—vastly priding himself upon that fact. Looking now benignly through his spectacles upon Rosamond Brent, he gave in his judicial opinion:

"A fine girl, sir! and a deuced pretty girl, too, by Jove!"

Dr. Dangerfield followed his gaze approvingly. He made no secret of his warm admiration for that gracious comely young woman, who caught his eyes bent upon her now, and bowed and smiled in her frank confident way.

"Ay," he said to the old gentleman, "a splendid creature. The perfect type of health in mind and body. 'Tis a pleasure to know that she, at any rate, is not constantly subjected to the pernicious influence of such a place and such a way of life as this."

"Humph!" said the colonel, with a quick curious stare through his spectacles; then he remarked, after another gazing pause: "Miss Emily looks well."

"Ah, yes—very well," said the doctor, rather dryly, his straight dark eyebrows half lowering into a frown; "better than she will look and feel to-morrow."

Emily and her partner were conspicuous just then, being about half-way through the ordeal of "leading out" down the two long lines of other dancers in a Virginia reel. Her India-muslin gown, cobweb-like in texture and made à-la-mode—barely wide enough in the skirt for her to step without mincing—was somewhat crumpled; her shoulder-lace hung with a limpness suggestive of moisture; her comb was a little awry, her head drooping more than usual to one side; but her eyes still shamed the wax lights in their sconces, the color in her cheeks seemed less the commonplace painting of blood on flesh than the outshining of a roseate flame. Right hand, left hand—right hand, left hand! like two white pigeons, they fluttered before her—circling, crossing, outdarting, returning, all in time, as she came down the dance.

The old man gazed delightedly, and burst out next with the ardor of a boy:

"'Gad, sir! there's beauty! and none of your common sort, either. That's the thoroughbred, sir, and no mistake. She's almost equal to her mother, sir—and that's saying a vast deal, I warrant you. I doubt if there was such another as she in Virginia, sir—

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or the whole republic. I remember once, in this very room, thirty years ago, my friend General George Washington said to me: ''Gad! my dear colonel,' says he, 'if I were a single man, it should not be for lack of dissuasion on my part if that young lady long remained a single woman. Ah, my dear young friend, she was a most elegant and engaging creature."

The doctor smiled, then frowned again, then turned the conversation. The old gentleman, prattling on, remarked after a while:

"Too many people for the room, sir. There was never such crowding on the floor in my time, when the assemblies were less —ahem!—less general. You understand? However, customs have changed, with us, in more ways than one. 'The more, the merrier,' maybe; but, my dear doctor, I'll tell you what"—this confidentially in the other's ear: "I'm thinking it's a leetle risky. I don't like the way this floor shakes—and the whole house, by Jove! It's a regular rattletrap, sir. Do you see that little sink in the middle, there? I've had my eye on that, sir; and it's a good half-inch lower than it was the last time. I've spoken of it more than once, and, betwixt us two and these door-posts, I'd rather be where we are now than out yonder. This building is one of the oldest in Kingstown, and, to my mind, the sooner the foundations are looked to—why, the better."

"It should be done, sir—certainly," said Dr. Dangerfield, with a startled look; "but I question if Mr. Beckett will consent to bear the charges. It does seem a waste, to spend money in repairing any house so situated—but yet they will keep on using it. He went on impulsively: "By heaven, sir! I never heard of any place in a more deplorable state than this town. Rats leave a falling house, they say: they possess the power and the instinct of self-preservation; but these people, besides being in many cases helpless, seem blind, positively blind, to— Good God! what's this? What—Emily! Emily!"

Emily had withdrawn for a moment from the dance to repair some trifling accident to her dress, and was now standing near one of the open windows. Washington Hightopp, her partner, had gone away to fetch her a glass of water; meanwhile, she leaned a little wearily against the ledge and, with closed eyes, lifted her face to the cool night-breeze from without. Behind her, the music vibrated shrilly; the surging steps kept time. She had seen Piers Dangerfield's face among the spectators, though she had not met his eyes, and wondered now if he would join her. Would he say it was imprudent for her to dance so much? How tired she felt, all of a sudden—how dead tired! Would he be vexed?

Suddenly a mighty jar almost shook her from her feet—a curious, crashing, ripping noise, such as she had never heard before, filled all the room at her back. What was it? She caught at the window-sill with both hands, and darted in the same second one quick scared glance over her shoulder. Good heavens! the floor was sinking in the middle, the timbers beneath tearing themselves away from the surrounding walls! The fear expressed, unknown to her not five minutes before, was being dreadfully realized, and a calamity more swift, more terrible than any that had yet overtaken them was come upon the people of Kingstown.

Well-nigh helpless with fear, she clutched the stone sill and crawled upon it; then the shriek upon shriek that arose behind her sent a wild half-crazed fear through her brain. Her breath failed; her heart sickened. The very wall of the house which supported her seemed to quiver and shake to its foundation. If it should fall!

Had it been daylight and she in her sober senses, had she realized the space between her and the ground, she would probably not have done what she did; but the darkness without rose up to a level with the window like something tangible, and, in the rash impulse of her terror, she leaped out into it —leaped and fell.

She fell heavily; not on the stones—thank God!—but on the soft mold of a flower-bed, amid rose-bushes and pinks, and there lay, motionless but not stunned. There was a sudden frightful pain in both her ankles—she had fallen feet foremost—and another in her right wrist; and it was perhaps this pain which deferred a swoon. From within the building came a babel of sounds—shouts, cries of fright and pain, wild calls for help. Help! She essayed to call for it herself, but could not, her lips quiveriug impotently without a whisper. She lay and listened, prone

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upon her side, in horror and anguish, until people began to pass her, running to and from the house.

Presently, the darkness lightening to her accustomed eyes, she began to recognize these hurrying shapes. And at last two came, and paused not far from her—two people evidently just escaped from within. They were Piers Dangerfield and Rosamond Brent.

It seemed to Emily that they were clasping each other. At any rate, the girl was clinging to him, and he made no apparent motion of withdrawal.

"You have saved my life!" cried Rosamond aloud, as in a sort of ecstasy. "Oh! you noble—noble—brave— I shall love you forever! You've saved my life."

A thrill of strange jealous pain, of most unwonted rage, went through Emily Gordon's very heart-strings, as she heard. Why did he stand there so? Had he forgotten her—her? Was he so indifferent to her life or death? Here indeed was a second horror, as unforeseen and undreamed-of as the first just come to pass. She tried again to move, to speak, but could not; then the deadly reactionary sickness that follows a great shock came over her, and, with a low moan, she fainted away.

There were five people killed at Kingstown Ordinary that night, in the room below the dancing-hall, crushed by the falling beams. There were many more severely injured; broken bones, cuts, and bruises were beyond counting; and not a few of those gay dancers would never dance again, there or elsewhere. Emily Gordon was one among these last. She had broken both ankles in that unlucky leap, and must probably go on crutches for the rest of her life.

Dr. Piers Dangerfield had his hands full, in those days after the accident. He was faithful to his general duties, yet found time by night and by day to devote to Emily, who, for her part, after that first shock and the full knowledge and realization of her calamity which soon followed it, found his kindness, his tender ministrations, his gentle touch too sweet to allow her any more heart than strength for some certain words she had resolved to say to him. But, though pleasure-loving, she was not weak; and at last, one day when he was sitting by her couch—they two alone together—she said her say, he listening meanwhile with a singular look upon his face.

"Even if you felt the same toward me," she said in conclusion, with somewhat trembling voice, "I would not hold you to any promise—like that—after what has happened to me. If you care for her, dear Piers, I hope and pray God that you may be very happy together."

The doctor looked her rather frowningly straight in the eyes, for a full minute, in silence. A half-smile flickered about his lips and died quiveringly away; then he leaned over, slipped his left hand under the white neck on the pillow, and drew her face to his.

"My dear," he said, very low and tremulously, "my dear, did you think so ill of me?"

In the long talk which followed, he explained how he had plunged, that night, into the struggling melée to search for her, in vain; how he had found, instead, Rosamond, clinging to him, with half a dozen other frightened people, all of whom he had helped out as best he could; how his and her father's distracted search for Emily had at last found her unconscious where she fell.

"Ah me! I can never dance again," said Emily, once during the interview.

"Well, we won't grieve about that, my sweet," said Dr. Dangerfield, in a would-be sympathetic tone; and, within, he added silently: "Thank God, at any rate, for this attending good."

Dr. Piers Dangerfield and his wife went to live in Newtown on the uplands soon after their marriage. He became a great physician in those parts, and a strikingly fine-looking handsome man in middle-life; but, if the contrast between him and the little fragile lady limping by his side was ever apparent to her disadvantage, he was not one to feel because of that a moment's regret or uneasiness.

Slowly but surely old Kingstown was abandoned to its present wretched poverty-smitten inhabitants—to desolation, miasma, and decay. The very echoes of its more interesting past have deserted it. The benighted, sluggish, ague-bowed folk that one meets now in its streets know naught of the romantic portion of its story.

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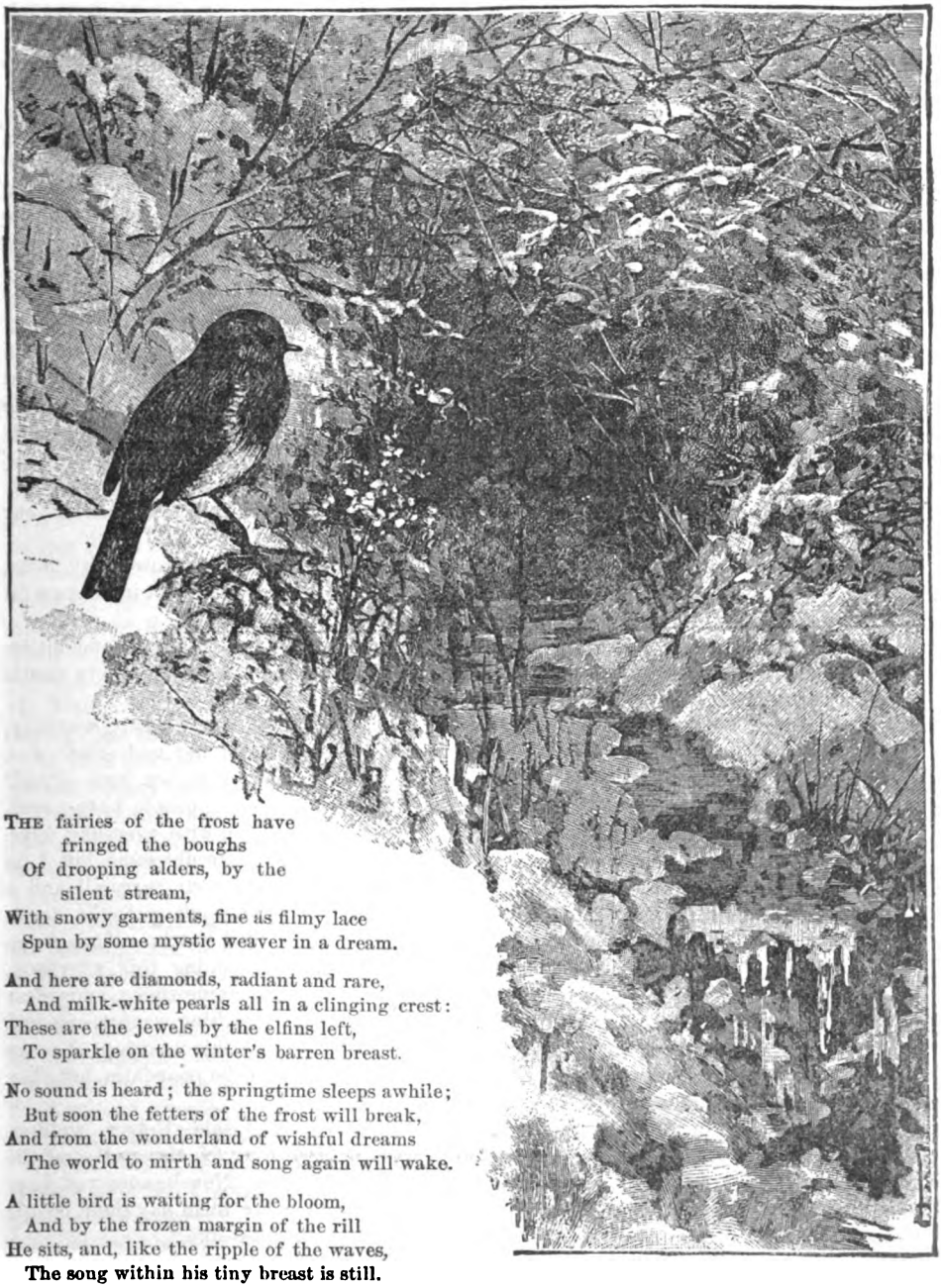
WAITING.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.



THE fairies of the frost have
fringed the boughs
Of drooping alders, by the
silent stream,
With snowy garments, fine as filmy lace
Spun by some mystic weaver in a dream.

And here are diamonds, radiant and rare,
And milk-white pearls all in a clinging crest:
These are the jewels by the elfins left,
To sparkle on the winter's barren breast.

No sound is heard; the springtime sleeps awhile;
But soon the fetters of the frost will break,
And from the wonderland of wishful dreams
The world to mirth and song again will wake.

A little bird is waiting for the bloom,
And by the frozen margin of the rill
He sits, and, like the ripple of the waves,
The song within his tiny breast is still.

'Tis thus, amid the wintry hours of life,
Bound by the frosty fetters of despair,
The human heart, disconsolate and sad,
Awaits the dawn of springtime, sweet and fair.

The bird will sing again, the little rill
Will laugh and ripple, ice will melt away,
And, to the heart that hopes and bides the time,
The loving summer sends a brighter day.

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A TIN HELMET WORLD.

BY PATIENCE STAPLETON.

I.

WEARY himself, Robert Waite stopped his tired team at the end of the field; in long waves behind him lay the grass that had fallen in soldierly rows beneath the mower. The day was very hot, but the river, rippling under the trees, looked cool and bright; the laborers were sitting near it, eating their noonday meal—their employer was the last to quit work. He unhitched his horses, gave them in charge of a freckled boy who had been hunting wild strawberries in the grass, and watched him lead them to the big square white house among the horse-chestnuts.

"I'm not going to crook, if I am a farmer," muttered Waite, straightening up his back and mopping his forehead. "It's a grand business, after all—the oldest of trades. I don't regret dad's wish—the professions are all crowded. A fellow would be a fool to give up a place like this; he's got to run it himself, though, to make it pay."

"Robert! Robert!" then shrilly: "Bob!"

The young farmer turned at the last call, and saw a sun-bonneted figure by the stone wall, waving a parasol.

"It's Netty again," Waite said, a half-pathetic smile on his lips, as he walked forward. "Well, Aunt Ann, what new scheme has Netty got now?"

"You are so keen, Robert," said the old lady, shaking the short gray curls that hung in little festoons on either side of her wrinkled face. "Antoinette will have her way; she's so masterfu, llike all the Todds—the captain's own child. Her mother eloped over the wood-shed with my brother, she with never even a hand-satchel, and both of them dying two years afterward in New Orleans."

"What is the latest?" Robert asked, hastily, to divert the old story of Antoinette's parents.

"It's been coming on two months, ever since the hatching experiment; which did seem to be interfering with the ways of Providence and the pleasures of hens—poor fowls; and every egg was baked, and that cost so much; and this last is to pay me back, when I would much rather lose the money."

"She has a freak every fortnight," said Robert, indignantly; "and the newest one?" impatiently, as the melancholy note of a conch-shell sounded, blown by the freckled boy with such energy that every freckle stood out on his face with startling distinctness.

"Boarders!" gasped Miss Ann.

"Summer boarders in Wheatfield—at your home? Aunt Ann, how could you?"

"She needs society—educated city folks, Robert; and you know I can't interfere with her plans, she's so positive."

"I know she's positive," with some bitterness; "you're like the tail of a very erratic comet, Aunt Ann."

"You know," said the old lady, wistfully, "what my hope is for her and—and—you, Robert; but we must give her time. She'll outgrow this; all young people have a spell of being out of kilter with everyday folks. I—I don't like to be troublesome, but I do wish you'd lend me your carry-all and a man. Old Si says he won't go to the depot. I would discharge him, but he refuses to go away; and they're coming this afternoon, and it's just your haying-time; and—dear me! it seems as everything went wrong, and 'Liza's had three fits this morning. I never did take a girl from the poor-farm but they had spasms."

"I'll go myself," said Robert, smiling, "I always drive over for the mail, and the colts need exercise. Now be sure you have references and make them pay their board: you must be business-like."

"Netty's all that," sighed Miss Ann, "and sometimes it does seem we'd be happier if she wasn't so set on a sphere and enterprises."

"If I didn't love Netty Todd, I'd hate her," said Robert, walking toward his house, as Aunt Ann limped wearily homeward in

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the dusty road; "but she means so well, poor child, and I suppose I do seem a lout to her. I won't give her up yet! It's a mean sort of comparison—but the wildest colts, and hardest to break, make the best horses."

Robert's mother, the wife of a distinguished judge, had at first opposed her son's determination to carry out his dead father's wishes and remain on the farm; but she had become resigned, and tried in every way to make his home refined and beautiful.

Now, in the cool dining-room, she welcomed him to a dainty dinner, with finest china and silver; and he, all traces of toil removed, looked as handsome a gentleman as any mother could desire for a son.

Glancing over at the white cupola of Miss Ann's house, shining through the trees, Robert told of Netty's latest scheme. He had to smile at his mother's indignation. To take summer boarders seemed, to her, like removing the ancient landmarks, profaning the tomb of an ancestor, all manner of dreadful calamities. She announced promptly that she should not call on them, whomsoever they were, and vowed Netty Todd ought to be ashamed of herself.

"She is pretty and winning, Robert," said the kind old lady, fearing she had said too much, "but she is very willful."

"A rose is sweet in spite of its thorns," smiled Robert, thinking what a very fair girl his mother must have been, she was now so like a bit of Sevres china, so dainty and fragile. "I'd give more for a kindly glance from Netty's brown eyes, even a pout from her lips that have an uncommon faculty for pouting, than for the smiles of every girl in the county. That's fate, you know."

"Her mother was more beautiful, was Juliet," said Mrs. Waite, after the manner of old neighbors recalling the past, seeing always more charm in the older generation, "but just as naughty; and they do say the captain died of a broken heart."

"Well, she was his wife, you know, mother, so I don't wonder; but Netty isn't even my sweetheart."

He thought of that little love-story, as he drove to the railroad-town five miles away. It was late afternoon, and the horses trotted gayly along with the light surrey. The young couple must have loved each other; life would be so different if Netty cared for him as her mother had for the captain. He had trained those very horses for her to drive some day; he fancied how she would look, the half-frightened light in her beautiful gray eyes, her rosy lips firmly closed, her strong little hands holding the reins tightly, and just a pink tint in the clear olive of her cheeks.

At the dusty station, a small group of weary-looking people were awaiting relief. There was a stout lady very much painted, with bleached yellow hair that lent an unearthly light to her wrinkled face; a thin lady with a Roman nose and drawn-down mouth and many bangles on her thin wrists; a boy with her prominent features, showing the relationship; and a dark handsome man in a stylish suit, who was smoking a cigar.

"Do you come from Miss Todd's?" called the stout lady, waving a parasol in her pudgy hand. "It's about time, for we have waited an hour."

Waite apologized, lifting his hat, and helped the ladies into the surrey. They clamored about their trunks; but he assured them an ox-team and wagon would soon be there, and, if the gentleman did not care to walk, he could ride on the wagon. For no reason whatever, Waite, who was a fine-looking young fellow himself, conceived a violent dislike to the stranger.

"Indeed," said that gentleman, coolly, "as it's a straight road, I don't see why I could not drive the ladies to Miss Todd's."

"I never allow anyone to drive my horses," said Waite, shortly, and started off. The boy, who was about ten and had a sallow unhealthy look, began to fret. He wanted to drive, and announced his intention of doing so.

"No, Lammie dear—naughty horsey," said his mother.

This argument continued until they met the ox-team, and then the boy insisted on going with them. Again his mother objected with many pet names, and the boy began to cry. His mother shook him gently, and he promptly slapped her; she gave him a blow in return, and this unpleasantness continued until they reached Miss Todd's. Waite looked very red and cross; he unloaded his passengers rapidly, and, with one angry look at Miss Todd and Netty, staggering under bundles and baggage, drove away. The boy was already climbing on the trellis of Miss Ann's cherished prairie-rose.

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"Huh!" he shouted; "this ain't no hotel: it's an old barn of a house."

Mrs. Waite remained away from her old neighbor's for a fortnight. She caught fleeting glimpses of the boarders on the country roads, but saw neither Miss Ann nor her niece. Then, hearing scattering reports of the strangers, curiosity got the better of her dignity, and she told her son quite gravely that she thought it only common civility to call on the new people. Robert agreed, with a smile in his blue eyes, but he discreetly refrained from reminding her of her past objections, so they set off across the fields one sunny afternoon. At the brook that divided the two estates, they saw the boy creeping along toward the water, a box in his hand.

"That's Lammie dear," said Waite. "I'd like to know what he's up to. Old Si said he was the worst cub he had ever seen; he's broken a dozen panes of glass with his popgun, and Aunt Ann had to hide away all the ornaments in the house; and he set the barn afire, smoking hayseed in the loft."

"All boys are naughty," said Mrs. Waite, kindly; "you were very trying, yourself, Robert."

Waite advanced swiftly and took the box from the boy.

"Why, he's got Ann's cat there!" cried Mrs. Waite, in righteous indignation, thinking of her own cherished Tabby. "What were you going to do with it, you bad boy?"

"None of your business," answered the boy, sullenly.

"I believe you were going to put that box in the brook, you little villain," said Waite, releasing the cat, that fled across the field with bristling fur.

"She scratched me!" cried the boy, furiously, trying to free himself from the strong hand; failing in this, he turned and made a vigorous onslaught with his teeth. Before he realized it, he was thoroughly spanked, and Waite and his mother were walking on.

"We'd better go home," said Waite, uneasily, as the boy's yells rent the air; "we won't meet with a very pleasant reception."

"I am going straight to tell Ann Todd about that cat," said Mrs. Waite, decidedly.

At the gate, which Waite noticed was off its hinges, they met Mrs. Blinn.

"What has happened to my child?" she cried, frantically.

"No harm, I think; we met him down by the brook," said Waite, civilly; but his mother only passed on with a look of disdain.

The place had a sadly disordered look. Mrs. Waite's keen eyes noted that Miss Ann's best and cherished parlor-chairs were in the porch; the lawn was littered with papers, books, and furniture; the windows and doors stood open, and the flies and heat were invading precincts closed to both in decorous coolness before this summer. In the path, sitting by an easel, painting a most uncommonly bad picture of the house, sat a little old lady with soft white hair and timid faded eyes. She rose as they approached, and introduced herself.

"I'm Miss Ross, from Boston," she said, shyly. "You do not know me, Mr. Waite, for I came the day after you went to the station; but Miss Todd has told me about you. Pray do not look at my work—I'm only an amateur. Is this not an ideal place? I have discovered a relationship with dear Miss Todd and sweet Miss Netty, through the Adamses. Come right up to the house. I have to carry my easel—don't trouble yourself, Mr. Waite—but Mrs. Blinn's son is so mischievous. The knocker is gone; he broke that: so I will go tell Miss Todd. She is slightly lame: Emroy tied a string across the stairs, and she fell. The child did not mean any harm; he was only thoughtless."

She led the way into the house; a deafening noise of scales, played by a powerful hand, sounded from the parlor, where the stout lady was practicing and the strange gentleman smoking his pipe—a sight that filled Mrs. Waite with horror. They went into a close little room over the kitchen, in which they found Miss Ann bolstered up on a sofa.

"The idea, Ann Todd, of your staying in this hot place, with all your pleasant rooms!" cried Mrs. Waite, as the artist went out.

"Well, Madam Raymond wanted another room, you know—and one must please people," sighed poor Aunt Ann. "Isn't Miss Ross delightful? All boarders are not trying, and she is so helpful. I don't know how we would get along otherwise, so much falls on Netty. Dear me! is Emroy hurt? That must be him screaming."

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Robert explained and Miss Ann wrung her hands in dismay.

"My poor cat! But, Robert, you should not have touched the boy—his mother will be so angry."

"I don't care, if she is not rude to you. But why don't you get rid of all of them except Miss Ross? I should think that pounding on Netty's piano would sicken her of boarders."

"Netty does not complain," said Aunt Ann, loyally: "she's all business."

While the old ladies were talking, Robert went down to the kitchen to put the cat in a basket, his mother having provided a refuge for it until the boarders were gone. He expected to see the hysterical Liza, but Netty herself was in the room, shelling peas, and she greeted him very coldly. The reason for this was easily understood: Mrs. Blinn and Emroy had arrived.

"There was no need to strike the boy," said Netty, distantly, when Robert had explained the trouble; "it makes it much harder for us, that is all."

"Why don't you send them away?" he said, eagerly. "Except Miss Ross—she is very nice. You remember that concert-troupe here last winter? You, dear child, were so fascinated by them, you wouldn't speak to me all the way home. Well, this Madam Raymond here was the star. I thought her face was familiar. When you are pleased, your imagination makes everybody and everything beautiful. There must be an awakening, dear. The kings wear tinsel, the queens are mostly always worn-out supes, and the stage is only a tin-helmet world."

"I am not the idiot you so kindly describe," Netty cried, hotly. "If you knew anything outside of your farm, you would have heard that Madam Raymond is well received in professional circles in Boston, and Mr. Valentine is a widely-known singer. Madam is going to give me lessons; she says I have the voice, and the money I earn by boarders will help me to go on the stage." She flung this bomb at him defiantly.

"It won't carry you far, that's one comfort," he said, teasingly; "for I fear, unless you are very business-like, the board will be minus. Dear, don't turn away; I am sorry I was mean, truly; but it worries me to see you and Aunt Ann work so hard. I always offend you because I love you, I suppose. I remember when you were a wee thing and insisted on going on the ice; I knew it would not bear your weight; I argued and persuaded; finally I picked you up bodily, you yelling and kicking, and carried you to Aunt Ann. I can't do that now, Netty. But no matter—if you are angry, I shall keep a friendly eye on you and be brotherly at least. Good-bye."

During the following week, there was no exchange of civilities between the two estates, save once when Miss Todd, accompanied by Miss Ross, came over to spend the afternoon and take tea with Mrs. Waite. Both the spinsters were reticent in regard to home affairs, but Robert perceived clearly there was some sort of a feud between Miss Ross and the rest, and gathered from her conversation that she had been accused of being a spy for the neighbors' benefit. After this, he often met her in lonely lanes, wandering about with her easel, in great terror of cows and snakes, but with an equal aversion to going home to sit with the rest of the boarders. One day, old Si came slinking along by the stone wall where Robert was sitting, and, in an underhand sort of way, suggested a job and hinted he thought likely he would make a change. He had lived with Miss Todd thirty years, so matters must have been very bad indeed.

"It's that gallus-bird of a b'y," the old man said, bitterly; "he ain't no reg'lar child, he's a imp; an' the old hoss is bein' drove to death, one picnic top of anuther—don't hardly git harness off 'fore it's on, an' Netty cavortin' 'round with that whiskered feller that spends his time a-drinkin' down to the drug-store, which, bein' a temperence State, is the only place. An' that yaller-haired gran'marm is a-cookin' merlesses an' onions most the time, an' poisonin' the air, when she ain't whangin' the pianner; an' she hain't paid a mite of board, for I heerd Netty say so."

Robert finally checked the torrent of complaint, and persuaded the old man to go back; summer was almost over, and the misery would not be for long. Waite sat there thinking a full hour; overhead, in leafy branches, the happy birds sang; a squirrel ran along the stones close by his side, and the soft air was alive with the whirr of insect-life so merry and joyous it was hard to be sad at heart.

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"With all the women there are, I must needs care for her only," he cried, bitterly; "yet there is but one Netty. I have seen so many dull prosaic women, and the stupid wives they make—good and kind, but so wearing to a man. Netty is never the same, two days in succession; and, if she did love a fellow—ah!" He sighed, and like a black shadow in the sunshine came the remembrance of Valentine and the times he had seen Netty and the stranger walking together. Then there sounded the clatter of wheels, and Netty herself came driving along the shaded road. Valentine sat beside her, while, in the back seat of the shabby old carry-all, Mrs. Blinn and the boy played propriety. How fair and sweet his love looked, in her pink gown and flowered hat! but how cold and formal was her bow, and there was a bit of a curl to her scarlet lips.

"Hullo, old tramp! you'd oughter be in jail," called the boy, and the carriage passed on.

"Anything but that," he sighed, walking across the fields in hasty strides, "anything but that; if she loved a good man—but a fellow like Valentine! I can't be reconciled—I won't be! Oh, if I could tear my love for her out of my heart."

It was dark when he reached his home, where he found old Si in great excitement. Netty had not returned, but Miss Ann had sent him over for Robert. The madam had been locked up in the parlor all day, and they thought something must have happened to her, all the blinds were shut so they could not see in.

Without waiting for supper, which he was in no mood to eat, Robert ran across the fields ahead of old Si, and found Miss Ann in tears, while Liza wandered hysterically up and down the porch. Miss Ross, mounted on a step-ladder, was trying to peer in at the window, for the blinds had defied all attempts to force them.

"Oh, Rob," sobbed Miss Ann, "I am so glad someone has come that can do things; we have been almost distracted. Madam shut herself in the parlor this morning, and, after the folks went away, she played and sang such dreadful songs; and she wouldn't let us in or eat anything, and I'm afraid the poor creature has gone crazy and died."

Robert, after calling loudly and shaking the door, quietly removed the lock and went in. The room was dark, the chairs overturned and scattered about, on the table a glass, some cigar-stumps, and an empty whiskey-bottle. There were stains on Miss Ann's immaculate marble table and on the carpet. The madam was slumbering calmly on the sofa.

"Is she dead?" cried Miss Ann, advancing timorously into the room.

Robert led her out and closed the door.

"Dead! She has taken too much whiskey. Leave her where she is, and in the morning send her away."

"But she was going to give Netty lessons."

"Do you fancy her for a teacher?" said Robert, bitterly. "Do you think that a good scene for a girl to see? You must have some strength of mind, Aunt Ann, before the worst comes."

"She will go, I am sure," said Miss Ross; "they always do. I have boarded, you know. Such people will get into a place—and then they misbehave. We will lock the door and send her off before the rest are up."

In the early morning, when Robert was saddling his horse for a ride, a solemn-eyed boy, generally considered half-witted, came cautiously into the yard.

"Hi!" he said, mysteriously, "I come ter see you, an' I don't wanter git inter trouble; but the big missus hes bolted. She was walkin' along the road to town 'fore sun-up this mornin', as I was goin' ter market, an' she give me a doller to take her to station."

"You did right," laughed Robert. "I'll go see Miss Ann."

He mounted his horse and rode over; near the gate, he met Miss Ross.

"The madam had left before anyone was awake," she explained; "they were glad it was so, for fear of talk. She thought perhaps madam had not paid any board; but Miss Todd did not care: only Emroy had come downstairs in the night and peeped into the room—probably his mother sent him, and now they were going away. Not on that account, she was sure; but Mrs. Blinn said so, and told Miss Todd the place was too low for respectable people to stay in. The idea!" cried Miss Ross, "when Mrs. Blinn herself introduced Madam Raymond and brought her to Wheatfield."

"But didn't Madam Raymond leave her trunk?" asked Robert, smiling.

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"There were only rags and bricks—actually, bricks—in it. Dear me, Mr. Waite, what dreadful people there are in the world!"

That evening, as he was walking along a shady part of the road to the village, Robert saw two dark forms ahead and heard voices, one of which sent the blood to his face in a quick torrent and made him clench his fists.

"My dear Netty, most girls talk that way; but I have noticed that their objections are easily overcome."

"Perhaps they have not the possibility of a career that would make them self-supporting. I know Madam Raymond said I had the voice. She might not have been trustworthy, but you yourself have frequently impressed on me the same thing."

"But as my wife, Netty, how much easier it would be for you; I would have an object in helping you." Robert did not catch her answer. "I suppose that country lout stands in my way," Valentine continued, loudly and angrily; and Robert, though he hated himself for spying, stopped when the couple ahead ceased walking.

"Mr. Waite is a graduate of Harvard," she said, coldly: "he is one of the best-read and finest men I ever knew; his devotion to his mother is beautiful, and he has been my aunt's friend and mine all our lives."

The man laughed, but said in a voice that betrayed vexation:

"I beg your pardon for slandering your friend Waite."

The girl did not listen; she turned and walked swiftly toward the house.

At noon the next day, old Si, driving the family carry-all, passed Robert in the road to town. He had for a load Mrs. Blinn and Emroy, and was smiling very pleasantly. As they passed, Emroy made a hideous face. Later, Miss Ross came along, on visiting intent.

"They've gone," she said, gleefully, as Robert walked with her to his mother's house. "Netty shook the boy ever so hard for being rude to Miss Ann. She looked very pretty, Netty did—in a temper, too," continued the gentle soul, for fear this confidence might prejudice Robert against the girl.

"Netty is adorable," he laughed. "I wish I had been there to help her. Miss Ann says you are to stay through the winter; so, after all, she has made one dear friend out of her summer boarders."

When he drove to the station that afternoon, to call for a package of books, he was hailed by the man in charge and informed that a second installment of boarders had arrived for Miss Todd's. At first, Robert refused to aid them: they could hire a carriage; he had had enough of Miss Todd's boarders."

"But they're so poor an' sorrerful-lookin', I think ye'll take 'em," said the old man. And he was right. The moment Robert saw the poor shabby little woman with her three weary children, his heart went out to them. They were such patient children; they had been sitting on that hard bench in the sun for an hour, yet not a word of complaint from their baby lips.

Robert carried them to the surrey and helped the mother in. He drove first to the bakery for cakes, then they all set off for Wheatfield, feeling well acquainted.

"You see," said the little woman, pitifully, "it was so hot in our tenement in Boston, and the children drooped, and, though Charley did not say I must not come, he didn't seem to want me. You know, he must have rest and quiet when he isn't singing, but finally I thought I would come and surprise him. He wouldn't be cross long, and it might mean my baby's life."

"Your husband is—" stammered Waite.

"Mr. Valentine, the singer. Who is that lovely girl?" cried Mrs. Valentine, a jealous look in her faded eyes. They had turned into the avenue leading to Miss Todd's mansion, and Netty was standing on the porch.

"Miss Todd's niece," said Waite, shortly, as he drove rapidly to the porch. "Netty," with a warning look, "this is Mrs. Valentine, from Boston; her husband does not expect her. It will be a pleasant surprise; the poor fellow has been so lonely, wandering about like a lost soul. She has three of the dearest children—not like the boy Emroy."

Netty grew white; but one glance at the poor little woman, with her shabby clothes, her jealous eyes, and the spot of red blazing on her sunken cheeks, softened the girl's heart. She came and lifted the youngest child down, then held out her hand to Mrs. Valentine.

"I am so glad you have come," she said,

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in her decided young voice. "Here is your husband now." Still holding the child, she turned to greet Valentine, who had just come up from the brook, with his fishing-rod over his shoulder. "Mr. Valentine," she cried, bravely, "here are your wife and babies. I am so sorry you have to return to Boston to-morrow; but Aunt Ann and I intend to keep the wife and children for a week or more: they need the country air."

"Oh, Charley!" said the little woman, rushing into his arms.

The man's face fell; but he quickly recovered himself, and they went into the house.

"Thank you," said Netty, soberly holding out her hand; "you are my kindest friend always, Rob, and I don't deserve half your goodness."

Two weeks later, Robert, walking home from the station, having just returned from a trip to New York, saw ahead of him, in the shady road, a slender figure, the sight of which sent the blood to his face and set his heart beating wildly. He hurried on, and the girl, whose face was hidden by a sun-bonnet, turned so quickly at the sound of his steps that she dropped the pail she carried, and a lot of glossy blackberries rolled helter-skelter into the dust.

"Oh!" she cried, blushing vividly.

"There are only a few spilt," he said, picking up the pail; "you are like the girl in the Reader: 'Phoebe, where are your berries, child, you cannot sure have sold them all you had a basket piled.' The poem went that way, didn't it?"

"I remember you reading it," she laughed. "You never would notice a small thing like a comma, but rushed at it headlong. I've been berrying; my hand is dirty," she said, trying to draw it away.

"It's scratched; and here's a splinter. Don't scream, and I'll take it out."

He was very slow about it; but, to her credit, she kept very still, only turning her eyes away when he looked into her face.

"Mrs. Valentine is gone," she said, abruptly, as they walked on. "I pity her; but they all looked ever so much better. Please don't think, though, I ever cared for him."

"I never did," said Rob, promptly.

"Thank you; sometimes you can be just to me. Will you go back to New York? Your mother says your uncle has offered you a position in his bank."

"No; I like an outdoor life too well."

"It is beautiful here—the woods and flowers, the river and the blessed quiet. From Mrs. Valentine, I have learned how little the city offers to poor people."

"But the career, Netty?"

"Please don't tease me, Robert," she said, breaking into a little sob; "I hate myself—I am a failure in everything."

"But one thing you have not tried, dear," with a quick gesture, throwing off her sun-bonnet; "it's like talking into a funnel; let me see your pretty face and the curls clustering around your forehead. You may not be a failure as a wife! Oh, Netty, how patient I've been! But I'll wait like Jacob! I'll sit on the fence and see you go by eternally, but I won't give up hope."

"You'd take me out of pity."

"Out of love, sweet. Well, pity, then—for pity is akin to love."

The wavering sunlight cast a single shadow under the leafy branches where two had been, and a bright-eyed bird saw a man and a maid, he with his arm about her, walking happily homeward; and the bird, who knew a thing or two since mating that spring, sang love! love! love! as if he would split his little throat.

"Why, it's Rob!" called Mrs. Waite from the piazza, where she was having a neighborly gossip with Miss Ross and Aunt Ann.

"And Netty!" said Aunt Ann. "Where's your sun-bonnet, dear?"

"I—I don't know," faltered Netty, starting for the door with her berries.

"Well, if I ever heard the beat of that in all my born days!" cried Aunt Ann, in irrepressible surprise. "The idea of anybody's losing a sun-bonnet off her head without knowing, as if it was a handkerchief that they didn't remember they had in their pockets."

"Good gracious, Aunt Ann!" cried Robert, laughing. "Certainly I never heard such a mixing-up of singular and plural numbers in one short sentence."

"It's enough to make a body mix up things," rejoined the old lady, with a persistence utterly foreign to her character. "Why, Antoinette dear, I—"

But Netty, by this time, was standing on the threshold and did not look back or give any sign of hearing the sentence, which Robert ruthlessly nipped in its beginning.

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"Oh, Aunt Ann, Aunt Ann," he cried, "I never knew you to be so blind before; generally you are so quick that you see things before they happen."

"Well, it never would have entered my head to expect Netty to lose her sun-bonnet—"

This time, the good soul was interrupted by a happy little laugh from Mrs. Waite, who, through her great sympathy with her son, had comprehended, the instant she looked in his face, that happiness had passed his way at last and had come to stay.

"Never mind Netty's sun-bonnet, Aunt Ann," she said, and, rising quickly, went up to Robert and kissed his cheek tenderly. "Never mind Netty's sun-bonnet, dear old friend."

"I will buy her a new one," said Rob, merrily. "She has left her tin-helmet world and is going to marry a farmer—a horny-handed son of the soil."

And they who had expected a sharp answer from the old-time Netty understood the truth when she turned and hid her blushing face on her lover's breast.

MOVE ON!

BY J. M. P.

HALT not on life's busy street;
Move on!
There's no rest for weary feet;
Move on!
Through the surging jostling crowd,
Hasten with demeanor proud;
Pause not 'mid the tumult loud—
Move on!

To the end thou hast in view,
Move on!
Let no false allurements woo;
Move on!
Though thy tired limbs almost fail,
Though thy heart in terror quail,
And thy cheek as death grow pale,
Move on!

Dost thou wish to loiter here?
Move on!
Still the order, stern and clear—
Move on!
Though fierce storms upon thee beat,
Raging winds and clouds of sleet,
To thy fainting heart repeat:
Move on!

Though by others left behind,
Move on!
Though thy friends prove false, unkind,
Move on!
For, when life's grand race is o'er,
There's abundant rest in store,
And no voice shall bid thee more
Move on!

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THE SKIRT DANCE.

As published by SEP. WINNER & SON, 545 N. Eighth St., Philadelphia.

Tempo di Schottische.

MEYER LUTZ.

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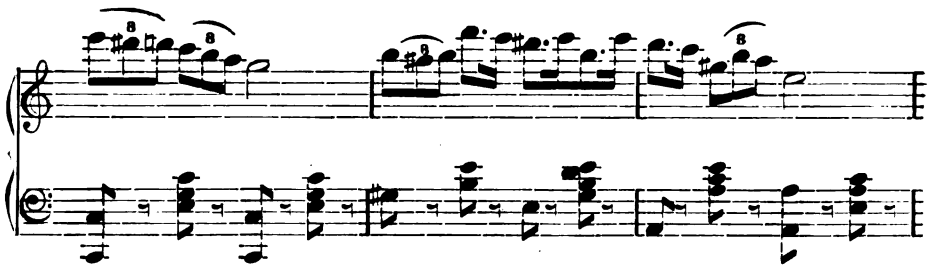

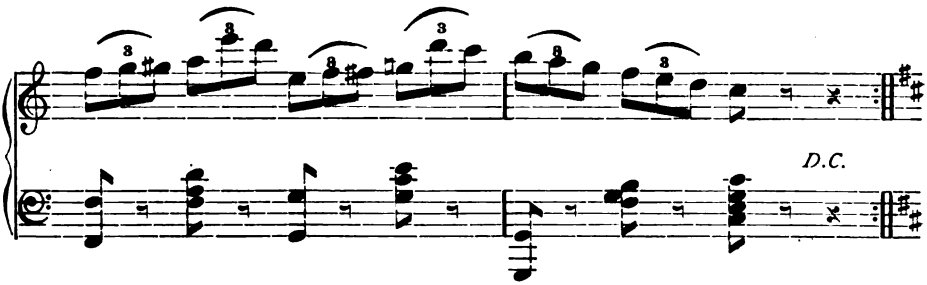

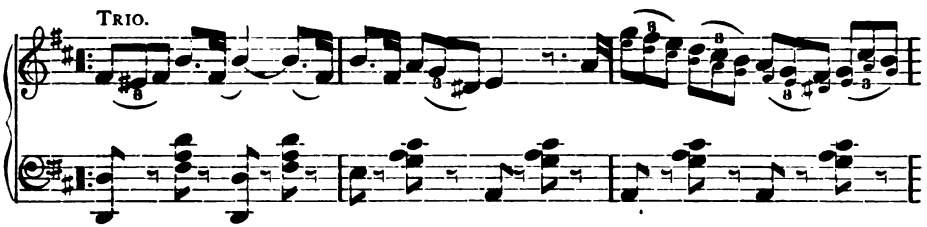

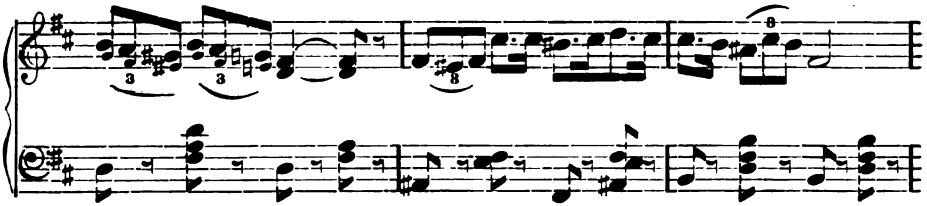

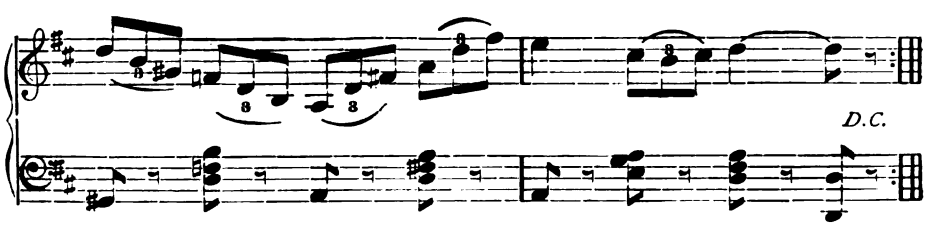

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A TRIO OF BROWNS.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

WITTY Miss Brown and rich Miss Brown made up this trio.

Pretty Miss Brown never before or afterward got a likeness so charming and faithful as the one which somebody called her chrysanthemum portrait. The quaint costume and the broad hat suited her exactly, the dress was embroidered with chrysanthemums, and, to carry out the conceit, a bunch of the crimson-and-white beauties formed a background.

It was in this very attire that Launce Redfern saw her first; at his urgent request that she wore it when she sat for the portrait, and he arranged the flowers with his own hand; but no third person knew this save the photographer, and a gold-fish was not more silent than he.

The sitting took place only a few weeks after the young pair made acquaintance, in a quiet village among the Kaatskills, whither they both strayed in the month of August, and where the middle of September still found them.

Now it is possible to live a great deal in six weeks, as this youthful pair discovered, though it seemed incredible that so much time had elapsed. The days had been just one golden round, full of music, sweet odors, and heavenly enchantments of all sorts—a season which no words can describe, but which needs none to make young or old understand its beauty.

So the chrysanthemums were in blossom, and it was while the two were plucking them in the garden that the idea for the picture occurred to Redfern, pretty Miss

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Brown having mentioned that she had promised her cousin to sit to the photographer. The delightful morning the pair spent in that very unæsthetic gallery was fated to be among the last perfect rhythms of their summer idyl.

Fortyeight hours later, Redfern received a telegram summoning him to New York; and, though he would be able to return before the end of the week, the intervening days looked longer to contemplate than the entire autumn had seemed, while he presaged no break in the charmed season.

He went down to the cottage just outside the village, to take leave of pretty Miss Brown, and the pain the thought of that parting caused showed him the truth which he had more than suspected: he was as many fathoms deep in love as if he had known her for a decade. When this fact struck his perception, he rushed on faster than ever. He could hardly venture, perhaps, to utter an open avowal, but he could make his feeling evident; and if she cared a little, or might learn to care—

But he was at the cottage gate, dashing up the tree-bordered walk—rendered breathless by the sight of a white gown in the vine-shaded veranda. In another instant, he had mounted the steps; and heaven knows what he might have said, in his haste and confusion, if he had not suddenly perceived that there were intruders present.

It proved a terribly unsatisfactory visit. The guests would not go; Miss Brown's cousin was so oppressively cordial to Redfern that she gave him no chance for a word in peace with the pretty girl, who, in his opinion, received his mournful news with a highly exasperating calmness.

"But you will be gone only a little while," the relative said. "It is a day of surprises and telegrams—isn't it, Letty?" she continued, glancing at her young cousin with a significant smile.

What did the woman mean? And why did Letty turn quickly aside on some transparent pretense, just to hide the odd troubled expression that crossed her face? Positively, he had to go without even being able to ask if she would miss him a little. The knot of elderly women usurped his attention to the last, and the asthmatic husband of one of the group usurped pretty Miss Brown. The world had become a desert, and Redfern was rushing back toward the hotel with a heart that felt like a pincushion newly stuck full of tiny sharp needles—always supposing the cushion to be sentient.

As he passed the gallery, the photographer called him in to look at the proofs of pretty Miss Brown's pictures; there were four, in two different attitudes. As he put them back in the envelope, while the artist was busy, the devil tempted the misguided youth to steal one; he slipped the card in his pocket and hurried away to pack a valise with such things as he would need.

He had a drive of two miles to reach the nearest station, and arrived just in time to catch the express. As he mounted the steps, he glanced down the platform; at a distance, he saw pretty Miss Brown, and, beside her, holding both her hands in his, regardless of all spectators, stood a tall handsome young fellow who had evidently descended from the train, and one look at his face was enough to show what sort of story he was telling.

The whistle shrieked venomously—the engine started. As he entered the car and dropped mechanically into the nearest seat, Redfern's hand came in contact with something hard in his breast-pocket; he drew out the picture. Oh, the beautiful eyes, the tender mouth—and that was the expression which must have been in her face as she greeted the new-comer on the platform yonder! "A day of surprises and telegrams"—he understood now what the invalid had meant by her significant words and smile!

During the first three days of his absence, Redfern kept telling himself that he did not mean to return to the Kaatskill village; but, all the same, he did not order his luggage sent to him, and was always wondering if the stranger would still be at the cottage during the coming week.

On the fourth evening, he went up to Nyack, and, at the house where he visited, he was introduced to another Miss Brown, not so pretty as the heroine of his late dream—several years older too—but clever and interesting, though possessed of a tongue so quick and sharp that it was a dangerous weapon.

The hostess was called to a sister who had suddenly been taken ill, and Miss Brown took the young man's entertainment into her own hands. She puzzled him exceedingly by appearing to know a good deal about his late

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movements; but at last it came out that she had acquaintances in the neighborhood of the Kaatskill village.

"And you met Letty Brown," she continued; "we went to school together, she and my cousin and I. She was called pretty Miss Brown, I was witty Miss Brown, and my cousin was rich Miss Brown. Letty is a terrible flirt! Are you still friends? I was told of a regular romance, but they said you departed the very day the cousin appeared. Oh, that cousin! Will Denver always does appear when the gentle Letty begins to tire of a flirtation! I suppose they will be married some day. He has great patience with her; she's a little afraid of him, too! I don't believe he loves her—it is a sort of family arrangement. No, he doesn't love her, but she will marry him."

Witty Miss Brown stopped abruptly, perhaps conscious that her voice was growing bitter and her eyes betraying more personal feeling than was prudent; but Redfern was too much agitated by the disclosures she had made to pay any attention to her looks.

When bed-time came and the young man was alone in his room, he spent several hours which ought to have been devoted to sleep in moaning over his blighted dream and calling pretty Miss Brown by a great many unpleasant names, as well as addressing a good deal of passionate blank verse to the photograph which he took out of an inside pocket of his waistcoat.

"A deliberate flirt; heartless—cruel! Who would think that lovely face could hide such scheming treachery?" he thought. "But she shall have her picture again—I'll keep nothing to remind me of her—" Then he stopped short, struck by a reflection that, considering the way in which he had obtained the picture, he could not very well have the satisfaction of sending it to the false and fickle original. At least, he could destroy it, and he

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would. Then he flung the case down into his open valise and prepared to go to rest.

After breakfast, he and his host went out for a walk and to talk over some business matter. The hostess was engaged with the cook, and witty Miss Brown, left to her own devices, strayed aimlessly about the house in search of amusement. She passed the room which Redfern had occupied, and stopped to ask some question of the chambermaid who was putting it in order. The postman's whistle sounded; the domestic ran downstairs and out to the gate. Witty Miss Brown saw the open valise and stopped—having an inquiring mind—to glance at the morocco case half hidden under some handkerchiefs; but, when the chambermaid got upstairs again, the young lady was standing at the hall window, very eager to know whether any letters had come for her.

Before Redfern went back to town, he learned that his new acquaintance proposed to spend the rest of the autumn in Lenox, so it seemed probable that they might meet again. He often visited the Berkshire region, and now Dante's darkest Inferno would be preferable to that quiet Kaatskill village, which had seemed such a bit of Eden so little time ago.

Within the next fortnight, witty Miss Brown and pretty Miss Brown met face to face in Lenox, the latter having just arrived. The pair exchanged cordial greetings, though witty Miss Brown was a little envious of the other, and Letty had an uneasy feeling that her former school-mate was a trifle censorious and unjust.

"Such a surprise," said witty Miss Brown, "and so delightful! How did you happen to come?"

"My cousin fancied she needed a change," Letty said, "and we had been promising Mrs. Conover a visit for ever so long."

"Oh, I have heard a great deal about your doings this summer," witty Miss Brown announced. "But what a terrible flirt that young Launce Redfern is—he's here, you know; you must have found your match for once. And such a capital likeness as your chrysanthemum portrait is, my dear—the only one I ever saw that did you justice. Oh, I wonder—I do wonder what Will Denver would look like if he should happen to be by when the hero of your little Kaatskill episode was displaying it? Do you know, my cousin is coming in a few days; we shall all be together again: isn't that charming? And Rita is richer than ever—yes, indeed, and you are prettier—"

"And you wittier, though that did not seem possible," Letty added, very gracefully, but managed to get away as soon as she could, not only because she found her old acquaintance's ill nature palpably accentuated, but in order that she might reflect on the disclosures in regard to Launce Redfern.

That very evening, there was a dance at one of the pleasantest houses in Lenox, and, when pretty Miss Brown entered the rooms in her chaperon's wake, the first sight which met her eyes was witty Miss Brown waltzing with Launce Redfern. That artful young lady contrived to bring the two face to face when the music stopped; she had been making herself very objectionable to Redfern by declaring that she supposed he would proceed to fling himself at the feet of pretty Miss Brown with neatness and dispatch.

"I don't need to present this idle young gentleman," she said; "I know already that you are old acquaintances—friends—what is the word?"

She succeeded in adding hugely to their mutual discomfort, and her cynical humor found pleasure in watching the very ceremonious greetings exchanged—the attempts to appear easy and indifferent—and whatever she could say that had a little sting in it, witty Miss Brown proceeded to say. The truth was, she believed that Redfern had been trying to flirt with her just because he felt sore at the treatment he had received from pretty Miss Brown, and the cynical wit owed that young lady a little grudge because Will Denver was wasting on his pretty cousin a great deal of devotion that she would have liked transferred to herself.

Certainly this evening Redfern did flirt with witty Miss Brown, as he would have done with Hecate or Medusa for the sake of showing false heartless Letty that her arts had failed for once and he had come off from their little encounter as unhurt and unconcerned as she.

After returning home, pretty Miss Brown sat down at the writing-desk in her room, to indite a note to Launce Redfern. She was in such haste that she could not even wait to take off her evening-dress, in which

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she looked as lovely as a dream, though even amid her excitement she remembered that a spot of ink would ruin it, and she was not rich Miss Brown, to whom an accident of the sort would appear a trifle.

Pretty Miss Brown attached her very boldest autograph to her epistle, folded and put it in an envelope, which she sealed and directed with much energy. Then she suddenly burst out crying, and wept bitterly; for, between wounded pride, grief at finding that a man she had thought the soul of honor could be so unprincipled, and hurt feeling and heartache added, she had ample cause for tears.

She came to the determination that she would not send the note—no line of her writing should go into Redfern's hands. She would bide her time, ask him outright before witty Miss Brown for the picture, and observe that he must have taken it without the photographer's permission, as he would own that he had done without her own knowledge.

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But, although the days grew rapidly into a fortnight, pretty Miss Brown had not carried her determination into effect. She met the culprit daily, oftener several times than once; lawn-tennis, garden-parties, excursions, and horseback-rides were the order of each day, and either some prepared or impromptu festivity offered every evening.

Pretty Miss Brown, witty Miss Brown, and rich Miss Brown were the most admired young ladies in the place, that autumn; and a wonderful autumn it was, too. The weather stayed perfect through the whole of October; it was too early to call it Indian summer, but the golden haze and soft air belonged to that season.

Launce Redfern devoted himself diligently to witty Miss Brown until a few days after the arrival of her cousin, then he turned his attentions toward her; and, as some of the society leaders had made it the fashion to consider him the handsomest and cleverest among the young men, naturally rich Miss Brown did not object to being the object of his devotion. When she was not present, he easily resigned himself to her cousin, who could never help forgiving his frequent desertions, if only to keep him away from some other damsel.

Between Redfern and pretty Miss Brown reigned a state of affairs which might have proved to anybody who had leisure to watch that their ceremonious ways, politely sarcastic speeches, lapses into pleasant intercourse, always ending in a little duel of words and a brief season of chill politeness, were a poor cover to mutual hurt feeling, and caused by some wretched misunderstanding which doubtless could easily be cleared up if only an explanation were possible.

But, as usual, everybody was too full of his or her own interests to think about the possible troubles of neighbors or to assign a reason for the caprices of a spoiled girl and an over-petted young man. Of course, witty Miss Brown knew that something must be sorely amiss between the pair; but her opinion of both was a poor one. She did not

give either party credit for possessing a heart and honestly believed that the insatiable vanity of each was up in arms because the other had not suffered an open defeat in their late encounter.

But, as the days went on and rich Miss Brown learned to know both pretty well, she began to suspect that the summer idyl which

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her cousin had described ought to have had another ending, and that it was a pity it could not. She was as clever if less brilliant than her relative, and almost pretty Miss Brown's equal in prettiness; and a little romance of her own, which had blossomed and died only a year before, so far from rendering her hard and unsympathetic, had left her more pitiful and tender than ever, and she had always been, to use her cousin's expression, "a great deal softer-hearted than any mortal ought to be."

At first, she had thought it possible that her cynical relation might be correct in her verdict of Redfern—perhaps, like so many other men, he would, if permitted, accept her, since he could not get her money without such incumbrance. Gradually, however, her opinion changed, as it changed in regard to pretty Miss Brown's heartlessness and selfishness, and she set herself to watch and study the pair after a habit of observation that grew on her in these days in which life was less full of personal interest than formerly.

But, eager as she was to help them, she could find no way. Pretty Miss Brown was not a girl to offer confidences or of whom even a friend could ask personal questions, and Redfern only showed his wound by being as cynical as witty Miss Brown herself. That latter young lady sneered at her cousin's theory and listened with slight patience to the proofs of its correctness which the originator daily brought to her notice.

The pair had been out for a walk, one afternoon, and stopped to rest near the entrance of a grove. The leaves were beginning to wither and fall, but the air was balmy as June, and one could fairly live out-of-doors and wear summer clothing.

"You really are too absurd," witty Miss Brown exclaimed, after hearing some fresh evidence her cousin brought forward, of the absolute wickedness of not trying to clear up the cloud which separated two young hearts. "I do wish, Rita, you would get rid of your superfluous romance by writing a novel."

They had had a long ramble, and had reached a place where there was a seat just large enough to hold one person comfortably. Witty Miss Brown took possession of this bench in an absent-minded way, put one knee over the other so as to show the tip of a neat boot, stretched out her arm in an effective manner, and proceeded to read a lecture to which her companion submitted, while supporting herself against a rustic railing as comfortably as she might.

Witty Miss Brown had been all the more severe lately because her conscience had begun to reproach her. She was not a bad-hearted girl, though she could do ill-natured things on occasion. She did not believe that pretty Miss Brown cared for Redfern, or that he had any depth of feeling to offer any woman; still she feared that she had assisted to widen the breach between them. She remembered having given her former schoolmate the impression that Redfern had displayed her photograph, and had several times felt tempted to set that matter straight; but a lingering desire to punish both and a natural dislike to humiliate herself caused her to thrust the importunate prompting aside as a bit of Quixotic folly worthy of Rita.

"I tell you that you do them both great injustice," that soft-hearted creature was persistently if mildly asseverating, as soon as she got a chance to speak. "Oh, I am sure it is only some little thing that keeps them apart—"

"Don't I tell you she is engaged to Will Denver?" broke in witty Miss Brown, sharply. "And she isn't capable of loving anybody—nor is Launce Redfern! That man ought to be mortified; if only he would propose to you!"

"He never will," said Rita. "We have grown good friends; he has stopped talking nonsense, and I have grown to like him very much."

"There he comes now!" exclaimed her cousin. "I suppose he saw us. Well, I shall go away and leave him a clear field."

"He is not coming here," Rita said: "he has turned down the path toward the bridge; he's lifting his hat—"

"Why, there's Letty!" interrupted witty Miss Brown. "Such a hurry as he is in! What can be up?"

"Oh, Maggie, Maggie, now would be the chance—if only one could do or say the right thing!" cried Rita. "I'd give, oh, so much, to be able even to try and put things straight! I tell you those two suffer—they suffer!"

Redfern was dashing on down the path; pretty Miss Brown saw him, made a move-

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ment as if tempted to turn away, then stood still.

"Don't go—don't!" he cried, as soon as he was near enough to speak. "Look—this note; it only reached me a little while ago. Where has it been lying? You wrote it that first evening. Oh, what a cruel word you used! I did steal the picture; but I swear to you that I never displayed it—never, never did I show it to any human being."

He stopped for breath, and, confused as she was, Letty had time to answer her own mental wonderment as to how the note came in his hands. She had found the sealed epistle in the table-drawer just before leaving the house, and had meant to destroy it; but she must have put it with some notes she had given to a servant—answers to invitations which he was to leave at various houses in the village.

From their covert, the cousins watched the meeting; they could perceive Redfern's agitation and pretty Miss Brown's poor attempt at composure.

"Oh, if only they get at an explanation," sighed Rita.

A sudden impulse, more like one of Rita's than her own, took possession of witty Miss Brown: whatever she did was done with all her might.

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"Maybe I can help—wait!" she cried, and darted off down the hill.

Rita sat still. She could see that Letty and Redfern had already reached some explanation, and their attitudes and faces showed that a still clearer one would speedily be attained. The young man was bending a little forward, talking eagerly, and the girl stood with downcast eyes intently regarding the branch of a dead tree which she had pulled toward her.

Witty Miss Brown had a sufficiently long race before her to give the pair time to say a good deal and to say it satisfactorily, incoherent as the speeches might have sounded to a third person. A crackling among the underbrush caused both to look round—in another instant the fleet runner was beside them.

"I must tell you something," she cried, as fast as her scant breath would permit. "Letty, I gave you the impression that Mr. Redfern showed me your picture. He did not. I saw it in his room at the Mowbrays'. There! I suppose I ought to be ashamed—I don't think I am, though! I wanted to tease you both, but I didn't want to do any harm. Anyhow, I don't see that I could have done any, since Mr. Redfern is not Will Denver!"

She was sorry for this thrust as soon as it left her lips, but repentance came too late! The effect of her words was different, however, from that which she expected. Redfern laughed out happily, and Letty laughed and blushed too.

"I have just learned that I need not dread the cousin," Redfern said. "I hear, too, that I may expect to make his acquaintance. He is coming here to-morrow."

"Oh!" gasped Miss Brown, then stared first at one, then the other. "So Rita was right! Good heavens, how you will both hate me. I deserve that you should, and it's no excuse to say I meant no harm."

"We don't hate you," Letty averred, eagerly.

"Not a bit," Redfern added, with another happy laugh.

"Then I won't make you by stopping!" cried witty Miss Brown, giving Letty a kiss and Redfern's hand a hearty shake and running off as fast as she had come.

She rejoined rich Miss Brown, and the two sat and watched the lovers cross the rustic bridge and disappear along the winding path.

"They have gone straight away into Elf-land," Rita said, then colored nervously, expecting to receive some withering taunt as a punishment for her romantic folly.

But witty Miss Brown neither reproved nor sneered, and her face wore a pensive expression which rendered it almost as soft as her cousin's.

"Straight away into Elf-land," she repeated under her breath, and remembered that Will Denver was expected on the morrow.

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THE QUEEN OF DIAMONDS.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 155.

PART III.

CHAPTER I.

THE brilliant sunshine of a cloudless morning in July was glowing above the fertile fields and wide moors of beautiful Yorkshire. In all the length and breadth of that famous English county, so noted for the number and splendor of the country homes of wealthy families that lie within its borders, there was no more charming scene than was displayed that morning at Castle Severne, the home of the hero of my story. It was a superb modern mansion of Tudor architecture, set in the midst of spacious lawns and gardens, and overshadowed by vast old trees that afforded homes for myriads of birds. Sir Henry Severne, the father of Sir Francis, had had a great liking for pets, but had caused all cats to be excluded and chased from the premises, on account of the feathered inhabitants of his oaks and elms. His son had caused the same policy to be maintained, so that there was not in all Yorkshire a spot so filled with song and the restless shimmer of fluttering wings as were the grounds of Castle Severne.

On this especial morning, the place was looking its loveliest. The closely shaven turf had the vivid hue and richness of texture of a carpet of emerald velvet; there were roses everywhere, and the great rhododendrons, that flourish in Yorkshire as they do in no other part of the habitable globe, reared on every side their great shining masses of foliage. Inside the conservatory, that terminated, at one end of the building, the long vista of the drawing-rooms, all draped en-suite with blue-and-silver brocade—except one room, which was hung and furnished in Beauvais tapestry—the delicate or brilliant tints of orchids and fuchsias showed dimly through the glass. Near at hand, sportive Cupids in white marble flung sparkling showers of water in the air from the basin of the great fountain. An American might have noticed the curious absence of insect-life that forms a marked difference with its abounding presence amid the summer flowers and grasses of the United States; but the lack of butterflies and grasshoppers was abundantly compensated for by the freedom from all such noxious intruders as flies and mosquitoes.

It was a fair scene, but perhaps its fairest element was to be found in the presence of a tall, fair, graceful girl, who stood within the arched stone porch of the entrance-door, holding in leash a great white stag-hound with a coat as soft and glossy as floss-silk, and spotless, save for a slight shading of brown around the lustrous ears.

"No, Blanco, no! I will not let you loose to run after the swans and to knock over the vases as you did yesterday. Be quiet till we get to the woods beyond Falconscliff, and then I will set you free and you can have a good run. You are getting impatient, though, I can see. Where is Mrs. Payne, I wonder? She is keeping us waiting far too long this morning, is she not, old fellow? Come, then, now for a race down the long path and back again, just to keep you in good humor."

"Lady Severne, you have forgotten your hat this morning," said a grave-looking elderly person issuing from the door, with the hat in question in her hand.

"Ah, thanks, Mrs. Payne. You see, I was just going to give Blanco a run to the west gate; he was growing so restless."

"But please remember always to put on

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your hat when you go out-of-doors, Lady Severne. The sun is very powerful just now, and you ought to take care of your complexion."

"Why, and for what reason? There is no one here to see or to care if I were to get sunburnt like a reaper." And she turned away to hide the tears that sprang to her blue eyes.

Stella had been residing at Castle Severne under the charge of Mrs. Payne ever since the day after her strange marriage, now a little over a year before. Sir Francis had escorted her thither, and had installed her in the sumptuous suite of rooms appropriated to the lady of the house. A few days later, he had presented Mrs. Payne to her as a lady who was to take charge of her and fill toward her the double function of governess and housekeeper. And then he had bidden her farewell, and had gone away with Mr. Vyner, and shortly afterward he had written her a few hurried lines from Liverpool, announcing his departure for America. That was all. He never wrote again, and Stella remained in total ignorance of his movements and his intentions.

At first, filled with ambition to become worthy of her position as his wife, she had studied and toiled indefatigably to make up all deficiencies in her education. This was an easier matter than either she or Mrs. Payne had at first deemed possible. Stella was by no means ignorant. She was naturally very intelligent and fond of acquiring knowledge. She devoted herself to a course of solid reading, as well as to the pursuit of music and drawing and to the study of modern languages. Her progress was surprising, and Mrs. Payne did not scruple to tell her so and to assure her of the great satisfaction that Sir Francis would experience from it. But, as time went on and no tidings came from the travelers, Stella's spirits and energy began to fail her. She was passionately in love with her husband, and the singular circumstances of her marriage had led her to imagine that only an overwhelming passion on his part could have brought about their union in such a manner. To be sure, Sir Francis had insisted upon having a second ceremony performed by an English clergyman and according to the English laws as soon as he had arrived on his native soil, before even reaching his own home. But the first matrimonial tie between them had been formed in that terrible hour beside the railway track near Edinburgh, and for a long time the poor child had contrived to curb her impatience and to quell the misgiving that would haunt her concerning her husband's real feelings toward her, by recalling that scene and her rescue by him from torment and persecution.

"It is a lovely morning," remarked Mrs. Payne, after a rather awkward pause. "Had we not better start for Falconscliff as soon as possible?"

Stella made a slight sign of assent, and they went off on their ramble; but the only member of the party who seemed thoroughly to enjoy the expedition was Blanco, who careered about, chasing rabbits, scurrying up the slopes, and returning at intervals to prance with joyous barks around his young mistress. But Stella seemed unusually indifferent to the noisy demonstrations of her favorite. She was preoccupied and silent, and some grave idea was apparently oppressing her spirits. Mrs. Payne tried to win her to her usual bright animated interest in the scenery and the flowers; but Stella answered all her remarks by monosyllables only, and went on her way lost in thought. Finally she raised her head and said, in a quick resolute manner:

"Mrs. Payne, I want you to tell me something."

"What is it, Lady Severne?"

"Why does my husband stay so long away from home? It is now over a year since he went to America."

"Indeed, my dear lady, I cannot tell. Probably he has become so absorbed in hunting and shooting, as well as in visiting all the wonderful scenery that we have read about together—the Yosemite Valley and the Yellowstone Park—that—"

"That he has forgotten even the existence of his wife in England? And of late I have begun to fear that he remembers all about that wife, and only too well, and that I am the cause of his prolonged absence."

"Lady Severne! What a strange idea!"

"Not strange at all, when one comes to consider the facts. He married me in an impulse of philanthropical generosity. Perhaps he fears to come back, to be brought face to face with the poor girl that he has set in the place of mistress of his house

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and sharer of his name. If that were the case—if I were ever to find out that he cherished such feelings toward me—I would not stay here another hour. I would go out into the world to earn my living, as my mother did before me."

"Do not fancy such things, I beg of you," said Mrs. Payne, anxiously; "you have no reason for any such imaginings. See: there is a cart stopping at the side door of the castle, and Wilson is superintending the unloading of a great flat box. What can it contain, I wonder?"

"A fresh stock of useless finery for me, possibly," remarked Stella, indifferently; "or perhaps a new mirror for one of the guest-chambers. Anyway, it is nothing that can interest me in the smallest degree."

"But look, Lady Severne: Wilson has caught sight of us, and he is hurrying toward us with a letter—no, it is a telegram—in his hand!"

Stella hurried forward, completely aroused from her apathy. The telegram, addressed to Mrs. Payne, ran as follows:

"Sir Francis and I have just landed at Liverpool. Will arrive at Castle Severne to-morrow evening. Regards to Lady Severne. HARRISON VYNER."

"He has come—he is in England—I shall see him to-morrow!" cried Stella, joyously. "Oh, Mrs. Payne, make haste and let us get all things in readiness to receive my husband!"

"Dear lady, there is nothing to be done; the whole house is always in readiness for the master's occupation. You may, if you choose, have the covers taken off in the blue-and-silver drawing-room, and I shall speak to the head gardener about some grapes for the dinner to-morrow—"

"And peaches—we must have quantities of peaches. And I must see to the flowers. Nobody shall arrange the house and table bouquets but I myself. Oh, how happy I am!"

And she was about to hasten away in the direction of the conservatory, when she stopped short and returned with timid shyness to Mrs. Payne.

"Do you think that he will be pleased with me?" she asked. "I should be wretched, were he to be disappointed in my acquirements or my manners. Tell me, dear Mrs. Payne: have I really made the best use of my time, during his absence? Do I look as his wife and the lady of Castle Severne ought to look?"

Mrs. Payne smiled and uttered some reassuring words. She could not imagine how anyone, no matter how exacting, could fail to be charmed with the bright graceful creature before her. And Stella, with renewed cheerfulness, went off to busy herself with her preparations for the morrow.

"She does not notice the fact that Sir Francis has not sent her a solitary word of greeting," thought Mrs. Payne, as she started to re-enter the house. "Poor child—I fear there are some bitter moments in store for her. But perhaps she will get a letter to-morrow morning. Telegrams are, as a rule, unsatisfactory."

There was no letter for Lady Severne on the following morning; but Mrs. Payne got one, in the writing of Sir Francis, the contents of which seemed to puzzle her a good deal. She read it over two or three times, shaking her head over the closely-written pages as she did so.

"Well, of all the strange ideas!" she murmured, as she went in search of the key of a carefully-locked wardrobe in her own room. "To dress up that lovely wife of his in such an odd manner, just to bid him welcome! He is the master, though, and his directions are to be obeyed. Here, Wilson: Sir Francis wants the case of jewels brought from the iron safe and given to me. You can see what he writes on the subject yourself. Hurry, please; for he is to arrive with Mr. Vyner at nine o'clock, and it is past four now."

"And the great box that arrived yesterday, Mrs. Payne—shall I have it opened, or shall I wait for further orders?"

"You might loosen the nails so that the cover can be taken off or replaced at once, according to the wishes of Sir Francis."

Half an hour later, Mrs. Payne tapped discreetly at the door of Lady Severne's dressing-room, carrying with her not only the large old-fashioned jewel-casket in ebony and silver, but also a mass of finery in the shape of a splendid dress whose shimmering folds of blue-and-gold brocade showed gorgeous in the sunset-light. She found Stella in a state of bewildered excitement and in the act of contemplating several of her pret-

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tiest toilettes which her maid had laid out upon the bed.

"Dear Mrs. Payne," she cried, "do come here and help me to choose the dress I shall wear to greet Sir Francis in on his arrival! I prefer, I think, this pale-blue crape; but he might like best to see me in white. And then, this pink surah is the freshest, and this silver-gray foulard is perhaps the most becoming. Do give me your advice on the subject."

"Dear Lady Severne, it is the desire of Sir Francis that you should put on the dress that I have here, for him to see you in when he first beholds you."

"That? Why, it is a costume for a fancy ball. What an odd idea! However, I only want to please him in everything that I do, and in my appearance as well. So, Mrs. Payne, you must give Pauline directions as to the arranging of this very complicated toilette."

She struck a silver bell on her dressing-table, and her maid entered the room. It was the identical Frenchwoman who had formerly filled that office in the household of Mrs. Rivers. Pauline was an intelligent far-sighted personage, and, learning that Sir Francis Severne was married, she had contrived, by dint of persevering applications and the highest of recommendations, to secure the position of lady's-maid to the new Lady Severne. Her eyes brightened with a sudden glance of recognition as they fell upon the dress Mrs. Payne had spread out upon the sofa, but she said nothing.

"Put away all those gowns that are on the bed, Pauline, and then come and help Mrs. Payne to dress me in this costume. It is so elaborate and complicated that I think it will be difficult to arrange it in the way it ought to be worn."

"I can do that without trouble, milady," said Pauline, beginning to unfasten Stella's morning-frock as she spoke. "I know that dress very well. It belonged to—"

"Never mind about that," interposed Mrs. Payne, sharply. "There is no need for any such observations."

"Then it has been worn before, Pauline? Do tell me all about it!" cried Stella, full of a girl's eager curiosity. But, in obedience to a very significant look from Mrs. Payne, Pauline only pursed up her lips and shook her head, and the business of taking off one dress and putting on the other was gone into in silence as well as with all the care that the occasion demanded.

It was a long and complicated process, not unlike the putting together of the pieces of a puzzle, that refitting and rearranging the draperies and the decorations of the royal garments of the Queen of Diamonds. The figure of Stella was slighter than that of Mrs. Rivers had been, so the lines of the corsage had to be corrected. The gold lace that had been rent away from above the silenced heart had to be sewed on again. And, above all, the chains and clasps of diamonds had to be rearranged and replaced, a process that would at another time have greatly interested their new wearer; but, with every thought absorbed by the approaching arrival of her husband, Stella scarcely vouchsafed a glance at the gems with which she was so profusely adorned. At last, all was ready, and the radiant Queen of Diamonds stood forth in resuscitated loveliness and renewed splendor.

"Dear Madame Payne, it is truly she—it is my late mistress come back from the grave," whispered Pauline, as, carrying the great lamp high above her head, she followed Stella down the great staircase.

"Who is it that I so resemble, Pauline?" cried Stella, half turning as she spoke. "Who was your late mistress? Ah, no, say nothing more. There is a sound of wheels. A carriage is stopping at the door. It is he! It is my husband!"

And, pausing half-way down the stairs, her figure fully illuminated by the lamp in the hands of Pauline, Stella awaited in a fresh access of shyness the entrance of the long-expected and long-absent travelers. Two figures came through the open door into the as yet unlighted hall. There was a sudden rush forward, a wild cry of "Adelaide—Adelaide—my Adelaide!" and her slight form was enfolded in a frenzied embrace. Then the clasping arms loosened their hold, and, with a cry of unutterable anguish, Sir Francis hurried past his wife up the staircase and disappeared down the corridor leading to his own rooms. Harrison Vyner, who had closely followed him, was about to go in search of him when he was checked by an imperative call from Stella.

"Mr. Vyner! A word with you, please. Wilson, light up the drawing-room at once."

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And, with a tone and aspect of dignified determination entirely the reverse of her usual childlike timidity, she led the way to the apartment that she had indicated and which was speedily ablaze with light. There she turned and confronted the artist.

"You can go, Wilson. Now, Mr. Vyner, as my husband's friend, I appeal to you to know the meaning of this mystery. Why has Sir Francis left me and deserted his home for over a year? Why was I called upon to put on this fantastical garb in which to receive him? And, above all, who is the 'Adelaide' whose name rose to his lips when he beheld me?"

"Lady Severne, I—I cannot—"

"You cannot? Say rather that you will not. Look you, Mr. Vyner: I have adored Sir Francis from the first hour that I beheld him in your studio at Edinburgh, and I dreamed—poor fool that I was—that he loved me! Else, why did he marry me? Why did he bestow his name upon me and link his life to mine just to save me from Jargoyle?"

She was quivering from head to foot with hardly restrained excitement as she spoke.

Vyner remained silent.

"Answer me—oh, answer me!" she cried, wringing her hands together in her anguish. "What! not one word? Oh, who will give me the solution to the mysteries with which I am surrounded? Pauline? Ah, yes! Pauline knows! She must come to me at once. And then, that box that came yesterday—perhaps its contents may help me to find out something. Here—Wilson! Wilson!—off with the cover of that packing-case!"

"No, no, Wilson!" exclaimed the artist, interposing. But Stella motioned him back imperiously.

"Open it, Wilson, I tell you! As yet, the orders of Lady Severne are paramount in her husband's house."

The wooden cover, the nails of which had been withdrawn by Mrs. Payne's directions, fell at a touch: and there stood, revealed beneath the gaslight, a picture in oils, life-size and three-quarters length, representing a blonde and beautiful woman in the identical costume worn at that moment by Stella—the dress of the Queen of Diamonds!

There they confronted each other—the living woman in the fresh lustre of her girlish charms, the painted one immortalized by the touch of a man of genius. So much alike were they, that the effect produced was almost that of the reflection in a mirror of a person standing before it.

"A picture! And who was the original?" cried Stella, still wrought up to the highest pitch of interest and excitement. "It is enough like me to be my portrait, and yet it is not my portrait. Speak, Mr. Vyner—tell me the story of this picture, for you can do it! It is your work: I can read your signature there in the lower left-hand corner of the canvas. Silent—still silent! Will no one answer me? Will no one solve this mystery?"

"Milady, I can and will," responded Pauline, making her way to the side of the agitated girl.

Once again, Vyner attempted to interpose; once again, Stella put him aside with a gesture of command that was not to be gainsaid.

"This is my right, Mr. Vyner. I must and will learn the truth. Speak now, Pauline, and tell me all."

Thus adjured, the keen-witted waiting-maid launched into a full account of the fancy ball at the house of Mrs. Rivers, of the engagement of her mistress to Sir Francis Severne, and of that lady's sudden death.

"And I was told, milady, of the terrible grief of Sir Francis, and how he had bought from the executors the dress and the jewels worn on that evening by Mrs. Rivers, so that he might keep them as precious relics. Also, I have since heard that, for a long time after her death, he was as if beside himself. He had no good portrait of her, so he went traveling in different countries, trying to find a woman that resembled her, so that he might have a picture of her at least."

"And he found a living one—he found me!" cried Stella. "Answer me, Mr. Vyner. Is this story true?"

"Lady Severne, I—"

"No hesitation—no temporizing! Tell me at once: has Pauline spoken truth or falsehood?"

"The story is true. But listen to me."

"No, no; I will hear nothing more! So it was for this that Francis Severne linked my life to his own: that I might stand before him as the living image of her that he really loved! And I gave him my whole

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heart, in my gratitude! He was mistaken when he thought that I would consent to fill such a position in my husband's house. I will leave it this hour. I go, never to return!"

"Dear lady—dear Stella—pause—reflect a moment, I beseech you. Wait only till to-morrow—"

"I will not wait for one unnecessary moment," she cried, tearing from her neck and arms and from her disheveled tresses the diamonds that had adorned them. "I scorn the splendors that have been heaped upon me, to make of me a lay figure in the likeness of a dead woman!"

She flung the jewels on the table and hurried from the room. Pauline, at a sign from Mrs. Payne, hastened to follow her. The few witnesses of this strange scene departed, Vyner going in search of Sir Francis, and Mrs. Payne swiftly pursuing Pauline and her mistress. There lay the diamonds, unnoticed and unheeded, in the deserted room, blazing beneath the gas-jets, whose lustre served to call forth their full brightness.

As the drawing-room door closed behind the retreating figure of its latest occupant, one of the long windows—or rather, glazed doors—opening on the garden, was pushed cautiously back, and a rough forbidding face was thrust forward in the aperture. After a moment's reconnoitering, the intruder slipped softly into the room, revealing the form and features of Jargoyle, coarsened and brutalized even beyond what they had been a twelvemonth before. The flashy smartness in which his soul had been wont to delight—the red neck-ties, the gaudy waistcoats, the shiny hat perched well over one ear—had given place to unkempt hair, to clothing almost in rags, to dirt and shabbiness and general misery. He crept stealthily forward, clutching in one hand something hidden in his pocket and looking warily on all sides.

"Here I am at last," he muttered. "That cursed Severne got home this very day. That much I've learned; and now for business. The chance that I've waited for this whole year long has come at last. Here I am in his lordship's fine house, and I'll not leave it till I've been revenged upon him, and on that painter-fellow too, for bringing about my ruin. They must carry off my best attraction, forsooth, because—"

He stopped suddenly. His restless eyes, in their incessant lookout for some interruption to his designs, had fallen upon the diamonds scattered upon the table.

"What's this?" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "What's all this? How they sparkle! Diamonds, by jingo! How came they here, I wonder? Diamonds in a drawing-room—that's a queer piece of business. But they shan't stay here long—I'll see to that. Here, you pretty shiners—there's room in my pockets for you all, I'll wager."

He was in the act of stuffing the necklaces and bracelets in the big pockets of his loose coat, when the drawing-room door was suddenly thrown open and Sir Francis entered the room.

"Scoundrel! what are you doing there?" he shouted, at once perceiving the intruder.

But Jargoyle, though taken unawares, was not prepared either to part with his plunder or to permit himself to be captured. Drawing a revolver from his breast-pocket, he turned swiftly around so as to take full aim at the baronet's head as seen in profile, and deliberately fired. Sir Francis fell to the ground, and Jargoyle started to make his escape by the window through which he had entered; but, before he reached it, a strong hand caught him by the collar.

"Here, Wilson—knock that pistol out of his hand!" cried Harrison Vyner.

The action was suited to the word, and a posse of gardeners, valets, etc., called to the scene of action by the pistol-shot, soon reduced the writhing and blaspheming ruffian to quietude and silence. Meanwhile, Vyner, abandoning his captive to the hands of the servants, hastened to the side of the insensible master of the house and raised his head. The bullet, aimed at the temple, had missed shattering the skull by a hair-breadth and had deeply grazed the forehead, ploughing a long furrow just above the eyebrows—a ghastly wound, from which the blood was pouring.

"Fordham—Wilson—take the swiftest horse in the stables and go at full gallop for the doctor! Sir Francis is not dead, but he is terribly wounded."

"Wounded? Dying, perhaps," murmured a trembling voice at his side.

"No, the injury is not necessarily fatal, but I fear for his eyesight. Only unremitting care and watchfulness can avert that danger.

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And who is there that will aid me to save him?"

"I!"

It was the voice of Stella.

CHAPTER II.

"THAT curtain a little more closed, Wilson. That is right. Now draw down the blinds and temper the light as much as possible. Dr. Blake has given permission for Sir Francis to leave his room and to have the bandage removed from his eyes for the first time to-day."

"It's a wonderful cure, Mrs. Payne."

"Yes, but the unremitting watchfulness of Lady Severne has had a great deal to do with it. She took neither nourishment nor repose while he was at the worst. And Dr. Blake declares that, had it not been for the skillful care of Lady Severne and of Mr. Vyner, the inflammation of the eyes, caused by the wound in the forehead, never could have been subdued before permanent injury had been done to the eyesight."

The room which Mrs. Payne and Wilson were then busied in arranging was the pretty boudoir belonging to the suite of apartments appropriated to Lady Severne, and adjoining those of her husband. The light, tempered by the lowered blinds and the closely-drawn satin curtains, was diminished to a softened twilight. And Dr. Blake, who came at that moment to inspect the final preparations, looked around with approval. Wilson bowed and beat a retreat after a respectful inquiry after the health of Sir Francis, and Mrs. Payne busied herself with arranging the large arm-chair with its many cushions which had been prepared to receive the invalid. Before she had settled it entirely to her satisfaction, Stella, laden with flowers, came cautiously into the room. She looked wan and wearied, and, in her severely plain dress of pale-gray cashmere, she bore the aspect of a phantom of her former self. Dr. Blake came forward to relieve her of some portion of her burden of blossoms.

"Thank you, doctor. Put them all on yonder table, please. I should like my husband's first glances to rest on the bouquets of my preparing."

"And why not on your own features, Lady Severne?"

"That can never be, doctor. I should have left the house long ago, had it not been that the state of Sir Francis's eyes prevented him from using them even for an instant, and so the secret of my presence at his bedside could be kept. And, now that his recovery is assured—now that he is suffering merely from weakness—I return to my original purpose. I shall go away, never to return."

"Lady Severne, will you not—"

"Ah, doctor, do not, I beg of you, try to shake my resolution. Your efforts would be useless and can only pain me. Can I endure to remain beneath the roof of the husband that I adore, a pensioner on his bounty, a portrait, a phantom of the woman that he really loves, fit only to torture him by bringing constantly before his eyes the image of Mrs. Rivers and by reminding him of his irreparable loss?"

"He has asked for you, has he not?"

"Yes, in the first days of his illness. And when, in obedience to my orders, he was told that I had left the house before his encounter with Jargoyle, he murmured only: 'Poor Stella! What can have become of her?' and relapsed anew into delirium. No, he does not need my presence. My cares ended with his illness."

"May I ask what you intend to do?"

"I mean to embrace my mother's career as a concert-singer. She taught me carefully, and used to say that my voice was far finer than ever her own had been. And, during the past year, I have had lessons in singing from a first-rate teacher, and I studied and practiced assiduously, for I thought that Sir Francis would be pleased with my progress. There, the vases are filled—my last task is completed, and now I must go to finish putting together my few possessions. Will you not come and help me, Mrs. Payne?"

"Wait—only wait for a little time, Lady Severne!" cried Dr. Blake, anxious to detain her. "Mr. Vyner is expected to return by the next train from London."

"Yes, he was summoned away to give evidence at the trial of Jargoyle. But why should I await his return? If Sir Francis should discover my presence here, he might, in accordance with the law, command me to remain, so as to keep the living image of Mrs. Rivers continually at hand."

"He will not know that you are here. Moreover, remember that I have not yet tested the condition of his eyes by removing the bandages. Suppose that I should be mis-

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taken in imagining that they are uninjured? What if, after all, the inflammation should have destroyed his sight?"

"Is that possible? Blind—my husband blind? Oh, doctor, go—go at once to apply the test. I will await the result in the next room."

"Anything to keep her here," muttered the doctor, as he entered his patient's bedchamber. He found Sir Francis up and dressed and wearing a dressing-gown of embroidered velvet, whose rich garnet hue enhanced the pallor of his complexion and the attenuation of his features. His eyes were concealed beneath the soft folds of a large cambric handkerchief.

"Doctor, there you are—I recognize your step. The decisive moment has arrived. In a few seconds, I shall learn if I am to go helpless and sightless to the grave, or if my returning health brings with it also the restoration of my eyesight."

"Come, then, Sir Francis. I have caused the light to be properly tempered in the next room, and it is there that I shall uncover your eyes. Fordham, give your master your arm. Lean on me also, for you are as yet scarcely strong enough to walk."

The patient's energies seemed to return with every step that he took, and, as he sank back in the cushioned chair prepared for him in the boudoir, he drew a long breath that told of refreshment and relief and not of exhaustion. With his own hand, he tore off the blinding handkerchief, and he gazed at the flowers and the soft faint light with exultation.

"I see—I can see as well as ever I did! Doctor, your skill has saved me from blindness!"

"Not my skill alone, Sir Francis. Do not forget the kind nurse who sat beside your couch night and day, renewing the cold applications and applying the lotions."

"I do not forget her, and I never shall. A Sister of Charity, was she not?"

"No, Sir Francis, it was no Sister of Charity—no professional nurse. It was your wife."

"My wife? Stella? I thought she had left me long before. Where is she, doctor? If only—"

A roll of wheels outside drowned his words, and, a moment later, Harrison Vyner entered, fresh and glowing from his journey in the cool autumnal air.

"What! up and dressed, Severne—and with uncovered eyes? This is even better than I dared to hope. Sight and strength both restored, eh? Well, I bring you good news. That scoundrel Jargoyle has been convicted and sentenced to twenty years' imprisonment."

"Vyner, did you know that it was Stella who watched over me during my illness? I can think of nothing or attend to nothing till I learn what has become of her."

The artist became suddenly grave.

"She was to have left the castle this morning, Mrs. Payne tells me."

"Gone? And I am still too ailing to go in search of her. Vyner, you must help me to find her. I must make amends to her and prove to her how fully I appreciate her love and her devotion."

Harrison Vyner shook his head.

"What if you were to find her, Severne? She would never consent to return to you in the position of the living portrait of a woman whom you still adore, though she died years ago—one, too, who requited your attachment with falsehood and deception."

"Silence!" cried Sir Francis, a sudden flush crimsoning the pallor of his wasted features. "How dare you slander my dead love? I will not endure it, even from so old and tried a friend as yourself."

He caught Harrison by the arm as he spoke, but the painter easily released himself from the clutch of those feeble fingers.

"Now, what is the use in your going on like that?" he responded, in a tone of indulgent forbearance; "besides, it is very bad for you to excite yourself without reason. Keep quiet and listen to me patiently. No, do not leave the room, doctor. As the physician of Mrs. Rivers, you probably know something of the story that I have to tell."

Dr. Blake laid his finger on the pulse of his patient and signed to Vyner to proceed.

"Suspense will do Sir Francis more harm than anything else. Continue, Mr. Vyner."

"Very good. I have here the proof that Mrs. Rivers never loved you, and that she accepted you merely because she was ruined and you were rich."

"It is impossible! I can never believe it."

"Dr. Blake, I appeal to you for corroborative evidence. Was not a report that Mrs. Rivers was engaged to Captain Cecil

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St. Maur current in London during the last months of her life?"

"It was, and I know that the captain was most devoted to her."

"But the proof—give me the proof!" cried Sir Francis, nervously.

"Here it is," continued Mr. Vyner, drawing from his pocket a letter-case, from which he took a solitary letter. "Read this, Severne, and see in what terms of devoted affection toward your rival, with what words of contempt concerning yourself, Adelaide Rivers wrote, not a week before she promised to become your wife."

"How came this letter in your hands?"

"Yesterday, whilst in London, I was accosted by Captain St. Maur himself, who was anxious for some news respecting you. He had seen in the papers the account of the murderous attack made by Jargoyle upon you, and, whilst in Africa, your mutual friends had written to him about your prolonged melancholy after the death of Mrs. Rivers, and about your continued wanderings. He was much impressed by what I told him concerning you, and finally he consented to confide to me one of the many letters written to him by Mrs. Rivers, in the hope that its contents might prove efficacious in perfecting your entire cure, mentally as well as physically. Read, Severne—and learn at last how thoroughly you were deceived."

With eager eyes, Sir Francis scanned the silken pages, about which a faint perfume of heliotrope, Mrs. Rivers's favorite scent, still lingered. Then, with a groan, he crushed the letter between his palms and let it fall upon the floor.

"Oh, dupe, fool, madman that I have been! For this false creature—nay, more, for her phantom, her shadow, I have insulted and cast from me the truest heart that ever was won by man. Oh, Stella! Stella!"

He buried his face in his hands. Dr. Blake, with a sign to Vyner, slipped noiselessly from the room and almost immediately returned, leading Stella. Still wearing her dress of pale silver-gray, she glided forward and paused where a solitary ray of sunlight pierced through the aperture of the curtains drawn before one of the windows and rested on her shining hair. Sir Francis looked up at that moment and beheld her as she stood motionless in her timid hesitancy.

"Ah, my hallucinations have returned!" cried the invalid. "Once again I behold you before me, pale spectre of the woman that I worshiped so madly and for so many years. False to your plighted husband, false to the man that you loved, you come now to haunt me and to torture me with your likeness to her that I really love, to my lost wife. Begone, mocking vision! Leave me at peace—leave me at peace!"

But the fair phantom only drew nearer and nearer, till its arms were about his neck and its cheek pressed to his own, while a tender trembling voice murmured:

"Husband! Do you love me then at last?"

"At last and forever, my own dear wife!"

Harrison Vyner's splendid picture, entitled "The Queen of Diamonds," which had won him a first medal at the Salon, has been completely eclipsed amongst his works by his life-sized portrait-group of Sir Francis and Lady Severne and their infant son, which was exhibited two years later at the Royal Academy at London. And, though he very seldom plays a game at cards, he has been heard to remark enigmatically at times that "the best deed of his life was the trumping of the Queen of Diamonds."

[THE END.]

MY IDEAL.

BY J. HERBERT PHILLIPS.

'Tis she who daily, in the woof of life,
Draws through, unnoted by the careless throng,
A thread of throbbing sympathy—a song
Not set to music in all hearts, but rife
With hidden meaning, running through the strife
In souls responsive, making firm and strong
The strands that, in the woof, crowd out the wrong.

Yes, 'tis she who, chaste and pure as maid or wife,
Can seal with love's own chrism the lips of pride;
And, weaving in life's mystic pattern strands
Of loyal faith and truth, can subtly guide
The longing soul and tender eager hands
To heights angelic: she who can confide
In heaven, and gladly give all love demands.

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HOLLAND'S LITTLE QUEEN.

BY FREDERICK R. FAULKENER.

IT is a common habit to speak of the Hollanders as if they were the most prosaic people on the face of the earth, yet the history of this ocean-reclaimed land is full of the deepest romance and the sternest tragedy.

The unceasing and triumphant struggle against the ever encroaching sea is of itself an epic poem greater than that which Homer sang; and the generations capable, each in turn, of carrying it on without break, lapse, or show of weakness, must have owned characteristics which render them worthy to rank side by side with the deified heroes of ancient Greece.

The nation can boast still another, and, to our modern ideas, an even higher and more enviable greatness. Beginning with the days when William the Silent led the Netherlands in revolt against the blighting tyranny of Spain, the name of Holland has been synonymous with liberty, progress, and advanced thought. A country which has borne this record during three centuries such as the past have been must shine through all time with a lustre which can never be exceeded.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, Holland was the refuge of the oppressed and the asylum of learning. Neither creed nor country offered a barrier to any who sought hospitality within its borders. Men of genius, soldiers, artisans, destitute women and children, martyrs to religious beliefs and bigotry—all were alike welcomed, all alike protected and aided. To quote the words of a recent eloquent writer:

"There the Huguenot found refuge, and there the exiled Jew a home; under the yellow-and-black of the house of Nassau, the English Puritan found protection, and the German Lutheran sought there the toleration which the German Empire denied. Whatever Stuart or Bourbon suppressed in England or France, or the mingled blood of Aragon and Hapsburg crushed in Southern Europe, found light, liberty, and speech under the courageous toleration of the descendants of the first Prince of Orange, whom character and circumstance led on to deathless renown.

"There Milton could find a free press, and there Spinoza free thought; there the experiments of philosophers and the speculations of metaphysicians were possible; and there, and there alone, was a land whose rulers were wise enough to love freedom and brave enough to protect it."

The Dutch taught modern Europe navigation; they were the first to explore unknown seas, and many an island and cape which their captains discovered were later rechristened after mendacious navigators who gained knowledge through their research and sailed over the distant oceans by means of the charts which they had made after their first trackless journey.

It may be said that in the realm of letters they have been as sorely plundered as in commerce and politics, for scant justice is ever done to the part they played in the fostering of literature and knowledge in olden days and the encouragement they give to both still. In the early years of printing, Holland held the chief presses of Europe; and, before the close of the sixteenth cent-

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ury, the brothers Elzevir became the first publishers of books cheap enough to be generally purchased, and thus helped to

WILLIAM III, KING OF HOLLAND.

disseminate not only the new learning, but all the learning that the world then knew.

In Holland were found the best mathematicians, the most advanced philosophers, and the most original thinkers. The first optical instruments were made there, and there was the birthplace of the twin arts which have done so much to soften, heighten, and beautify social life—horticulture and floriculture; and to Holland also is due the origin of scientific medicine and rational therapeutics.

Holland taught the western nations finance, and also taught them commercial honor. It inculcated free trade, raised a constant though for a long time ineffectual protest against privateering and the dangerous doctrine of contraband in war—a doctrine which, logically carried out, would permit belligerents to paralyze the trade of the world.

The Dutch are really the founders of international law, that bulwark of the rights of nations. As has been well said: "They made mistakes sometimes, but they made fewer than their neighbors. The benefits they conferred were incomparably greater than the errors which they committed."

Holland scarcely possesses a city which is not a monument of human perseverance and skill. Take Haarlem, with the marvelous history of the draining of its vast lake—that most gigantic feat which engineering has ever performed. Look at Amsterdam, resting on its ninety islands connected by over three hundred bridges and a tortuous network of canals; Alkmaar, Leyden, Utrecht, and the rest. The towns which in former times were not threatened with destruction by the Lake of Haarlem were menaced by that of Flevo, whose encroachments could not be resisted until it had fought its way so far toward the North Sea that, aided by the sea itself, it at last succeeded in breaking down all barriers, and the vast Zuyder Zee of modern times was formed, perilous and uncertain, rolling over buried cities and engulfed forests, but to which the sturdy Hollanders are able to say: "Thus far, but no further, shalt thou go."

A few months since was chronicled the death of King William III of Holland, toward whose worth as a man history will show little leniency, and whose long reign, though it brought steady prosperity to his kingdom, was not marked by conspicuous statesmanship or any event of political

THE DOWAGER QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

importance. Indeed, it must be admitted that his only prominent political attempt—a bargain to hand over the Duchy of Luxem-

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MARKET PLACE, HAARLEM.

burg to Napoleon III—was fortunately a signal and conspicuous failure.

Born in 1817, he succeeded to the throne in 1849. While still prince, he married Sophia Dorothea, the daughter of the King of Würtemburg: a woman possessed not only of personal charms, but of rare qualities of head and heart which her husband showed himself utterly incapable of appreciating. The pair were virtually separated for many years, though the high-spirited wife consented always at public ceremonies and festivities to take her place at his side.

Two sons were born during the first years of that ill-assorted union, and both grew to manhood; but both were, from different causes and in different ways, as sore a disappointment to parental pride as they were unsuited to the position in which fate had placed them. The eldest, Prince of Orange, was for years the hero of wild Parisian revels and disgraceful adventures, dragging his illustrious name through the slough of every conceivable dissipation till more than a decade back he died, prematurely worn out in body and mind from the effects of his degraded life.

The second son, Prince Alexander, inherited his mother's intellect and love of study, but from childhood he was the victim of an incurable spinal malady which carried him to the grave some four or five years after the death of his elder brother.

When the Prince of Orange died in 1879, the younger son was known to be near his end, and, with age staring him in the face, William III was forced to contemplate the melancholy fact that with his own life would end the direct male line of the House of Orange. The question of succession became one of vast importance and disquiet to the whole country, for a host of claimants loomed in the distance, and it would have been difficult to decide which among them all showed most unpromising and unwelcome to the sturdy and stiff-necked Hollanders.

The nearest heir was married to a princess of the German Empire, and the next, the head of the ducal line of Nassau, was an officer in the Prussian army; so some oppressive claim on the part of Prussia, at the death of William, appeared a contingency so probable that to the Dutchmen it looked an absolute certainty. To the delight of the entire nation, about the time the Prince of Orange died, the king married the Princess

WILHELMINA, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

Emma of Waldeck, second daughter of the reigning Duke George Victor, and a sister

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of Queen Victoria's daughter-in-law, the Duchess of Albany.

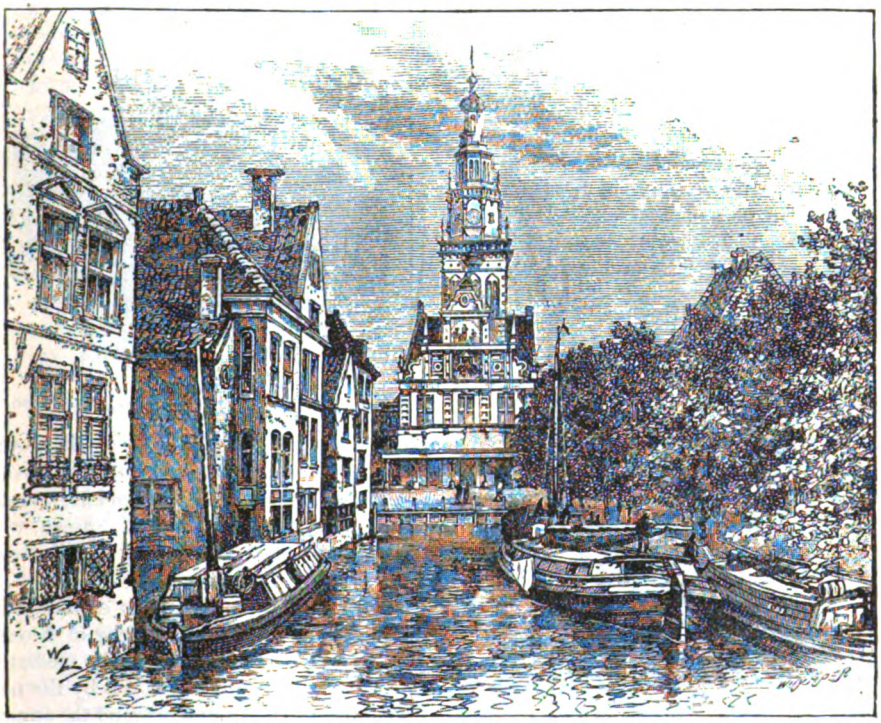
The bridegroom had passed his sixty-second birthday, and the bride was a girl of twenty; but she proved equal to the demands of the position in which she found herself placed, and rapidly gained a universal popularity which steadily increased as the years went on.

In 1880, a child was born to the royal pair, whose birth was hailed with loud rejoicings; and, if either parents or people regretted the fact that the new-comer was a daughter instead of a son, the disappointment was bravely and loyally hidden. But the law of the land limited the succession to male heirs, and the question of attempting to alter it was a ticklish one, with Bismarck and Emperor William of Germany alive, and Prussia already smiling serenely over the possibilities of the near future.

But Dutch courage and persistency again prevailed, as they had so often done in the past; William the Silent and his burghers could not have showed themselves more resolute than did the men of to-day.

In 1887, the constitution was revised by the agreement of sovereign, chambers, and people, and a law enacted whereby the succession to the crown should descend in the female as well as the male line.

So, when her father passed away, the little princess became Queen of the Netherlands, under the regency of her mother. It is a rather amusing proviso in the constitutional amendment that the girl sovereign, in all official documents, must be addressed as "king." The odd and very idle form reminds one of the early life of the famous Empress of Austria, and the cry with which the loyal Hungarians responded to her appeal: "We will die for our King Maria Theresa."



IN AMSTERDAM.

One finds it difficult to understand, also, why the poor mite should have been afflicted with so many baptismal appellations—nobody short of a mediæval Spanish princess surely ever had such a number: Wilhelmina Helen Pauline Marie! It is a relief to know that she is only called by one—she is Queen, or, as the law directs, King Wilhelmina.

The little monarch is being wisely reared and carefully educated under close maternal

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supervision, and is already a good linguist and pianist. She is reported to be clever, and is certainly very prepossessing in appearance. Her health is excellent; she takes a great deal of exercise in the open air, and especially delights—as what child would not?—in driving a team of six fleet ponies. Her mother leads her regularly to visit the various charitable institutions in the different towns, and her birthday is made a regular festival for all the children in the land.

It is well for the girl sovereign that the days of her tutelage are passing under such liberal and elevating influences as those which her judicious parent brings about her —well, too, for the future peace and satisfaction of the nation. Eminently loyal as they remain, each generation of Hollanders gains rapidly on its predecessor in the far-sightedness and unwavering sense of justice which are the result of increased general culture. It is probable that the workers and thinkers of twenty years hence would evince slight

THE GRAND DUKE OF LUXEMBURG.

patience with a ruler whose education and habits of thought should not prove in full sympathy and accord with the march of progress, which must make incalculable strides in the new morning of the approaching century.

But, with the death of the last Prince of Orange, Holland has lost the governorship of the Grand Duchy of Luxemburg. The Salic

THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF LUXEMBURG.

law prevails in that province; so that, even under her title of king, the youthful sovereign cannot reign over it. Luxemburg passed into the hands of the Duke of Nassau, who was appointed its regent during the illness of William III.

In 1866, the Duke Adolphus endured the mortification of seeing his duchy of Nassau appropriated by Prussia under the mediatizing system so liberally employed by the new German Empire. Adolphus found the annexation hard to pardon, and for a good while harbored considerable ill feeling toward the Hohenzollerns; but finally the marriage of his daughter to the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden healed the breach.

He has passed his threescore-and-tenth birthday by several years, and will doubtless at no distant period be succeeded in Luxemburg by his son—now a man of eight-and-thirty, who holds the rank of colonel in a troop of Austrian dragoons.

TOWARD THE LIGHT.

HOPE and trust and truth together,
Faith and love, defying weather—
Onward journey toward the light,
E'en through sorrow's darkest night.

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

THE CARE OF THE OLD.

A GREAT deal of valuable advice is given in many forms on the care of the young. Mothers are told how to manage their children from earliest infancy until they are grown men and women. If they will apply to any of the various manuals set forth upon the subject, they need be in no doubt how to act in any given emergency, from the infantile tribulations of red gum and sprue, through the diseases of childhood, to those affections of the heart that will develop when the Romeo and Juliet age is reached.

No doubt this is all good in its way, and, particularly in the earlier stages, must often prove helpful to the young and inexperienced mother. A large infusion of common sense is needed to make the directions available in any special case, because no book can take into account the circumstances that may render it best to modify a certain mode of treatment. With this, the wise mother will find many hints to assist her in the task she is so anxious to perform to the best of her ability—the proper care of her children.

While so much has been said upon the management of young people, there is another class—the old—whose needs have not been so fully considered; yet their care often forms a large part of the responsibilities of the middle-aged—that is, of the generation on whom falls the burden and heat of the day, and who are doing the principal part of the work of the world.

What can be a more sacred and delightful charge than to make happy and comfortable the last days of those we love? To surround them with every enjoyment and to give them every pleasure they are capable of participating in without fatigue, to hold them in the highest reverence and honor, to make them feel that they are still of use in the world where they have so long held the chief place, even if their active days are over, seems such a simple and obvious duty that one would hesitate to mention it if it were not often so sadly neglected.

The best part of life is over for them. With the young, there is always something to look forward to. If things do not go well, there is time for a change of tide that may bring good fortune. The old have only the "last long wave" in prospect, and, even if it is a smooth and gentle one, come only to bear them home, human nature shrinks from it. Mercifully, nature dulls the senses of her children a little as they near the other shore, and old age is often the peaceful resting-time when the cares and sorrows of past years are blurred by the softening haze of distance, and the present is only peace.

How to prolong this narrow span and husband in every way possible the slender store of strength should be the constant study of those who have the care of the aged. There are a few simple principles to be borne in mind, which will make the work more easy and success more probable.

The habits of a child can be easily modified and given almost any direction the educator chooses. The habits of the old are fixed, and any wide deviation from them will bring discomfort, if not disaster.

When, for instance, a person has been accustomed for seventy years to sleep upon a feather bed, it is useless to try to substitute a hair mattress for it, although there is no question that the mattress is in every way preferable for health and even comfort, to those accustomed to it. The only thing to be done is to take the best care possible of the feather bed; expose it to the sun every day, beat and shake it well, and have it made over once a year. Keep a blanket between it and the sheet, to absorb the insensible perspiration from the body, and place it on a woven wire mattress, to allow free circulation of air beneath it.

Many old persons like to rise early in the morning. Sometimes the nights are wakeful, and daylight is hailed as a release from prison. When breakfast cannot be ready immediately, some light refreshment should be provided—a cup of hot milk, cocoa, gruel, or beef-tea, with delicate crackers or thin

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bread and butter. When it is not convenient for someone to prepare this in the morning, it can be left ready the night before, and heated over the gas or lamp or on a little alcohol-stove. If liquids are in a self-sealing jar, they can be left in the room without detriment, though it is better to set them on the sill outside the window.

The food should be nourishing and digestible, avoiding rich articles of diet and anything in the least past its prime: a fit of indigestion is a much more serious matter in the old than in the young. If the machinery is to be kept in good working order, jars must be avoided. Most persons have learned, in the course of a long life, that there are some things they cannot eat with impunity; these must be rigorously excluded from the diet-list. Strawberries are fatal to one, cheese to another, oatmeal to a third. When these idiosyncrasies are known, they should be remembered and attended to.

Food should be given sufficiently often to prevent any feeling of faintness for want of it. If the interval between breakfast and dinner or lunch is long, an egg-nogg or something similar should be given. Egg-lemonade is often acceptable when milk cannot be borne. It is made by squeezing lemon-juice on a little sugar, adding an egg beaten light, and filling the tumbler with cold water. Egg-broth is made by pouring boiling water on a well-beaten egg and flavoring with sugar or salt, as desired. Any cookery-book or manual of cookery for the sick contains plenty of recipes for nourishing liquid food. A light repast before going to bed will often induce sleep. Nourishment should be given in the forms most easily assimilated. The digestive organs share in the general weakness and decay of the body, and should be spared all unnecessary work.

The question of alcoholic stimulant should be referred to a conscientious physician when there is any doubt on the subject. Unless there is some special reason to the contrary, most elderly persons are the better for a little. Alcohol diminishes the waste of the tissues and stimulates the action of the heart. It can be given as a medicine when there are scruples as to its use as a beverage.

In connection with digestion, the action of the bowels should be carefully regulated. They are very apt to be torpid and require constant watchfulness. Sometimes laxative articles of food, as prunes, tomatoes rye bread, etc., will effect the desired result; at others, recourse must be had to enemas, glycerine suppositories, or gentle cathartics. A wad of absorbent cotton rolled into a cone and dipped in glycerine is often as effectual as the regularly-made suppository and much cheaper. Careful massage over the abdominal region, pressing and kneading with as much force as can be comfortably borne, is a useful agent in promoting a healthy natural action of the intestinal canal.

Old persons should never be allowed to over-exert themselves in any way, or to become unduly fatigued. They cannot recover the lost ground; the recuperative powers of youth are gone, and they cannot regain the strength that has been squandered. They should make a point of lying down every day after lunch or dinner, whether they feel specially in need of rest or not.

Fresh air should always be admitted to the bed-room, yet here the greatest care is necessary. It should come through a flannel screen, the cloth being stretched on a frame to fit into the window when it is open from the top for three or four inches. Artificial heat from register, stove, or open fire must be provided, to keep the apartment at an even temperature of sixty-eight degrees, regulated by the thermometer.

A flannel jacket or warm light woolen shawl should be worn over the night-dress, and bed-socks used, as the impaired circulation is sure to cause cold feet. A down comforter, from its warmth and light weight, is a very desirable bed-covering. A rubber hot-water bag should always be placed in the bed in winter, when there is the least sensation of chilliness. Heat is life to the old, and cold should be dreaded as their most dangerous foe.

Interesting occupations should be encouraged. If any special pursuit has given pleasure in earlier days, it should be kept up as long as possible. It is the will to live that holds many in life. Let us make these closing years so happy by tender care and dutiful service that the wish to prolong them may add to their length. Then, when in our turn we drop the tasks that have become too heavy for our lessening strength, we may hope that there will be willing hands to take them up and bear them for us.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a handsome street-gown, of chamois-colored cloth or camel's-hair,

No. 1.

trimmed with a dark-brown velvet. The front of the skirt is slightly draped; the back hangs straight and is bordered up the sides and across the edge with a band of velvet. Jacket-bodice with pointed basque, bordered with band of velvet. Shirt-front in white piqué, with clover tie. The bodice turns back with revers, and the only trimming for the high sleeves are the deep cuffs. Felt toque, faced with brown velvet. A bunch of velvet pansies, in brown and yellow, ornaments the front. Velvet ribbon one to two inches wide

No. 2.

may be used for the trimming. Seven to eight yards of double-fold material.

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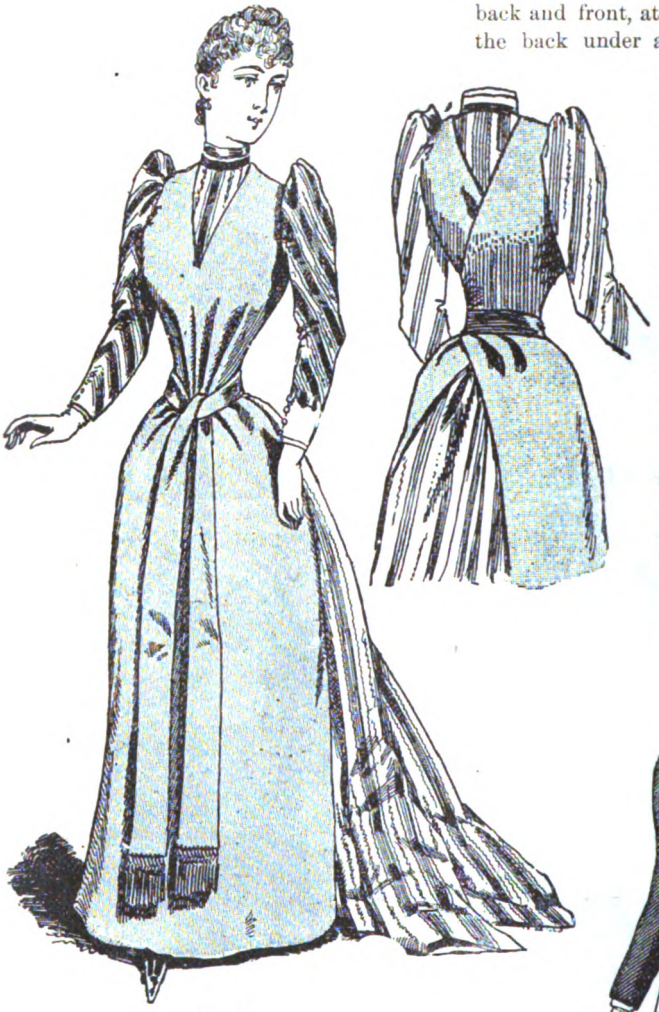

No. 3.

No. 2—Is a tailor-made gown, of checked Scotch cheviot. The skirt is plain, all the fullness being in the back breadths. The jacket-bodice is double-breasted, turning back with a rolling coat-collar over an inside vest. The jacket has a basque-skirt set on; deep pocket-flaps ornament the sides. High sleeves. The entire gown is finished either by stitching by machine or a fine binding of braid, like a man's coat. Small Derby hat to correspond. Six yards of cheviot will be required.

No. 3.—We give here the front and back view of a home-gown made of Pekin striped silk, which is almost entirely concealed in front by a kind of long apron, cut V-shape back and front, at the neck, and crossing at the back under a girdle-sash with fringed ends. This over-dress and sash are in armure silk, corresponding to the colors of the stripe. Ten to twelve yards of striped silk, five yards of plain.

No. 4—Is a pretty home-gown for a young girl. It is made of cream-white or pearl-gray cashmere or crèpe-cloth. The front is kilt-plaited. The wide side-plaits have a ruffle, and the back is again plain. The sleeves and short Spanish jacket, pointed waistband, sash, and collar are all of black velvet. The jacket is

No. 4.

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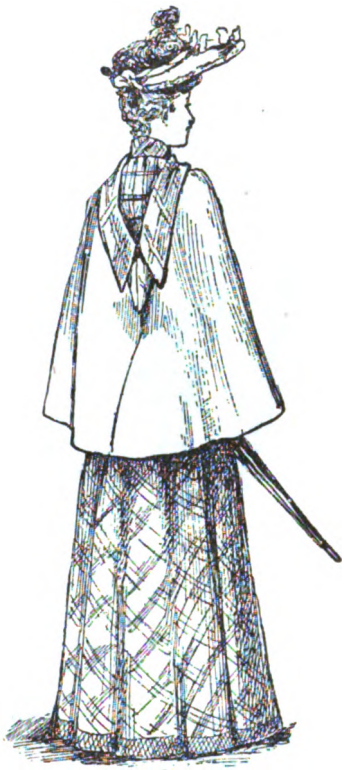
fitted over the full waist; it cuts off short in the back just under the arm, not longer than the front. Eight yards of cashmere and three and a half to four yards of velvet will be required.

No. 5—Is a corsage of dark-ruby velvet, with a vest of China crèpe in rose-color. The revers, collar, and sleeves of the corsage are either embroidered or covered with

No. 5.

handsome passementerie; but, if perfectly plain, it would be very handsome and in quite as good taste. The tiny bonnet matches the corsage. With a plain silk, cloth, or bengaline skirt, this corsage will make a very handsome gown for teas, receptions, luncheons, etc.

No. 6—Is a street-gown, with wrap of self-colored cloth, the hood of which is lined with the plaid material of the gown. Such



No. 6.

No. 7.

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a plaid has dark Scotch colors upon a chamois-colored ground; therefore, the wrap is of chamois-colored cloth to correspond. The

No. 8.

gown is plain, with a wide braid on the edge of the skirt. The wrap is wadded and lined with plaid silk. Hat of felt, trimmed with ostrich-tips. For the gown, eight yards of plaid,

Nos. 9 and 10.

No. 11.

double-fold. For the wrap, two yards of cloth will be required.

No. 7—Is for a little girl of six years. The skirt and sleeves are of gay Scotch woolens or poplin. The blouse is of self-colored surah to match the prevailing color in the plaid. Cuffs of Irish crochet-lace. A rosette of ribbon conceals where the blouse fastens on the left shoulder.

No. 8—Is a simple paletot for either boy or girl, of marine-blue serge, double-breasted, with a deep sailor-collar trimmed with braid. Large gilt buttons.

Nos. 9 and 10—Are two simple designs for spring coats for little girls of three to five years. They are made of camel's-hair or lady's-cloth, in coachman's-drab, cream-white, or light-gray. The illustrations show so well how they are made, no particular descriptions are necessary.

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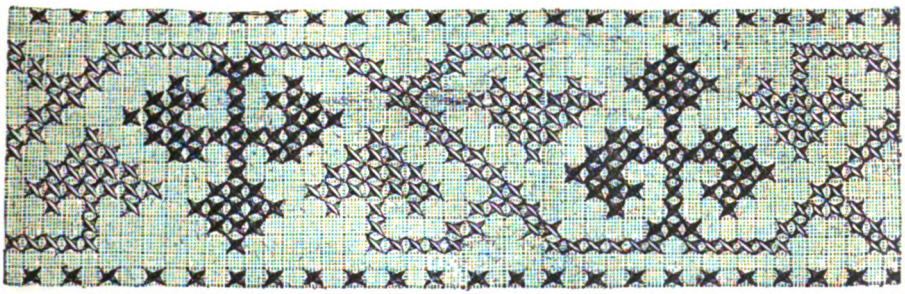
No. 12.

No. 11—Is a street-dress for a girl of five to six years, of self-colored camel's-hair. The dress or paletot fits tight in the waist, with a gathered skirt. A leather belt is worn around the waist. The shoulder-cape is separate, with a kilt-plaited flounce fitted to a pointed yoke, back and front. Fancy braid hat, faced with velvet and trimmed with ribbon and flowers.

No. 12—Is quite a new model for a girl's street-dress for the early spring. The dress is of striped woolens, made on the bias. The over-jacket is of velvet to correspond; buttons of fancy metal. The jacket is separate and may be removed for a house-dress.

For washing-material, this model will supply a good many variations, such as combining plaid or striped gingham, with plain for the over-jacket, or say two-width stripes of corresponding colors; the fine pin-stripe for the jacket, and the wider one for the dress—or, if plaid is used, then plain gingham for the jacket. A very pretty suit may also be made of piqué for the jacket, and plain or striped nainsook for the dress. For sea-side or mountain wear, we would suggest marine-blue flannel, trimmed with white worsted braid—or any of the endless variety of wash-flannels now to be had from ten cents to forty cents per yard, according to the quality.

DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.



This pattern is suitable for frocks and aprons for children, or for the ends of towels and borders of napkins. For the three former, it may be done in any two colors of embroidery-cotton that will wash; for the napkins, one color will be the best.

DESIGN FOR BUREAU-SCARF.

We give, on the Supplement, a graceful design of nasturtiums, suitable for a bureau or sideboard scarf or for the corner of a table-cover. It will be pretty, done in the natural colors of the leaves and flowers, in washing-silks.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

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SLASHED BASQUE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the entire half of this new and stylish basque for a street-gown. It consists of eight pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SIDE-BACK.
4. SIDE-FRONT.
5. PLASTRON FOR FRONT.
6. ROLLING COLLAR.
7. SLEEVE.
8. DEEP CUFF.

The letters show how the pieces join, and the illustration shows the method of trimming the entire gown. The cuffs are entirely covered with rows of the narrow worsted braid. The basque has three rows of the braid edging the square slashes, also three rows around the armholes. The edge of the skirt has six rows. The rolling collar has the braid put on in a simple scallop pattern. A fine diagonal serge is the material used for the gown.

DESIGN FOR AN EGG-NAPKIN.

On the Supplement, we give a design of chickens, suitable for a napkin to put over eggs, to keep them hot on the table. It is done in outline-stitch in black silk or fine red embroidery-cotton. The border may be done in stem-stitch, or omitted if desired.

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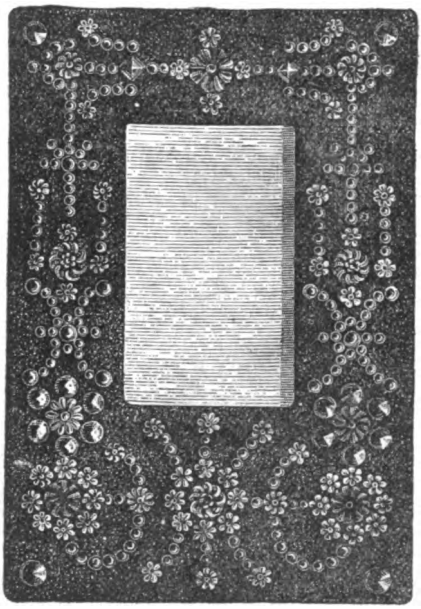
ORNAMENTAL NAIL-WORK.



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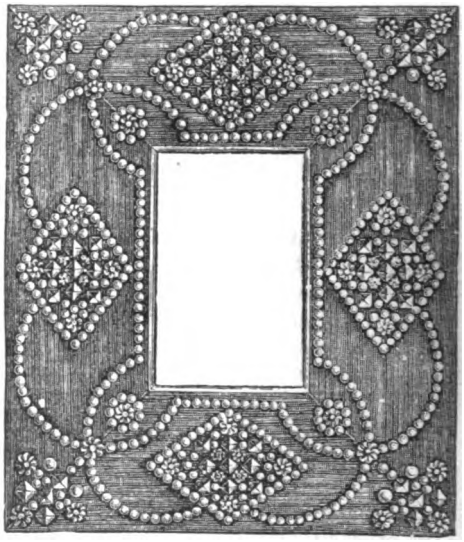

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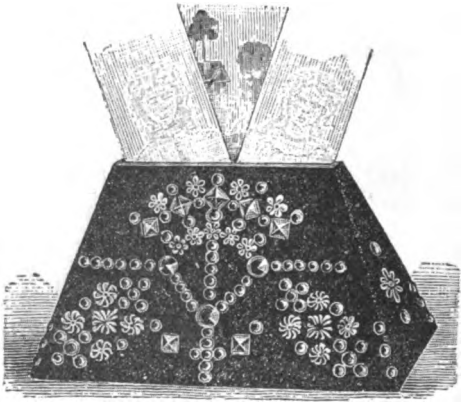

STAND FOR PHOTOGRAPHS, LETTERS, ETC.

How to carry out this decorative work hardly needs any explanation. The wooden frame-work can either be stained or covered with plush, velvet, or cloth of some rich dark color. The design is then carefully marked on the foundation, and then nails of different sizes and kinds are fixed with a hammer, a hole being pricked with an awl for each nail. The nails may be of brass, silver, nickel, or copper, in fancy designs and plain, being careful to arrange the sizes and kinds to make a good combination.

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SOME NOTES ON THE ADULTERATION OF FOOD.

IN an interesting paper on the adulteration of food, read before the AMERICAN SOCIAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION a few years ago, it was stated that the only way in which this great and growing evil could be effectually checked was by communicating to the people in every possible way "the most ample and exact information as to the manner in which foods are adulterated, the kinds of food usually tampered with, and the evil effects arising therefrom." The aim of those who use adulterations is to artfully conceal their dishonest work, and it requires in most instances the best expert skill to detect the foreign or deleterious substances. It is useless to pass laws on the subject unless the people are fully roused to the importance of having the laws executed.

Adulterations may be roughly divided into two classes:

1. Those which are simply fraudulent, but not necessarily injurious to health—the use of some cheap but wholesome ingredient with the pure article for the purpose of underselling and increasing profits, as for instance the admixture of water with milk, of peas and carrots with coffee, meal with mustard, and wheat flour with pepper.

2. Those which are injurious to health—the use of drugs or chemicals for the purpose of changing the appearance or character of the pure article, as for instance, the admixture of potash, ammonia, and acids with cocoa to give apparent smoothness and strength to imperfect and inferior preparations; the use of alum and other deleterious substances to raise and whiten bread.

In his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry," Baron Liebig states that the bakers of Belgium discovered some years ago how to produce from damaged flour a bread which appeared to be made from the finest and best wheat flour; and they did it by adding to the dough sulphate of copper, a poison.

It is a curious fact that in the country from which chemically treated cocoa is now being exported, namely Holland, the adulteration of coffee with chicory was first practised. The adulteration took so well in England that subsequently a patent was taken out for a machine which moulded chicory in the shape of the coffee-berry. But that was a comparatively harmless adulteration.

The late Dr. Edmund Parkes, professor of military hygiene, and one of the highest English authorities on the subject of the adulteration of food, stated that he found the cocoa sold in England very commonly mixed with cereal grain, starches, arrowroot, sago, or potato starch, and that even brick-dust and peroxide of iron were sometimes used.

In Dr. Hassall's well-known work on "Food and its Adulteration" it is stated that out of sixty-eight samples of cocoa examined thirty-nine contained earthy coloring matter, such as reddle, Venetian red, and umber.

A writer in the "Hospital Gazette" of London (Aug. 23, 1890) says: "We do not regard all adulterations as equally heinous. When, however, potent chemicals are systematically added, what words can sufficiently convey our indignation! . . . Cocoa of the most excellent quality and of absolute purity is now to be obtained

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at very reasonable prices; and no purchaser need be at any loss to get an article to which the severest tests can be applied, and which will come out triumphantly from the ordeal. We were, nevertheless, positively startled, not long since, to receive a pamphlet, bearing on its front page the names of some distinguished chemists, and addressed to the medical profession, vaunting some foreign manufactured cocoas which were distinctly stated to contain a considerable addition of alkaline salts. Surely even lay readers do not need to be reminded that soda and potash cannot be taken with impunity day after day." And an English physician, in a communication to the October (1890) number of "Hygiene" states that of late years the country (England) has been "flooded with foreign cocoas contaminated with an admixture of alkali." The object of the contamination, he says, is this: "Cocoa does not give an infusion or decoction, but mixed with water is practically a soup; it is suspended, not dissolved. Now, the addition of an alkali gives rise to a soap, in plain English, much as when common soap, a compound of oil and alkalies, is mixed with water; but this alkalized cocoa has an appearance of strength which it does not possess, and the consumer hastily assumes that he is getting far more for his money and being supplied with a much better article. . . . The recent great improvements in the preparation of cocoa, by removing the superabundant oil, have so much increased the digestibility of this nutritious beverage that the last excuse for the addition of alkalies and starch is gone, and the presence of the former, besides being deleterious, cannot answer any purpose except giving an appearance of fictitious strength to the resulting infusion, or soup."

In an article on "Cocoa and Chocolate," in the October number of the same magazine, Dr. Crespi says: "The attempt to prepare cocoa in a soluble form has tempted some foreign firms to add alkaline salts freely. These salts cannot be recommended to healthy subjects as regular articles of food."

The Birmingham (England) "Medical Review" for October, 1890, contains an article on "Food and its Adulterations," in which it is stated that "quite apart from any question as to the injury resulting to the human system from taking these salts it would be only right that the medical profession should resolutely discountenance the use of any and all secret preparations confessedly adulterations, and adulterations, too, of a sort not justified by any of the exigencies of the circumstances. . . . Cocoa is only to be recommended as a beverage when it is as pure as possible."

Quite recently a valuable little work on chocolate and cocoa was published in Germany. It describes, with characteristic German thoroughness, the cacao-tree, the properties of its fruit, and the various modern methods of preparing the food product for the market. In treating of "the manufacture of cocoas deprived of a portion of their oil and rendered more soluble," the writer says: "This branch of the manufacture has recently undergone a great development. Hygiene appears to demand a product which, with a diminution in the amount of oil, should be further distinguished from ordinary chocolate by its readily dissolving in water, milk, etc., thereby being much more easily appropriated by the human system. The removal of a portion of the oil ought to make it more readily assimilated by the digestive system. Starch, cellulose, and the albuminoids are of difficult solubility, and must be converted into such a form as to be readily soluble in water. This would render them easy of absorption, and increase their efficiency. In practice this end has been sought in several ways." . . . The alkaline or chemical process "depends on the fact that the roasted cocoa is treated with carbonate of soda, magnesia, potash, or bicarbonate of soda. * * * The cocoa of those manufacturers who employ the alkaline method is sometimes subjected to a perfectly barbarous treatment in order to secure solution by means of the alkali. For instance, the roasted cocoa beans are boiled with an aqueous alkaline solution; the product is then dried, deprived of its oil, and afterwards ground. Or the crushed cocoa is roasted, deprived of its oil, powdered, and boiled with water containing an alkali. Both methods of treatment are in the highest degree destructive to those bodies which are essential constituents of cocoa. It is especially the cacao-red which is attacked, and with it disappears also the aroma."

It should be added that in the manufacture of large quantities by the alkaline or chemical method it is difficult, if not impossible, to so regulate the

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heat in drying the cocoa after the chemicals are added (the material being then in a very sensitive state) as to prevent the oil from being scorched; and it is well known that burned oil or fat is wholly indigestible.

The deleterious effects of the chemicals used in such processes have been referred to in general terms; something more definite and precise on that point will be of interest.

In reply to the inquiry, What is the effect on the system, especially on the gastric mucous membrane, of small quantities of dilute alkaline liquids taken frequently and regularly (for example, for breakfast), one of the leading physicians in Boston says: "I would say that while some persons and certain conditions of the system might bear without injury dilute alkaline liquids taken at not frequent intervals, yet the great majority of persons and those with a sensitive stomach could not bear the daily use of such liquids without serious injury. It would produce gastritis, or inflammation of the mucous membrane of the stomach, of varying degree, according to the frequency and amount taken and the susceptibility of the person. This would be accompanied with many of the symptoms of dyspepsia, and if carried to any considerable extent, with troublesome eruption of the skin, and not infrequently with serious disturbance of the functions of the kidneys. I certainly think its long continuance would be dangerous."

Dr. Sidney Ringer, Professor of Medicine at University College, London, and Physician to the College Hospital, perhaps the greatest English authority on the action of drugs, states in his "Handbook of Therapeutics" that "the sustained administration of alkalies and their carbonates renders the blood, it is said, poorer in solids and in red corpuscles, and impairs the nutrition of the body." Of ammonia, carbonate of ammonia, and spirits of ammonia, he says: "These preparations have many properties in common with the alkaline, potash, and soda group. They possess a strong alkaline reaction, are freely soluble in water, have a high diffusion-power, and dissolve the animal textures. . . . If administered too long, they excite catarrh of the stomach and intestines."

All of WALTER BAKER & CO.'S Cocoa Preparations are guaranteed *absolutely free from all chemicals*. These preparations have stood the test of public approval for *more than one hundred years*, and are the acknowledged standard of purity and excellence. The house of WALTER BAKER & CO. has always taken a decided stand against any and all chemically-treated cocoas, and they believe that the large and increasing demand for their goods has proved that the consumer appreciates this decision.

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[*Established 1780.*]

"LA BELLE CHOCOLATIÈRE": W. BAKER & CO.'S Registered Trade-Mark.

No Chemicals are used in any of *Walter Baker & Co.'s Chocolate* and *Cocoa Preparations.*

These preparations have stood the test of public approval for *more than one hundred years*, and are the acknowledged standard of purity and excellence.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

SEASONABLE CLOTHING.—Suitable dress is one condition of health. Clothing should be warm, light, and comfortable. Woolen stockings should be worn throughout the winter and early spring, and such boots as will effectually preserve the feet from dampness. Cloth boots, however thick the soles, are unfit for wet weather, as the ankles are sure to get wet, and they remain a long time damp.

The popular notions of a beautiful foot are extremely erroneous. It is thought desirable the foot should be very narrow and tapering at the toe. Now, this is not the form in which feet are made; consequently, the modern boot is calculated to produce deformity. But the foot is not the only part of the frame that we delight to deform. What shall we say to the tight-lacing system and the tortures endured? A noted physician writes: "Even Pharaoh only demanded bricks without straw for a short time; but the fashionable lady asks to live without breathing for many years."

In the present day, however, so much has been written against the improper use of corsets, that some of the new generation do not wear them at all.

Another common error in dress is to allow a great weight to rest on the hips. No heavy skirts should be fastened about the waist without a body or strap over the shoulders, to throw the weight on. But, indeed, lightness should be as much studied as warmth, in selecting articles of dress. To walk or take other exercise in heavy clothes is to add enormously to the fatigue. Nor must it be forgotten that we catch cold more frequently from exposing our backs than our chests to draughts. The lungs are attached to the spine, and are placed between the shoulders; and, through ignorance of this fact, we protect our chests from cold, but think the shoulders of no consequence. Both parts should be thoroughly shielded.

THE GREATEST MAN.—"If I am asked," says Sir William Jones, "who is the greatest man? I answer, the best. And if I am required to say who is the best, I reply, he that has deserved most of his fellow-creatures."

SELF-DECEPTION.—With all our efforts, few of us succeed in deceiving others so completely as we succeed, without effort, in deceiving ourselves.

OUR NEW FASHION-PLATE.—The departure from our old-time engraving of several colors has been made in accordance with the change in public taste which has been growing during the past decade. We have so repeatedly been asked to essay the now highly popular foreign mode of producing the figures in a single tint, that we have given the method a trial in this number. All the fashion authorities who have seen the plate pronounce emphatically in its favor. It certainly possesses a simplicity, elegance, and artistic grace which are highly attractive. A strong argument in its behalf is the fact that the one tint brings out the style and finish of the costumes more clearly than do several colors, and thus will make it easier to copy exactly the outlines and folds of elaborate drapery. And now comes what cannot fail to be considered a very important item: By employing the single color, the engravings can be done in a great deal less time, enabling us to give the latest novelties in dress even earlier than heretofore, far ahead as we have always kept of every other periodical in the country. Having fairly put the case before our lady subscribers, who know that our aim is to cater in every possible way to their tastes and wishes, we shall gladly welcome individual expressions of opinion as to the acceptability of the change.

IN SELECTING CARPETS.—While it is not essential that the carpet should match the furniture and curtains, there should be no violent contrasts. Nor should it be so brilliant as to produce an unfavorable effect on the furniture. If the furniture is all of one color, say crimson, a carpet of white and crimson, or of crimson and two or three shades of brown, looks well. Simple colors and patterns in a carpet are preferable to the brilliant and showy. Very dark carpets are undesirable, from the fact that every speck or thread falling upon them is immediately seen.

"THE DELIGHT OF THE LADIES."—The Bridgeport (Conn.) Standard says: "That old and long-approved favorite, 'Peterson's Magazine,' has begun its 50th year of publication, and starts out with all the vigor of renewed youth and unimpaired vitality. It was the delight of the ladies during the infancy and youth of most of us, and is sure to be so still when the oldest of us has reached his limit. It is ably conducted, full of matter interesting to the household, and is constantly being improved with fresh attractions."

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THE UNIVERSITY AND SCHOOL EXTENSION lately organized in this country is a wonderful undertaking, that must even in a few years produce almost incalculable results.

The purpose is to afford further education and broader culture to those who have been debarred from the advantages of college or academic training, and to provide the guidance of college professors and other experts in the study of subjects common to school and to university education. The courses of instruction will be marked out by carefully prepared syllabuses, with directions as to what is most essential to the subject.

Individual students can be graded in lines of study and investigation, and plans are provided for securing the mutual help that comes through class instruction and lectures. Small or large classes may be guided in their studies or enjoy the presence of an approved instructor in their chosen subject.

Individuals or classes may also have the benefit of instruction by correspondence. Letters for information should be addressed—with stamped envelope inclosed—to Seth T. Stewart, General Secretary, Box 192, Brooklyn, N. Y.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Standard Dictionary of the English Language. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.—The sample pages of this volume offer convincing proof that it will undoubtedly be the most complete lexicon our language can offer. The use of the scientific alphabet in pronunciation is a feature that cannot be too highly praised. Accuracy and simplicity are admirably combined; the etymology of words is placed after their definitions, and the meaning which words have to-day comes before the less common signification, while the system of placing and verifying quotations has no equal. The various departments are in the hands of some of our ripest scholars, and the most eminent students, lawyers, college professors, and divines have already emphatically endorsed the work as certain to head all present dictionaries as an accepted authority. The book is printed on the finest paper and contains countless illustrations. The retail price will be ten dollars, but all persons who subscribe in advance will receive the volume for six.

Wych-Elm. Poems. By M. Swafford. Buffalo: Charles Wells Moulton.—Our readers are familiar with this lady's poetry under her sobriquet of "Belle Bremer." She has now collected her poems in a dainty volume and added thereto numerous unpublished lyrics and descriptive pieces. The work cannot fail to win much praise and give her an enviable reputation. Mrs. Swafford possesses not only pretty fancies, but the imagination which is the genuine poet's inheritance. Her verse is musical, but it is not made up of mere metrical sweetness; she writes with her heart as well as her brain, and the result is a collection of poems that possess life, warmth, and actuality.

How to Preserve Health. By Louis Barkan, M.D. New York: Exchange Printing Co.—This will be found a most useful and available hand-book of hygiene and nursing in all its branches. It is based on the most recent discoveries and developments in medical knowledge, and must bring the attentive reader, even if unaccustomed to the care of the sick, into an intelligent comprehension of the aims and methods of the physician. The book has a still higher function—that of inculcating the necessity of preserving health, and pointing out the means for so doing.

Photographic Mosaics. Edited by Edward L. Wilson. New York: E. L. Wilson.—This annual record of photographic progress comes enlarged into a thick volume profusely and admirably illustrated. Photography has become a pastime so engrossing to men, women, and children that this careful retrospect of its history will be found exceedingly interesting, and its clear directions and practical information in regard to every branch of the subject will render it valuable alike to amateur and professional artist.

Helen and Arthur; or, Miss Thusa's Spinning-Wheel. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This latest addition to the publishers' twentyfive-cent series will receive a warm welcome from new readers and those who remember its first publication. Every lover of fiction that is at once clean, life-like, and engrossing must enjoy Mrs. Hentz's stories, and the present tale has always been a chief favorite among her hosts of admirers.

A Successful Man. By Julian Gordon. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—This story is written in a clear vigorous style, the descriptions are good, and the characters living. The writer paints social life in America, and understands her task. It is no secret that, in spite of the masculine nom-de-plume, the book is the production of a well-known New York society-lady, whose former tale, "A Diplomat's Diary," attracted a good deal of attention.

A Boy's History of the United States. Edited by Annie Cole Cady. New York: Worthington Co.—The girls and boys both will be delighted with this new transcript of their country's story. It is written by a woman of unusual talent and culture, whose experience as a teacher specially fitted her for the task. The sketches of our explorers, Pilgrim Fathers, and great men and women generally are life-like in the extreme, and the account of our various wars and party struggles is admirably told.

Patience. By Anna B. Warner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—A new novel by one of the Warner sisters recalls the great and long-lived popularity of "Queechy," "Dollars and Cents," etc. The story is fresh and interesting, and,

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without being unpleasantly intrusive, the moral it inculcates is tersely pointed. It is much, in these days of hysterical episodes and realistic sketches without beginning or end, to take up a book that has both plot and purpose clearly worked out.

A Homburg Beauty. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—A story of great pathos and power, interspersed with descriptions and conversations of much brilliancy and wit. The reader's sympathy goes so completely with the heroine that he shrinks from the catastrophe at the end; yet, tragic as it is, it undoubtedly adds to the force of the lesson which the author means to convey.

Cudjoe's Cave. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This cheap edition of Mr. Trowbridge's delightful book will undoubtedly prove a great success The effect which this work produced at a certain dark period of our history can hardly be overestimated. It is a book that everybody should read, and, considered merely as a story, it is one of great force and interest.

Love's Labor Won. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Mrs. Southworth's novels have been so widely reviewed and circulated that there is nothing new to say about them. The present tale, issued in the publishers' cheap edition, is certain to have a wide sale, as it is one of her most natural and effective books.

My Lady's Master. By Lady Maude Rutledge. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is an entirely original book, which has been added to the twentyfive-cent edition of novels. The title is an exceedingly taking one, and the novel will be found full of interest from the first page to the last.

Asbein. By Ossip Schubin. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a musical novel, and a good one. It possesses a special attraction from the fact that the hero is known to be the famous Russian pianist, Rubenstein. The book is handsomely bound and illustrated.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

THEOPHILUS B. PETERSON.—The death of a brother of the founder of this periodical has lately been chronicled in all the leading newspapers of the land, coupled with well-deserved praise of his energetic and laborious life. In 1853, while still a young man, Mr. Peterson established the extensive publishing-house known under the title of T. B. Peterson & Brothers. To quote the words of a well-known journalist: "His enterprise and almost unerring judgment of the popular taste laid the foundation of success. The history of the firm is one of uninterrupted prosperity, and its imprint is known all over the country." While Charles Dickens lived, the Petersons were the only authorized publishers of his novels in America, and, besides having rendered scores of great foreign writers familiar names here, they have produced the works of numerous eminent native authors.

Owing to the fact that the Magazine is published in the same building, it is often supposed that T. B. Peterson & Brothers hold an interest therein; but this is a mistake—the Magazine was the exclusive property of Mr. Charles J. Peterson, and still remains entirely separate from the book-publishing firm.

GOLD VS. SILVER.—Just now, the silver lobby in Congress are trying to convince the representatives of the nation that silver is not only the equal of, but is better than, gold; but the women of America have very decided opinions on this subject, and, judging from the golden opinions they have given as to the superlative merits of the Empire Wringer for utility, economy, and effectiveness in doing the work for which it was designed, we believe that their favorite is still the yellow metal. At any rate, the Empire Wringer is well before the public on a gold basis, and, in the opinion of the women of America, will always remain at par. Anyone not acquainted with its merits can obtain full description by addressing the Empire Wringer Co., Auburn, N. Y.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crême Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* Pfrs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

FLORAL NOTES.

As spring approaches, how wont we are to begin to see in imagination the flower-beds in full and glowing beauty! Especially is this so if we have, the previous summer and fall, prepared these beds to make a grand showing. The bulb-beds, and those of the hardy plants, perennials, biennials, and the hardy shrubs too, come in for a thought. In this day of cheap bulbs, almost everyone can afford a few; and, of course, now they are in the ground, well protected by litter, awaiting the spring sun to awaken them from their long winter nap. The first to greet me in my own garden is the dear little crocus, which frequently shows its head above the snow; then will follow tulips, narcissus, etc. The bulb-bed suffers many times, most in the summer. The great heat and the dryness penetrate to the bulbs, especially if they are not planted deep enough.

Some plan should be devised whereby the beds can be protected. There is no better way to do this than to plant something in the bed. The bulb-bed makes an excellent home for verbenas or petunias, the foliage of which protects and

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helps to retain sufficient moisture to keep the bulbs in a healthy condition.

Petunias are wonderfully free bloomers, and the varieties to select from must be appreciated if seen, with their many colors and delicate markings, both in the double and single sorts. The latter may be started from seed; for the former, it is better to root cuttings in the hot-bed in March, or in the house in a sunny window. They grow rapidly, and the branches may be pegged down and thus made to cover a wide surface.

As a bed from which to cut flowers, nothing will excel the verbena. It possesses many charming qualities, beauty of flowers, pretty foliage, and fragrance. I speak now of the seedlings, for these are invariably fragrant and easily managed. I prefer them to keeping plants during the winter in the house; these are a trouble, and often, when purchased from a greenhouse, are infested with insects.

Herbaceous plants are beginning to be appreciated as they deserve, and yet one does not see many satisfactory herbaceous borders; they are very apt to be neglected in various ways. If hardy plants are grown in the same place for several seasons, a renewal of the soil is certainly necessary once every year or two. I have frequently, in the spring, as soon as vegetation peered above ground, lifted everything carefully out, and then had the whole bed re-dug and well manured, and the plants put back; which, after a good shower, would assume a wonderful air of thrift.

The Japan iris is one of our most beautiful border-plants; and the more one has of it, the more one wants.

I am very fond of the perennial phlox, and surely no more showy or lasting flower is grown. I have phlox in bloom for three months at a time, each great pyramidal head a full bouquet in itself. Rich deep cultivation is very beneficial to them.

By starting with a few plants of hardy varieties, and each year adding thereto, before long the herbaceous border assumes unlimited dimensions, is constantly increasing, and becomes a part of your garden that you would not for the world disturb.

Hardy shrubs, too, of which there are a numerous family, may be added to, every spring and autumn, until the lawn is filled in every available space—that is, in the places where they should be set. Some regard must be had to regularity of setting, to have these same shrubs give unqualified satisfaction. If set where they seem to be in the way, obstruct a view, better not have any; but good judgment will teach one how to plan for the beauty of the lawn. But by all means, if you have never done so, start a border of hardy plants, and set one hardy shrub this spring.

M. R. WAGONER.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

MEATS.

Gulasch.—Cut a tender piece of steak into quite small pieces, lay them in a deep frying-pan, with a little bacon, some slices of onion, a little pepper and salt, and fry them in butter till the gravy looks brown; then add a little lemon-juice, a small quantity of water, and a wineglassful of wine if liked; cover the pan, and let the contents simmer till the meat is quite done.

Stewed Chicken.—Cut up a chicken and put it in water; put in a saucepan a quart of water, a small onion chopped fine, pepper and salt; simmer for an hour; add the chicken, and simmer for another hour. Just before it is done, add a large piece of butter rolled in flour, and half a pint of milk.

DESSERTS.

Italian Jam Roll.—Half a pint of milk, four ounces of fresh butter, six ounces of sifted flour, four ounces of caster-sugar, the grated rind of a lemon, four well-beaten eggs. Mix the flour with sufficient cold milk to form it into a thick cream. Set the remainder of the milk, butter, sugar, and lemon on to boil by a very slow fire. When it boils to the top of the saucepan, pour it on the cold flour and milk. Stir it well, add the eggs, and mix. Then put it on a pasteboard and let it get cold. Dredge it with dry flour and roll it out. Then spread it with jam or marmalade. Roll it up and bake it on a tin in a moderately hot oven for half an hour. Sift sugar thickly over, and, when cold, cut it in thick slices and serve, cut side upward.

Potato Pudding.—Take half a pound of boiled potatoes, mash them while hot, with a quarter-pound of butter, half a pound of sugar, the beaten yolks of six eggs and three whites; mix all well together, and season with wine and a little lemon-peel. Bake with or without a lining of paste in the dish. Do not cover it with a crust of paste. To be eaten without sauce, either hot or cold.

CAKES.

Nuremberg White Gingerbread.—One pound of fine flour, one pound of sifted sugar, one pound of almonds blanched and cut fine, eight eggs, four ounces each of candied orange-peel, and lemon-peel (both cut fine), half an ounce of powdered cinnamon, half an ounce of powdered cloves, one ounce of powdered ginger, half an ounce of potash dissolved in a little milk or rose-water. The eggs must first be well beaten, and afterward thoroughly mixed with the sugar, spices, and peel. Then add slowly the flour and potash, lastly the almonds. Have ready some pieces of white paper or wafer about the size of playing-cards. Spread the mixture thickly on, place on a baking-tin, and bake in a not too hot oven until done.

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Molasses Cake.—One and a half cupfuls of sugar, the same of butter, the same of molasses, four cupfuls of flour, and four eggs; beat the eggs light; add the sugar and butter, mix well together, then stir in the molasses; stir it all well, and add two tablespoonfuls of ginger; one teacupful of sour cream with a teaspoonful of soda in it, added just before baking, stirring it in well.

Scotch Cakes.—Three pounds of flour, two pounds of butter, one and a half pounds of brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls of caraway-seed, two of cinnamon, and a little citron, cut in small pieces. Cream the butter and sugar, add the flour and seasoning, and bake in small cakes.

Cream Cakes.—One quart of cream, four eggs, three pints of flour, two pounds of sugar. Beat the eggs very light, and add the sugar; then stir in the cream, and then the flour, with a small teaspoonful of saleratus rubbed in it. Bake in a quick oven.

Raisin Bread Cake.—Two and a half pounds of flour, one pound of brown sugar, three-fourths of a pound of butter, four eggs, one pint of milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one gill of yeast, two pounds of fruit.

FASHIONS FOR MARCH.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF FAINT-BLUE, GREEN, AND TAN WOOLEN PLAID, of a soft material. The skirt is quite plain, falling in full straight folds at the back. The bodice is laid in crosswise drapery. Jacket of dark-green cloth, with revers and sleeves of brocade in dull shades of the color of the dress. Dark-green felt hat, trimmed with blue and colored feathers and ribbon.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF ELECTRIC-BLUE CLOTH, with broad woven border in stripes at the bottom. The skirt is slightly draped on the right hip, with a silver buckle, and shows a plain piece of the cloth simulating a petticoat at the bottom. The bodice is formed of a narrow piece of the woven border, and buttons from the right shoulder to the waist; it is draped a little, with a buckle at the left arm. Full sleeve and high collar. Hat of electric-blue cloth, with silk trimming of the same color.

FIG. III.—COAT, OF SHADES OF TAN AND FAWN COLORS. The skirt, of tan-colored cloth, is finished with buttons and has straight plaitings of a fawn-colored silk. The bodice is composed of folds of fawn silk, which cross and fasten under a belt of the same. The coat has a jacket-bodice of the tan material, with alternate capes of tan and fawn colored cloth. Tan-colored felt hat, with fawn-colored silk trimming.

FIG. IV.—DRESS, OF BLACK HENRIETTA-CLOTH, for light mourning. The skirt is made with a bias fold at the bottom, headed by a braid; it has pockets on the hips, sleeves long and tight at the wrists and fastened with buttons. Mantle of gray-and-black plaid woolen, with long pelerine-ends in front, and confined at the waist with long loops-and-ends of black ribbon. At the back, the mantle follows the shape of the figure, where it finishes with a small habit-basque. There are no side-pieces. In front, it is laid in long bias plaits. Very full plaited pieces for sleeves. Hat of black silk.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GRAY CAMEL'S-HAIR. The long coat-shaped garment opens over a gray-and-brown brocade piece. The bodice is of the camel's-hair in front and back, with side-pieces of brocade; it opens over a brocaded plastron, and has one revers of the figured material. Sleeves of the plain gray camel's-hair and brocade. Long sash of brocade, with chenille fringe of the colors. Hat of brown felt, with gray feathers.

FIG. VI.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, OF CASHMERE, with a full plaiting of surah silk down the back of the arm, to harmonize with the material of the dress.

FIG. VII.—JACKET FOR THE HOUSE, OF LIGHT-BLUE FLANNEL OR CASHMERE, embroidered around the bottom, collar, and sleeves with blue silk.

FIG. VIII.—NEW STYLE OF SPRING HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, trimmed with black ostrich-feathers.

FIG. IX.—LATEST STYLE OF JACKET, OF VERY LIGHT-COLORED TAN CLOTH. It is double-breasted, has a basque sewed to the bottom of the bodice, deep pockets, and is ornamented with large bone buttons.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE, trimmed at the bottom with a band of brocaded silk. The cuirass jacket is also made of brocade, like the trimming on the bottom of the skirt. Braiding on a solid color may take the place of the brocade. Small hat to correspond with the brocade on the dress.

FIG. XI.—WALKING OR TRAVELING DRESS, OF BLUE-AND-WHITE PLAID. The dress is all made bias except the band around the bottom of the skirt, which is straight. The deep cape, to be worn in cold weather, is also bias, with a straight band near the edge, and has a straight collar. Blue felt toque, trimmed with wings.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF BLACK CRÈPE, for mourning. The trimming, laid on a stiff frame, consists of irregular folds and a crèpe rosette in front.

FIG. XIII.—HOUSE-BODICE, OF MIGNONETTE-GREEN BENGALINE SILK, SURAH, OR NUN'S-VEILING, opening over plaited front of rose-colored crèpe de Chine, like the full sleeves. The sash-ribbon, of mignonette-green, is carelessly tied in front in loops, from under which fall the plaitings of the chemisette.

FIG. XIV.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, the upper part of which is of silk or any woolen material. The lower part may be of the same fabric as the upper, or may be of a different one, and is

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braided; or it may be made of brocade to correspond with vest, panels, or some other part of the gown.

FIG. XV.—MOURNING-COSTUME, OF BLACK VIGOGNE. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a broad band of crêpe. The front of the bodice is slightly full; the back is made Princesse style, is laid in full plaits below the waist, and is ornamented with small buttons. The sleeves and simulated small jacket are of crêpe. Black crêpe hat and veil.

FIG. XVI.—NEW-STYLE JACKET, OF GRAY CLOTH. It is double-breasted, and the revers on the left side is faced with black velvet. The pockets and cuffs are braided, but may also be made of velvet if desired. Plaited Medici collar. Full sleeves. Black velvet toque, trimmed with gray feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Fashions are practically unchanged, but there is a great admixture in them.

Skirts for walking-gowns are still made much too long for comfort and cleanliness, and at the back they often drag on the ground. They are either quite plain in front with a little hip-drapery, or are caught up slightly in a kind of Marguerite style. At the bottom, they are sometimes trimmed with a straight or bias band about a quarter of a yard deep, piped or headed by a narrow braid. Gold braid is used frequently for more dressy gowns. The straight band may be either of the color of the gown or of some contrasting color or material which is reproduced in other parts of the costume. A narrow rose quilling is liked by many better than the plain piece. Some new skirts are made entirely bias, as they are thought to fall more gracefully.

For house-dresses, short trains are in favor; they give more elegance and style to the gown.

Bodices are a combination of many styles; the long and round pointed waists are by no means abandoned. Belts are still worn, and will be more in favor as the warmer weather approaches. Basques, single or double, are cut with the bodice or are added below the waist. Valois sleeves, rather high and full, are the most popular. Medici collars and Henry II ruffs are much worn, but look well only on women with long necks. With the Louis XV coats that have already appeared and the bodices that will likely follow suit, it is probable that a plainer style will come into vogue, and buttons once more be seen on the fronts of dresses, and less drapery; but as yet, except for outside jackets, the full draperies are in favor.

High collars are on all tailor-made gowns and many house-gowns; but, for more dressy occasions, the collar may be high at the back, and the dress made open, V-shape in front, filled in with lace or lisse.

Plain materials are always in favor with women who dress well, and should be especially so with those to whom economy is an object. A plain material does not show alterations and is not so noticeable as a figured one; it is not so easily dated, and can therefore be worn longer without attracting attention. But figured goods are desirable to combine with plain ones, and serve to make old gowns look like new. As the season advances, it is most probable, however, that stripes, flowers, and figures of all kinds will be worn, especially the true-lover's-knot, which has appeared on many spring goods.

Glacé silks, mousselines de laines, and organdie muslins have come into fashion again, favorites in our grandmothers' days.

The long mantle has given place to the Louis XV jacket and full round Henri II cloak which reaches to below the waist. This last is a most comfortable style of garment, as it is easily removed and can be made of either light or heavy material. A good example of this style was given in FIG. VII in the February number.

For cool days, traveling, and service, the long coat, sometimes close-fitting in front, sometimes loose, with or without a cape, is still popular.

Bonnets are small and usually of the toque shape; but hats are worn large or small, as the fancy may dictate. We give so many styles in our fashion-plates, that they speak for themselves.

The hair still follows the outline of the head—being kept close to it, so as to give a small appearance to the head—and continues to be dressed high, especially for the evening. Sometimes a little bunch of curls is added to the hair on the top; but, for morning-wear, it is frequently seen coiled plainly on the neck.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED. The knickerbockers are close-fitting. The coat is rather long, square, and double-breasted. Cap of gray cloth.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COAT, OF LIGHT STRIPED AND FIGURED WOOLEN. There is little fullness in the bodice, and it is worn with a cape made high at the shoulders. Yoke, belt, and cuffs of dark-blue velvet. Dark-blue felt hat, trimmed with feathers.

FIG. III.—WRAP, OF LIGHT-GREEN CLOTH, for a little child. The revers, sleeves, and bias band at the bottom are of green and tan striped cloth. Vest and belt of black velvet, with full black velvet cap.

FIG. IV.—SPRING HAT, OF COARSE STRAW, trimmed with three rosettes of ribbon, each rosette being of a different color.

FIG. V.—BOY'S SUIT (colored fashion-plate), OF BLACK VELVETEEN. The bodice and skirt are kilt-plaited, and a leather belt fastens the waist. Large collar and cuffs of guipure lace. Black velvet hat, with white ribbon rosette in front.

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TANTALIZING

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LES MODES PARISIENNES PETERSON'S MAGAZINE
APRIL, 1891.

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Japanese Design for Embroidery

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HER WINGED ACQUAINTANCES.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIX. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL, 1891. No. 4.

THE TREE OF THE DESERT.

BY OLNEY TOWNE.

"THE princes of the vegetable kingdom," the great naturalist Linnæus called palm-trees, and the title is certainly merited by the beauty, even grandeur, which so many varieties possess.

Although only about six hundred species are well known, the entire number is set down at between eleven and twelve hundred, following Bentham's definition that "a species comprises all the individual plants which resemble each other sufficiently to make us conclude that they are all, or may have been all, descended from a common parent."

The ordinary fan-palm is nowadays so frequent an ornament of conservatories that most persons are familiar with its appearance, and it is as curious as it is interesting to trace the gradual change and development up to the stately cabbage, cocoanut, and date trees.

The fan, like other low sorts of palms, has a broad unbroken leaf merely decorated with a ribbon-like border; but the kinds which, owing to their height, must live exposed to the fury of desert or sea winds, display leaves divided into numerous feathery segments. It is this provision alone which prevents the leaves being torn in tatters and secures the tree itself from the danger of uprooting by tempests or sand-cyclones. Away back in the mist of the ages, these determined efforts at self-preservation must have begun, and natural selection retained those among the tall palms which developed vigor and skill in the matter of separating their foliage into countless plumage-like leaflets.

The uses of the palm are almost as numerous as its varieties. In the countries to which it is indigenous, it supplies the inhabitants alike with food, drink, fuel, and materials for their dwellings. Certain kinds furnish oil, wine, wax, starch, and sugar, and the fibres of the leaves make strong ropes.

America can point with pride to the possession of the genus known as the cocoanut, since only one sort is found in Asia and Africa, and that a very inferior specimen. It is a marvelously beautiful and graceful tree, reaching to a great height—though it is branchless, like nearly every other palm. The flowers grow in heavy clusters about the top, where later the nuts hang in bunches of a dozen crowded close together. The leaves are from twelve to fifteen feet in length; they are used to thatch houses and to make mats and beds. The finest filaments are woven into elegant carpets; the coarser are used for brooms; and, after this, the stems, which are about

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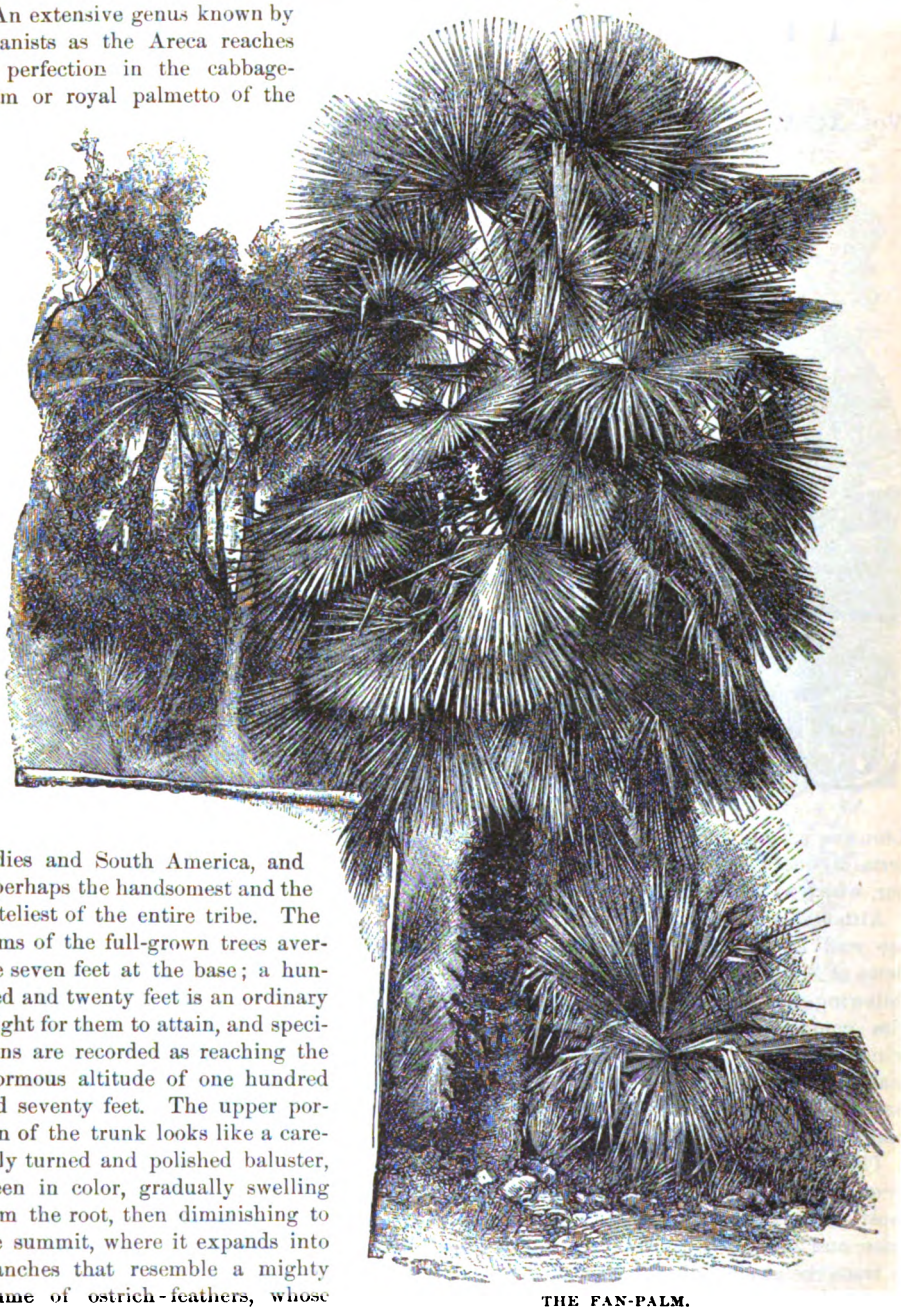
three inches thick, furnish good fire-wood. The outside rind of the fruit yields the fibre from which cocoa matting is manufactured, and the white kernel gives an abundant oil.

An extensive genus known by botanists as the Areca reaches its perfection in the cabbage-palm or royal palmetto of the Indies and South America, and is perhaps the handsomest and the stateliest of the entire tribe. The stems of the full-grown trees average seven feet at the base; a hundred and twenty feet is an ordinary height for them to attain, and specimens are recorded as reaching the enormous altitude of one hundred and seventy feet. The upper portion of the trunk looks like a carefully turned and polished baluster, green in color, gradually swelling from the root, then diminishing to the summit, where it expands into branches that resemble a mighty plume of ostrich-feathers, whose beauty is difficult to realize by one not accustomed to the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Among the topmost leaves is hidden the shoot which gives this palm its ugly name. The cabbage is white, some two feet in length, cylindrical in shape, and about the thickness of a man's arm. When eaten raw, it tastes like an almond, though it is more tender and delicious; and, when



THE FAN-PALM.

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boiled, is excellent with meat. Unfortunately, in order to obtain this delicacy, the noble tree must be felled to the ground.

The palm so often mentioned in the Bible is the date, the fruit of which is not only a staple article of food in Arabia and Africa, but is largely imported into Europe and America—our own country, in fact, consuming such vast quantities as to prove that it has become a favorite national delicacy.

The date-tree verifies Mrs. Browning's line —"The palm grows upright in a realm of sand." It is indeed, like the Arab, a true son of the desert, and never thoroughly thrives far away from the great Sahara. Still, by one of those apparent contradictions which are among the wisest provisions in natural economy, a copious supply of water is absolutely requisite to its life. The Arabs say "it stands with its feet in the water, and its head in the scorching fires of heaven."

As an English naturalist well says: "Deprived of the palm, the desert would be utterly uninhabitable; the oases would be obliterated, as they only exist through the life of that patient, sand-loving, salt-water drinking tree. What the camel is among beasts of burden, that the date-palm is in the vegetable world."

Syria and Algiers are the most northerly points at which its fruit will ripen to perfection, and even on the Mediterranean slope of Africa it can with difficulty be persuaded to grow north of the Atlas range. The desert is its natural dwelling-place; there it flourishes and exults in all the fullness of strength.

By the salt lakes and pools of the mighty Sahara it grows grandly toward maturity, offering its branches as a protection against the blaze of an African sun—no poor lost wanderer imprisoned in the waste of sand, but a stately monarch standing proud, erect, merciful, and bountiful in the midst of his chosen kingdom.

There are regions of the Sahara where the oases are artificially aided, sometimes actually produced and cultivated through the assistance of man. Water in these districts there is, but it lies hidden under beds of gypsum which effectually prevent its ever reaching the surface. When the industrious Arabs desire to form an oasis and plant a date-grove, they remove the crust of white sulphate and set their palms in the hollow of the water-bearing trough beneath. As the trees mature, their tops form a dome of refreshing green between the pitiless glare of sand and sky, that looks like a glimpse of the islands of the blessed to the eyes of the weary traveler.

Palms belong originally to the great order of one-seed-leaved plants which includes grasses, cereals, lilies, and orchids. As the date-palm grows, it gradually acquires the segmented and branch-like leaves which render it so different in appearance from its relative, the fan-palm. Its growth, however, always remains very like that of a lily; it produces a single undivided stem, never branching out like oaks, maples, or any other species of real tree. As in the case of the lily, its long leaves spread from every side of the stem, it possesses a round head of branching foliage and a cluster of thickly set flowers. "But the leaves of the date-palm," to quote again from the authority already given, "instead of being long, narrow, and blade-like, as is the case with most lilies and grasses, are divided into numerous beautiful segments, arranged like the separate barbs of a feather on each side of the stout midrib."

In its wild state, the date, of course, is propagated from seed; but, in cultivating it, the Arabs employ suckers, and for an excellent reason. The date is bisexual: the male flowers, which produce the pollen, growing on one tree, and the female, which bear the embryo dates, on another. The Arab knows that suckers from female specimens always follow the sex of their mothers; whereas, if he sows seed, he cannot be sure whether it will come up a fruit or pollen bearing individual. If there are no wild male trees in the neighborhood, he takes care to set out two or three, which reach maturity a little earlier than the females. At the end of eight years, the suckers begin to produce fruit, but do not attain their full prime till nearly two decades later.

The date possesses a special interest to botanists, because it was the tree which first drew their attention to the difference of sex in plants. These two distinct sexes in the date were noticed by the ancients, and Pliny mentions a fact which every Arab date-grower finds true to-day. In the wild state, the blossoms impregnate themselves—at least, the work is done by the wind and wandering

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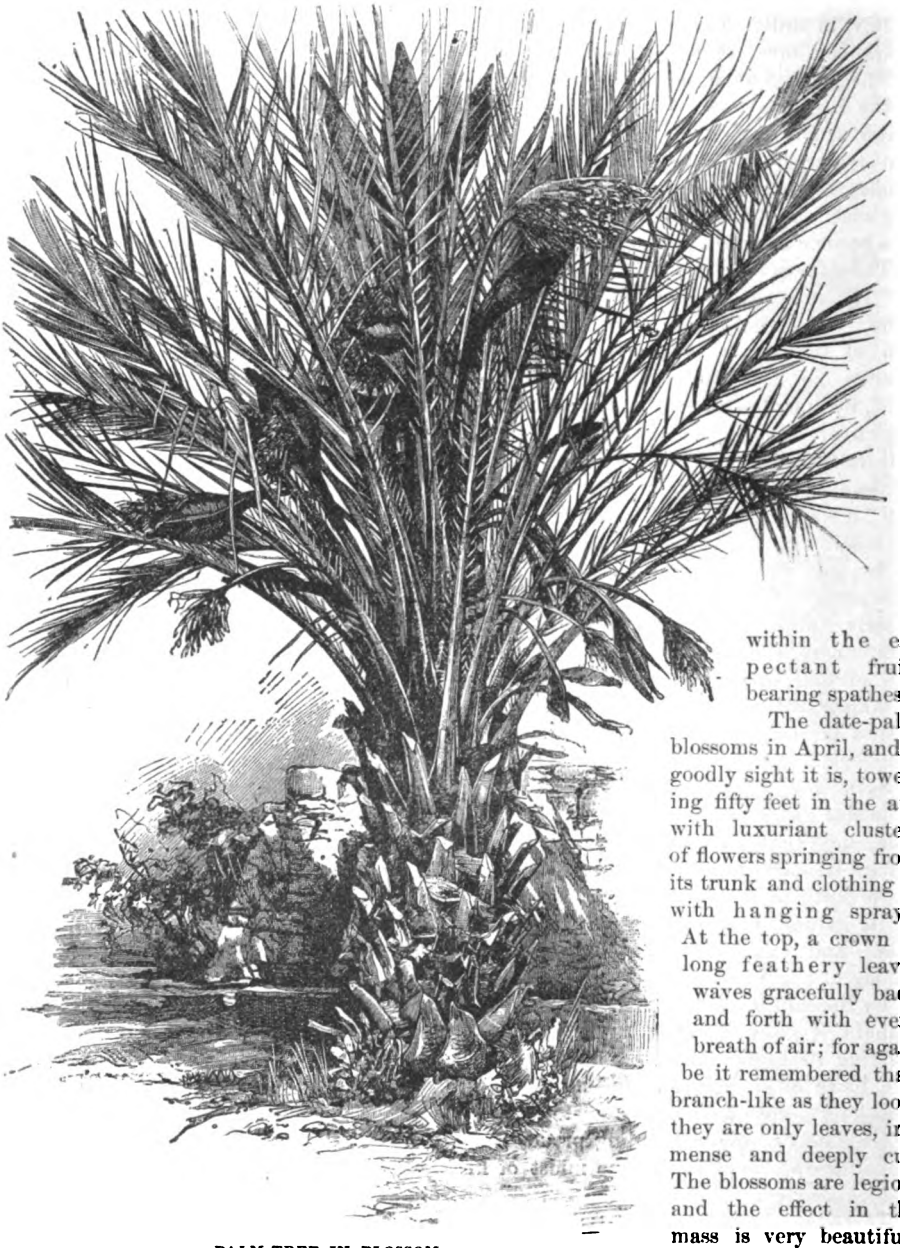

PALM-TREE IN BLOSSOM.

insects; but, although the cultivated date-trees are precisely the same species, in order to obtain fruit the cultivator is obliged to have recourse to art. When the blossom-season arrives and the flowers of both kinds are in full bloom, boys climb to the top and gather the pollen-bearing clusters, which they carry up the female trees and hang within the expectant fruit-bearing spathes.

The date-palm blossoms in April, and a goodly sight it is, towering fifty feet in the air, with luxuriant clusters of flowers springing from its trunk and clothing it with hanging sprays. At the top, a crown of long feathery leaves waves gracefully back and forth with every breath of air; for again be it remembered that, branch-like as they look, they are only leaves, immense and deeply cut. The blossoms are legion, and the effect in the mass is very beautiful; but taken separately the flowers are small, and, though lilies in type, imitate jonquils by being inclosed in a large sheath, from which in due season the ripe dates protrude. The clusters of fruit vary in weight from twenty to forty pounds, and a single palm will produce as many as two hundred pounds of dates in a season.

"From the point of view of man, with his

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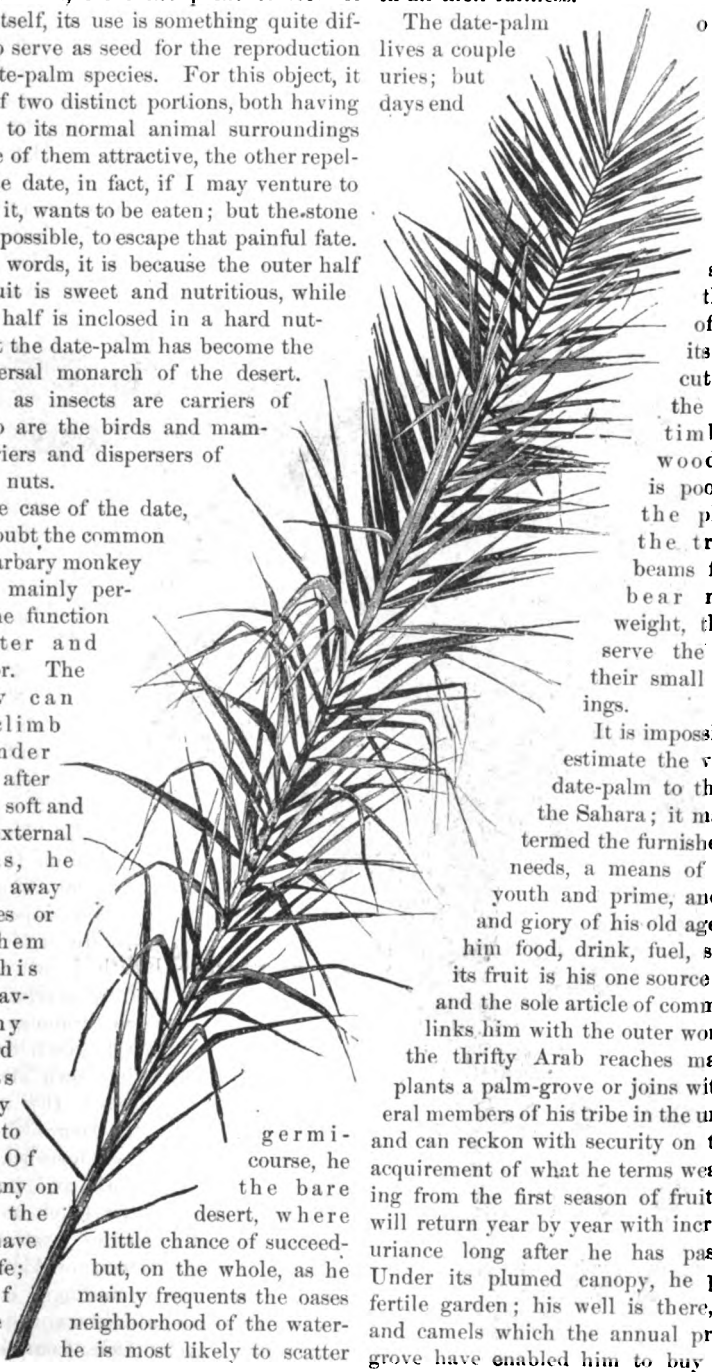
selfish conceptions," says Grant Allen, "the use of the date is to serve merely as a human food-stuff. But, from the point of view of the tree itself, its use is something quite different: to serve as seed for the reproduction of the date-palm species. For this object, it consists of two distinct portions, both having reference to its normal animal surroundings—but one of them attractive, the other repellant. The date, in fact, if I may venture to personify it, wants to be eaten; but the stone wants, if possible, to escape that painful fate. In other words, it is because the outer half of the fruit is sweet and nutritious, while the inner half is inclosed in a hard nutshell, that the date-palm has become the one universal monarch of the desert. For, just as insects are carriers of pollen, so are the birds and mammals carriers and dispersers of seeds and nuts.

"In the case of the date, it is no doubt the common tailless Barbary monkey that has mainly performed the function of planter and propagator. The monkey can readily climb the slender stem, and, after eating the soft and pulpy external portions, he throws away the stones or carries them off in his cheeks, leaving many afterward in spots where they are likely to germinate. Of course, he throws many on the bare sands of the desert, where they will have little chance of succeeding in life; but, on the whole, as he himself mainly frequents the oases and the neighborhood of the water-courses, he is most likely to scatter the seeds in the very spots where the special conditions of the tree's existence are realized in all their fullness."



LEAF OF THE DATE-PALM.

The date-palm lives a couple of centuries; but its bearing days end soon after it reaches ordinarily a hundred, and then, when not preserved for the making of wine from its sap, it is cut down for the sake of the timber. The wood, however, is poor, owing to the pliability of the trunk, and beams from it can bear no heavy weight, though they serve the Arabs for their small low dwellings.

It is impossible to overestimate the value of the date-palm to that child of the Sahara; it may fairly be termed the furnisher of all his needs, a means of support in youth and prime, and the prop and giory of his old age. It gives him food, drink, fuel, shelter, and its fruit is his one source of revenue and the sole article of commerce which links him with the outer world. When the thrifty Arab reaches manhood, he plants a palm-grove or joins with him several members of his tribe in the undertaking, and can reckon with security on the gradual acquirement of what he terms wealth, counting from the first season of fruitage, which will return year by year with increasing luxuriance long after he has passed away. Under its plumed canopy, he possesses a fertile garden; his well is there, the horse and camels which the annual profits of the grove have enabled him to buy rest there, his family dwells there, his neighbors assemble there, and there his life drifts peacefully

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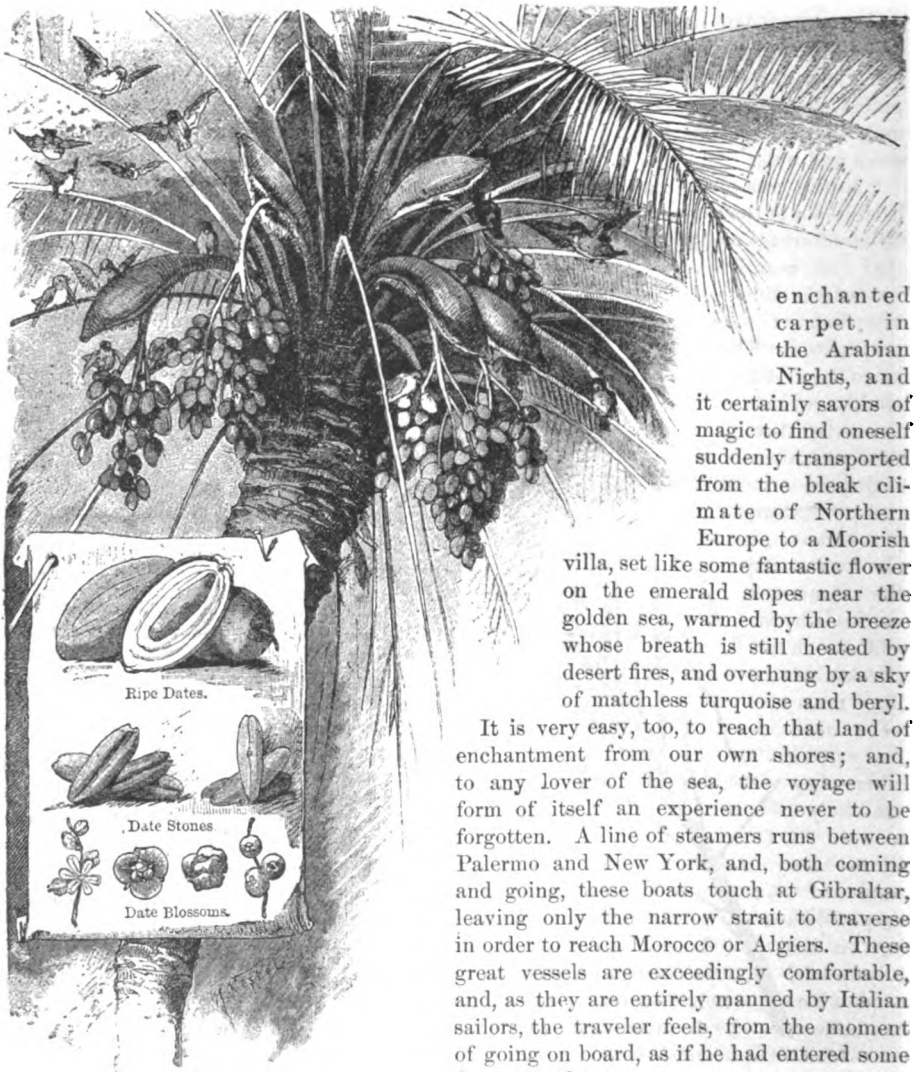
and uneventfully on, and, when he is gathered to his fathers, the grove proves a legacy for his children and makes "his memory blessed."

The descendant of Ishmael loves his palm-tree as dearly as he does his horse, and displays his strong imaginative faculty in the poetical names he bestows on it and the fairly human qualities which in his florid language he represents it as possessing. He addresses it as "Encourager of my soul," and adds: "Thy life-producing blossoms are the evidence of thy thoughtfulness for thy poor brother, the desert wanderer." To the female, he says: "Wonderful thou art among trees, and thy rich fruits are thy glory, as her children are a crown to the human mother."

Along the Mediterranean coast of Morocco and Algiers, palms of different species form picturesque features in every landscape and are of great mercantile importance, if not the vital necessity which the date-tree is to the Arab of the desert.

Nothing can be imagined more delightful than a winter's sojourn in those latitudes. In these days, journeys can be performed almost as rapidly as by means of the enchanted carpet in the Arabian Nights, and it certainly savors of magic to find oneself suddenly transported from the bleak climate of Northern Europe to a Moorish villa, set like some fantastic flower on the emerald slopes near the golden sea, warmed by the breeze whose breath is still heated by desert fires, and overhung by a sky of matchless turquoise and beryl.



From Flower to Fruit.

It is very easy, too, to reach that land of enchantment from our own shores; and, to any lover of the sea, the voyage will form of itself an experience never to be forgotten. A line of steamers runs between Palermo and New York, and, both coming and going, these boats touch at Gibraltar, leaving only the narrow strait to traverse in order to reach Morocco or Algiers. These great vessels are exceedingly comfortable, and, as they are entirely manned by Italian sailors, the traveler feels, from the moment of going on board, as if he had entered some foreign realm.

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Ten or twelve days are consumed in the passage to Gibraltar, and, as one is always sailing southward, the air rapidly grows softer and warmer, and the breeze brings sweeter messages from the almost tropical country beyond the line where sea and sky seem melting into one.

It may be midwinter when he sets forth; but, before many suns have risen and set, the voyager forgets that cold winds and storms exist, and each successive day the charm deepens till he feels as if sailing in a fairy barque across an enchanted sea.

Then, on some bright morning or in the midst of some gorgeous sunset or under the lambent glory of the full moon, the ship casts anchor in the harbor of Gibraltar, and, after another brief journey, the pilgrim reaches his destined goal.

It is not merely a new country—it is a new world, in which he finds himself.

The palm-trees stand about, whispering strange secrets told them by the breeze, birds of wonderful plumage flit past, blossoms of strange sorts and rainbow-tints dazzle the eye, and the sense of complete rest is something to which modern life nowhere in Christendom can offer a parallel.

A MOORISH VILLA.

REWARD.

BY HATTIE HORNER.

THE diver has sailed on the boundless sea,
O'er its wrecks and its woes he doth weep;
But he'll brave it and ride it again with glee,
For the pearl that he finds in the deep.

Oh, life is a wide and an untried sea,
And I weep o'er its storms and its strife,
And yet I will dare it—defy it! for thee,
Thou pearl of my love and my life!

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UP GARRET.

BY ELIZABETH P. TRAIN.

A COUNTRY-HOUSE full of guests, and a hopelessly wet day! A terribly trying combination for any hostess. At least, so thought Mildred Wolcott, as she stood wrapped in perplexity, wondering in what way she should entertain the men and women quartered temporarily in her hospitable mansion. Her anxious reflections were interrupted by the entrance of curly-headed Mignon, her eight-year-old little daughter.

"Mamma," pleaded the child, coaxingly, "may we go up garret for a rummage? Please say yes, dear mamma; it's so rainy, and we are so tired of everything."

Mrs. Wolcott hesitated a moment, and that moment brought about her own salvation and the little one's undoing—that is, as far as their several desires were concerned. A bright light of relief flashed into her eyes, and, stooping, she pressed a fervent kiss upon the wistful rosebud mouth upturned to hers.

"Sweetheart," she murmured, gratefully, "you have saved mamma's life—or her reputation as hostess, at least. No, my darling, you cannot have the garret this morning, as mamma wishes to use it herself; but play contentedly in the nurseries now, and after lunch you shall rummage in the garret all you want. Run off now, like a good child."

The Priory, as the Wolcott mansion at Bellair was called, was of as venerable an age as American houses ever attain to. But one family had ever owned it, and succeeding generations had accumulated a vast and various furnishing, that gave a somewhat singular character to the old dwelling. Its strong point was picturesqueness, and it was one of the few Southern homes that the war did not desolate.

Filled with her happy inspiration, Mildred Wolcott hastened away to her guests, whom she found grouped around a cheerful fire in the wide hall. As she approached them, she noted with a shudder the air of desultoriness and ennui that overshadowed them.

"You poor dear creatures!" she cried, in her bright joyous voice. "Bored to death, aren't you? And this miserable weather shows no sign of lifting. But cheer up, for I have a scheme to propose, which at least has the virtue of novelty. My garret is a real curiosity-shop, and I fancy you will find sufficient amusement for the whole morning in rummaging in it, as the children say. You have no idea of the odd queer old things it contains; indeed, I have not, myself. What say you—will you try my recipe for distraction, and spend a morning up garret?"

The assent was a general one, and soon the whole party were wending their way up the polished oak staircases.

The Priory was a rambling structure, and its garret, running its entire length, was of a similar character. A huge raftered apartment, teeming with stores of antiquated relics, from which arose clouds of misty reminiscences. A dim religious light pervaded the place and lent a dramatic atmosphere to the scene. Chests, boxes, and trunks, incapacitated chairs and tables, and a miscellaneous collection of broken and old-fashioned articles nearly filled the great space, and before many minutes the curious invaders were rifling with eager fingers the receptacles of their time-hallowed contents.

A sudden exclamation and cry of surprise from one of the number arrested the general attention and fixed it upon an apparition which had stolen noiselessly from out the shadows and stood quietly regarding the group. The figure was that of a beautiful girl, whose dark Southern loveliness glowed richly from a long clinging gown of ivory satin, whose lustre appeared to be yellow and faded with age. The cut and fashion of the gown were of a long past date, but the clinging sprays of flowers that held in place the festoons of filmy lace were of the waxen blossoms which the capricious goddess of style has held sacred through generations of changing modes. A long delicate bridal veil was held in place by another garland of orange-blossoms, and from its misty folds peered forth the fair laughing face of a very modern damsel.

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The first dumbness of wonder almost immediately gave way to a chorus of query and remark.

"Geraldine Carteret!" "In the name of all that's wonderful, where did you get that rig?" "Gerry, you beauty, you are certainly too lovely for anything!" "Miss Carteret, you should be photographed!" "Where did that wedding-gown come from, Gerry?" etc. Such a hubbub of confusion that it was some moments before the girl could make herself heard. Then she turned and made her explanation to her hostess.

"Dear Mrs. Wolcott," she said, "I found the things in an old oak chest behind the partition there, and slipped them on. Do I look like any of your ancestresses? Why, you look grave! I have not displeased you by my folly, have I?"

There was indeed a shadow on Mildred Wolcott's pleasant face, as her eyes lingered on the fair picture before her; but it was rather a cloud of sadness than displeasure, and gave way to a smile of reassurance as she noted her guest's evident distress.

"No, no," she said, quickly; "nothing of the kind, my dear. It is only the sad memories that haunt that gown which have affected me. Muriel Wolcott, the girl who was to have worn it, met with such an unhappy fate, her death was so tragic, that my sympathy with her sufferings always makes me a little mournful."

"Do tell us the story, dear Mrs. Wolcott." "Yes, do, do." "Oh, please, Mildred."

So universal and earnest was the entreaty, that, in her character as hostess, Mildred felt that she could do no less than yield.

"Well," she said, finally, "find comfortable seats for yourselves; excuse me a moment, and I will try to set forth the pathetic history of Muriel."

She ran lightly down the winding stairs, and scarcely had her guests disposed themselves in listening attitudes than she reappeared, bearing a small miniature-case in her hand.

"Many of you have seen this in the collection down in the library," she said; "but you will look at it with more interest when you shall have heard the original's romance."

She handed the case to one of the men, who, after examining it, passed it on, until everyone present had made the acquaintance of the counterfeit presentment of the heroine of the forthcoming story. The face that looked out from its setting of brilliants bore no shadow of resemblance to that of Gerry Carteret. It was of a rarely exquisite type, delicate, well-nigh fragile of feature, blonde of coloring, and almost plaintive in its childish innocence. Was there a foreshadowing of suffering in the sweet blue eyes and in the somewhat drooping curves of the beautiful mouth, someone asked, or was it only a fancy engendered by the suggestions of Mrs. Wolcott?

Seating herself in a high carved chair whose worm-eaten tapestried seat had procured its temporary banishment from good society, the lady began her tale.

"Muriel Wolcott was my great-great-great-aunt. I think you all know that my husband and I were first cousins, therefore his Wolcott relatives are mine also. This girl Muriel was an only daughter, and was born, as this miniature attests, in 1760; therefore, at the beginning of the Revolution, she was between sixteen and seventeen. Her father was one of General Washington's stanchest supporters, and his admiration for his chief amounted to an enthusiasm that caused him to regard the General's enemies as his own personal foes.

"Of course, being an errant branch of the Staffordshire Wolcotts, we had any number of English relatives; and occasionally a venturesome cadet of the house, in search of adventure, would stray to America, seek us out, and receive hospitable entertainment at our hands. Thus it happened that, a few months after the Declaration of Independence had separated America from the mother-country by a wider gulf than that which nature had established, advices reached the Priory that Everard Wolcott, a lad in the diplomatic service of England, needing change of climate and distraction, would visit his American relatives for a short season.

"It was a singularly and unfortunately timed visit. This country was in a state of great excitement, and the colonel, Muriel's father, absent in the nation's service. Madame Wolcott was sorely perplexed, uncertain as to how her husband would approve of her entertaining as guest one of his chief's enemies; for it was well known that the English Wolcotts cherished, in common with

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their countrymen, a bitter hatred of the General. Yet hospitality is a sacred law, and Madame Wolcott loved to exercise it. How could she refuse to receive a poor sick lad—one of her husband's own kith and kin, too? In her condition of uncertainty, Muriel's desires and opinions had considerable weight, and these all inclined to the young fellow's side. It was so dull and lonely in this great house, with her father and brothers away. One can imagine how welcome would have been the advent of a young stranger.

"So it came about that, two weeks later, a good-looking lad of twentytwo or so, with little of the invalid in his appearance, rode boldly in at the Priory gates and paused in what must have been admiration of a very fair picture: for I have it from Mistress Muriel's own hand, that she looked 'exceeding well' that day. I was fortunate enough to find, one day, some leaves from a diary, which I managed to decipher and transcribe as well as the faded ink and wretched spelling would permit. Luckily this scene was therein described, and, if I read it, you prosaic products of the nineteenth century must agree not to scoff at that old-fashioned experience of an old-fashioned girl—love at first sight." Mrs. Wolcott opened a little book that lay in her lap, and read as follows:

"To-day being Monday, I was very hopeful that Cousin Everard would arrive, my mother having expected him on Saturday, only to our disappointment. Being very greatly desirous of seeing him at the earliest, I made off from the house without admonishing anybody, and, with George, the mastiff, in leash, took a hidden and winding way toward the lodge gates, that I might look on the young man as he rode in. My mother has given me a very great scolding since, telling me that my conduct was highly improper and misbecoming a young maiden. But yet I am right glad I did it, and I am also most glad that it was Monday, and that I had on a clean muslin gown, being white with little pink roses beautifully disposed thereon. On my head was my wide hat, trimmed with white taffeta and roses, in which I look exceeding well. I had not been let wear it, if nurse had known of it, which I was most careful should not happen. I waited about the gates a wearisome time, trying to divert myself with picturing what manner of looking youth he might be, and hoping most ardently that he should be fair of face and of a merry disposition; for truly I am exceeding weary of the long glum faces that have been about me since this war began. Finally growing sleepy with long watching, I bethought me of a device, and, pulling George close to the side of the road, I made him to lie down and seated myself beside him on the grass, resting my head on his broad back for greater ease. I have often slept thus, it being no great matter for me to fall asleep at any time. Being very certain that no horse could pass without awaking me—for I slumber lightly—I shut my eyes close and was soon dreaming a fair and sweet dream anent a gracious noble stranger who set me on his horse's back to flee to distant parts of the world, in defiance of my parents' will. Alas! the happy dream had a most foul and evil end, for scarce was I settled on the pillion when the animal did rise upon his hind legs and did throw both myself and my lover upon the hard and dusty ground.

"In sore distress for fear of my clean frock, I awoke with a start, to find that George had withdrawn himself from beneath my head and had arisen to challenge the intrusion of a young man, the noblest I have ever seen, who was standing above me, gazing into my face with the kindest eyes in the world. My heart at once apprised me who the stranger was, and I fell all a-trembling, being much confused by reason of my dream and the most strange and ardent expression on his face. For a moment, we stood thus in foolish idleness, saying no word; then, of a sudden, he stretched forth his hand and took mine into it.

"'Pray,' he said, in a voice of most deep and thrilling melody, 'is not this my cousin, Mistress Muriel Wolcott?' And, as I stood blushing and tongue-tied after a fashion that must have seemed exceeding silly to one who had known the world, a most strange and unlooked-for thing happened, that sets my heart a-beating e'en now when I do think of it.

"'I have a claim upon you, fair cousin,' he continued: 'the forfeit which one pays for being caught a-napping.' And, before I fairly knew what he was thinking to do, he had stooped his head and dropped a kiss on my lips.

"Truly, I know not how other maidens

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may feel at their first embrace; but in faith it has set me all of a quiver, and I did make a vow to myself that, until my death, no other man should ever do the like to me again."

Mrs. Wolcott closed the little book and dropped it into her lap.

"That is the last entry in the diary," she said. "It is easy to divine that Mistress Muriel was too much occupied thereafter to find time to scribble. Tradition goes on to say that the young Englishman grew very content with his new surroundings, and that the inevitable result of the propinquity of two young and charming creatures of opposite sexes was accomplished. These old walls probably saw some very pretty love-scenes enacted, and responded to the notes of some very tender amorous duets. Everard Wolcott made the Priory his headquarters, but made frequent and long absences therefrom, during which doubtless Mistress Muriel grew sadly impatient and despondent.

"Good Madame Wolcott, heart and soul occupied in the events of the nation's struggle for liberty, and undoubtedly regarding her daughter in the light of a child, failed to perceive what was going on under her very eyes. Relieved that the burden of entertainment should be taken from her shoulders, leaving her free to apply herself to the management of the estate which had devolved upon her in her husband's absence, she allowed and even encouraged the intimacy of the young people.

"At last, the course of true love was threatened by interruption. A messenger from Colonel Wolcott arrived one morning, bearing a letter to his wife, in which he stated that important business was bringing him homeward, and that he should be at the Priory within fortyeight hours. For the first time in her life, Muriel dreaded her father's return. Love's instinct warned her that his presence would menace her happiness. Her forebodings were augmented by her lover's despondency. From the moment the news had arrived, his spirits had begun to sink, and the girl felt her heart contract as she listened to his gloomy prognostications. And yet he gave no adequate reason for his forebodings. Surely the mere fact that her lover belonged to a nation at enmity with her father and his adored generals was insufficient, the girl argued, to cause him to thwart her hopes and ruin her life.

"On the following afternoon, the colonel arrived. His manner was harassed and preoccupied, yet, in the midst of his cares and anxiety, he had time to note the change that had transformed his little maiden into a woman. They say he worshiped her, and that, after he had received her first kiss of welcome, he held her a little from him, gazed earnestly at her, seeming to search her face as if seeking some explanation. Then suddenly a quiver passed over his rugged features, he snatched her roughly to his breast, and kissed her again and again.

"A little later, and all the direful forebodings were realized. A terrible stroke had fallen upon the inmates of the Priory, and tragedy was treading the boards close upon the heels of romance. Colonel Wolcott had summoned his wife to the library, and there unfolded to her the reasons which had caused his return.

"'Information has reached headquarters,' he said, 'of a plot to assassinate our beloved General. A few dastardly Englishmen of high position, looking upon Washington as the chief rebel, have planned a conspiracy to murder him, thinking that, with his death, our efforts for liberty would cease. A young fellow who has shown considerable cleverness in diplomacy has been selected as the tool to accomplish this cowardly purpose, and is now in this country to fulfill it. Fortunately the base plot has been discovered in time, and the would-be assassin tracked to his lurking-place.'

"Madame Wolcott turned pale and quailed before the look in her husband's eye.

"'Nay, surely,' she cried, 'you do not mean to suspect our guest of this infamy?'

"'To suspect?' repeated the colonel, sternly. 'No! to prove it. A meaner hound never lived, than he who has been sheltered for weeks beneath this roof. I would ask no greater joy than to kill him with my own hand. Yet this I may not do. He is a Wolcott; has been my guest, and—God help her!—I fear, my little one's lover. For these reasons, I spare him; but, if Muriel indeed loves him, bid her urge him leave this house and country at once: for, as God hears me, if I do not learn that he has set sail for England within twelve hours, I will deliver him up to justice.'

"Then came a sad time of parting. In vain the young fellow protested his inno-

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cence and begged for a reprieve that he might establish it. The colonel's proofs were conclusive in his own sight, and no slightest delay was granted. Muriel clung to her father's neck and begged and petitioned, sobbing in an agony of distress; but he was inexorable.

"I suppose we can all imagine how sad the parting was, between the lovers. Probably Everard Wolcott swore to return and prove how falsely he had been accused, and probably the girl believed him, as was her nature to. But, when weeks and months passed and no tidings came of the absent one, it is also natural to believe that hope forsook the poor child's breast. Whether faith in him also departed, we do not know; but the sequel proves that her love at least remained constant to the end. The story says she pined away until her mother grew frightened and anxiously sought to divert her mind by inviting other suitors to the Priory; for, you see, the worthy woman could not rid herself of the idea that Muriel was but a child, and that the toy she had lost might be replaced by another.

"At last, driven to their wits' end, the perplexed parents resolved on heroic treatment, and determined to wed her to a man of their own choice, thinking that, once firmly established in wedlock, Muriel's romantic dream would melt as dew before the sun.

"Weary of life, with no strength for opposition—I fear the poor little thing was but a weak-spirited creature—utterly bereft of hope in the future, the girl allowed them to do as they would with her.

"The wedding-day arrived, and with it the neighbors and friends who were to be guests at the altar of sacrifice.

"The last touches had been given to the wedding-gown, and a summons had been sent for the bride. Then Muriel turned to her mother.

"'Mother,' she said, 'I have been your dutiful daughter, and, though my heart is breaking, yet I have obeyed the commands you and my father have laid upon me. Now, grant me one small request—leave me alone until I ring.

"They waited some minutes, but no sound reached them from Muriel's room. The wedding-guests began to wonder, and the groom to grow impatient. At last, a maid was dispatched to knock softly at the bride's door. She returned to say that she had received no answer—the door was locked.

"We can imagine what terrible fear and foreboding clouded the faces of the group gathered outside that silent room. A lever was applied, the door forced from its hinges, and, as it swung back into the room, a shudder of horror and pity swept over the assembled guests. Kneeling beside the wide canopied bed, shrouded in her bridal robes, with flower-crowned head fallen forward upon the spotless counterpane, was the lifeless form of Muriel Wolcott. No sign of struggle, no apparent cause of death, was visible; but on the sweet wasted face was a radiant smile, a token of infinite and eternal peace. It was afterward affirmed by a servant that a messenger had arrived about the wedding-hour with a letter for Mistress Muriel Wolcott, and that he had delivered it to her just as her mother left the room; but, as no trace of it was to be found, the story was supposed to be a sensational effort of imagination on the man's part."

Mrs. Wolcott paused in the midst of a profound silence. Then a little cry broke from Geraldine Carteret.

"See! see!" she exclaimed. "Dear Mrs. Wolcott, only see what I have found in the pocket of this gown."

She was holding forth a yellow bit of paper, and at once a cluster of heads were bent over it, trying to decipher the almost illegible characters. But the ink had faded so greatly that but few of the faint letters were visible.

Finally a look of comprehension dawned on Mildred Wolcott's face.

"I cannot read it," she said, "but I can make out enough to understand what it is. The servant told no falsehood when he said that he had delivered a letter to his young mistress. There can be no doubt that this is it, and that it was from Everard Wolcott, exonerating himself from the charge of faithlessness and explaining his silence. What that explanation was, we shall never know; but doubtless it was sufficiently satisfactory to cause Muriel to fall on her knees in thanksgiving and to bring that look of radiant happiness to her face. Probably the revulsion of feeling was too great for the poor little stricken heart. Hark! there is the luncheon-gong. I do trust I have not tired you to death with my long story."

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THE MYSTERY OF DULCE DOMUM.

BY ALICE BOWMAN.

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CHAPTER III.

I WAS struck dumb with fright when I saw Theodora fall. All was confusion to me; the whole world swam. I looked helplessly toward the church, but the sunlight was so bright I could not see; then I looked down at my sister, and then I fell on my knees beside her, for sudden fear had entered my heart. She was white like death, even her lips, and just above the temple a drop of blood showed amid the soft light curls. Her eyes were closed; but, as I lifted her head, the lids quivered, she opened them, and, shielding them with her hand, asked softly:

"What is it, Madge?"

Aye, what indeed was it? Something thrown by someone had struck my sister; this only I knew.

I looked eagerly about. There were only the grass and the sunlight and the pines beyond, sighing, sighing.

Then Theodora tried to rise, but fell back and closed her eyes as in pain. She looked so white, I became quite frantic with terror, and, child-like, was ready to burst into wild cries; but, at this moment, I heard sounds of a horse's hoofs on the road below, and soon saw the rider turn from the road which ran past Dulce Domum and take that which trailed past the church-yard and into the woods beyond.

I called with all my might—called and waved my handkerchief. The stillness carried my voice, and its tone of distress attracted the rider's attention. I could see him draw rein and look attentively toward us. I think he was about to ride on; but I ran forward and clasped my hands entreatingly, and then beckoned with frantic gesture. Seeing this, the rider guided his horse to a post, dismounted, threw the rein about the post, and came toward us over the high grass.

He did not speak as I excitedly ran forward exclaiming only:

"Theodora—my sister—she is hurt."

I fancied he did not at first understand or care, for he stood a moment gazing down at my sweet sister, as she rested there in the sunlight on the green grass. But, while he gazed, a something—I don't know what it was, but some change—came over him; he stooped, lifted the slender form in his arms, laid the drooping head on his shoulder, and carried her out of the sunlight and up to the church porch, and placed her on the floor, gently taking off her straw hat. And presently, when Theodora opened her dark eyes, he went within, brought out the old faded Bible-cushion, and placed it under her head, while I wiped away the little trickle of blood on her temple.

All this time, the stranger had not spoken; but he now turned and asked what had harmed Theodora, and, when I told all I knew, he quickly went down the steps and walked off around the church, and in a few moments came back, asking Theodora if she felt better.

My sister smiled faintly and whispered:

"Yes."

He did not ask who we were; he did not seem to have the least curiosity. He simply proposed getting water from the hollow below, where he said a spring arose in a certain clump of trees which he pointed out to me. I think he would have gone, only at this instant I saw Harold bounding up the hill, amazement expressed in every bound.

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"There comes my brother! there comes Harold!" I cried, with delight.

"Your brother? Then you do not need me," said the stranger, looking toward his horse and apparently anxious to hasten away.

Indeed, without further words, he had hurried down the wooden steps and was passing along beside the portico, when Theodora, who was lying near the edge, struggled into a sitting posture and reached her hand forward. She had drawn off her glove, and the little hand looked very white, stretched out into sunlight.

There came into my memory, at that moment, a line of poetry which I had once read: something about angel hands stretched through the bars of heaven.

Our unknown friend hesitated and then paused, but did not otherwise notice Theodora. He looked, indeed, as if he wished she had not delayed him.

"I—I want to thank you," said my sister, a shy sweet color creeping into her pale cheeks, a tender light touching her dark eyes. "You have been very kind to me."

"Oh, it's not worth talking about. Keep your thanks, little one."

He touched his hat somewhat impatiently, and then hastened away through the matted grass, with long strides.

Just as he mounted his horse, Harold, quite breathless, came quickly upon the portico.

"What is the matter?" cried my brother. "What has happened?" and he looked from one to the other—from Theodora, leaning now against a wooden porch-post, to me, kneeling all eager and anxious beside her.

And, when I had told all, his eyes flashed, he sprang down the steps, stooped and looked beneath the church, walked round it, even creeping under a little way, as if thinking someone might be concealed behind those wooden foundation-stumps. The search was quite fruitless; and Harold, coming back after a while with a small piece of brick which he had found on the grass near the graves, said perhaps some boy, passing, had thrown at a bird, or had thrown just in sport, to see how far he could throw, surely not intending to wound Theodora; but this did not seem probable, even to me, especially as the country was thinly settled, and wandering boys not plentiful.

A wild thought of Indians in ambush troubled my childish mind, as Harold sat by Theodora, dangling his feet over the side of the unrailed porch, playfully teasing her about the unknown knight who had come to her rescue, and conjecturing as to his name and business in the wild woods.

"I must say, he is very distinguished-looking—tall, dark, quite a hero of romance, Theodora."

"Quite," said my sister, "but he evidently thought Madge and me no fitting heroines. He was but too glad to leave us in your care."

"Well," said Harold, lugubriously, "talk of rewards for good conduct! here have I, rattle-brained Harold, worked steadily three whole hours, with all the vim and gravity of a pater-familias—I come for my reward, and lo! the fates withhold it."

"What do you mean?" asked my sister.

"Simply, mother found that workmen in this wilderness are not as plentiful as blackberries, and Aunt Chloe assured her that the man who had formerly worked in the garden lived nearly two miles away. So she called me to have the ponies saddled and take you both on a pilgrimage to the home of this valuable personage, engage his services, etc. And now, behold how fate has robbed me—robbed me, and with a brickbat," exclaimed Harold, extending his arm toward Theodora in such mock-tragic style that we both laughed.

"Go without me—take Madge," said my sister.

"As if I would go—as if I would take our first ride without you, Theodora."

"No," said Harold, "I have something better to propose. As the recreant knight has disappeared, suppose," here he sprang to his feet, took off his hat, and made a grave bow to Theodora, "suppose, lady fair, you accept the services of a poor wayfarer who has no steed to bear you to the castle yonder, and only the support of his two strong arms to offer."

"Well, what then?" asked Theodora, striving, I could see, to meet Harold's gay humor.

"Then, the castle gained, a rest of several hours, and a drive in our chariot through the mazes of the forest, and a visit to the shrine of this Simon Skidder. Really, I regret that he has not a more euphonious

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name; but what does the lady fair say to the proposition of the humble wayfarer?"

Theodora laughed—I did love to hear that clear laugh, like the tinkle of music-notes—and, for answer, commenced slowly rising. She seemed a little dizzy at first, but, with Harold's help, crept down-hill.

On the road below, by the big gate, we found Uncle Washington, with a cart, just going after wood, and we all climbed into the cart and were driven slowly homeward.

I could see that Uncle Washington was much impressed by the account of Theodora's accident.

"I'se mighty sorry, sure, fur leetle missus. De tirteent day de munt ain't no good day, nohow, ter be pesterin' de chech-yeard, en, ef I mout be 'lowed ter say so, 'twar hepe sight better ter let de dead res', spechully dem ez—"

Here Harold, seeing my eyes grow big and Theodora's face grow troubled, interrupted the old man with some question about the mule he drove. Uncle Washington answered at length, and did not again refer to my sister's accident; but, a half-hour later, when mother sent me with an errand to Aunt Chloe, I found her under the big china-tree, talking earnestly to Uncle Washington and holding against the front of the cart a horse-shoe which the old man was carefully securing with nails.

Children are observant; but I was a precocious child, having always associated with those older than myself, and so more observant than most children, and it did not escape me that the voices of the old couple suddenly ceased as I approached, and then that Aunt Chloe's voice assumed a very indifferent tone while she asked how many loads Uncle Washington had hauled, and whether the wood had proved knotty for cutting.

"De wood so orful knotty, I ain't hauled but jes' t'ree," was the answer.

"Lor', es dat all?" answered the old woman. "'Tain't surprisin', den, es et, leetle Miss Madge, dat he wan' dis yere hoss-shoe?"

"Why, what has that horse-shoe to do with his hauling wood, Aunt Chloe?" I asked, opening my eyes.

"Ter bring 'im good luck, honey. Dey ain't nuthin' ter bete de hoss-shoe, shure," said Aunt Chloe. "Look ter de cabin, honey. Et's all cl'ar hung wid 'em," and she nodded her head toward the little domicile, which I could barely see at this distance.

Mother and Theodora, who was lying on the lounge in mother's room, both laughed when I told of the horse-shoe superstition, and then mother commenced wondering whether we could find a blacksmith in the wilderness, as several keys were missing—among them, the keys to the front closets upstairs, where Delia designed storing our trunks.

"Perhaps this Simon Skidder may be a Jack-of-all-trades," said Theodora.

"Do you feel strong enough to go with Harold, my daughter?" asked mother, tenderly.

She answered yes; and indeed, when five o'clock came, though a little paler than usual, Theodora was quite herself and received all Harold's teasing courtesies with the prettiest indifference.

Oh, that was such a sweet lovely drive, that first drive through the old pine-woods, and later, as we neared the creek-bank, under boughs of grand oaks and magnolias and tassel-fringed silver pines, all draped and veiled with gray moss. The memory is laid away with breath of pine-breezes and fragrance of leaves dying in the hollows near the creek, and all these odors come about me fresh and sweet as I stir the memory of that evening long ago. Even, I can hear the crickets and the katydids chirping, the song of the mocking-bird, the cry of the prie-Dieu, the roll of the carriage-wheels, and the fall of our horses' hoofs, though these were not very distinct—the road being, like most of these wood-roads, not much more than a trail. It suddenly came out beyond the oaks into open pine-land again, and then ran on past a low snake-fence.

Harold had received such minute directions from Uncle Washington that he did not miss his way, and, having been told to stop by the first fence, take down rails, and drive right into the clearing, proceeded at once to obey orders.

Gate there was none, but, one part of the fence being free from vines, we strangers supposed it the usual entrance into the grounds of this pine-clearing.

A clearing, indeed—just a big open field—the pines growing all around, except further

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back, where dense woods showed the course of the creek, which we had not yet seen. The cabin—a real log cabin of but one room, one door, and one window—looked rather picturesque, resting in gray tints against this background of green woods, a wreath of blue smoke pouring out of the yellow clay chimney. Sunlight flooded all with a rich glory.

As we drove along, Harold pointed out a potato-patch and a little corn-patch, neither in very thriving condition.

"Doesn't speak well for Mr. Simon Skidder's farming accomplishments," said Harold, snapping his whip.

Just as he did so, the horse shied suddenly.

"Great Christopher!" cried Harold, drawing rein so quickly that my sister and I were almost jolted from our seats.

And then we heard the most piercing howls; I really cannot liken the cries to anything less terrible.

"Thunder and lightning! Christopher Columbus!" ejaculated Harold.

It was something so wonderful, to see our irrepressible brother thus astounded—the cries, too, were so piercing—that Theodora and I leaned forward to discover the meaning of it all.

I am sure I do not ever expect to see a more amazing sight.

There, just in front, only a few yards away, rising straight up out of some yellow clay apparently freshly dug in the midst of the tall grass, were two human heads, both facing us and both waving frantically, one surmounted by a blue sun-bonnet, the other by a ragged straw hat.

I did not wonder now at my brother's perturbation.

He had evidently almost driven over a little girl and boy, buried up to their chins in the yellow clay of the pine-lands.

CHAPTER IV.

HORSE, carriage, and occupants, the two buried children, and a bareheaded woman armed with a broomstick which she madly flourished among cackling hens and barking dogs, all made a scene expressive of intense consternation.

"Who be yer? W'at yer want?" cried this woman, as she took up a position before the bawling children, shaking toward our horses the tattered remnants of a straw broom.

Not having yet recovered from our amazement, we were silent, except that Harold exclaimed again under his breath:

"Christopher Columbus!"

"Shet up, Sukey! Hole yer noise, Simpsy! Thar ain't nothin' ter harm yer," cried the woman, in a shrill voice, as she looked down on the blue bonnet and the straw hat.

Then again, to us: "I say, w'at's yer business? end dun' yer know no better'n to sen' them ar hosses over them plented chillern?"

"Over what?" exclaimed Harold.

The woman simply pointed a long lean hand and finger toward the now drooping bonnet and hat.

"Excuse me," said Harold, "but I don't understand."

"Waal," answered the woman, nodding her sandy head so that the little knot on the back commenced tumbling loose, "yer a sma't one, I should say, ter cum a-ridin' inter folk's cl'arin's without leave, end clean most 'pon my gal end b'y."

She was a raw-boned, thin, yellow, skinny creature, and even in anger the apathetic face did not show much expression.

"What did you say?" persisted Harold. "Did you call them planted children? Have you put them in the ground for punishment?"

"I reckin yer a-talkin' now; I reckin yer wan' ter purten' yer dun' know they's plented fur sheks," exclaimed the woman, with a tone intended to convey intense contempt.

"Shakes?" ejaculated Harold, turning round upon us a face expressing the utmost dismay.

"Sheks es w'at I sed—sheks end rheumatiz," repeated the woman, "end, ef yer'll jest move them ar hosses a bit furrer, er ef yer'll jest tell yer business end cl'ar out, strengers, I'll be gret sights erbleeged."

"Ah," said Harold, light at last breaking into his face, "I see. It's the pine-land cure for chills and fever."

"Oh, Harold, isn't it barbarous? Let me get out—let me go to them," exclaimed Theodora, herself unfastening the carriage-door, and, before Harold could assist, stepping forth and down upon the thick grass.

But, just as my sister took a step forward,

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the boy Simpsy set up a most fearful series of shrieks, in which his sister presently joined. The din was something terrible.

"Theodora! Theodora!" I cried. "Come back. They are afraid of strangers."

My sister had already paused.

"Do dig them up, poor little things," she cried, turning toward the mother.

"I reckin I'll dig 'em up end gev 'em sompin' beside, ef they doesn't shet up," exclaimed the woman, dropping her broom and stooping to administer a cuff on the side of the straw hat.

She then seized a spade near by, and commenced slowly digging. The clay was very soft, so that soon the boy's neck and shoulders were uncovered. He certainly was a queer object—the rags of his once blue shirt all stained with yellow clay, the whole surmounted by a sallow face streaked with clay tears—face, head, and hat all drooping forward as in shame.

When the woman had thrown out a few more spadefuls, we three, who were curiously watching, saw a great commotion arise in the earth about Simpsy. Evidently his little hands were at work underground, and soon they appeared, two little yellow claws, dragged forth triumphantly.

When the mother saw this, she left Simpsy to his own devices and turned her attention toward Sukey, performing for the daughter that labor which she had performed for the son, and disclosing again blue rags all stained with clay.

"By George! Doesn't he look like a cray-fish?" cried Harold, as the boy finally wriggled upward through the hole surrounded by its clay walls.

Just as he emerged, Theodora stepped forward—intending, I could see by the sweet expression of her face, to say something kind; but, with one terrified glance over his shoulder, the little fellow took to his heels and ran swiftly away. He certainly was the oddest-looking object, the clay-stained rags of his single garment fluttering about the little thin yellow legs, and the tow-white head, from which his hat had fallen, shining like a big thistle-down floating in the glare of the sunlight. He ran past the cabin and disappeared at last in the woods beyond.

Scarcely had Simpsy got out of sight, when Sukey also emerged from her hole, and, without a glance toward us, ran like her brother, and, like him, disappeared upon the wooded banks of the creek.

"Is it possible you think that clay will make your children well?" asked Theodora, looking seriously into the mother's face.

"Waal," said the woman, stooping to pick up Simpsy's hat, which she clapped on her own exposed head, and then deliberately hitching up the band of her skirt, evidently disarranged under the calico josey, "I reckin it's better'n nothin'."

"Better than nothing? Why, I should think it would kill them," said Theodora, indignation vibrating through the soft tones of her voice.

"Looker yere," cried the woman, setting her arms akimbo, "I reckin I know how ter ten' my own business."

"I beg your pardon," exclaimed Theodora. "I meant only that, if your children are sick with fever and ague, my mother will gladly give whatever you need—quinine and brandy and any other medicine."

"Waal, now," said the woman, meditatively, rolling under her bare foot a lump of clay, "thet's right kind er yer—right kind. Yer see, sence Mr. Forsythe's done gone, we ain't got no one ter git physic out er. I'll tell my ole man; I reckin he'll be monstrous glad ter know. But who may yer be?" she questioned, not eagerly, nor healthfully, nor curiously, but just with a tone of apathy and an upward lifting of two little fishy-looking eyes.

"We are Mr. Forsythe's cousins, who have come to live this summer at Dulce Domum."

"Waal, I reckined ez how yer was them," said the woman.

"And you, I suppose, are Mrs. Skidder?" asked Harold.

"Yer s'pose 'bout right, young man."

"We have come to see your husband on business, Mrs. Skidder. Is he at home?"

"Waal, now," answered Mrs. Skidder, lifting one of the hands from her hip to scratch thoughtfully the thin hair about her temples, "I reckin he's ter hum somewur."

"Get into the carriage, Theodora," said Harold. "Let's drive up to the cabin. I promise," continued my brother, as she entered, "I promise to look out now for planted hats and bonnets. Since I know

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the ways of the country, I think I shall be looking out for them all the time."

"Harold, you talk about my big eyes. I think yours were the largest I ever saw."

"Something to make big eyes about, Baby Madge," laughed Harold. "I tell you, we don't often come across such plants."

"Poor people!" said Theodora, "poor ignorant people!" And I knew my sister was planning great things to brighten the darkness of these Skidder intellects.

"Here we are," cried Harold, jumping down and helping us to alight. "Run in, while I fasten the horses."

Two or three thin dogs sniffed about us, as we entered the door. It was such a poor little room that my sister and I exchanged glances of compassion. There were two comfortless-looking beds made on what seemed to be dry-goods boxes. They were covered with dirty patchwork quilts. There were rough posts nailed to the corners of the boxes, and from these hung two soiled mosquito-nets, twisted now and thrown up out of the way. A wooden table, a box surmounted by a bucket of water on whose surface floated a big gourd, several split chairs, some shelves containing a little crockery and a few cooking-utensils—these formed the furniture of the cabin. The temperature was oppressive, for a big fire roared in the chimney, and, through the single unglazed open window, sunlight streamed, lying in a blotch on the dirty floor.

"I reckin them hoe-cakes es clean scotched up," said Mrs. Skidder, as she deposited Simpsy's straw hat on the table and proceeded to draw forth, from a pile of hot ashes, two large loaves of corn-meal. "I hed ben a-wetchin' them chillern nigh on ter a hour, a-keepin' them dogs from pokin' roun', end I jest lef' 'em a minit, ter tek these yere out," and Mrs. Skidder, as she spoke, proceeded to lay the cakes on a big plate, "end I hedn't more'n jest teched them eshes, w'en thet ar squeechin' end hollerin' cum inter my eers."

Here she lifted the plate, and, standing where sunlight fell in a long stream, raised it aloft and vigorously blew off the ashes which had clung about the crust of the hoe-cakes.

"I reckin now," she said, slowly walking back and slowly setting the plate on a shelf, and then leaning with one hand on the little dirty table, while the other hand twisted up a wisp of hair which had fallen from the small loosened knot, "I reckin now, yer ain't seed no spooks nur nothin' sence—"

"Excuse me, Mrs. Skidder," interrupted Harold, getting up quickly from his split chair, "but really we are very anxious to engage Mr. Skidder, and, as I don't see him in the house, perhaps you can tell me where to find him."

"Waal, I s'pose ez how he's 'bout somewur. I dun' know fur shure, but," she walked with great deliberation to the window, shielded her eyes with a thin saffron-tinted hand, and looked out into the bright sunlight.

"I kin toot fur 'im," she said, turning and apparently quite pleased with the inspiration. "This yere'll fetch 'im, sooner'n mos' anythin'."

While speaking, she took a large cow's-horn from a nail behind the door.

"No, don't blow, please," exclaimed Theodora. "Harold, I think we had better go and look for Mr. Skidder."

"Yes," assented Harold, getting up quickly, as he noted that my sister was very pale. "Can you tell us where to find him?" pausing a moment, while we two girls passed through the door.

"Jest down ter ther crick, I reckin," said Mrs. Skidder. "Jest foller ther kind er foot-trail yer kin see; er, ef yer'll wait, I'll—"

"No, no," interrupted my brother. "Don't disturb yourself. We'll be back directly. Look here, girls," cried Harold, quickly, striding beside us: "I say, isn't she a queer one? Slow? Whew! I wonder if Mr. Skidder's as queer. By George! the mother's a snail, the children are cray-fish—I wonder what the daddy'll be? Do you feel better, Theodora?"

"Yes," answered my sister, taking off her hat. "That cabin was too warm. Oh, isn't it lovely here?"

We had passed now into those dense creek-woods. The shade was delicious—not gloomy, but just tinged by a soft light shimmering down through green leaves and the silvery white-gray of misty moss-drapings.

"Harold, what did she mean by asking if we had seen any spooks? What are spooks?" I asked, stepping briskly along

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and jumping on and off every old log lying along the way.

"Hist!" exclaimed Harold, putting a warning finger to his lip, standing quite still and peering through a trailing vine into an opening vista of sunlight.

We were now about emerging on the clear white sandy banks of the creek. They were quite high here, and stretched glaring in the full light of the sun.

"A salamander! A salamander! Snail, cray-fishes, and salamander," exclaimed my brother, in amazed whisper.

He drew our heads together and let us peep through the opening which he had made. There, seated on a log lying across the white sand, we saw a thin saffron-colored man, clad in blue pants and blue shirt. The head was covered with a ragged straw hat, and some thin locks of hair—dark, but evidently burnt and weather-stained at the ends into red-brown shades—fell about the bent shoulders. The figure was half stooping, half crouching, the elbows were placed on the knees, and the yellow hands hung listless and idle, like ugly claws. Only a slow wafting of blue smoke issuing from a corn-cob pipe, which protruded beyond a thin beard, told that the man lived. Otherwise, he seemed as still and lifeless as the dead log on which he rested. Nor did this apathy depart when we came forward, my sister and I stepping back in shadow under a stretching bough, while Harold engaged our unpromising laborer.

He slowly lifted his head a little as my brother advanced, and answered his polite salutation by a faint nod and slight change of position. Then, with his right hand taking his pipe from his mouth, and looking meditatively into the bowl, he poked the dead ashes with the long finger of his left hand and said, before replacing the pipe: "Tek er seat, young stranger."

"I believe not," responded Harold; "thank you all the same, but it's rather warm. You are Mr. Skidder, I presume."

"Thet's my nem, end no mistek, I reckin," answered Mr. Skidder, leisurely removing the pipe and as leisurely replacing it.

"I have come to see about engaging you for work on the late Mr. Forsythe's place—Dulce Domum, you know," said Harold, raising his voice, as though he feared the same slowness which attended Mr. Skidder's motions and manner of speaking attended his sense of hearing.

No answer, only a prolonged whiff of smoke floating from the midst of the beard.

"It is so awfully hot," exclaimed Harold, impetuously, and, as he spoke, wiping his heated brow, "would you mind just stepping over to the shade there?"

The man slowly moved his head and as slowly stood up in the sunlight, then crept toward the wood where we waited, setting his bare yellow feet in the hot sand as if enjoying its warmth.

Theodora and I rather drew back when the two approached, then my sister proposed that we should go down and look at the water.

I did feel a little bit sorry for Harold, as we slipped away and left him alone to make business arrangements with that stupid salamander; nevertheless, I could not resist giving him a triumphant glance in passing. It did seem droll to see Harold meet his match, and I knew this backwoodsman would be quite a match—at least, he would arouse all my brother's diplomatic talents and test his powers of patience. I felt half inclined to wait and watch the interview, only Theodora was already half-way over the white bank, and I did want to see the beauties of the creek.

How cool and clear and graceful it stretched between the banks—here high and white, there on the other side wooded down to the very water's edge, low branches hanging over and trailing into the soft waves.

We clambered down where some low bushes showed dark against the whiteness of the bank, and where an old log, lying among these, stretched its further end into the creek-waters. Hearing a slight rustle, I clutched my sister's arm, and we looked among the bushes. Just as we looked, two little creatures sprang up and broke through so suddenly that Theodora and I both started and then both laughed, recognizing the fluttering clay-stained blue rags of the Skidder children. Sukey climbed the bank, fleet as a deer; but the boy, dashing into water, made his way to the other side of the creek, there coming forth all dripping, and creeping like some wild creature through thick leafy coverts.

"Poor little savages," said Theodora, pityingly. "Madge, we must try to tame them."

And then we sat down on a log and talked

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together, drinking in all the sweet beauty of the scene. The water was so clear that we could see white sandy bottom, except in mid-stream, where a swift current ran dark and deep. Here about the edge, in the shallows, myriad little minnows darted hither and thither. I bent from the log where we sat, trying to catch them in my hands.

The sweet silence of that evening hour falls about me now. I can again hear the murmur of voices—Theodora's and mine—the twittering of some young birds in a nest near by, the sigh of wind through the trees, a gentle laving of water, and, far off, the sounds of dipping oars. As these last became more and more distinct, my sister and I looked down-stream.

The creek twisted here so suddenly that there was not much watery vista opened; but, after a while, about that further point, a boat came in sight. It bounded gayly against the current, sent forward by long swift oar-strokes. A gentleman was rowing, his back turned toward us. In the further end of the boat sat a little girl of about my age or rather younger, dressed in white. She was bareheaded, and a mass of dark curly hair fell over her shoulders.

Theodora and I exchanged glances of surprise; we felt ourselves so deep in the wilderness, we had not expected to see any except people of the Skidder stamp, and these strangers evidently were gentlefolks.

As the boat drew nearer, we looked with interest. The child was singularly attractive in appearance. I remember noting her soft dark eyes, her pale expressive face, and the pretty move of her graceful head.

I had scarcely marked this when Theodora and I simultaneously uttered a low exclamation of amazement, for the gentleman rowing was that stranger who had carried my sister to the church porch—Theodora's knight, as Harold called him.

Whether he noticed us, we could not tell. He did not speak—he did not even glance toward us, as the boat passed. The little girl, however, looked attentively, yet without rudeness, and, after the boat had glided some yards away, the clear soft tones of her voice drifted back:

"Voilà deux jolies demoiselles, papa."

My knowledge of French was not very extensive, but I remember understanding this, and I remember looking at Theodora and thinking she was indeed more than pretty.

What a picture she made, to be sure, sitting there on the old log, the white sand and the water at her feet, the lights of a dying evening falling over her graceful figure and touching into softened tenderness her dark eyes, her pure face, and the pale-gold hair hanging in long braids over her shoulders.

"She—she is like a beautiful water-lily, that little girl," presently said my sister.

On the bank above stood Harold; he too had seen the boat and Theodora's knight and the little girl who had floated away up the opening vista of the creek.

CHAPTER V.

"COMBINATION of salamander and tortoise," said Harold, ruefully, as next morning he watched our slow workman.

But once upon a time a tortoise gained a race; and so, after some days, the progress of Simon Skidder was perceptible, various winding walks began to show, and the tallest weeds had laid low their high heads. Several times we caught glimpses of a little blue figure crawling about under low bushes, and so knew that Simpsy assisted the paternal labors; but to catch a nearer glimpse of this child seemed impossible.

Mother had asked Aunt Chloe's advice about giving medicines and tonics to the Skidder family.

"Lor', missus, dey ain't nebber well, dem Skidders; allus ailin' wid fever en ager—shakes, dey calls um. Dar's dat boy Simpsy: ole mas'r, he clene nussed 'im hisse'f—had 'im brung yere en' put in de bed in de leetle rum. He was orful sick, dat chile was. 'Pears like he ain't growed none sence—nigh on ter t'irteen, dat chile, en' don't look no more'n eight. Sma't? Hepe sight sma'ter'n de farder."

Hearing all this, mother one day ordered Uncle Washington to drive her to the Skidder cabin, and there left goodly supplies. But, this accomplished, it really seemed nothing more could be done, all attempts to tame the little savages proving utterly futile.

"Wait, daughters—wait till these children become accustomed to your presence in the old home," advised dear mother.

And now we might indeed have been

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very happy—content in our beautiful home, awaiting father's return, Harold evincing growing manliness of character, Theodora catching soft roses for her cheeks, and all of us reveling in the pleasures of our fair country-life; we might, I say, have been very happy. But—well, as Aunt Chloe said: "Seemed like dey was allus sompin' hap-'nin' ter torment en' vex de soul."

One night, about two weeks after our arrival, a soft sad wind wailed around the house. I remember standing on the front portico and looking down with Harold over the gently sloping hill. A very peculiar light touched the earth—a soft moonlight, shining through drifting clouds. There was not a star to be seen—there was just this sifted moonlight, making everything appear spectral. All the earth seemed softly moving, for that wind was waving the trees and the branches of clambering vines, and I could hear the pines beyond sighing as if they had broken hearts.

But, when I said this to Harold, he only laughed, saying: "Go to bed, little woman; the trees will be bright in sunlight to-morrow."

Well, we did go to bed, Theodora and I; but I could not sleep—I just lay awake, listening to the wind and to Theodora's quiet breathing, and watching the trees waving without, for our shutters were opened and curtains drawn. It must have been past midnight when I heard something like the creak of a door. I did not move, but turned my eyes toward the two doors of our room. One led into the hall, the other into that closet where Delia purposed storing our trunks.

Now, we had not yet succeeded in getting a key for this door. Judge, then, of my surprise when I saw it slowly open.

My first thought was of Indians, and instantly my terror broke forth into long loud cries of distress.

I really do not know what followed. I know a strong wind blew in over Theodora and me, the long-disused door creaked, swinging backward and forward, and our chamber seemed filled with strange beatings and flutterings. Quite frantic, I had thrown back the bar and jumped out of bed; but scarcely had my feet touched the floor when something soft brushed over my face, and with redoubled shrieks of terror I sprang back, darted under the bar, and, clasping Theodora, now thoroughly aroused, looked fearfully around.

What was about us, I could not tell; but the silver-tinted darkness seemed fluttering with black swooping spirits. I could see little shadowy clouds flitting back and forth across the opened window, and I could hear soft thuds, as if soft bodies were knocking against wall and ceiling.

It was not long before Delia, mother, and Harold came hastening in, all so frightened that no one had thought to bring lights; and, when Delia at last struck a match and lit a candle, it was instantly extinguished by one of those fluttering black bodies. The scene of confusion was terrible to me, and I don't think I could have borne the strain much longer, had not Harold shouted:

"Bats! nothing but bats! Hush, Madge!"

And so indeed it proved; our chamber was filled with these dark night creatures. I can see Harold now, carefully shielding a candle with his hand and peering through the opened door into that great closet beyond.

"By George! what a sight! Walls, ceiling, every place, hung with them."

So saying, he dodged several just swooping forth, set the candle on the mantel, deliberately took a key from the door, closed and locked it, and then, with Delia's assistance, drove the intruders from our chamber through the great opened windows.

And now this mystery remained—who had found the key, and who had opened the door?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WORK.

REMEMBER, every soul God made
Is different—has some work to do,
Some work to work. Be undismayed,
Though thine be humble, do it, too.

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SING ON!

BY GEORGE FREDERICK PARKE.

SING on, blithe bird! the world is fair,
For spring has come with sun and showers;
The winds are soft—the warm sweet air
Teems with the first faint breath of flowers.

Sing on! thy voice through space shall go
When cold bleak night has veiled the sun;
When stars fade out, thy song shall flow,
Though worlds be dead and years be done.

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MRS. WINTHROP'S HUSBAND.

BY GLEN HATHAWAY.

HE was the first actor Desire had ever met, and she regarded him from under her eyelashes with a half-awed interest, as they sat side by side at Mrs. Royden's dinner. She had as much foolish pretty romance about her ideas of life as a girl of nineteen ought naturally to have, and, to her, Guy Kennizon wore something of the halo of Claude and Romeo and the other heroes of the good old-fashioned dramas over whose pages she had often hung entranced.

As may have been supposed, Miss Lyte was perhaps a little behind the world of the people among whom she found herself, and who were gathered round an oval table with a low centre-piece of South American orchids, while the light of rose-shaded wax candles in many-branched silver candelabra brought out the glitter of glass and plate and the sheen of silks and satins and sparkle of jewels.

It was all an enchanted world to Desire, and the crowning touch of her good fortune in being in it and of it during her visit to her rich cousin at Newport seemed this opportunity of actually talking with a representative of that still more enchanted world of genius and glamor, the stage. She almost expected Mr. Kennizon to open the conversation in the style of the melancholy Dane or with the wit of Charles Surface.

Instead, he made an altogether conventional remark about the weather. This was certainly easier to reply to, which she did with an irrepressible little smile that brought sudden violet lights into her long-lashed deep-gray eyes, and set unsuspected dimples dancing about her demure mouth.

Kennizon glanced questioningly, yet admiringly, at the fleeting illumination; he had not thought the girl was half so pretty, he told himself.

"Did I say anything very amusing?" he quietly asked.

Desire flushed and paled with dismay.

"Oh, no, no," she said, with an earnestness amounting almost to agony. "Indeed, I do beg your pardon most sincerely. But, you see, I made a round of calls this afternoon with my cousin, and, wherever we went, everybody seemed to begin by saying something about the weather, just as if they had all learned it out of a new manual of polite convers tion, like Swift's with a difference, don't you know? And so, when you began in the same way, I—I—"

"You naturally thought I too must have got hold of the manual," suggested Kennizon, taking pity on her as she hesitated and stopped, and rather surprised at finding himself capable of such an unwonted interest in this new variety of "bud," this shy quiet girl with a face as fair and pure as the half-opened white roses on her breast, who read Swift and had quite unconsciously succeeded in making him feel distinctly foolish for an instant.

After that, the ice was effectually broken. Desire's neighbor on the other side was too old and deaf to care to talk commonplaces, Kennizon's was a stout bediamonded dame who preferred her dinner to conversation even with the fashionable young actor, and the two were thus completely thrown on each other for entertainment.

Their acquaintance rapidly advanced while the long ceremonious dinner went on through all its many courses from soup to dessert. Desire mentally took some notes of Mr. Kennizon's appearance, knowing that her two younger sisters would demand a full description of him, as of all the other notabilities she might see.

He was not at all handsome, she gravely decided; yet she could not but admit that there was something rarely attractive about him, with his unusual grace of manner and bearing, his finely poised dark head, brilliant half-weary dark eyes, and clear-cut olive face. That most character-revealing feature, the mouth, had an odd contradictory charm of expression, its curves being at once

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stern and sensitive, tender and sarcastic. He seemed like the hero of a modern analytic novel, she thought she would tell the girls, as best describing him.

But she decided that she would not tell the girls all the things they had talked about. Even sisters must have some reservations with each other; and it would be quite impossible to make anyone understand how natural it seemed to converse with this stranger on all sorts of subjects, from Shakespeare and other favorite authors to the wonderfully intelligent ways of Madam Mordecai, the Lytes' family cat, and a dear departed collie of Kennizon's.

Dinner came to an end, and Desire followed the terra-cotta satin train of the bediamonded dame out of the room, with a certain regret that her tête-à-tête with Mr. Kennizon was over, since of course he would not care to seek her out when the men rejoined them in the drawing-room.

Yet that was just what he did, coming almost at once to her side where she sat by one of the great windows, and lingering there until Mrs. Royden asked him for some music and he went to the piano.

His voice was of a nondescript order—too deep for a tenor, too clearly sweet for a bass, but with a thrilling rememberable quality of its own, which many more perfect lack. So Desire, still mindful of her sisters' curiosity, decided with a critical ear; but soon the subtle power of the song and the singer swept her beyond the mood of criticism.

It was an old Provençal romance, and she understood not one word of it; but the vague fascination of the summer night seemed somehow in it as it came cadenced in the mellow manly voice, broken with pauses filled by the rippling notes of the softly touched piano.

"Yes," observed Cousin Maria, as she settled herself comfortably in her satin-cushioned carriage, when she had left the Royden cottage with Desire and they were on their way to one of the regular dances at the Casino, "yes, anyone could see that Kennizon was born for an actor. He always reminds me of the man who could say 'Mesopotamia' in a way that brought tears into people's eyes. I couldn't half understand what his song was about to-night, yet I was almost ready to cry over it."

In the friendly dusk of the carriage, Desire smiled a little at the oddity of her cousin's comparison, perhaps also at memories of her own. Mrs. Verplanck continued her pleasant staccato murmur of chat:

"He is very likable, too, don't you think? I liked him from the first time I ever saw him play. It was in 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' three years ago. He made his first great success in that. Perhaps he did so well because there was nature as well as art in his acting. He was Mrs. Winthrop's husband, and they say he was madly in love with her then. His wife was Miss Fay, you may remember—a magnificent beauty, but not much of an actress. I've heard she treated him abominably, off the stage as well as on it; but, of course, one never can get at the rights of such quarrels. Anyway, they broke with each other completely. It's said they don't even speak, unless on the boards, in the way of business, you know. I suppose he'll call on us very soon, as I've known him so long. We mustn't forget to send him a card for your garden-party next week. What luck Cecilia Royden does have with her cooks! Did you notice the absolute perfection of the mayonnaise?"

Cousin Maria went contentedly rambling on in her usual fashion about the dishes, the dresses, the decorations, and the small events of the evening; but Desire sat unusually silent.

She remembered having seen some notices of Kennizon and Miss Fay in the play her cousin mentioned. It had been Miss Fay in the newspaper; but she knew that actresses generally keep their maiden names for public use. After all, it was no affair of hers, she reflected; and it would certainly have been very presuming in Mr. Kennizon to suppose that she must be so much interested in his private history that he ought to inform her, a stranger, met for the first time, that he was a married man.

But ought any married man, even one separated from his wife, have been quite so earnest in his manner to herself? There had been nothing really to complain of, nothing but what might have been altogether harmless—rather pleasant and flattering, indeed, if he had had no wife; but, as it was—

As it was, Miss Lyte's small fingers tight-

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ened on the handle of her fan, and the color burned in her cheeks. Probably Mr. Kennizon thought her such an ignorant gushing country-girl that he could behave to her as he pleased, and had been much amused at his success in drawing her out.

When he asked her for a dance that same night, at the Casino, she refused it. When he called, she had developed a sudden headache, and of course could not see him. When he came to her garden-party, where she was indisputably the belle in an ivory-white Empire gown, made after a portrait by Gérard, she did her utmost duty to him as his hostess, in a carefully courteous way.

Mr. Kennizon was not used to such treatment from women. He was vexed, piqued, interested—more, he felt as if he had suffered an actual loss in the sudden disappearance of the girl who had talked so frankly and prettily to him, and who had called out from him in return more of his own inner self than he had ever revealed to any other woman except one.

He tried hard to find this girl again, his charming demure neighbor of the dinner-party. There were times when for a moment he thought he had succeeded; but always she disappeared once more, and in her stead was a young woman of the world, with the same soft fair face, but what seemed an altogether different nature.

Yet, in spite of all her changes, all her delicate confidence-checking reserves, sparkling and chill as hoar-frost upon budding flowers, day by day she grew to him more completely "the one fair woman, fair for him."

And there came a place and an hour when he told her this. It was at one of the cottages closest to the sea, nearly at the end of a dance that she had given him, with a subtle softening of the mood in which she so often contrived to keep a sense of distance between them. The band was still playing, but she had suddenly paused and said she was tired and the room was too warm, and so they had passed together out through the hall and into a little deserted boudoir.

The distant throb of the music came to them, mixed with the moaning murmur of the waves. As they stood at the window, the lights and glare of the ball were behind them, the still night before.

"Have I been too hasty?" he asked, after a silent pause. "Do you feel that you know too little of me yet to answer either yes or no?" he went on, a touch of hope mingling with his anxiety. "If that is so, I will wait. I will be very patient—I will not annoy you with my love; but, dearest, heart's Desire, won't you give me at least one word now?"

"What can I say to a man who insults me?" she said, slowly. "The only thing I can do is to leave him."

"Insults you?" he exclaimed, standing still as stone, instead of moving to let her pass. "What do you mean? What insult is there in my telling you I love you? in asking your love in return? in wishing to make you my wife?"

"How dare you even speak of such things, in your disgraceful circumstances?" flashed Desire, willing to show her indignation rather than let him guess her grief.

"It is you who have insulted me now," he said. "If you were a man, I could make you give me the explanation I have a right to demand. Be merciful. Tell me of what you accuse me."

And she told him. A moment before, she had thought nothing would induce her to talk with him longer; but his pale face and quiet voice constrained her.

"Thanks," he said, when she ended; "you have showed me more clearly than ever that there is a great mistake somewhere. Will you further oblige me by repeating Mrs. Verplanck's exact words, if you can?"

Desire could, and did. Kennizon's eyes lighted suddenly, but he did not laugh; he felt too keen a sense of escape to do that.

"No case could be clearer against me," he said; "but remember my profession. Miss Fay was my wife just as I was Mrs. Winthrop's husband—in the play, and there only. Oh Desire, Desire, now that you know I am free to do it, will you not let me at least try to win your love? Give me that hope, or tell me to leave you forever."

Desire must speak now or never, she felt. Her eyes were still on her fan, but her low voice was very brave and sweet.

"I cannot, because—because— Oh, Guy, can't you understand? I am ashamed—ashamed, though you know I would never have told you, if that mistake had been the truth; but you can never win my love, for you have it already!"

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HANNAH—A FRIEND.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.

WHEN Hannah Emlen left the hospital, a dreary warfare was going on in her heart. Her eyes were calm enough; the brown hair, beginning to have here and there a silver line in it, was the hair of a peaceful woman, as, orderly pushed away from her brows, it rested under the sheer mull cap that showed a little in the dove-colored box-bonnet, making the face within look pure and sweet withal. Doubtless more than one hurrying man and woman, their minds perturbed by the complex demands of life, glanced at the dun figure and envied a freedom from carking care that must surely characterize so much aloofness from the feverish world.

And yet Hannah's spirit warred within her, striving with her to do that which she could but know would be regarded as unworthy the fealty she owed both her husband and her child.

This was Second-day. Yesterday, in meeting, Ann Wharton was moved to speak. Hannah watched her and knew what was coming. Ann removed her bonnet, smoothed down her cap, and spoke upon the duty a wife owed her husband. "She should have no secrets from him," she said, and, being a single woman, spoke with authority. Hannah timidly glanced over to the men's side. There was Joel—stout, prosperous, sure—nodding in almost sleep; for the day was passing warm, and the trees in the meeting-house yard had a soft sound in them that was soothing in the extreme.

"She should have no secrets from her husband"!

Not that Ann Wharton knew aught of what troubled Hannah; but then, everything had seemed accusative of Hannah for days past—ever since her yearly month of hospital-visiting had begun.

She dearly loved her garden, did Hannah; and Joel, in his smiling easy way, asseverated that she reared her flowers exclusively for the sick. This past week, he and Lucy had noticed how many flowers she plucked.

"But, wife," said he, "thee is partial. Thee has not touched a rose on the tree in the corner."

Now, the tree in the corner, Joel had brought from his father's when Hannah and he had married and come to this house, which had been their home ever since. No, Hannah had not touched a rose on that tree; and that she could not do so made her even more miserable in her own eyes.

The day Joel thus rallied her, she left flowers beside each cot in the hospital she visited, except one. The occupant of this cot looked up at her as she approached.

"Faithful Hannah!" he said, and she frowned thereat.

Faithful! when Joel's rose-tree remained undespoiled of a blossom, in all its rich profusion!

Every day, she had lingered beside this cot, rebelling against herself that she should so linger. Miserable to relate, looking down at the gaunt emaciated figure, at the thin white fingers clutching the counterpane when suffering was greatest, at the pink hectic in the wan cheeks, Joel would come up before her mind's eye—stout, heavy-faced, dew-lapped almost, rich in earthly gear, loud of voice and masterful, smiling at what he called the amount of nonsense in her, but of which nonsense he was tolerant. Joel had never given her an angry word since the day her father told her he would make a seemly husband for her; and yet, looking down upon this sick man, Joel was relegated to a plane lower than his deserts, and she knew that this was so.

Why had she chanced upon this man, of all others? For twenty years, she had

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not laid eyes on him; and then, in the ward of a hospital, she must needs come across him. She had looked at him, puzzled, startled, the first day she saw him there.

"Why, Hannah!" he had said, "is it possible this can be you?" and put out his hand to touch hers.

A little cry rose to her lips as she felt his touch, but she smothered it in a cough.

"To think," he was going on, "that the last of my life should be passed in Philadelphia, where the first of it began."

"Thee was not born here," she said, dryly, trying after calmness.

"We are born where we learn to love," he said. Then at once: "Where is Grace?"

"I have not seen her in years," she answered.

"Oh, yes," he said, "I heard that she was living in Europe. How strange that she should have left the Friends, for whom I was not good enough. She married out of meeting, too."

"She married her cousin Samuel Lee, an Episcopalian."

"An English banker, I believe?"

"Yes."

He looked up and smiled—and how vividly a smile may bring old times back to us.

"See how I have kept the run of her," he said. "You know, Hannah, 'first love is last forgot.'"

She turned to his stand of medicine-bottles.

"Well, I will go now," she said. "I must go into the next ward."

"You are on duty as visitor for some time?" said he. "I suppose I shall see you every day."

"My duty calls me to visit thee daily for a month."

"I have been very lonely. It will be most happy to talk to you a little every day—about old times."

"Most unprofitable talk."

"Profitable! 'What shall it profit a man,' don't you know, Hannah," he went on, dreamily, with coming exhaustion. "I have not lived a happy life, nor an innocent one. I have been sinfully weak. Perhaps the whole innocence of my life was crowded in that short time, twenty years back, when I met you and Grace that day I strolled in the Twelfth Street meeting, and the old Friend was minded to put me out because of my gay neck-tie. I came across you and Grace after meeting, don't you remember? And Grace, who had seen me resist the officious Friend, ran up to me and nodded. That was reprehensible, I suppose?"

"I do not say so. We were all young, and youth sees bravery in resistance of established authority."

"The same old Hannah," he laughed. "That is the way you used to talk when Grace and I appealed to you concerning certain puzzling questions."

"I trust," she said, quickly, "I did nothing unfairly."

"Oh, no," he answered. "You influenced Grace as one friend influences another, but you could not influence her against her father; you were not strong enough to withstand him."

"Grace was a sweet timid girl, easily wounded if she thought she hurt those who loved her, but yet mindful of righteous authority."

"Hannah, don't! And oh, to see Grace once more!"

The least praise of the woman to whom he had been drawn in his youth broke him.

She contemplated him for a minute, and there entered her spirit the bitterness that abided there many days afterward.

She left him and visited the other wards, and was quite late in getting away.

Her daughter Lucy, with cheeks of shell-pink and eyes of blue, with something of the fire of the opal in them, was watching for her at home.

"Mother," she said, "let me go to the hospital in thy place, to-morrow; thee looks fagged out."

"I shall do very well," was the reply. "And I wish thee would not so readily notice my appearance."

Lucy turned away, wondering at her mother's tone. Hannah looked after her.

"I was not above her age," she said, inwardly, "when this man came into my life. And, after all these years, meeting him makes me unfair to my child."

She was very kind to Lucy, that evening. But Joel grated on her; his cheerfulness, his rating Lucy about young James Morrill, irritated her. Her rest was broken at night, and Joel's deep breathing in his sleep set her nearly wild.

In the morning, she tried to conceal from

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herself her anxiety to get to the hospital. Joel gave her the usual kiss before going out, and she shrank a little. Then she put on her bonnet, and got the strings into a knot. Lucy waited for her in the garden, with an arm-load of flowers. But she left none of these flowers at the cot that specially attracted her.

The occupant of this cot was sleeping when she came up; and, looking furtively around and finding that he was the only one in the small ward, she sat down and waited for him to wake.

How young he looked, as he slept; almost as though a divine Hand had passed over his countenance and wiped away the evidences of a life not calmly nor healthfully spent. She remembered how young her father had looked in his coffin.

"He will look twenty years younger," she thought, "soon! soon!"

Twenty years younger! Twenty years ago, how comely he had been; what a revelation to Grace Lee and her—how new and startling: not a Friend, not conventional, not restricted by rigidly enforced rules of discipline—a man of the world, finding a unique recreation in the companionship of two young women of an exclusive sect which relegated him to an outer circle. He had taken at once to Grace, and Hannah had known it. After a while, after many deliciously sly meetings, Grace's father found out and the storm broke.

"Fie!" said Hannah, with flashing eyes. "If I cared for a man, all the fathers in the world should not make me untrue to him."

"Would thee have me marry out of meeting?" complained Grace.

"Yes," said Hannah, and so strongly that Grace laughed merrily.

"Oh, Hannah!" she cried, "anyone would suppose thee cared for this Humphry Bland."

And how angered was Hannah.

"Thee knows very well he cares for thee," she said; "and thee is a heartless girl, if thee is deceiving him."

"Deceiving him?" retorted Grace. "Father has something to say to that."

Little scraps like this came up to Hannah, as she waited for Bland to wake, that day after their meeting in the hospital.

When he opened his eyes, he saw her there.

"Faithful Hannah!" he said. "Faithful to me, as you were faithful to Grace and me long ago."

It seemed as though, meeting her after the long separation, his mind grasped at that time of twenty years ago, letting all the rest of his life go. And Hannah listened.

That day, she was late in getting home.

"Anyone specially sick at the hospital?" asked Joel.

"A man," she answered, "very near the end. He has consumption—a stranger."

"Oh, mother," spoke up Lucy, "how sad to be sick and friendless! A sick woman is always sure of friends; but a man!"

"James Morrill makes thee this way concerning men," joked her father.

"Oh, father!" she said, blushing.

Her mother looked at her.

"Hannah," said Joel, "the roses on that bush in the corner are very fine. Take some of them to the man, on the morrow."

"Lucy," she said, "thy hair is very much awry. It is too curly."

"I can't help it, mother," demurred Lucy. "It will wriggle. Very likely, thy hair was once like mine."

"That it was," laughed Joel. "I mind I used to think all manner of foolish things about thy mother's hair, when I first met her. A little curl used to climb down back of her bonnet and rest on her shoulder. I liked that exceedingly."

Lucy clapped her hands.

"There, father!" she said. "Where did thee first meet mother?"

"At thy grandfather's," answered Joel, "after I had watched that little curl in meeting two First-days. She was prettier than thee. I mind the first time I kissed her."

"Really, Joel!" expostulated Hannah, her lips looking pinched; and the merriment ceased.

In the morning, as she was going to the hospital, Lucy came up with a bunch of roses.

"From the old bush in the corner," she said; "for the friendless man."

"I wish thee would let those roses be," said Hannah. Then: "I do not mean to be harsh. Kiss me, Lucy."

"Oh, mother," smiled Lucy, "I know why thee won't have those roses disturbed; it is because father planted the bush on thy

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wedding-day. How pleasant that is to think of."

And Hannah turned away, the roses in her hand.

But she did not give them to Bland; she left them at some other bedside before she went to him.

He was not always agreeable these days—suffering, irritable, fretful as a child. Yet there was always one way to make him sweet-tempered, and that was to talk of the old time. Hannah said little, but enough to make him say much, bringing up things she thought she had long since forgotten, till toward the last she felt sometimes as though her heart pained her as it used to pain her twenty years ago.

Twenty years ago! Ah, the vanity of that old time, the stricken feeling that had been hers then, when she found how she had nurtured a feeling that could never have a vent—a hopeless feeling. It could never have been; he did not care at all for her—he had no eyes for anyone but Grace. And she had to do all she could to assist them in their love-making, fearing Grace's sharp suspicion and tongue. She knew how wrong it all was, but how could she help it? If Grace were worth anything at all, would not her love go against any precedent, no matter how long established? She tried to help the two to happiness—to make Grace love him as he loved her.

And then came the day when Grace's father knew and asserted his rights.

"It is thy fault," Grace complained to Hannah. "Thee was so officious, we were sure to be found out."

Bland came to Hannah.

"You have so much influence with Grace," he said. "I must win her, or I do not know what will become of me. You can help me, if you will."

And there she stood, her heart crying out to him; and he never saw, he never understood. If she could not make him happy with Grace, he would think her a false friend!

She sought Grace, whose father refused her admittance to the house.

"We blame thee," he said; "thy influence with Grace has not been for her good."

She reported this to Bland.

"Try again," he said, not knowing how authoritative he had become in his misery, how like a servant he treated her.

She tried again, and with more success. But Grace told her she had found out that Bland was nothing to her.

"He will go to the bad without thee," said Hannah.

"Then I am better without so weak a man," responded Grace, and would say no more.

Hannah could not repeat this to Bland. She stood sorrowfully before him, and he guessed that Grace was weak.

"Then good-bye!" he said.

"Farewell!" returned she. "Farewell!"

The wonder was that he did not understand her as she stood there. As he hurried away, she called him back.

"Thee—thee will not go to the bad," she faltered. "Promise me that. Grace—might think thee weak, if thee did."

"Weak?" he echoed. "Love for Grace is my only strength; that ruined, what remains? I only know that she does not care for me—and that I must try to forget. Good-bye!" And he was gone.

That day, Hannah's father, Asher Scattergood, came to her. He was severe of countenance.

"Josiah Lee has told me about thee," he said. "I am thoroughly displeased. Joel Emlen is coming to the house this evening; I desire thee to treat him well."

She knew what this meant; she stood on the verge of disgrace—if the meeting knew what she had done in the case of Grace and Bland, what would be the consequences? Besides—"Love is my only strength," Bland had said; "that ruined, what remains?"

"What remains? What remains?" It was like the burden of a song in her ears.

Well, Joel Emlen came that evening, and her father watched that she treated him well. Joel came often, after that—happy, kindly, sure.

In three months after Bland's farewell to her and his disappearance, many changes had taken place. Josiah Lee had died suddenly, Grace went to live with an aunt in New York, and Hannah lifted the wrath from her father's countenance by growing into a way of waiting for Joel Emlen to drop in of an evening and break the terrible monotony of accusing looks and a heart wistful for sympathy. When happy kindly Joel asked her to be his wife, she put her hand in his almost gratefully.

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A little more than a year, and she held a baby on her lap, and the old sorrow was placed away.

Twenty years ago! And here she was, a middle-aged woman, with a daughter old enough to think foolish sentiment about rose-trees planted on wedding-days beautiful; and here was Humphry Bland, in the hospital, talking of old times and Grace, who had become a woman of the world.

And so arrived this Second-day of her second week in the hospital, and a new perplexity had come: Bland had not more than a day or two to live, had let her prepare him for death, and he had not a cent in the world, and would be buried by charity. She herself had nothing but what her husband gave her, and it seemed that she could not give Joel's money for the burial of this man. This made her guiltier in her own eyes. But, with the old perversity of spirit, she denied herself the right to be other than unfair where Bland was concerned.

But to have him buried by charity, the man who in her girlhood had called forth from her—no, no: the man who, for love of Grace Lee, had gone wrong in all ways, till he lay here, a poor wreck, waiting to be washed to that shore where Hands kindest of all might draw in the ruin and find in it something of worth that had lived beyond the travail and the sorrow of unresisted storms.

The war within her, she walked the busy streets, scarcely knowing where she went, her peaceful appearance envied by many a man and woman.

If she had only something to sell, that she might get the money! For the one dominant idea now was that she should be happy if she might defray the expense of placing away the dust of the man Grace had not treated well. But she had nothing at all that did not belong to her husband; her purse was filled with money, but it was Joel's money.

After a long and wearisome walk, during which she discovered no light that should lead her out of her difficulty, she went home.

Lucy was in the garden, walking on the gravel path that went around the grass-plot flanked by many bushes of varicolored bloom.

"Mother," she said, a strange new light in her face, that made Hannah's heart sink, "is the poor man still alive?"

"Yes," answered Hannah, her eyes on her daughter's face. "Well?"

"Mother," went on Lucy, "I have not touched a single rose on that old bush since thee told me how thee regarded it." She went close to her mother, with a sort of fondling movement, and placed her hands on Hannah's shoulders, that light in her face almost transfiguring. "Mother," she said, tremulously, "I have something to tell thee I have wanted to tell thee for a week. But thee looked so careworn and preoccupied over thy hospital-work, that I dared not. Father knows—I told him; he thought I had best not trouble thee while thee was so thoughtful. Father is always thinking of thee and thy comfort, and—"

"What is it thee has to tell me?" interrupted Hannah. She did not care to hear how Joel thought of her comfort; it accused her miserably.

Lucy lowered her happy eyes.

"I thought," she stammered, "thee might have seen without the telling. James—James Morrill has just left me. Last week, he—he—"

"Well?"

"He—" Then Lucy quite broke down. "Can't thee see what I want to say?" she cried. "If I had a daughter, I should."

All the new light in Lucy's face was now understood by Hannah, and why her heart sank when she first saw it—and oh! how derelict she felt.

"Thy father was told, and I was not," she said. "Lucy, don't thee love me?"

"Mother!"

Lucy had thrown her arms around her and was sobbing on her breast. And through it all wildly surged Hannah's thought—Lucy had a lover, and she had been so unmotherly as not to see the truth; Joel loved his wife gently and considerately; and Bland was here, she the only friend he had in the world, and she could not explain to Joel all about twenty years ago, and the secret that only the Lord and she knew—and Bland should not be buried by charity!

She managed to satisfy Lucy with tender caresses more than with words.

"James is coming to see thee and father to-morrow evening," said Lucy. "Dear mother, thee and father seem more to me now than you ever did before. I wonder why?" and clung to her.

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"My daughter is to be asked in marriage," thought Hannah, "and I am thinking of a man apart from my daughter's father, my husband. I am scarcely fit to be in the presence of my daughter."

She was tired, but she could not stay in the house with Lucy; she must walk off some of the fever coursing in her veins.

"Go on with thy tender thoughts, dear," she said. "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord lift up the light of His countenance upon thee and James, and give thee peace!"

The sunlight glinted through a tree and fell upon Lucy's curly hair, which Joel had said was so like her mother's, which had attracted him in his youth. Hannah turned away from the walled-in garden and went out into the street. Peace! where should she find it? "Get peace and ensue it! Get peace and ensue it!"

She went along, not in the busier streets now, but in those quieter ones undesecrated by car-tracks, with rows of trees along the pavements—into one where pigeons and sparrows pecked in the dust of the roadway; the white shutters were bowed to keep out the glare of the June day. A canary in a gilded cage hung outside a second-story window and thrilled the air with high-pitched notes. Nay, nay, it could not be sin, it could not be sin, this tenderness for old times. Then why should Lucy's innocence oppress her, and why did she not tell it all to Joel? And where should she get the money? And only that morning, when she had spoken of the end to him, what had Bland said? "If I could only see Grace once more!" Surely it was pity that actuated her—nothing else. Then why not tell Joel?

"Oh, I cannot! I cannot!" she said, and drew the light-gray shawl around her and slowly paced the street, her eyes seeing nothing.

"Hannah! Hannah!"

She stopped abruptly. A thought flashed across her of her mother, who had lain in the Western Ground these thirty years. Who was it called her name so gently, so reproachfully? The pigeons whirred up to the roofs. She looked around almost fearfully.

An elegant carriage had drawn up at the curb; a splendid woman was inside. The carriage-door opened, the woman stepped out. When she smiled, Hannah recognized her—for smiles are always young—and a dizziness came upon her. Was all the past to come to her at once?

Two silken arms enfolded her.

"Why, Hannah!" said Grace Lee. "I should have known you anywhere; the same sweet, calm, unimpassioned Hannah, without a troublesome thought or aspiration. Look at me—how old I am! No, do not say I look well. I know I do; my maid attends to all that. But I do not look as you do."

And this was the timid Grace of old!

"The very sight of you, Hannah," she went on, "is restful. It makes me turn to younger times—as they say dying old people sometimes turn to their youth and will talk of nothing else."

Hannah thought of a dying man she knew of, and the subject that most engrossed him, that he turned to.

"I am a few days in New York," continued Grace. "Yesterday the fit came upon me to see dear old Philadelphia before I return to England, perhaps never to come back to America. I came last night; I went to my husband's sister—this is her carriage. I have been to all the old places—Fourth Street meeting, Twelfth Street meeting, the Library—everywhere we used to go when we were girls. I don't know anybody, though; everything is strange. I intended to hunt you up to-day. How is Joel?"

Hannah was cool and calm now.

"Joel is well," she said. "So is Lucy."

"Lucy? Oh, your little girl."

"Scarcely a little girl; she is eighteen. She told me to-day that James Morrill desires to marry her."

"Mercy!" cried Grace. "You with a daughter old enough to marry! How ancient we are, you and I. I am glad I never had any children; I can the better keep up the delusion of youth—we Friends keep our looks pretty well, owing to our fresh complexions. The Arch Street Morrills—Lucy's lover?"

"Yes—Spencer Morrill's son."

"How I should like to see her! But I must be in New York to-night; so, now that I have met you, I will not go to your house. You still live in the old Spruce Street house, I suppose? And does Lucy look like you or Joel?"

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"She is said to favor me," said Hannah.

"Give her my love," said Grace. "And here—give her this for a wedding-gift."

She had taken off a brilliant ring and held it out to Hannah.

"Nay," said Hannah, "nay," and was understood.

"Well, well," laughed Grace, "what a pretty Friend I am, to forget that your daughter would not wear diamonds. I suppose you reproach me there, Hannah, in the old way, eh? Do you remember how plain I used to be? how severely father made me wear my hair? I used to envy you your fuzzy little curls you could not make straight. But father was a Wilburite, you know—strict, strait-laced. Wasn't your father a Gurneyite? What was the difference? One believed in justification before sanctification, the other in sanctification before justification; I don't know which was which, though, and—" She paused. "Are you in a hurry? Where are you going?"

"I was only walking," Hannah answered.

"Why not take a drive with me?" suggested Grace. "I have not much time to spare; I am going to Frankford, to see a cousin of my husband's, who is to sail over with me; she wishes to be presented to her majesty. They are at their country-place, just above Frankford. I will bring you back again before dinner-time, I promise you that. Do go!"

Hannah held back at first. Then an impulse seized her—she would tell Grace all. She entered the carriage, Grace followed, the door snapped shut, and they were jolting over the stones.

Grace rattled on for some time, telling of her gay mode of life, her husband's important position in the world, then a silence fell between the two.

Suddenly Grace said, with what purported to be a little laugh:

"Hannah, do you know I sometimes think of Humphry Bland?"

Hannah looked at her.

"I wonder what became of him?" went on Grace. "There are times when I sit down, often in the twilight, and think of the old Twelfth Street meeting, and you and me walking in the cool yard under the trees. Do you mind that Sunday—that First-day, when we met Humphry Bland, after he had had the trouble about his blue neck-tie?"

"It was red," said Hannah.

"Red? I thought it was blue."

"It was red."

"I wonder where he is?" said Grace. She took hold of Hannah's arm. "Do you know, since I have been here I have felt as though he were near at hand? Of course it is only because I have been revisiting the well-known places, and that sort of thing. I suppose he married a woman the direct opposite to me; a man's second choice is rarely like his first. I believe he cared for me, too."

"He did."

Grace got a little closer to her friend.

"Hannah," she said, in a lower tone and relapsing insensibly into the plain language, "did thee think I did not care for him?"

Hannah became rigid.

"Thee told him thee did," she said, "and then thee said thee did not."

"Of course," said Grace. "It is all foolish to speak now, and I could not speak to anyone but thee. They are all dead who knew of my young days—all but thee." She sighed and looked from the carriage-window. "Hannah," she said, "I was a coward. I loved him."

Hannah scarcely breathed; the miserableness of the situation appealed to her. Here were two women, no longer young, wives of good men, thinking in common of a strange man.

"Grace," she said, severely, "what is thee saying?"

"Yes, I loved him," went on Grace. "And I thought you also—what nonsense! I love my husband truly; he is a man in a thousand. And yet there are times when the old days will be remembered. You have never heard anything of Humphry?"

"Not for twenty years—"

"Of course not."

"I was about to say, not for twenty years till last week."

"Last week?" Grace's head turned sharply.

"Yes," said Hannah; "I met him."

"You met him? Where?"

"Here in this city."

"Hannah Scattergood!" in her astonishment using Hannah's pre-marriage name.

"More than that," grimly said Hannah, "he is here still."

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"Is it possible?" cried Grace. "And you met his wife also?"

"He has never married."

"Why?"

The question made Hannah warm, and she said, somewhat more loudly:

"Can thee ask why? He was overly fond of thee, and he has thought of no other woman. Listen to me!"

And then and there she told Grace about the man in the hospital. A purplish tinge came into the suspicious bloom in Grace's cheeks, as though she would have grown pale, had it been possible.

Hannah saw that she controlled her as she had been accused of doing of old.

"Grace," she said, not without feeling, "he is unhappy—dying. Thee can make him happy by going to him. He has said so."

Grace gasped.

"Listen to me!" commanded Hannah, determined that Bland should be made happy, if having his only expressed wish gratified could make him so; thus she might exonerate herself to herself, reasoning that she could not be guilty if she did this freely.

It is to small purpose to recount all that she said. Suffice it that the carriage was turned around and driven back, and dropped Hannah at her own door.

She sought Lucy in the garden.

"Mother," said Lucy, "how much better thee looks. Thy eyes are bright, thy color come back."

"I am better," replied Hannah. "Come into the cool parlor, dear, and tell me about James. I used to know his mother—she was a Stackhouse. First, though, I will tell cook not to forget the mint-sauce; thy father likes it so with lamb."

So Joel found them upon the horse-hair sofa in the matting-covered parlor.

"Hannah," he said, "the prospect of Lucy's happiness brings our own young days back, don't thee think so? I am minded to give Lucy and James the house next door. I think thee would like that; and we could take down the back fence and make one garden. There's a cherry-tree there we could put seats around."

The afternoon and evening were very quiet and peaceful, and Lucy talked and talked with a smile on her lips; and at sundown, as they three walked in the garden, and Joel showed them the possibilities of the yard adjoining their own, she put in her belt a rose from the old bush in the corner, and Joel, seeing the act, told her little merry tales of the time when he first knew her mother.

Hannah listened and smiled, and thought of Grace Lee and what lay before her on the morrow. She kissed Lucy that night, and took her to her room; she kissed her again before she shut the door on her.

In the morning, she left the house with a basket. She went to Grace's sister-in-law's; Grace met her, gorgeously attired.

"I see," she said, without any of yesterday's emotion, rather in a tired bored way, "that you have brought the things. But I have changed my mind; I should look like a guy in plain clothes now. It was thoughtful of you to wish me to go to him something like my old self, but I cannot do it. Besides, I should feel almost as though I were masquerading, and promised a meeting with a man my husband knew nothing about."

Hannah looked at her in consternation.

"You upset me terribly yesterday," said Grace. "And, as long as I promised to go with you to-day, I will go. But it is all morbid sentiment. However, if he wishes to see me for old friendship's sake, I will go."

"As thee will," said Hannah, oddly. She opened the basket and took out a rose.

"It is such a pretty one," she said. "Lucy had it in her belt last night. I always take flowers to the hospital. I will leave my basket here, and stop for it on my way home."

Grace gave her a sharp glance and put on her gloves. They were silent for some time after they got into the street, and the rose in Hannah's hand annoyed Grace. As they neared the hospital, Grace was plainly nervous. But Hannah was determined.

"I cannot," said Grace, at the hospital gate. "It is all foolishness."

"Thee will," said Hannah.

She got her into the hospital, into the ward.

There the physician in charge told them that Bland had but a few hours to live.

At that, Grace hung back, shivering.

"I never saw anyone die but father," she said. "Oh, why did you bring me here?"

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Hannah went to the cot.

Bland looked up and smiled.

"As usual, it is Hannah," he said.

She put the rose in his hand.

"My daughter is nearly as old as I was when I knew thee first," she said. "She will marry; she told me much of her pretty story yesterday. She wore this rose. I brought it to thee; the associations around it are so gentle, and thee will soon be under gentlest Influence of all."

He put the rose to his lips.

"Friend," she said, in a low voice, "I have a surprise for thee. Thee told me one thing would make thee happy."

"I thought so—a sight of Grace."

"Well?"

"I don't know now. In a flash, I seem to know you better, Hannah. In the old time, if I had only known you as well, and—"

She leaned over him.

"Grace is here," she said, almost wildly. "I met her by accident yesterday. She is with me."

He turned his eyes. Grace was far down the ward. Hannah beckoned for her, and she came slowly forward. She noticed the rose in his hand, and it was as though she had lived this minute before—a minute of suspicion of Hannah and Hannah's feeling for the man.

He looked up at the splendid figure beside his bed, and a shade passed over his face.

"Could you come to me like this, Grace?" he said, reproachfully.

Hannah busied herself at the medicine-stand; the bottles rattled together, she trembled so.

Grace sank upon her knees.

"Humphry," she wept, "say that you forgive me for all the pain I have caused you. Hannah has made me see myself so miserably, in her old fashion. Say that you forgive me."

"Why should you desire forgiveness from such a man as I am?" he asked. "It is an anachronism to have you here. Forgive you? Of course. Why not? Hannah was foolish to bring you here."

"And this is all you have to say to me? Has my memory of old days been a mistake?" she asked, bitterly.

"A mistake of twenty years' standing," he said, looking into her eyes. "Hannah was foolish to bring you here."

"So I think," she returned, rising to her feet, "very foolish—quite the old Hannah."

"The old Hannah!" he repeated.

Grace turned to the figure at the medicine-stand.

"I have time to make a morning train to New York," she said, dryly. "We may never meet again. Good-bye!"

She looked at Bland.

"Good-bye!" he said.

She moved a little way down the ward, then came back as though she would say something. But she only looked mutely at him, a bitter expression in her face, and then she hurried down the long narrow room and out at the door.

Hannah stood there dumfounded, a bottle in her hand. Then she heard her name spoken.

Bland lay on his back, the rose in his fingers, a light in his face that somehow reminded her of what she had seen in Lucy's face, that time she had first spoken of James Morrill.

"A dead phase, Hannah," he said. "Stay with me. I can say no more."

She staid.

The summons came in the early afternoon, when the sun was shining brightly.

The doctor, coming in, saw her sitting at the side of the bed, holding Bland's hand. He walked softly away and gave orders for the screen that should wall in the bed when all was over.

"Hannah," said Bland, "you will not let them bury me by charity?"

"My husband's money shall give thee decent interment," she answered.

"Your husband's money!" he said, thoughtfully, and sighed.

Then he grew weaker and sank into a sleep from which he roused with a start.

"Hannah!" he said.

"I am here," she answered.

"Is it growing dark?" he asked.

"Nay," she said, "the Light is coming to thee; that is why the earth's pale glow seems dark to thee."

"I am dying!"

"Thee is going on to the Light."

"Hold my hand," he said. "Tightly! So! Don't let go of it until—"

Then his eyes seemed strangely changed.

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"Hannah," he murmured, "the truth is blinded to many of us. On this, my death-bed, as by revelation, I know you and what has been in your heart so long. Had I only seen in time! Now I can but take my knowledge up to God, and He—"

She leaned closer to hear the rest, but no word came; a settled calm was on his face, his one hand still clasped the rose, his other lay limp in hers. A radiance seemed to pass across his forehead, touch his eyes, his lips, until he did indeed look young—perhaps somewhat as he had looked twenty years ago.

The doctor came, and the nurses, and they drew the screen around the bed.

"Will thee let me wait beside him a while?" asked Hannah. "I am the only friend he had left," and how her eyes shone.

So they went away and left her.

When they came again, the sheet was pulled up over the white face, the nerveless hands were restfully folded upon the still breast. Hannah was gone.

In the gray of evening, she came home. Lucy was looking out for her.

"I have been all the way to the Western Ground," said Hannah. "It was very pleasant there. Thy grandmother's grave was fair to look upon; there is clover on it."

"Oh, mother," said Lucy, "I went to the hospital after thee. So the poor man is dead! That must have saddened thee and took thee to the Western Ground and thy mother's grave. And—dear mother, James—James is in the parlor with father, and they are waiting for thee."

"First," said Hannah, "I must go upstairs and smooth my hair."

Lucy left her, and she went up to her chamber and Joel's. Without making a light, she found the worn Bible she read daily, opened it, and placed between its pages a little faded rose which she took from her pocket—very like the rose she had carried from home in the morning. Then she took a brush and passed it over her hair, settled her cap, and went downstairs.

She could hear Joel laughing; she could hear a younger man's voice. Then Lucy had come up to her in the dim entry below.

"Let me rest my head on thy breast for a moment, mother," she said, "before we go in. Thee knows what it is to care fondly for someone, don't thee, mother?"

"Oh, yes," responded Hannah, "and the dear Lord knows how sinless we may be in our fondness. Come, child! Don't thee be afraid with mother."

And so they passed into the parlor, to meet the man who loved Lucy and had come to ask her in marriage of her father and her mother.

WITH A SONG.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

As soft as the kiss of a lover
  On the lips of his lady fair,
Or the wayward down of a thistle
  Afloat in the amorous air,
Came the sound of a voice in singing
  From over the water afar,
And it brightened my way a moment
  Like the gleam of a falling star.

The waves of the water were listless
  As they ceased their rippling to hear,
As the song sank almost to silence,
  Then rose again, trilling so clear
That a bird on a bough, enraptured,
  Sat still with a folded wing
And listened to hear his rival,
  Forgetting that he could sing.

The lilies their petals of beauty
  Held open, to steal from the air
The notes of the song so entrancing,
  To fold to their bosoms so fair.
Then, melted to fragrance, the music—
  From its rest in the lily's heart—
As a zephyr of perfume and sweetness,
  Could a double blessing impart.

It was only a strain of music
  From a source that I did not know;
But it bore to my heart a message
  From the beautiful long ago.
And I lifted a prayer for the singer,
  That a blessing to her might fall:
For the song that she sang unheeding
  To me was the sweetest of all.

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THE OLD-TIME SUGAR-CAMP.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

ABOUT the time of the year when the days grow a little warm and the sun shines enough to melt the snow, when the nights are sharp and there is a perpetual freeze and thaw, then I think of the gay doings we used to have in the old-fashioned sugar-camp.

While the ground was still white with snow, and just when the ice began to crack under the cautious tread of the farmer's boy and crowd the streams with floating blocks and masses, when the earth began to wake from her winter's nap, then the sap would swell in the trees, and soon we could enjoy the yearly frolic of maple-sugar making.

In those days "before the war," when Southern sugar was scarce and hard to get, we dwellers on Northern farms used to make enough maple to use for the table and also to sell or exchange for cane-sugar.

The maple-tree flourishes in most of the Northern States. It grows in groups or groves, often very large in size, numbering two or three thousand trees; but the average is about three or four hundred. Ours was a camp of five hundred, and was one of the chief sources of profit to the family.

Shall I ever forget the delightful moment when my brother, who had been on the lookout for several days, would come rushing in, on some sunny morning, and say: "The sap is running! The sap is running! All hands get ready for work!"

Sure enough, the tree-trunks would be wet with the sweet sticky liquid, and myriads of honey-bees would be humming all about and buzzing for joy. Poor things, they often grew hungry toward spring, after their winter store had been eaten by the crowded hive, and they were no doubt as glad as we to taste something new and fresh.

The first thing we did was to collect the sugar-buckets, scour them thoroughly, and scatter them among the trees. Then my oldest brother, with his great borer or "bit," would bore one, two, or three holes through the trunk-bark. Into each hole, he inserted a wooden spout, and soon the sap began to run down into the suspended bucket. In those primitive days, buckets and spouts were of wood; but now they are made of tin or galvanized iron, and are much cleaner and nicer in every way.

If the weather was favorable—that is, if the days were warm and the nights cold—the sap would flow very fast.

When the camp was large, the men and boys would work day and night and be kept constantly busy changing and emptying the buckets. My brothers used to wear a sort of wooden collar or "sap-yoke," as it was called, on their shoulders; on each end of this yoke was suspended a large pail, into which the buckets were emptied.

When the snow was deep enough, the boys would use their large hand-sled, placing two great tubs on it and dragging it from one tree to another. What fun we used to have when they consented to fasten our old dog to the sled and let one of us girls act as driver!

In those days, we made a great fire out in the open air, right in the midst of the camp, and over it hung a huge iron kettle. Into this caldron, the sap was poured and boiled furiously until it reached the requisite consistency. Nowadays, the farmers possess many conveniences that render the work much lighter, but they cannot possibly get any more pleasure out of it. They have sugar-houses containing brick or stone arches, with the proper sort of furnace, and sheet-iron pans or evaporators, in which the sugar is boiled. Being thus kept so perfectly clean, the sugar is of a far lighter color, and is no doubt much purer, than our old-fashioned kind. As ours was boiled in the open air, and we had to leave it uncovered that it might evaporate rapidly, of course there was a constant dropping-in of leaves, twigs, sticks, and smoke, which certainly did not improve the flavor. However, I never heard any complaints in those days.

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The grand climax of the whole proceeding was the "sugaring-off." When the sap had boiled for a certain length of time, a skillful workman could see that it was just going to crystallize or turn to sugar. This was the moment so anxiously expected, the "red-letter" hour for the children. Oh, what a delightful frolic we would have then! All the boys and girls would provide themselves with saucers and spoons, or little paddles made of poplar or hickory wood, and rush to the sugar-camp, sometimes wading knee-deep in the snow, shouting and running to see who would get there first. Just before it turned to sugar, the syrup was thought to be at its best. Then we would fill our saucers with the hot stuff, and try all sorts of tricks and experiments with it.

When suddenly cooled by pouring it into a pile of snow, it made a delicious wax, that was certainly the most palatable dainty known to our childish palates. This wax we would make into rings and figures and squares. We would drop the hot liquid into a dipper full of cold water, and thus try each other's fortune. We would cool it, and pull it like candy. We would pour it slowly from a height into the snow, and make little candy shot.

But the nicest of all ways to use it was to make candy eggs. This we did by taking a hen's egg, piercing each end with a pin, and blowing out the contents. Then we carefully filled the shell with the hot syrup. Soon it would grow hard; then we would break off the shell, and there was the smooth brown candy egg. These were considered great dainties, and were bestowed on our best friends at school, or carefully laid by and given away for an Easter present.

Sometimes all the young folk of the neighborhood would gather together at the sugar-camp of a favorite family, and, with two or three older persons for guardians of decorum, we would laugh, sing, and play games deep into the night.

Candy-pullings and singing-schools were dull amusements when compared with a sugaring-off. The young men were kept busy collecting sap, attending to the fires, stirring the syrup, and other necessary tasks; but still there were enough hands to change work, and many were the games we played and the songs we sung. Young people have no such games nowadays—they don't sing such songs, either. "We are marching down to old Quebec," "King William was King James's son," "Weevilly Wheat"—oh, what rollicking merry games they were! And the songs—I can hear them now; and, years afterward, many a poor fellow sang them in the loneliness of another kind of camp-life, and wondered why the dear old songs made him feel so sad and homesick.

And then, toward day, we would tumble into the great wagon-bed sled, and, with jingle of sleigh-bells and snap of whip, go flying over the white road, to take the girls and boys to their homes, while the "man in the moon" looked down and smiled on our gay and happy crowd.

And so, whenever I see the fresh maple-sugar or the clear brown syrup, in these early spring days, it tells me more than picture or song or poem could do, and brings up some of the sweetest and brightest recollections of my life.

IN EASTER-TIDE.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

THE happy streams are musical
  And glad at their release,
And happy birds have journeyed back
  And sing of joy and peace.

The sweet south wind floats gently by,
  The sun's rays cheer and warm,
And in its beams the earth forgets
  The chill and ice and storm.

On sheltered banks the grass is green,
  Arbutus scents the wood,
The willow-boughs are newly decked,
  The world grows fair and good—

And o'er it all, and through it all,
  The bells their music pour,
And gladly tell from tow'r to tow'r
  The Easter story o'er.

So, dormant hopes and sluggish faith
  Start up at spring's first breath,
And everything proclaims anew
  That life has conquered death!

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'TWIXT HIS GOING AND COMING.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.

MY earliest recollections, the saddest and the happiest memories of my life, are centred round the little church of St. Clement's.

My father, who was rector of St. Clement's, died when I was a baby, and five years later my mother married a rich widower with one child, a boy. Guy Vernon was three years older than I, but he had few playmates of his own age in the quiet little village in which we lived, so we became close friends and constant companions. Many an hour we spent together in the old grave-yard, deciphering the quaint half-obliterated inscriptions on the moss-grown stones. We were full of the strange fancies and queer conceits of children who are much alone, and in our ways we were rather sober and old-fashioned, as such youngsters are apt to be. The silence and the gravity of those earlier years always clung to me, but Guy lost much of his when he went to college and mingled with the world. As for me, I staid at home, as women used to do, and sometimes I felt myself akin to the fungous growth on the old stones.

We were very fond of each other, Guy and I; we quite forgot for years that we were not brother and sister. But, after a while, Guy went away to college, and, when he came back, it was different. I began to have admirers, and I mentally compared them all to Guy, greatly to their disadvantage. He had his flirtations, too, I suppose; but I don't think they were ever anything more than the merest flirtations.

Mamma died just before Guy first left home, so papa—as I always called Mr. Vernon—and I were left alone in the big house all through the long dull winters. The little church was my greatest consolation then; I spent hours there, playing on the organ. Guy always came home during vacation, and we were very happy together. He was my constant attendant at the various mild festivities, such as picnics and garden-parties, with which the neighborhood was gay, and, days when nothing was going on, we would stroll over to St. Clement's, and he would sit and watch me while I played the organ, or talk to me in the intervals when my fingers rested on the keys.

It was a very quiet courtship, if courtship it could be called, for we never said one word of loving each other—never uttered any pledges. But at last Guy began to see that this was what his father wanted, and it aroused all that strange obstinacy which seems to be a part of human nature. I did not blame him, for I too resented the calm appropriation of myself, the complacent taking for granted, which Mr. Vernon made too evident.

Guy had graduated and come home permanently to assist his father in the management of his various business interests. The health of Mr. Vernon had been breaking for some time, and I felt very anxious about him. I don't think Guy saw it so clearly as I—men seldom do see things as quickly as women; but I thought Mr. Vernon perceived it himself. At any rate, he handed over most of his affairs to Guy's superintendence, and I fancied that he had even

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hinted to his son his wish to see us married while he lived. The only effect of all this, of course, was to widen the breach between

us—that is, if you could call it a breach. It was hardly a coolness, either—just that difference which only lovers can feel; nor was Guy altogether to blame for it. I knew I had altered, too; but I could not help it.

In the autumn, it was decided that some landed interests of Mr. Vernon's in Massa-

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chusetts required attention, so Guy made his preparations for departure. Then somehow things returned to their former position between us, and I was very happy, even though he was going away and had not yet said one word of love to me. I felt the difference—that was enough for the present; I was quite content to let the future take care of itself.

Guy went away in the evening, immediately after dinner, so I had to relinquish the hope I had secretly cherished of driving him to the station. He stood, all ready for departure, by the library fire, exchanging a few parting words with us while he waited for the carriage to arrive.

"It's too bad you have to go, my boy," said Mr. Vernon, in a deprecating tone.

"Oh, I don't mind—it won't be half bad; you know, I have some pleasant acquaintances there."

"Well, don't let them persuade you to stay too long," answered my step-father, glancing furtively at me. "Are there any fascinating ladies among them?"

"I believe not," responded Guy, laughingly.

"I should think you would be able to finish your business by the first of the year," continued Mr. Vernon.

"I should think so," agreed Guy. "I'll try to be back as soon after that as possible." Then, glancing at his watch, he added: "It's time for me to go."

"Good-bye, my son, and God bless you!" said the old gentleman. "You may go to the door with him, Rachel, but you mustn't watch him drive away—it's bad luck."

I am not sure whether I went myself, or was led by Guy, to the wide stone vestibule which opened on the porch.

"You must not come any further, dear; you will take cold," he said, gently. Then he set down his valise and stooped and kissed me. For a moment, he took both my hands in his, whispering: "You will not forget me, Rachel?" A gust of wind blew in my face, and I was alone. A branch of the tall plant back of me swept across my face, and the rose in my hair—I had given him the one at my throat—fell to the ground. I picked it up and laid it away in my prayer-book. As if I could forget!

The long weeks of Guy's absence lengthened into months. The first of the year came and passed, but he did not return. He sent us affectionate letters, saying the business was not yet settled; but I could see his father was annoyed. In February, he wrote that his work was finished, but the friends with whom he was staying wanted him to remain and see a little of the country, which he had been too busy to do previously.

Mr. Vernon was angry, but he left the decision to me; and of course I urged Guy to stay—I had no right to call him to my side, no claim upon his duty. In March, however, my step-father had a slight stroke of paralysis, and I summoned Guy home. He came; but, the instant I saw him, I knew he had changed, and then my chief anxiety was to conceal the alteration from his father, who was not, I knew, strong enough to bear any disappointment.

With Guy came his friend, Will Marston, whose home was in Northbrooke, but who had been traveling in Germany during my step-brother's stay in Massachusetts, so that the two had seen nothing of each other. Mr. Marston had returned just two days before Guy left, and the latter had insisted on a visit from his friend, with whom he had been very intimate during their college-days. The doctor did not think my step-father dangerously ill, nor did he recommend us to avoid society. He warned us, however, against any excitement, anxiety, or thwarting of the invalid's wishes; and, knowing the one supreme desire of old Mr. Vernon and how little probability there was of its being fulfilled, I lived in constant dread.

In spite of his friend's presence, I could see that Guy chafed under an almost uncontrollable restlessness, which he managed to hide pretty well from the two men, though not from me. Was he longing to get back to Northbrooke? Afterward, I knew he was. Of course, it was impossible for him to go; for, as his father grew better and became more like himself, there was a good deal of business to be attended to, which had been necessarily somewhat neglected during Guy's absence and his father's illness.

Mr. Marston's presence was a great boon to both Guy and myself during those trying days, for it enabled us to avoid uncomfortable tête-à-têtes. Besides, he was an exceedingly agreeable man, and enlivened us very much. Indeed, if I could have got rid of the miserable sensation of living over a volcano and

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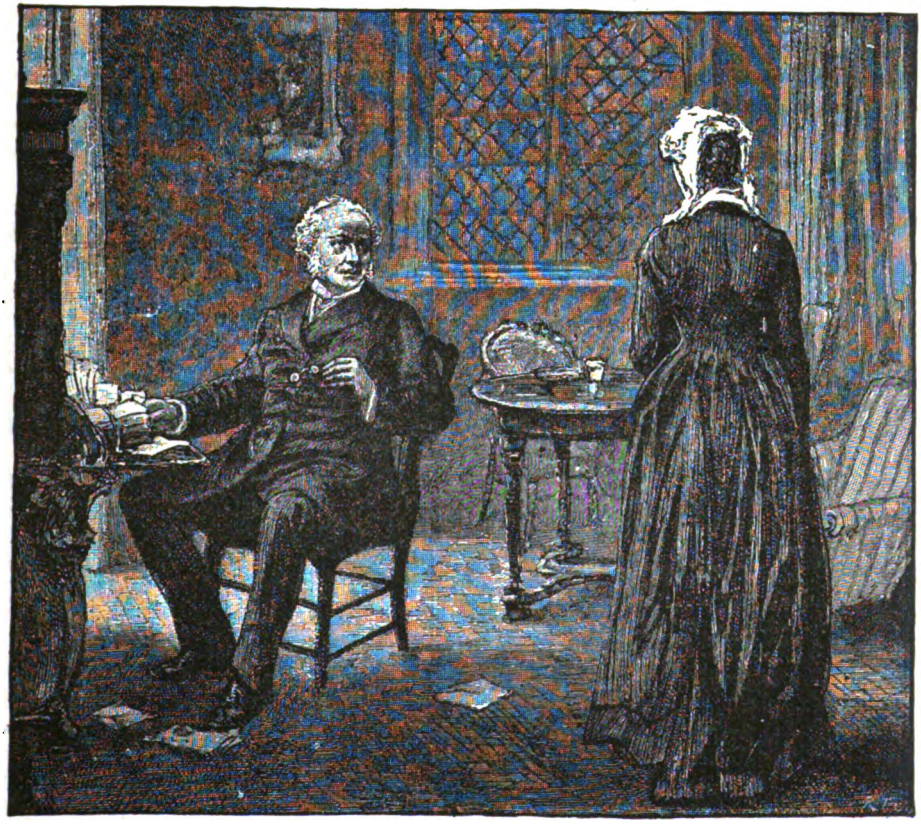
in momentary expectation of an explosion, I should have enjoyed the young man's society. In spite of a cordial liking for his son's friend, I fancied that my step-father would have been glad to see him go; for, as his health improved, Mr. Vernon once more became anxious to see things settled between Guy and myself, and of course this could not be expected while the visitor remained. The invalid clearly saw that his days were numbered; and he longed, I felt sure, with what was to me a pitiable longing, to see his two nearest and dearest safely united before he left us. To die with one's heart's desire, the latest desire of life, unfulfilled seemed to me hard then—it has seemed so ever since. If it had not been for Guy's sake, I think I could have borne, to make my step-father happy, that hardest of all lots—to be the unloved wife of a husband I loved.

That Mr. Vernon had hinted to Mr. Marston his hopes and belief regarding Guy and me was evident from some remarks the young man made a few days before his departure. It was a perfect spring morning, and we were walking toward an old wood that lay between us and the little church. It was a favorite walk for all three of us; but Guy had been called to attend to some important business, so we two had started off without him, he promising to try and join us later.

Oddly enough, that very morning's post had brought me a letter in a strange hand, and, feeling that it must contain bad news, though I could not explain why, I had put it in my pocket unopened. It was lying there now, and I was wondering when I should have courage to open it. You see, I was peculiar. To my dying day, I shall never forget how beautiful the old wood looked in the soft spring sunshine, for it never looked quite the same afterward.



"This is a lovely spot," said Mr. Marston, in the half-meditative, half-regretful tone one uses in speaking of a place one is soon to leave.

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"Yes," I answered, dreamily.

"I envy you and Guy, I believe," he went on, laughingly.

The evident coupling of our names annoyed me.

"Unfortunately, it may not always be my home," I replied, with a rasped note in my voice.

"But—" began Mr. Marston, then stopped, embarrassed.

"Mr. Vernon cannot live many years longer," I said, sadly, "and of course, as you know, Guy is not any real relation. Unless he were to bring home a wife, and even then perhaps not, I could hardly stay."

"I thought there was no expectation of his bringing home a wife." The young man ventured the remark rather hesitatingly, but the emphasis on the "bring" was too evident. I frowned.

"Has Guy been taking you into his confidence? Surely I have not given you any reason to suppose such a thing?" I tried to keep the anger out of my voice and make it sound light.

"Oh, no; but Mr. Vernon—"

"Has been telling you what he wished," I interrupted, not trying to conceal my anger now. "Unfortunately, Guy's and my wishes do not coincide with his."

"I beg pardon," said the young man, humbly; but he gave me a side glance, and I had a wretched suspicion that he was keener-sighted than most of his sex.

Of course, we talked of other things during the rest of the walk, in which Guy did not join us; but I had an accountable feeling that my revelation had annoyed Mr. Marston, though I could not imagine any reason why it should. I was the one to be angry. Before we finished our stroll, however, anxiety for my step-father forced me to make a request of my companion.

"You will not mention what I have told you this morning, to anyone?" I said. "It would be a great disappointment to Mr. Vernon to know it, and, coming suddenly, would be almost more than he could bear."

"Oh, certainly not," Mr. Marston made answer, briefly; but I could scarcely help fancying that he disapproved of our reticence.

When we got back to the house, I went to my room and read my letter—I might as well have all the disagreeables over in one morning. Then I burned it. No one should know anything about its contents, not even Guy.

"You look tired, Miss Rachel," said Mr. Marston, at luncheon. "I'm afraid you walked too far this morning."

"Oh, no; it is only a headache," I answered, smiling.

Was that all the difference it made to be heart-broken? Well, I was glad of it, for my step-father was looking at me anxiously. I glanced over at Guy. How pale and thin he was!

In two days, Mr. Marston was gone, and then I began to wonder how much longer we could temporize. Not much longer.

I was coming downstairs one morning, when I heard voices in the library. The door was ajar, and I saw my step-father sitting at his desk, speaking to good Mrs. Dent, the housekeeper, who had helped me to nurse him so faithfully during his illness.

"Send Mr. Guy to me at once," he said. "And where is Miss Rachel? I want her too."

"Here I am," I answered, gently, going into the room, while Mrs. Dent departed, looking rather scared at the unwonted severity of her employer's tone.

"I have tried to bring Guy to the point often enough—I am tired of his shilly-shallying," commenced my step-father. I trembled within me, for I knew the storm must break now. "Sit down," he continued, almost impatiently.

I obeyed him, and then Guy entered. He came straight toward me.

"Please go out, Rachel," he said; "I have an important communication to make to my father."

"But I want her to stay," thundered Mr. Vernon. "Is she not your promised wife?"

"No," answered Guy, sadly. "Will you go, Rachel?"

I rose at once, with the words:

"When Guy has finished what he has to say, you can send for me, if you want me." Then, approaching Mr. Vernon and obeying an irresistible impulse, I stooped to kiss the wrinkled forehead, and immediately left the room.

I went upstairs and waited, I do not know how long, but it was not very long. I opened my door and sat and listened with bursting heart and feverish anxiety for some sound.

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At last it came. There was a fall and a cry. I flew downstairs to the library. It was as I had feared—my step-father had another stroke. My strongest feeling was for Guy kneeling by his father's side, ghastly pale, at once for a physician. He soon arrived, but shook his head when he looked at the sufferer.

Mr. Vernon lingered several weeks, part of the time unconscious, but clinging to his son

moaning: "I have killed him! I have killed him!"

"Hush, Guy," I said, laying my hand gently on the poor boy's shoulder; "help me to lift him."

By this time, Mrs. Dent and the servants, hearing the noise, had appeared, and I sent in a way that was pitiful. It almost broke my poor darling's heart.

At last the end came, and I did my best to comfort Guy. When all was over, I tried to rouse him by calling his attention to a pile of letters he had neglected for days. He opened them mechanically and looked

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at them, then he gave a low moan and gasped out:

"It seems to be my destiny to kill people, Rachel; I must go away at once."

I asked no questions, but helped him make his preparations.

"God bless you, Rachel!" he said, as he bade me good-bye; "I am not worthy of your kindness."

He went to Northbrooke, of course. He wrote to me affectionately from there, but he did not tell me why he staid. So, when a widowed friend asked me to accompany her to Europe, I willingly consented. I informed Guy of my intention, and he urged me to carry it out. He did not come to see me before I went, though he sent me many kind farewell messages.

Leaving the house in care of Mrs. Dent, I put the old life behind me and spent two peaceful years in Europe. It was the calm after a storm. I felt that life, youthful passionate life, was over for me. I had gone through my keenest joy, my keenest sorrow. I could never know either again; but I had won peace and content out of the struggle, and perhaps these were the best. Guy did not write to me, and I was glad of it—it would only have stirred the embers of the past. I heard occasionally of him through Mrs. Dent. He was living quietly at home, alone—why, I knew. Six lines in a Northbrooke paper, sent to me soon after I left America, told me.

At the end of two years' sojourn, my friend decided that she must return home. Accordingly, we made our preparations to do so. Just before our departure, I received a letter from Guy, telling me he had learned through Mrs. Dent of our intended coming, and begging us to spend a few days with him. After a little hesitation, I decided to accept the invitation, if my friend were willing. I longed for a sight of the dear old house and my beloved St. Clement's, and I knew I must meet Guy sometime, so I might as well get over the pain at once.

The feverish impatience with which I lived through the sea-voyage and the long journey on land told me that the past was not as dead as I had believed it to be, but I tried to hope that a glimpse of the old things would quiet me.

When we reached our destination, we found Guy waiting to receive us. He was somewhat changed, older and graver-looking, but still the same Guy to me. His greeting was cordial, but not demonstrative. Two days went by without awkwardness, thanks to my friend, who was unaware of any hidden current. Guy made himself very agreeable to her, and, when I could, I stole off by myself to spend hours filled with memories, sad and joyful, in the little church-yard.

On the third day, I was sitting in the shadow of a great tree, alone with my dead, when I heard footsteps, and, looking up, saw Guy approaching. He came close to where I sat, and looked down at me sadly.

"You have a right here," he said, bitterly. I took his hand and pressed it—I could not find words to answer. Perhaps my action emboldened him, for he went on in a less bitter tone: "You were always very good to me, Rachel, in the old days. Will you do one thing more for me now?" He was looking down at me, and I thought I should choke—my heart had got up into my throat, and I could only answer him with a little inclination of the head. At his next words, my heart returned to its usual place and my voice came back. "I want you and your friend to take a little journey with me; will you?"

"Yes," I answered, rising to go back to the house, and nothing more was said.

My friend was surprised when the proposition was made to her, but she readily consented; and, two days later, we were in Northbrooke. In the afternoon, Mr. Marston came over to see us. He was to leave on a journey by the early evening train, and brought all his traveling paraphernalia with him. Just as twilight began to fall, Guy asked me to take a walk. My friend declared she had a headache and preferred to lie down, but insisted on my going; so we started out, accompanied by Will, prepared to take the train on leaving us. I had noticed that the railway station was beyond the church, so I was not much surprised when we turned our steps in that direction. When we reached it, instead of going by, Guy drew my arm within his and led me into the quiet grave-yard, more quiet in the twilight stillness than ever. Will Marston had fallen behind, and I think we both forgot his presence for the moment.

Guy stopped beside an unpretentious stone

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whereon was written: "Hope Anstice, aged eighteen." That was all.

"Rachel," he began, "I have something to say to you." I was going to interrupt him, then I remembered that sometimes confession is almost like baptism for sin, and I simply clasped my hands pityingly over his arm. "I don't know whether you can ever forgive me or not, dear," he went on; "but I must tell you all now. I ought to have told you long ago, but I had not the courage. Here by her grave, I will confess everything. Once upon a time, Rachel, I believed you cared for me; perhaps I was mistaken, but that did not make my sin any the less. When I left you, that night, I thought we belonged to each other. Then I went to Northbrooke and met Hope Anstice. It was a brief sudden passion, very unlike my love for you; it carried everything before it, and, when she told me she returned my love, but that there was a kind of engagement with a distant cousin—a sort of family affair—I begged her to put an end to all difficulties by a secret marriage. She consented, and, the day before I went away, it took place. I did not then know who this cousin was, but I learned afterward. Can you guess, Rachel? It was Will Marston."

I glanced around with a start, but Will was leaning against a great tree, gazing out at the western sky, and did not seem to see us.

"Well?" I whispered, turning to Guy, who continued slowly:

"You know now why I was so changed when I came home, Rachel, and what it was I said to my father when he insisted on my asking you to marry me. It was the truth, and I could not help telling him; but the shock killed him. I was not brave enough to let you know, for I had found out my mistake; I had learned too late the difference between love and passion. In my father's dying hours, I neglected everything, even my wife, and the first news I learned was that Hope was going into a decline. Of course, I thought it was my fault—that I had killed her too; and I hurried to her side. But the doctors said it was a foregone conclusion—an inheritance; and, indeed, she had not been very unhappy. When I saw her, I would have blazoned our marriage far and wide; but she compelled me to secrecy. That was one of the penalties I had to bear. 'It will hurt Will,' she said, 'and he has always been the kindest friend I ever had.' You see, my punishment has not been light." There was a pause, then Guy added: "She only lived six weeks afterward—it was what they call 'galloping consumption'; and poor Will was with her nearly all the time—she told him everything. Can you guess why I have made this confession here and now, Rachel? Can you forgive my falseness and cowardice?"

"My poor Guy, I have known this for a long time," I said, gently.

He looked at me in a bewildered way, and I went on: "Will Marston wrote her that you and I were engaged, and she sent me a letter"—I did not add "a bitter one"—"telling me the truth."

"And you have known this all the while, my Rachel?"

For answer, I hid my face on his breast, and there by her grave we pledged our solemn chastened happiness. Then I led Guy away.

"Don't you understand?" I whispered, pointing silently to Will Marston.

He was standing, oblivious of our presence, in the place where we had been, and I heard him murmur, as Guy and I turned away:

"She is all mine now."

DUST IN THE LIPS.

BY FANNY KEMBLE JOHNSON.

Yet one more day, lost ever for thine eyes,
  Whose wearied lashes languidly uplift,
  Won by sun-laughter through the gold cloud-rift,
To match their guarded blue against the skies.
Yet one more day: and with each new sunrise
  Goes life that was, and life that was to be,
  Lost for one moment of delight with thee!
Not e'en thy hands across mine backward eyes
  Can blot the faces of the vanished years.
  Poor child, thy palms of rose are wet with tears,
Thy gold head blurred against these darkening skies
That shall be lighted by no new sunrise

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AT THE STAR.

BY AGNES JAMES.

CHAPTER I.

PANDEMONIUM reigned at the Star. A party of amateurs had possession of it, rehearsing some grand tableaux to be acted for the benefit of "St. Lucy's Hospital." At least, Miss Brooke, the "head and front" of the affair, was trying to get the things rehearsed. But there were difficulties. Thirty young ladies and gentlemen, and fifty children—fairies in the Midsummer Night's Dream—had all gone crazy with delight at finding themselves actually behind the scenes of a theatre, and even Miss Brooke failed to control them for a while. Then something happened that sobered them a little.

Somebody began to hum a waltz, and in a moment the stage was filled with flying couples, whirling, singing, laughing, while an enthusiastic performer upon the sheet-iron "thunder-machine" and a reckless hand upon the rope attached to the "rain-barrel" added to the confusion. And just then a mischievous boy thought it would be clever to drop the curtain. Down rushed the heavy roller. A carpenter in the wings saw the danger and shouted a warning. People looked up, then tumbled over each other in getting out of the way—all except one heedless couple that neither saw nor heard. People shrieked at them, and gentlemen rushed toward them; but the thing that saved them was the prompt action of the young carpenter, who seized and pushed them out of danger. He himself did not quite escape, for the roller grazed his shoulder and gave his arm a numbing blow. In the confusion that followed, nobody thanked him. The girl was frightened and cried and trembled, while her partner looked rather white, and people gathered round to sympathize. Then arose Miss Brooke's emphatic tones:

"Come! No more nonsense now! May Bentley, you were very near being killed. I hope it will be a lesson to you careless young people. Clear the stage now! Go away, children! Margaret Brandon, make these children go into the green-room and stay there!"

A pretty girl in a black dress began to collect the children and sweep them before her into the green-room. She had very sweet winning ways, a soft voice, and lovely gray-blue eyes. The children pranced round her, hung upon her, and chattered to her; but, though she was very gentle, she was firm, and presently the fifty fairies were safe in the green-room, where they buzzed like bees, and Margaret kept guard at the door. Standing there, she saw Jack Armstrong, the young carpenter, coming down the narrow passage just as Miss Bentley's careless partner entered from the other end.

"Oh! Ah!" the exquisite remarked. "You are the—ah—young man who did us the little service just now. Really, I'm awfully obliged, my good fellow! I shall be glad if you'll let me give you something—ah—don't you know!" And he held out a bank-note as he spoke.

Jack Armstrong flushed angrily.

"I don't want to be paid," he growled. "I couldn't see the lady killed." Then he brushed rudely past and stalked on down the passage, almost running over Margaret Brandon as he did so.

"Excuse me, miss," he said, hastily, and was passing on; but she stopped him.

"Wait a moment," she said. "I want to tell you that I think we would have had a terrible accident here, but for you. We ought all to be so grateful to you—I am. You were so quick and strong and brave! And you were hurt yourself—I saw the roller strike your arm. I hope it is not much hurt."

Jack looked at the fair young face, the sweet eyes, the pretty flush deepening on the cheeks; he listened to the soft voice, and in a moment his wrath melted away, his scowl vanished, and his good manners came back. Even the ache in his arm was soothed a little by the magic of her eyes and her voice.

"It wa'n't nothin'. I don't mind the

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hurt," he blundered. "I—I'm glad the lady wasn't hit. Thank you, miss, for—for—your kindness."

Margaret laughed softly. "It is I who ought to thank you. Miss Bentley would have done it, I know, if she had not been frightened out of her senses. Let me thank you for her."

With the prettiest smile dimpling round her lips, she held out her hand to him.

"You must shake hands with me," she said; "and, if you have a mother at home, you must tell her that I say she has a good brave boy for her son."

"Why, 'twa'n't nothin'," Jack repeated, as the little soft hand closed cordially over his. But somehow he felt very proud and happy, and the touch of that small hand thrilled through and through him and lingered long in his memory.

"Why, hello, Jack!" called a gay good-humored voice, and a young man came hastily toward the green-room door just as Margaret drew back from it.

Jack knew who this was—Neil Campbell, a clever young lawyer with strong artistic and dramatic tastes and money enough to indulge them.

"You were on hand at exactly the right time just now, Jack," Neil went on. "It might have been a serious business, if you hadn't been so ready. 'Semper paratus!' which is Latin for 'quick on the trigger.' It was very well done, Jack. Oh, Miss Brandon, you are here!"

Mr. Campbell turned eagerly toward the young lady and shook hands with her. What business was it of Jack's, that he was apparently delighted to see her, that there was just the faintest deepening of color on her cheeks, and that Neil held her hand longer than was quite necessary in ordinary hand-shaking? It clearly wasn't his business; yet he walked away unwillingly, feeling that he would like to stay and watch them—watch her, she was so pretty! He liked Mr. Campbell, who was always "jolly and sociable," as Jack expressed it, "not stuck up, like them other swells"; but there was a queer little sensation of discomfort now, as he saw Campbell take her hand. Jack didn't know that he was already jealous. Indeed, he didn't know that he had fallen in love; but he had. Poor Jack! He was never slow about anything. "Quick on the trigger," as Neil said.

On the stage, Miss Brooke was busy arranging a scene from the "Idylls of the King." There were difficulties in the way, and presently arose a cry for the artist.

"Neil! Neil Campbell!" "Call Campbell!" "Hello, where's Campbell?" "Go and tell Neil Campbell to come here!" "Where is Neil Campbell?"

And only Jack knew—for he had passed the green-room door several times lately—that Neil Campbell was idly lounging there in an easy-chair, talking to Madge Brandon.

"Ladies want you on the stage, Mr. Campbell," Jack announced, appearing briskly at the door.

Neil looked round, nodded, and went on saying something to Margaret.

"Go! go!" she interrupted, laughing. "Don't keep them waiting."

"Very well. I'll come back and finish," Neil said, rising slowly and sauntering off to the stage.

Jack lingered at the door. Margaret sat very near it, in a big crimson chair, her head thrown back against the velvet, a gas-light throwing its rays directly down on her shining bronze-brown hair, that lay in pretty coils on top of her head, with soft bright curls on her forehead. She hummed a tune to herself and did not see Jack until he spoke again.

"That's the chair Mrs. Lansing set in when she played 'Mary Angenette' here," he said.

Madge turned and looked at him, smiling good-naturedly—or rather, trying not to laugh.

"Mrs. Lansing? Oh, yes! She is very pretty, isn't she?"

"Humph! Toler'ble," Jack said, dryly. "Not as pretty as—as some other folks I have seen." Then, with a sudden change of manner, he asked earnestly: "Don't these children bother you with their row, miss? If you want to go where the other ladies is, I'll take care o' the children. I've got nothin' to do just now, and I'll not let one of 'em get out o' here."

Margaret laughed and shook her head.

"Thank you; you are very kind, Mr.—"

"My name's Jack—Jack Armstrong, miss."

Margaret went on, smiling: "But I am not in the tableaux. I only came to help with the children, and I would rather stay here."

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Jack gazed at her wonderingly.

"You ain't in the tableaux? Why not?" he asked, abruptly. "I thought they put the prettiest ladies in 'em!"

Margaret laughed outright. The boy's evident admiration and simple blunt expression of it amused her intensely; and there was not a shade of impertinence in his manner.

"Oh, there are so many pretty girls without me, Jack," she answered, lightly. "And I don't believe I should want to be in the tableaux, anyway."

Jack looked at her thoughtfully.

"I notice, in the operas, the ugliest girls in the chorus always want to get to the front," he remarked, "and get mad as blazes when they are sent back. Well, miss, if there's anything I can do to help you, won't you let me know? I'm always about here."

"Thank you, Jack; I will remember," Margaret answered, as she turned away to settle a difficulty between two contending fairies.

CHAPTER II.

MARGARET'S office, undertaken to aid her kind friend Miss Brooke, was no sinecure. It was hard work to manage fifty children—to keep them out of mischief and entertain them till they were wanted, to convoy them to the stage, help put them in position and keep them there during the rehearsal of their scene, and finally to wrap them up and deliver them to the nurses and mothers who came for them. Before the week of rehearsals was over, Margaret found that she had secured a most able assistant in Jack. By some sort of magic, the boy was always on hand when she needed him, and always knew what to do. Kind-hearted and full of fun, he charmed the children, and his good-humored positiveness and strength of arm were very valuable in the case of refractory small boys in her troupe.

"Oh, Jack, you good boy, what should I do without you?" Margaret exclaimed, one evening, looking gratefully up at him.

It was that trying evening, the "dress rehearsal." Margaret was kneeling on the floor, fastening gauzy wings on the shoulders of restless little green-and-white-robed fairies, and Jack was keeping order in the ranks of those who were "finished." One or two other girls were pretending to help Madge, but had basely deserted her to flirt in the wings with wandering young men.

Jack flushed with pleasure at her words, but did not speak. Someone else did, however.

"Miss Brandon, do let those little wretches alone, and come and talk to me. Isn't that the last pair of wings? Come and rest. You must be tired."

Neil Campbell put out his hand to help her rise. She got up wearily, glad of his aid, and, crossing the room, sank down in the big red chair with a sigh of content. The least little fairy of all, a dark-eyed baby of two years, clung to her skirt, and, climbing into her lap, nestled down in her arms, leaned her fair little head on Madge's breast, and was quiet and happy. Neil Campbell threw himself back in a chair and watched the group with half-closed critical eyes.

"How nice and quiet it is here!" he said, contentedly.

"Quiet?" laughed Madge, listening to the confused chatter and laughter of the crowd of children.

"Oh, it's like the quiet of the sea-shore; there's 'the crash hard by and the roar all round,' but it is a soothing sound, and, under cover of it, one can talk quietly to—a friend. And I am tired—tired to death of babble and vanity. Ye gods! what a frank display of vanity! Miss Brandon, you won't betray me? I can't sit on the safety-valve any longer; I must blow off steam to somebody. Every girl of them wants me to put her 'in' the footlights. 'I'm afraid this pose isn't becoming, Mr. Campbell!' 'Oh, do, Mr. Campbell, come and pose me!' from a dozen at once. Thank heaven for one woman who doesn't want to pose or be posed!" And Neil, as he spoke, watched with admiring eyes the unconscious grace of the group before him—the slender girlish black-robed figure, and the rounded perfect baby beauty of the little child nestling against it.

Madge laughed at his provoked and disgusted tone, and remembered what Jack had said about the chorus-girls. Before she could answer him, Miss Brooke entered, breathless, and pounced upon them.

"Madge Brandon, come with me instantly! Alice Wright sends word she is ill with sore throat, and can't come—no one to sing the 'Little Maid's song' during the Guinevere scene. You must do it."

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"I? Oh, Miss Brooke!" Madge cried, in dismay.

"Yes—come! there's no time for nonsense. You can sing, and you must! It is only a rehearsal—not twenty people in the audience. You sing behind the scenes. Here, you—Mary De Vigne! Take care of these children till Madge comes back."

And Miss Brooke fairly swept Madge out before her. There was not even time to coax the baby fairy out of her arms, so Madge caught up a shawl, wrapped it round the child, and rushed on. The curtain was rising on the tableau—Queen Guinevere, sad and lovely, in the dark convent room, the fair innocent little maid sitting at her feet. From her place in the wings, Madge could see the picture plainly. It was exquisite.

Someone softly touched a chord on a piano.

"Sing," whispered Miss Brooke, imperatively, and Madge sang. She had had no time to be frightened. Soft and clear and full, her voice floated out on the stillness that followed the rising of the curtain.

> "Late, late, so late,
> And dark the night and chill."

She sang straight on through the song. Twice, during the interludes, the curtain rolled softly down and up again. With the last low sad "Too late! Ye cannot enter now!" it fell and did not rise again. Madge was not prepared for the enthusiastic applause that followed—did not appropriate it to herself—but was walking quietly away, bending her head to kiss the child and praise her for being "so good," when Miss Brooke stopped her.

"Thank you, dear," she said. "Now I feel safe. You are to sing it to-morrow night, for Alice cannot possibly come."

Behind the curtain, people stood about in groups and whispered to each other:

"Why, the girl can sing, really! Who is she?"

"Somebody Theresa Brooke found."

"Where?"

"Nobody knows."

"Who is she?"

"Nobody knows."

"Oh, but I know!" cried a sudden voice, after Madge had vanished into the green-room. "Miss Brooke brought her. She is nursery governess in Mrs. Elmore's family—Miss Brooke's sister. She came here with the Elmore children."

"Oh, that is it! You hear? Rosa Dew says she is nursery-maid at Mrs. Elmore's—"

"Nursery governess, dear, I said," interposed Rosa, shocked.

"Oh, all the same—a sort of upper servant. But she really has a voice!"

The careless speaker little knew the effect her words had upon one listener. Jack Armstrong heard them. So the beautiful lady he was worshiping at a distance was a "sort of upper servant"! Not any the less beautiful and lovely and to be worshiped for that: but only, now—and Jack's heart beat wildly at the thought—she wasn't out of his reach, after all! Why, it was wonderful! It was like the rhyme he had heard her saying to the children last night, about the boy who dreamed that

> "All the pins came out of the stars,
> And the stars fell into his cap!"

It was just as sudden and wonderful and entrancing as that!

CHAPTER III.

JACK worked at his scene-shifting and hammering in a dazed absent-minded way. They were running in the scenery for the Midsummer Night's Dream, and presently Margaret came with her troupe of fairies in gauzy robes and glittering wings, and Neil Campbell was with her. Jack watched them from the wings, with growing wrath and jealousy.

What business had Neil Campbell idling about with her, talking his smiling nonsense in that low tone of his, that only reached her ear and sometimes made her look at him with laughing eyes and sometimes deepened the color on her cheeks? When the scene was arranged and the curtain rolled up, Neil still stood with her far back in the wings, looking down at her and talking to her, while Jack glowered at them, and the flutes and violins in the orchestra played Mendelssohn's music, that sounded like trilling birds and wandering breezes and "horns of elf-land faintly blowing."

Once Jack saw her softly raise her hand and motion "hush!" as she listened to the music, and then Neil stood gazing at her silently. When the music ceased, she gave a little sigh and moved unwillingly toward the stage.

"You are tired," Jack heard Neil say quickly. "As soon as those little torments

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are packed off home, I shall take you home and let you get a good rest."

"Oh, you must not, indeed," Madge said, earnestly. "They will want you, and Miss Brooke will not like it."

"I will settle it with Miss Brooke. If you are overworked, you can't sing to-morrow night. And I will be back in a little while. Come! I mean to have my way about this."

And he did. But only Jack knew why there were vain and frantic searches for the artist during the next hour, and where he had been when he came in, cool and reticent, to face a storm of questions and reproaches. Only Jack knew, and Jack held his tongue and looked glum exceedingly. For why should Neil Campbell walk home with Madge Brandon, who was only "a sort of upper servant"? It was more his place, and Jack resolved that he would ask her to let him do it the very next night. But, when the night came—the night of the first representation of the grand tableaux vivants—he did not ask her, after all. There never came a chance to ask her. He saw very little of her, in the hurry and rush of work. Jack, who was "always ready," was kept very busy all the evening. He lent a hand occasionally in capturing stray fairies, and, when he had kept one enterprising boy from breaking his neck down a trap, and found another who was lost and sobbing in the dust and darkness between two flies, Madge gave him a grateful glance.

"Oh, Jack," she cried, "you always help me!" and was gone.

"Late, late, so late,
And dark the night and chill,"

sang the sweet voice behind the scenes, as the curtain rose on fair sad Guinevere in the convent.

The audience listened, breathless. Who was it, this sweet hidden singer?

The last note died away—silence for a moment—and then came a roar of applause that startled Madge. She looked up hastily at Neil Campbell, who stood near her.

"Yes, it's meant for you," he said, smiling down at her. "Listen! They want you to sing again."

"Oh, I can't! Those children will do some dreadful mischief, if I don't go back."

Laughing, she darted back through the shadowy passage-ways, scarcely pausing to listen to the compliments of the group that had gathered round her. She did stop when she met Jack Armstrong in the narrow passage-way.

"Oh, Miss Margaret, it—it is just heavenly!" he said, bluntly. "I don't think the angels sing any sweeter!"

"Thank you, Jack," she said, and was brushing by when he went on:

"Wait—wait a minute, please; I—I've got something here for you."

He stepped back into a dark recess, and, the next moment, she heard an ejaculation of wrath and disappointment.

"What is it, Jack?" she asked.

He returned to her, crestfallen and stammering.

"It wa'n't nothin' but—but just a red japoniky I had for you. I pinned it up on this canvas, and somebody's got it. I'm—I'm awful sorry!"

"So am I, Jack," she said, kindly. "But never mind: nobody has said as nice things to me about my singing as you have. I'll take your pretty compliments instead of the flower."

She passed him with a gay smile and nod, before Jack could collect his wits and his courage to say another word.

"I was a fool, not to ask her then," he muttered. "But I'll watch for another chance."

But no chance came, that night. He could not speak to her again. There were others with her all the time—idle young men, some of them, who had just found out how pretty she was. Sad and envious, Jack watched her from a distance, and saw her at last, cloaked and hooded, going away with Miss Brooke, whose carriage waited for them.

And then there was but one more night of the grand tableaux.

The night came, with a house yet more crowded than the first. And Madge—there was no one else but Madge in it all, for Jack—sang more beautifully than before. He had not been able to speak to her till after the song. How lovely she looked, too, as she answered with a smile and a blush the compliments that were showered upon her! It was a long time before she could make her escape and come back to the green-room; but Jack waited there for her, and started eagerly to meet her as she came.

"Nobody got this japonica, anyway! Will you take it, please, Miss Margaret?" he said,

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beginning triumphantly and ending very timidly.

Madge took the flower, a pure white one this time, with a friendly smile.

"Why, it's lovely, Jack. Thank you very much," she said, cordially.

Jack drew back into the shadow to hide the sudden glow of pleasure on his face, and Madge passed on out of his sight.

He saw her again, ten minutes afterward, standing at the green-room door, with Neil Campbell, and holding a bouquet of roses—splendid Maréchal Niels, golden and glorious—in her slender hand. A jealous pang shot through Jack's honest bosom. Had she thrown away his single white flower, to hold and admire these gorgeous blossoms? No, she had not, indeed. She was carelessly playing with Mr. Campbell's roses, even pulling off a petal now and then; but Jack's solitary white camellia was fastened on her breast, and gleamed pure as a pearl against her black dress.

How Jack's heart bounded at the sight. Ah, poor honest foolish Jack! Had "all the pins come out of the stars," indeed, and "the stars fallen into his cap"? Perhaps he dreamed so, poor lad; for, when Madge was looking for her shawl in the green-room, as everyone was leaving the theatre, Jack came bashfully up to her again.

"Miss Margaret," he said, in a low hesitating tone, "have you got company home to-night? Ef you hav'n't, would you let me take care of you there?"

Madge dropped her shawl and stood looking at him in puzzled silence for one instant. No, he did not mean to be presuming or impertinent; there was nothing but honest bashful kindliness in the rugged face and the dark eyes under their heavy brows.

"He only means to be kind," she thought, "and has no remotest idea of disrespect."

She answered him at last with a little amused smile dimpling her cheek, but with all her usual gentle friendliness:

"Thank you, Jack; but I have someone to take me home."

"Oh, excuse me, miss!" Jack drew back, embarrassed, then, as she took up her shawl and turned to go, he said eagerly, hurriedly:

"You—you won't be comin' back here no more, miss?"

"Oh, yes; I shall come very soon. We are to have some plays here in three weeks, and we will come to rehearse them very often. Yes, Jessie, I'm coming! Good-bye, Jack!"

She was gone, with just a little kind nod. He had hoped that she would shake hands with him, but she did not. Well, three weeks was a long time; but it would pass—it would pass—and he would see her again.

Meantime, he could think about her all day—her pretty gracious ways, her sweet voice, the soft color in her cheeks—and he could dream about her.

Whether he did most dreaming by night or day, I do not know. Whether his visions by day or his dreams by night were any wilder, any sweeter, any madder, one than the other, I cannot tell.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

QUESTIONINGS.

BY S. E. GLOVER.

WHY do I love? Ah, does the lark know why
It longs to soar to yonder glowing sky?
Do flowers know why they spring up side by side,
Or streams why toward the ocean-waves they glide?
I know not why I love.

How do I love? Ah, ask the birds to tell
How such sweet notes their tiny bosoms swell,
Or ask bright flowers whence comes the sweet perfume
That dwells within the folds of each fair bloom!
I know not how I love.

When did I love? Do waving branches know
When rose the winds that caused their leaves to blow?
Go ask the child when first it knew it lived:
Go ask gray heads when first old age arrived.
I know not when I loved.

I know not why, ah! no, I know not how,
The love that fills my bosom now
First sprang to life among the budding thoughts
Beneath whose sweets its echoes softly floats.
I only know I love!

Whom do I love? Ah, that I know full well;
But that my heart forbids my lips to tell.
There is a name within my heart, so sweet
That only thoughts its music may repeat.
Then ask not whom I love.

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IN A GLASS-MANUFACTORY.

BY ROSLYN K. BROOKE.

BOTTLE-MAKING.

WE will not stop to debate whether those fishermen of the "antique world," who first noticed bits of some unknown shiny substance among the embers of their fire on the sea-sands, were Phœnicians or belonged still further back in the past.

They must certainly have been greatly astonished at the discovery, besides being put to the trouble of inventing a name applicable to the compound. Still more astonished would they be, if they could wake up to get a peep at this sphere as it is to-day, and see what evolution has done for the mysterious fragments with which the most curious of their number—there may have been women among them—very likely burned both hands on that never-to-be-forgotten afternoon.

I am not proposing to write the history of the manufacture of glass; you can read that in any encyclopædia much more easily than I could steal and transcribe a compendious account thereof. Something about the method of making it is all I set out to tell.

In the Middle Ages, there was an absolute passion for table-glass of every conceivable bizarre and monstrous pattern, and in Italy this mania found its crowning height. Numerous specimens of these productions are treasured in the museums of Florence and Venice, and, with a few exceptions in favor of Venetian goblets, plates, and bells, nothing can be imagined more misplaced than putting these odd designs to the use for which they were intended. Wonderful in workmanship they frequently are, but, as a rule, the various colors so liberally employed are as hideous as the shapes are inappropriate. One sees salt-cellars two feet high representing ships under full sail, huge elephants with houses on their backs, gryphons, grottoes, even tombs, and these latter intended as ornaments for the dinner-table.

In our era, glass-making is carried to such perfection in so many countries that it would be difficult to assign the palm to any single land. Of late years, America has advanced her claims so rapidly and so high that in various branches she can challenge comparison with the first manufactures of Europe.

Of course, the method of glass-blowing is the same everywhere. The illustrations in this article represent the work as carried on in certain establishments in England, which I visited a few months since; but they would serve just as well to give a correct idea of the operations in a French or American workshop, though I shall confine my account to the places I actually saw.

We will begin with the operation of bottle-making: the glass for which, to quote the words of my guide, "can be made out of almost anything; even furnace-slag is sometimes turned to use for the purpose."

First, we were taken for a little stroll down into a tunnel under the furnace, and very uncomfortable I felt as I looked up at the bottom of the great receptacle and

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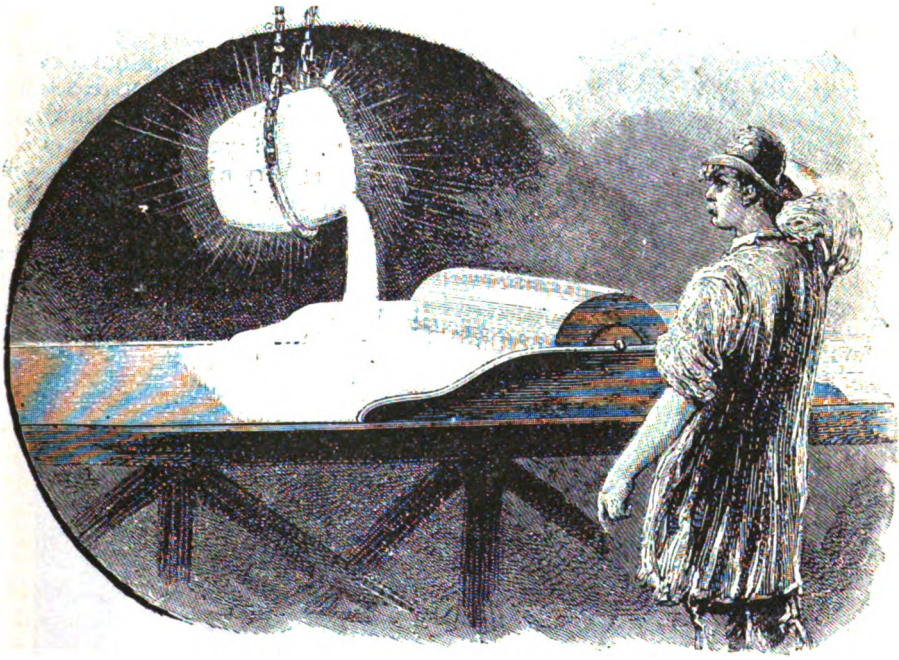
remembered that over our heads were tons of molten glass seething and boiling like so much water.

This furnace is a vast tank; the mixture of sand, lime, soda, scrap-glass, manganese, and whatever else may be employed, is shoveled in at one end, and the molten glass comes out at the other. Inside the furnace is a bridge; all the fluid beyond this is ready for the workmen, and at the nearest end is a line of port-holes which give access to the interior, and at each opening is stationed a "gang" of five men and boys.

A man slips an iron pipe into the molten glass, and rolls up on the end just enough "metal," as it is called, to make a bottle, and thrusts the tube into what looks like a rat-trap, but which in reality is a mold. A touch of his foot closes the trap; the man blows down the tube—no harder than absolutely necessary, for he must blow ten gross of bottles before the day closes. The glass on the end of the tube fills the mold; he lifts his foot, the trap opens, and out comes a bottle sticking on the tube; but the bottle lacks a neck. A lad, standing ready, slips an iron holder on the bottle, and frees it from the tube by a dash of cold water. He holds the bottle to a man seated near a port-hole, who takes out a lump of glass, which he fastens on for the neck, forming the ring by means of a sort of pincer. The bottle is now complete and is sent with many others to the annealing-room, to cool for three days.

Although to rush on to the manufacture of plate-glass is not taking the matter by regular gradations, I cannot resist the pleasure of presenting the contrast to the bottle-blowing process.

The room was lofty and dark; though a few gas-jets were burning, the only light worth mentioning came from the furnace at the further end, one of whose five doors stood open, and, in a cavern of flame so intense that even the darting tongues of fire were colorless, the eye could distinguish a glowing crucible.



UNDER THE ROLLING-PIN.

Men passed, clad in loose canvas shirts and trousers, rolling a two-wheeled carriage called a "trolly," to which was fitted a pair of long pincers. This carriage was run up to the furnace, and the octopus-like pincers plunged into the fire and brought out the crucible, which was dragged away. We followed, blinded by the glare, though the white-hot "dough" rapidly darkens into red and becomes covered with scales. Pass-

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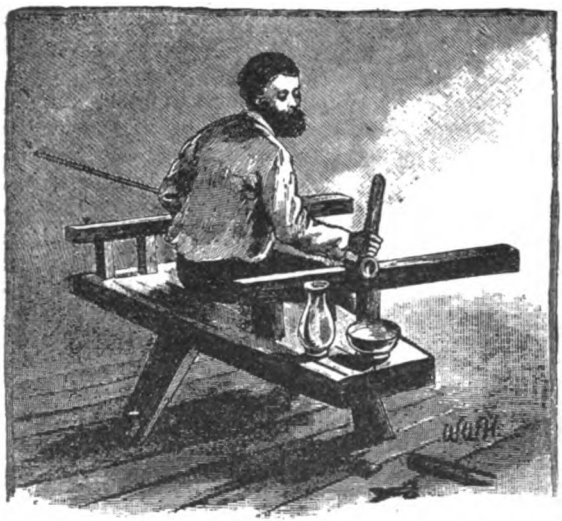
ing under an arch, we found ourselves in a better-lighted shed, in which stood a long



GLASS-WORKER'S CHAIR.

line of iron tables some twenty feet broad and thirty long. Each table is formed of many slabs as smooth and true as they can be planed, each having a roller just its width. This roller is slightly concave, in order to enable it properly to work the glass, and the tables are composed of separate slabs; otherwise they would be curved upward by the heat, and of course curve the plate.

The "trolly" ran the crucible under a crane, which seized and swung it over a table till it was just in front of the roller; then the crucible turned on its side, and the contents began to pour out; the roller at the same instant commenced to move, pressing the viscous glass into a thin slab. The waste matter which had been squeezed out was cut away, the annealing-furnace at the back of the table flew open, and, with a sound like that of sheet-iron, the still flexible glass was pushed in to cool.

When the kiln reaches a temperature that will permit, a workman enters to examine the plates of the day, and, if any are cracked, he leads them with a red-hot iron. When the plates leave the annealing-oven, they are rough, having a crust on both sides. They are taken to the grinding-room, laid on a huge slab, and ground with sand under a heavy iron "fly-frame," which is said to have been the invention of James Watt. After this, they are removed to another apartment, where they are rubbed with emery; and from thence they go to the polishing-room, from which place they emerge pure and transparent as we see them in our shop-windows. They are now placed side by side in the warehouse, with paper laid between to keep them from touching; for so true is their flatness, that, if laid over each other, they would never come apart.

The plates intended for mirrors go to the bevelers; the edges are again ground and polished, and the task of the silverer begins, which is speedily accomplished by pouring on a hot solution of mercury that leaves the silver coating as it cools.

Flint-glass is the most beautiful of all, and counts among its varieties the finest articles used on our dinner-tables. Crystal, the purest sort, is composed of white sand, nitre, carbonate of potash, and red lead. The brilliancy depends on that of

MAKING A LAMP-SHADE.

the latter ingredient, which possesses a marvelous intensity of color. The sand employed

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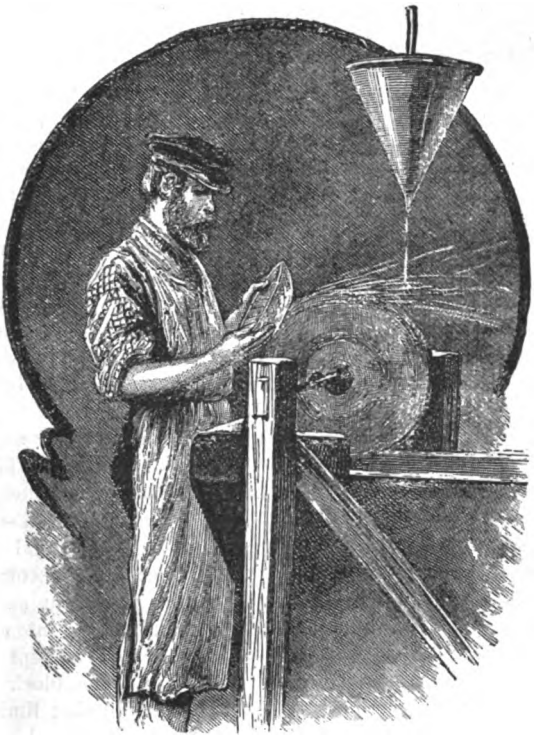
in England comes from Fontainebleau, where it is found as a fine-grained sandstone. It is nearly pure silica, and is employed instead of the powdered flints which gave their name to this sort of glass.

The room in which these ingredients are mixed resembles a great bake-shop, with its long trough like that used by bakers, and its oven for drying the compound, after which process it has to be sifted and picked over. The mass looks as fine as flour, though pinkish in hue, and it is pressed and trodden by the workman's naked feet, while a stream of water trickles slowly through it, the warmth of the human foot giving a peculiar smoothness to the clay pie-crust. When this operation is finished—the whole lump having been thoroughly manipulated three separate times—it goes to workmen who fashion it with their hands into tapering rolls, to fill the crucible in which it is to be melted and made ready for the glass-blower. This man's chair is practically his lathe, with long arms sloping upward, on which the iron blow-pipes that spin the glass into shape can be easily rolled. Each head workman has three assistants to aid him. The tools employed are as various as they are odd, from iron blowing-tubes five feet in length to "punties" or slabs on which the articles are put to be finished when taken from the tubes. Then there are the procellos, which look like sugar-tongs, but are blades facing edgewise, two pairs of shears that cut the glass as if it were a piece of silk, and a "battledore," which is a square of polished iron used for flattening. These and other less important tools are hung ready to hand about the workman's chair, which is set opposite the port-hole of a furnace.



THE GLASS-CUTTER'S FRAME.

There were half a dozen chairs in full operation, the day of our visit; and glasses, lamp-shades, pitchers, bowls, and various other articles were being turned out with such rapidity that the operation looked as if very easy to perform. This is far from being the case, however; even the gathering of the "metal" on the blow-pipe requires much practice: just enough must be taken, say for a tumbler, then, for each of the successive dozens that are to be its mates, the same quantity must be used. One can gain an idea of the dexterity required by weighing in turn a half-dozen goblets that belong to a set, and seeing how slightly they differ in weight, and then remembering that the lump from which each was made was weighed only in the workman's practiced hand.

The lump on the end of the blow-pipe was rolled back and forth several times on the "marver," then blown into till it became a hollow sphere, then swung round and round to lengthen it, then had a knob stuck to it to form the foot, then was removed from the pipe to the punty, trundled on to the chair, shaped by the procellos, cut by the shears, and turned out a perfect goblet in an incredibly short space of time. From the instant it left the melting-pot, looking as clear as melted loaf-sugar, it was not allowed to rest for a second—the manipulation went on without a hitch or slip.

At one chair, a man was making large

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BLOWING SHEET OR WINDOW GLASS.

bell-shades for lamps, and one after another a great bladder of glass was blown and swung about in a fashion that inclined one to retreat to a safe distance to watch; for the sphere not only looked as clear as a soap-bubble, but seemed as frail.

From the chairs, the various articles go to the annealing-furnace. This is a chamber with a reverberatory furnace, which keeps at the same temperature as that of the glass when it enters. Along the floor runs an endless chain, on which stand the trays holding the newly-made glass, and these trays are moved two feet onward each hour, and thus slowly pass from one lesser gradation of temperature to another.

The glass-cutting is odd enough to watch. The cutter stands before a frame in which a thin iron wheel revolves with great velocity, while a mixture of sand and water drips on it from an inverted cone and supplies the grit necessary. As the wheel turns, the glass is held against its edge and slowly cut into shape; hence all cutting is in straight lines and on the bevel. The men stand in rows along either side of a narrow well-lighted room, each in front of his sand-covered frame, with a sink beneath and a wheel of the size proportionate to the work in hand. During our visit, some of the men were ornamenting large dishes, others cutting long pedestals for candelabra, others grinding in the facets of decanters and épergnes.

In another room, we saw glass etched by means of wax and acid. Further on, we watched glass engraved—the tiny wheel of the engraver giving a far finer finish and brilliancy than the work of the etcher. Last of all, we visited the show-room, where so many marvels of the art were displayed that one could not feast one's eyes sufficiently on their beauty and perfection.

The process of making common colored glass is not especially interesting, but the manufacture of stained glass for windows is a very artistic branch. It is really mosaic-work. First, sheets of different colors are made; the design to be employed is painted the size to be employed, with lines drawn to mark where the lead frames of the window will cut it into patches. A piece of glass of the requisite color is laid over one of the spaces and cut into shape with a diamond; all the pieces required of that color are cut out, then those of another, and made exactly to fit the place they are to occupy. All the parts are cut out of the sheets, with the exception of faces and hands; these it is impossible to do satisfactorily in that way, and they are produced by processes which are the secret of the maker. When the various pieces are ready, they are fitted together like the bits of a puzzle. The glass employed is not flint, but either sheet or crown.

Sheet and crown glass are made of sand, ground limestone, and carbonate and sulphate of soda. The compound is melted in much the same way as that for flint-glass, but is manipulated into a cylinder on a block of wood which is kept wet to prevent its taking fire. The block is hollowed out to form the mold that limits the size to which the cylinder can be blown. The workman stands at a furnace port-hole, on a platform built over a cavity about ten feet in depth. The cylinder is lifted from the block, when at the right heat, on the end of the pipe, and the workman swings it up and down and back and forth, blowing at it until it reaches the requisite dimensions. The diameter remains as fixed by the mold, but the cylinder lengthens until it seems as if the gazer were watching a strange conjuring-feat. At one instant, the pipe is so held that the glass is up over the blower's head, then he swings it about like a pendulum or flourishes it as a trout-fisher does his rod.

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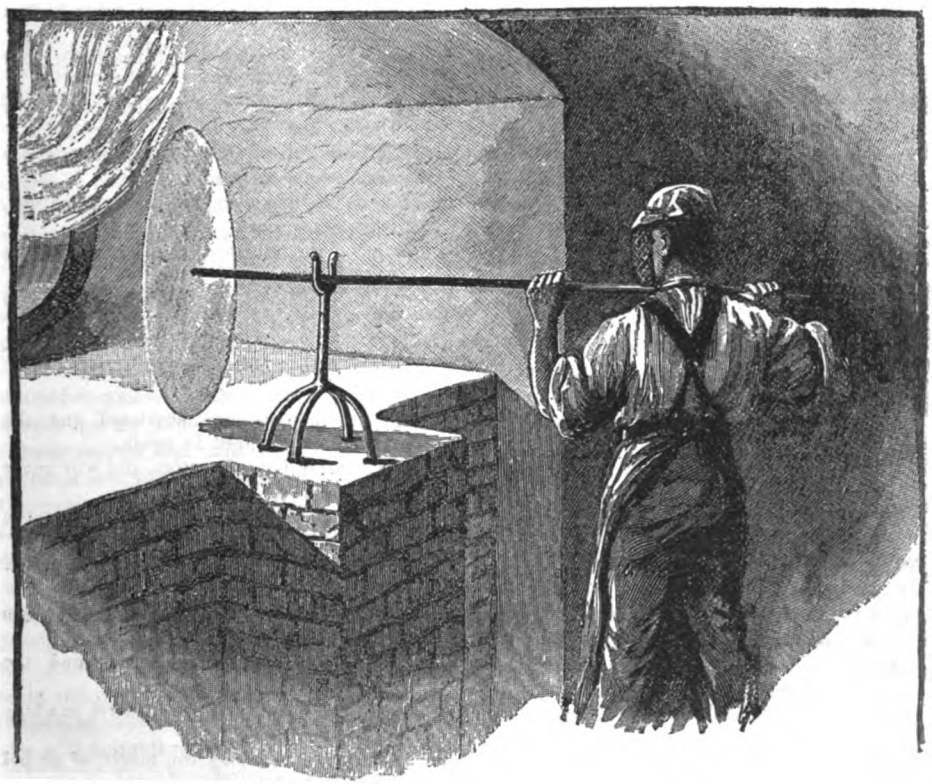
When the bladder of glass has reached the required size, it becomes necessary to burst it. A strong puff of air is blown through the tube, the end stopped up, and the cylinder held to the fire. The air expands in the heat, the glass bursts in the weakest place, and the pipe is turned about until the whole end of the cylinder is open. In the case of very thick glass, the opening has to be cut into shape with the shears.

This cylinder is laid on a wooden slab called a chevalet, detached from the pipe, and split open its full length with a long-handled diamond. Then the cylinder goes to the flattener, and is laid on a glass-covered stone in his furnace, with the split side uppermost, until it gradually opens into a wavy sheet, which he rubs quite flat with a wooden mallet, and makes it ready to be sent to the annealing-room.

For a description of the making of crown-glass, I shall borrow the accurate description of an expert, first stating that, after melting, it is rolled on a "marver" instead of being manipulated like sheet-glass. This melting is done in a pot without a hood, at the bottom of which a ring of fire-clay is placed.

"As the mixture melts, the ring rises, and, when the 'metal' is ready for dipping, the ring floats on the top. The workman dips his pipe or tube inside the ring, and, with a twirl, collects on the end or 'nose' a pear-shaped lump. He then rests his pipe on a stand, and turns it gently round until the lump is cool enough to gather a fresh supply. When he has a lump large enough, he cools his pipe in a trough of water, and proceeds to roll the mass into a conical shape on the marver.

"While it is being trundled to and fro and is consolidating, a boy comes forward and blows down the pipe until the cone becomes a hollow globe. The globe is heated and again blown into a Florence flask, the 'bullion-point'—that is, the apex of the old cone—being still conspicuous, and the flask being so rolled on the marver as to form the rim of the future plate near the nose. Again it is heated and blown into a larger



THE CROWN PROCESS.

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sphere, with the bullion-point exactly opposite the nose, the pipe resting on an iron support, while a boy holds the point in position. The sphere is taken to the fire and spun about and blown as it spins, so that the front is flattened. The sphere becomes a huge short-necked decanter. The pipe is laid on the rest, and a lump of glass is attached to the bullion-point and forms it into a 'bull's-eye.' A piece of cold iron is thrust into the decanter near the nose, and the pipe breaks away from it.

"A man with a veil before his face now takes the glass on the punty to a fierce circle of flame, and in it twirls the neck of the decanter. Round and round it spins, melting and opening flatter and flatter, until it becomes a circular plate like that of an electric machine. This is the most remarkable stage of the process. As the veiled man whirls the ever-growing bulb in the centre of the flame, it flutters gradually into a flower, and curves outward more and more widely until it looks like a thin solid wheel of wonderful brilliancy, at least a yard and a half across. Still whirling, it is withdrawn from the fire, cut from the punty, and lifted with a fork into the annealing-kiln. Fortyeight hours later, it is ready to be carried to the warehouse, where it is cut up to the best advantage, a process demanding much judgment and skill."

And, with a view of the various rooms that held the finished results of all the marvelous operations we had watched, our visit came to an end.

THE OLD VIRGINIA REEL.

BY MINNA IRVING.

In the dreary autumn gloaming, when the fire begins to sing,
And I look between the ivies that about my cabin cling
At my lonesome little garden, where the ruined roses lie
Like a heap of tattered beggars fallen in the weeds to die—
And the chilly wind comes droning round the chimney and the eaves,
And along the narrow pathway drive the wind and withered leaves,
And the crazy mill is silent, and a mist hangs o'er the wheel,
Then I seem to hear the music of an old Virginia reel.

Very sweet and very merry, very faint and far away,
Now I hear the ancient fiddlers on the strings begin to play.
Keeping time with swaying bodies and a kind of whispered croon,
Till a host of dainty slippers follow to the dear old tune.
There is Mistress Jenny Weaver, in her gown of yellow silk,
With the crimson coral shining on her neck and arms of milk.
Even Lady Betty Fairfax deigns to tap a scarlet heel
To the merry, merry music of the old Virginia reel.

Lady Betty, Lady Betty, all your pride is dust and mold,
For the worms have bred and nested in your locks of paly gold!
Mistress Jenny, with your laughter and your ribbons and your beaux,
And the hearts that you have broken, you are dead as yonder rose.
I alone am left to mourn ye—poor and palsied, bent and gray,
Mumbling of the vanished glories and the joys of yesterday,
When I had a gallant lover, and my heart to him was leal,
And we gayly danced together in the old Virginia reel.

Oh, the instruments are shattered and the strings are snapped in twain,
And the fiddlers have forgotten and will never play again!
'Twas the creaking of the branches on the shingles to and fro
That recalled to me the music and the mirth of long ago.
But above the stars eternal, in their faded pinks and blues,
With the powder on their ringlets and the buckles on their shoes,
I shall see the beaux and sweethearts in a long procession kneel,
And their harps will play the music of an old Virginia reel.

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LITTLE LADY DOROTHY.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

"HURRY home to see our baby

D DUNKYLLAN"

So ran the telegram. Twenty years have passed since I received it, but I remember the words of that startling and inexplicable message as if I had read them yesterday. You will not wonder at the strong adjectives I employ to characterize the communication, when I tell you that I was a bachelor, and that the name signed to the dispatch appertained to my spinster sister, a woman of good conduct and reputation, who had celebrated her fortyfifth birthday some months previous.

It was early in July, and the missive found me in the neighborhood of the Adirondacks, where I had gone to attend to the sale of some land. My business was finished, but I had proposed pushing on into the woods for a week's camping-out before returning home to accompany D. Dunkyllan on our usual summer trip.

Of course, that imperious and mysterious summons caused me to relinquish my plan. I drove in the evening to the nearest railway-station, missed the train, was forced to spend several hours in a horrible little waiting-room, and did not reach my native New Jersey and my quaint old dwelling-place until late on the following afternoon.

Although I had telegraphed that I might be expected, there was no carriage awaiting me—an unheard-of lack of attention on the part of my sister, which was explained when the telegraph operator handed me a dispatch for her: it proved to be the one I had sent.

In a little over half an hour, I reached the limit of my own domain; and presently, at the further end of the winding avenue, the big rambling mansion showed its turrets and chimneys. The sound of wheels brought out the dogs as we neared the veranda; the joyful tumult they raised at sight of me brought out the butler and two or three other servants, and, as usual, returning home was an agreeable experience: for I was never above the weakness of being liked by everybody about, whether friends, dependents, or dumb animals.

As I entered the hall, down the stairs there came a tall stately woman, whose somewhat severe features were softened by an expression of genuine goodness and a beautiful smile. This personage was my sister: always daintily and appropriately dressed, always enthusiastic over some hobby or plan for somebody's good, rather imperious by nature—a little obstinate too, but with these qualities kept from getting out of perspective by a wide brain and a large heart.

"My dear Gregory, how glad I am to see you!" she cried. "What do you mean by not sending word? I knew you would get here to-day—I felt it; but I didn't look for you till evening, and it's all your own fault that nobody was at the station to meet you—you always were a careless boy, and you always will be."

This was a delusion to which my sister clung, as she did to that of regarding me as a boy, though my fortieth birthday was near at hand. As soon as she had done smothering me with kisses—she was as weak where I was concerned as were the old servants and the dogs—I held up the telegram as a proof that I was not in fault on this occasion.

"I received your dispatch, though," I said; "and now tell me what in the name of all that is impossible did it mean?"

My sister dragged me up the stairs in hot haste, and, when we reached the top, caught both my arms and fairly shook me back and forth.

"Mean?" she cried. "Could anything be clearer? And oh, Gregory, it's the loveliest

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baby—my baby—well, our baby—you shall have a share in it, though—"

"Your baby—my baby—our baby?" I broke in, feeling utterly dazed and unable to decide whether she or I had suddenly developed insanity. "Demaris Dunkyllan, I never heard such a disreputable lot of pronouns applied to an infant in all my life! Your baby—I don't believe it! My baby—excuse me! Our baby—I accept no share—"

"Oh, you ridiculous old imbecile!" Miss Dunkyllan interrupted. "Have you forgotten? Don't you remember that Cousin Elsie Desborough had a baby born three months ago—the very week her poor husband died?"

I was forced to admit that I had forgotten the fact; small wonder, either, as I had not seen the lady for several years, and had never met her husband but once.

"Well, what then?" I inquired, not because I was unfeeling, but because my mind was occupied with the news about the child.

"Why, the other day I received a telegram begging me to go on to Pennsylvania: Elsie was dying—and she did die, soon after I reached there. She wanted us to take the baby—could I refuse? Oh, the dearest little thing—and we are the nearest relatives she has, so there will be nobody to bother!"

"I should say the bother would be likely to come from the individual you call the baby," I said, dryly. "A baby, here—a fixture—to grow up in this house—to be on our hands for life!"

"Now, don't say you are meaning not to like it!" cried my sister. "I know, whatever faults you have, you are kind-hearted—and not to like a baby, that you never saw—"

I was about to suggest that never having seen this unexpectedly granted blessing might be considered a fair reason for not being very enthusiastic over its possession; but, before my sister could get further or I could speak, up the side hall appeared a plump apple-faced young woman wearing a nurse's cap and carrying in her arms a mass of fleecy white muslin, lace, and embroidery.

In another instant, my sister had swooped down on the little woman, snatched the fleecy mass, was uttering the most insane beginnings of sentences and laughing and half crying at once. A moment more, the white mass was in my arms and Demaris exclaiming:

"Go to its Uncle Greg—so it should, the darling!"

Looking up at me were the two loveliest blue eyes that ever human being saw, and the fairest sweetest little face that any baby short of a cherub ever owned; and slowly the tiny mouth, which a leaf of a rosebud would have covered, softened into a heavenly smile—very faint, but a smile!

My sister and the nurse burst into exclamations of rapturous wonder, from which, broken as they were, I gathered that this was the first smile the baby had bestowed on mortal, and that it was three months old on this very day.

Now, I put it to you dispassionately: could even an old bachelor have helped yielding to such delicate flattery on the part of the prettiest imaginable morsel of humanity?

Baby took to me at the first glance, and I took to baby; and, from that day to this, the bond then formed between us has only grown stronger and more enduring.

"Isn't she the loveliest creature you ever set eyes on, Greg?" demanded my sister.

Baby vouchsafed another tiny smile and waved her infinitesimal fists in the air, and I declare I think I was half serious when I answered—Demaris has never let me forget the speech:

"I don't believe it's a baby at all—it's a little cherub!"

My sister hugged me, and the nurse's heart was won; next to her nurseling, I still rank in honest Gretchen's affections.

Well, well, that day lies a good way back in the past now, but no incident in my life stands out more vividly in my memory; and I can say, too, that no day ever brought me a source of greater and more uninterrupted happiness.

Let me admit at once that, though our lives went on apparently much as usual, both to my sister and myself Baby Dorothy—the quaint name exactly suited her—was the centre of every thought, the pivot on which every plan turned—why, more: the sun about which the domestic sphere revolved; and, from the old butler down, the servants shared our devotion.

I had always sneered at the weakness of

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husbands and fathers in allowing a speck of humanity to bring an entire household into subjection; but I developed the faculty rapidly, and, from the moment I opened the outer door, went about like a hen treading on eggs whenever I was met with the warning: "Baby's asleep!"

Though this precaution, in little Dorothy's case, was wasted; that child was a wonder—nothing disturbed her slumbers. Then, too, even as a tiny thing, she slept nearly the whole night—always went to sleep good-natured, and always woke up radiant.

Before she had made sunshine in the house for a fortnight, every one of us wondered how we ever managed to support existence without her; in less than a month, we found it difficult to believe that we ever had, although everything dated from Baby's arrival—it was to us what the first Hegira became to Mohammedans. I could see plainly that Demaris was really ridiculous about the child, and Demaris made me the laughing-stock of visitors and neighbors by her jokes and inventions in regard to my fairly imbecile weakness. I have no doubt that visitors and neighbors laughed about us both, behind our backs; they might not have been afraid to do so to my face, but it would have required a bold spirit to venture on any such liberty with D. Dunkyllan. Indeed, Demaris, always stately enough in ordinary intercourse, waxed more grand than ever in manner; partly, I thought, to atone for her weakness where the baby was concerned, partly because of her pride in that tiny fairy—whom I am quite convinced she would have regarded as her spiritual offspring, had she ever muddled her brain with the mysteries of Eastern religions.

And how the weeks flew, each day developing some fresh grace and charm in our small Dorothy. She made acquaintance with her own chubby toes and rosy fingers, and went through every gradation of delightful surprise. She not only smiled, she laughed, cooed, uttered soft bird-like notes which seemed as if they ought to be words, but which belonged to no human language.

She was five months old—six months—before we could realize it. She was bewitching in short frocks; she cut a tooth—a second—and, during each operation, was sweeter and more amiable than any other baby ever was in its most auspicious moments. She grew as fast as some summer flower, and grew lovelier with each change.

In those days, that wonderful book, "Baby's Kingdom," did not exist; but Demaris and I originated one of our own. Demaris had a volume in which she chronicled Dorothy's daily progress, the state of her health, everything about her; and in this tome she put various drawings of mine—I had a little talent for heads—as well as sundry bits of verse of my composition. For I was guilty sometimes of writing verses, though I was not mad; and these trifles Demaris treasured and believed in—the only special sign of madness she ever betrayed.

And presently Dorothy was a year old; then the wonderful day arrived on which she stood alone—more wonderful, that on which she took her first uncertain tottering step! By and by, Dorothy had reached eighteen months; was a toddling, laughing, chattering creature rapidly training her tongue to mortal speech, though still retaining a sufficient recollection of her angelic language to add a strange sweetness to her broken words.

Then Dorothy was two years old, and time galloped and raced till we had no longer any baby in the house; but in its place was a yellow-haired, blue-eyed fairy enchanting beyond the power of words to describe—always a pleasure, always a happiness, always the central motive of our lives! Certainly there never was a child like her: the incarnation of health, and the gayest sweetest-tempered mite that ever made sunshine in two elderly hearts.

Even the inevitable childish diseases paid her the briefest possible visits; she went through chicken-pox, measles, whooping-cough, and mumps in rapid succession and without ruffling her amiability. D. Dunkyllan and I suffered so much for her that I think perhaps this vicarious performance left less for her to endure.

Of course, my sister had always ruled me and the entire household—a woman always does rule, unless she has brutes to deal with; but there are ways and ways! Demaris made a great show of consulting me on most matters, but I really was too indolent by nature to care, provided I was made comfortable, though occasionally some point arose on which I asserted myself; then, like a wise woman, D. Dunkyllan let her way be mine.

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Naturally, the government and training of little Lady Dorothy fell into Demaris's hands; I was content to leave it there, preferring much to play the part of sympathizer and indulger. Fond as she was of her, Demaris taught the child that obedience was necessary—obedience without argument, too—and, knowing that my sister was right, I never interfered. Indeed, there would seldom have been any occasion, so rarely was a show of discipline required, for Dorothy was undoubtedly the sweetest and best child that ever lived. Still, she had a will of her own—no creature fit to live is devoid of that—and now and then she betrayed her kinship to ordinary humanity by a passing fit of naughtiness. Demaris always punished her in some fashion, but dear me! she and I invariably suffered more than the child did. I must admit that it is on record against me that once, when I came home and found Lady Dorothy immured in solitary confinement, I opened the door in answer to her appeal, and, as I would not interfere by letting her out, I entered, and we spent a very pleasant hour in the half-twilight—the closet had a narrow window—while I related one of Dorothy's pet fairy-tales. What a child she was for stories, to be sure—insatiable; and the oftener she had heard a tale, the better she liked it and the oftener she begged for it. Her memory, too, was something prodigious; if I committed the slightest mistake or ventured on the least change, so much as to alter an elf's dress from pink to blue, or let a giant exclaim "Oh" at a point where he had been in the habit of saying "Ho," my little listener interrupted me ruthlessly and not unseldom constrained me to go back to the very beginning. "For sure," as she said, "'cause you might have made a other mi'take, and Aunt Demaris always says two mi'takes count for a fault."

And the strange ideas and lovely fancies she developed, the perplexing questions she asked, the steps she forced me to take and Demaris too, the sweet unconscious tyranny she exercised, the delight and blessing she was, no words of mine could picture.

The summer that little Lady Dorothy—my pet name for her had become the common property of the household—had her sixth birthday, we went out into the picturesque Pennsylvania valley where she was born. We had friends in the quiet nook, which lay in the shadow of lofty hills; there were pleasant drives and walks in every direction, a river to row on, various miniature lakes within reach, and altogether no more agreeable place could well have been found for a resting-place during the hot months. Dorothy's father had owned some property there; coal had lately been discovered, so the land required looking after, and I may add that later it became of considerable value.

I mention this trip because of an incident which happened while we were gone—an event so dreadful that to this day I never can think of it without a shudder.

It was a glorious day late in August; the air had a touch of autumn in it, and the valley was like a haunt in fairy-land. I had driven some miles away to finish the business which had made one of our reasons for our journey; Demaris went to spend the afternoon with a friend, to whose house Gretchen was to take Dorothy; but Gretchen was seized with one of her terrible sick headaches and had to go to bed for a couple of hours.

She entrusted Dorothy to the laundress of the hotel, whom we all liked and who was devoted to our little lady. While the two were in the garden, somebody opened a window and called to the woman to get a telegram which had just arrived for her. That dispatch informed her of the sudden death of her husband. I suppose that, under the circumstances, she was excusable for fainting away and having hysterics and forgetting Dorothy for a full hour; at least, looking at the matter from this distance of time, I can try to suppose she was—I could not even go so far for a long while.

It chanced that the persons who were about her did not know that she had had charge of Dorothy, and, when at last she regained her senses sufficiently to hurry back, little Lady Dorothy was nowhere to be found. At the lower end of the garden was a gate which gave on the river-bank; this stood wide open. To the right, a road made a sharp turn toward a shady grove, where I often took the child; a road which had a great attraction for the little one, because it led to the encampment of a band of gypsies who had wandered into the neighborhood just before our arrival.

The first dread which suggested itself to everybody was the river—the swift-flowing,

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broad, bright river, in which two children had been drowned only a fortnight before. Gretchen was roused from her bed and became a maniac at once. Demaris was summoned in hot haste by the awful announcement that "they thought the little girl had fallen into the water." I, returning only a little while afterward, found the whole neighborhood astir, and—I can't write about it even now—I cannot! I tried to begin lightly, thinking I could tell how we all behaved, but it is out of the question.

I knew she was not in the river—I told Demaris, so, over and over; if I had not been able to believe as well as to say it, I should have gone mad; I think I did, anyway, quiet and self-contained as they told me later I appeared from first to last.

I started up the road toward the grove; it was better to go on foot, because at any flower-patch or pretty nook the child might have turned aside. I searched every corner or glade as I passed; several times I thought I heard little Dorothy answer my calls, but it was only the voices of the birds, the murmur of the breeze, or some other of nature's countless musical sounds. I am not writing a sensational story, only relating exactly what happened, so I will say at once that I was nearly a mile away from the hotel when my search ended.

As I was rounding a sharp turn, I heard a horse's tread, a man's voice, and then a child's laugh. In another instant, I saw a venerable old gypsy trotting toward me on his nag, and perched in front of him sat little Lady Dorothy, as much at home apparently as if she had been in the habit of taking a similar promenade every day of her life since she could remember.

"Uncle Greg! Uncle Greg!" she shouted. "I started to meet you and I got lost; I was afraid a little, but I didn't cry: you told me the Spartan boys never cried. Then I met this nice old gentleman. I 'pect he's the king of the gypsies, only he's left his crown at home."

It was the one occasion during her whole childhood in which that child ever caused Demaris or myself an hour's anxiety, for she was such a thoroughly healthy mite that no serious illness ever overtook her.

And the years flew by! Little Lady Dorothy was ten—twelve—fourteen—then, before we could realize it, a slender graceful slip of a girl whose sixteenth birthday was to be kept with becoming pomp and ceremony.

She had never been absent from us a night or a whole day since Demaris first brought her to our house. We were singularly fortunate in the governess, who remained with us from the time when a governess became a necessity. The lady was a friend of my sister's—a thoroughly educated woman with a heart equal to her head, which was a good deal to say. Later, of course, the child had various masters, and certain branches she studied with me, early showing that she shared my taste for languages and music.

Two years more passed with almost the same rapidity, and, with a shock of surprise, D. Dunkyllan and I woke to the fact that our treasure was a young lady. A more charming specimen of the genus could not have been found; nor was this simply our opinion—everybody who came in contact with the winning creature said the same. She was not a beauty exactly—she was still little Lady Dorothy in stature as well as name, but she was exquisitely pretty; nature had taken apparently excessive pains with every feature, every line, every curve. Nobody could resist her manner, her voice, and her slow pensive smile. She might easily have been a little spoiled, a little selfish, considering the vast importance she had always found herself in her home; but she was neither the one nor the other. Her first thought was always for those about; the thing her aunt or I wished was always what she wanted to do; there was no affectation or self-sacrifice about it, either—altruism was as natural to her as breathing.

Well, that summer we went up into Canada and wandered about for several weeks, and while there we met the son of the most intimate friend I had ever had, and, of course, I welcomed him as cordially as if he had belonged to my own kith and kin. His father had died years before; but, though I had not seen the son since he was a little lad, I had always kept track of him, and he had been in the habit, as he grew up, of writing to me every now and then. He was a splendid fellow—only twentyfive—and had lately returned from England, where he had lived for the last twelve years with relatives of his mother. He had been educated at Oxford, had traveled a good deal, and was altogether an exceptional young man.

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A misfortune had befallen him within the last year which might have almost crushed many men, but it seemed to affect him very little. He had been brought up as his uncle's heir; the fortune was large, and his yearly allowance had always been in keeping with his expectations, so that he had naturally fallen into very liberal, if not actually extravagant, habits. The property was mostly in India; a twelvemonth previous, Roger Trevor and his uncle had been called out there by some unexpected business troubles. The upshot of the matter was that the old gentleman found himself ruined by the treachery of a trusted agent, and his already enfeebled health could not withstand the shock—he died a couple of weeks after reaching Bombay.

So Roger found himself face to face with the necessity of carving his own fortune. He had come over to Canada with the intention of proceeding to the United States. If a promised opening in Jamaica presented itself, he would go there; if not, he might establish himself somewhere on the Pacific Slope, which region he proposed to visit while waiting.

Of course, Roger was at once adopted into the family; I had always fancied that his father had been the hero of a little romance of my sister's in her girlhood, and the motherly affection for Roger which she showed from the first convinced me that my old fancy had some basis in fact.

When we returned home, the young fellow went with us. I would not hear of his going to California until he received the decision from Jamaica, which was sure to reach him sometime early in the autumn.

What a delightful summer we had! Guests came and went, the weeks floated by, and our little home-circle of four seemed the exact number requisite for perfect happiness. "I don't know how we ever got on without Roger," I used to say to Dorothy. I think that, on a moderate average, I made the remark to her at least twice each day, and she never contradicted me. "He is like her own boy to Demaris," I usually added, "and like a brother to you, Dorothy." And Dorothy never contradicted this statement, either, though I cannot remember that she ever assented to it.

Of course, you know what is coming; but, incredible as it may appear, I never once thought of it—and, what was odder, I don't believe D. Dunkyllan perceived the fact, though afterward she declared that because I was as blind as a mole was no reason for supposing she must be too.

At all events, it was Demaris who first made the discovery of what had doubtless been plain for weeks to everybody about us—unless to Dorothy herself. How well I remember the day—a bright afternoon early in October. I had been writing in my study; I wanted to show Demaris a letter I had received, so I went through the library into a shady veranda of the wing in which my sister had her own apartments, certain I should find her there at that hour.

"Demaris," I called, as I caught sight of her in her great arm-chair, leaning forward with her back toward me, looking out across the shrubberies.

At the sound of my voice, she turned, put up her hand in warning, then signed me to approach.

"Look down yonder," she said, softly.

I peered through the trees; away in the distance, a lovely picture set in a frame of blossoming shrubs and vines, stood little Lady Dorothy and Roger Trevor: she standing with drooping head, her hands nervously playing with some flowers; he bending forward, talking eagerly. Oh, the whole story was clear!

I am ashamed to admit it, but my first feeling was one of unreasoning anger against Roger, then a sense of injury where Dorothy was concerned; then both unworthy feelings died before the thought that our child had found her hero, and that he was worthy of her.

I stared at Demaris, and she stared at me; there were tears in her eyes—I dare say there were in mine.

"We are two old fools," she said, with a laugh and a sob struggling in her voice, and showing by her words that she had read my thoughts: "two old fools; but we needn't be two selfish ones, Greg—and we won't, either."

"Indeed we will not," I answered, and we shook hands—we had fought and won our battle.

We both held our peace; neither of the young pair offered us any confidence, whereat I felt a little hurt again.

"He has never said a word to her,"

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Demaris assured me; "never a word. I am not certain she understands yet—but he does!"

It was the first of November. Roger had gone to New York, to meet a newly-arrived partner of the Jamaica firm. Roger's future would be decided before he returned. He did not come, the day we expected him; the evening post brought a letter—to tell me that, after all the promises, the opening was not given. A new proposition had been made—he was to go to India; but the position was an inferior one, and the climate presented a great drawback.

"Dorothy has had a letter," my sister rushed in to tell me, before I could break my news. "She has not said a word, but I know Roger has spoken at last."

"Spoken at last!" I echoed. "A pretty time to speak—how dared he! Take Dorothy to India, to be bitten by cobras and eaten by tigers—are you mad?"

"Take Dorothy to India?" repeated she, dazedly.

"He has to go—the other scheme has failed," I groaned; "but Dorothy is not to go with him—I know that."

Demaris burst into tears; I don't think I had heard her cry for forty years—it frightened me! Out of the room she rushed, and I shut myself in. After I had gone to bed that night, my sister entered softly, leaned over me, and whispered:

"We won't be selfish, either!"

Before I could find any voice to reply, she was gone.

The next morning, I went to New York, found Roger at his hotel, and a terrible state of mind he was in—making ready to start for San Francisco at once, and to sail from thence for India.

"But you must be crazy—you can't take Dorothy there!" I cried, and then stopped, remembering that he had never told me he wished to take her anywhere. I had intended to be very diplomatic, show great tact, get round to the subject gradually, and induce him to tell me the whole story; and here I had blurted out the most unfortunate thing I could say.

"Dorothy has told me so already," Roger answered; "I got her letter early this morning. I suppose I am selfish, but I can't think she is right—I cannot!"

Before we had done, I saw the letter, and I think one more beautiful never was written. Dorothy loved him, but he must go forth alone—nor would she hold out any hope. Her life belonged to Demaris and me; she could never know happiness if she deserted us, who had been father and mother to her.

"She will marry me, if ever I can afford to make a home here," said Roger, bitterly; "I should say, with my present prospects, I may be ready to do that about fifty years hence."

It was late in the afternoon when I reached home again; Roger was with me. Demaris met us in the veranda; Dorothy came timidly in her wake.

"Here is a young man who is going to manage an orange-grove in Florida," said I, before anybody else could speak. "I have been thinking for months, Demaris, that I would buy one; a capital opportunity offered, and I've seized it. Roger joins me as a partner—on a percentage, at first; he can buy the whole concern later—and you and I will spend the winters down there, if—Dorothy will let us."

But the little maid had fled indoors, and Roger followed her.

FRIENDSHIP.

BY LILLA PRICE.

THINK of me sometimes—let thy wandering thought
Rest for a season on thy faithful friend:
Let the pure bond of friendship link our hearts
Until the joys and woes of life shall end.

Should sorrow claim thee and life's cares assail,
Turn to thy friend and bare thy wounded heart;
Though others fail thee in thy hour of need,
Still never let thy faith in me depart.

If in my pathway disappointments wait,
Come with thy pity—let me find thee true;
Rest my world-weary heart upon thy strength,
Be my firm friend, life's changeful journey through.

Give thy esteem, thy cold regard, to some;
To others, offer admiration free;
Give thy heart's wealth of ardent love to one,
But give thy pure affection, dear, to me.

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MR. BLANK'S STORY OF HIS MASTERPIECE.

BY LILLIAN GREY.

THIS is the story of an unfortunate manuscript. Perhaps the beginning of its misfortunes was the fact that it belonged to myself. I have often thought that ill-luck had a sort of special commission to dog my steps through life and to cast an evil eye on all my undertakings.

However, the human soul is so constituted that it rises with fresh courage after each disaster which is not absolutely crushing; and so I, at each new venture, was ready to believe my Waterloos were all past and that victory was assured.

That is the way I felt about my beautiful story when it was at last completed and ready to be given to an admiring world. I proudly called it a masterpiece. Its future looked very promising. How much time and thought and labor I expended on it! I wrote it over and over. I condensed here and elaborated there; and, in all its forty-five pages, there were no crossed-out words, no blots, no marginal corrections, no misspellings; and at last I pronounced it done, and well done, and was proud of my work. Yet, to be doubly sure of its perfection, I laid it away over-night, and then, in the clear freshness of a new day and with rested eyes and brain, I went over it line by line once more—and, strange as it may seem, I found several mistakes that I could have testified in court were not there the night before, when I laid it down. But there they were, and I soon straightened them out. And then the oft-debated question where to send it had to be settled. What publication should be honored? Only one could have it, and there were so many that would be so glad to give it place; but at last I decided to send it to the editor of a very exclusive magazine. He was a great writer himself; but for that very reason, I said, he would be sure to know a truly good story at the first glance. I had heard that he was a severe critic, and how proud I felt to know that he could not find anything in my production to call forth adverse criticism: and I wondered how I could have thought, even for a moment, of sending it elsewhere.

One week went by, then another. I was reasonable. I did not expect undue or immediate attention, neither did I expect to see my thrilling story again until I saw it in print; but, during the third week, it came back to me. To say that I was glad to see it would be telling an untruth. To be sure, I had sent return-stamps; but I did it simply as an act of courtesy. I did not desire them to be used in that manner; but I am often misunderstood.

The editor was very polite. He extremely regretted that he was unable to use it "at the present time," and distinctly stated that it was not returned from any lack of merit in it. This was a great satisfaction, coming from such a high source, and yet I was sorely disappointed: praise and just appreciation were sweet, but a check and the proud distinction of being a contributor to a first-class magazine would have been sweeter. The editor, through some oversight, failed to state when the convenient season would be for him to make use of it; and, as it is slow work waiting for an overcrowded monthly, I thought I could not afford to lose so much time; and so I put my precious story in a fresh envelope directed to the editor of a rival publication, cheerfully invested sixteen cents in postage-stamps, and bade my MS. good-bye.

It was hardly worth while having any ceremony or sentiment at parting with it, as it was back again so suddenly as to suggest the use of a pneumatic tube.

I was astonished, to say the least, and a little indignant as well; and the hot flush of feeling that surged over me reminded me strongly of the time when I got the "mitten" at a church-door one night, a good—well, a number of years ago.

But, after I had calmed down, I reflected that the third time is the one that conquers; and again I read my MS., to make sure that it had not been tampered with, and sent it away again—this time to a weekly paper.

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A week went by, and another, and another, and still it tarried, until I was reasonably sure that it had been gladly accepted. If editors would only let their contributors know their favorable decisions at once, how much harrowing suspense might be saved. It is very trying to nerves.

I was not a subscriber to the paper in question, so I began to buy it—ten cents each week—so as to be sure to get my story in its first freshness; but week after week I looked in vain for it, and glared at the names of other writers which there appeared, with a sense of being crowded out by them.

But, of course, they could not block my way forever—my chance must come; and I began to estimate how many columns my MS. would fill, and to wonder how large the check would be. I did not want the editor to be generous, but simply just. If he were only that, I should have enough to gratify several laudable desires.

But this is a world of disappointments: my editor was one. He proved himself to be neither generous nor just, nor even considerate. He did not condescend to accompany my story, on its return, with his autograph, but an unfeeling type-writer announced to me his decision in curt phrase.

My poor MS. by this time began to show unmistakable signs of wear, and, as soon as the shock of seeing it again was over, I put it into a brand-new traveling-dress and sent it off again—this time to the far West. I much regretted that I had not done this at first; much valuable time had been lost by dealing with these overcrowded Eastern publications. The West is eager to recognize merit, and things move there with energy and enterprise, and I felt sure that the appearance of my story would be hailed with joy, and sent it off without a fear.

It took a week for the journey out, and a week for the journey back. I doubt if it had tarried even over one night in that editor's office on the Pacific slope. I do not think he read it, save possibly the title and the author's name. I was sorry that I had wasted sixteen cents on him, when I found out that he had such a prejudice against Eastern writers.

And there had evidently been a change in postal-clerks on that route, as no man, except one new to the business, would have dared to double a MS. in the shape mine was when it came back to me. It was dirty and lopsided, and looked thoroughly discouraged. Poor thing! it was no doubt tired of traveling, and glad to get home; but I was tired too, and had no greeting to give it. I think my heart must have been turned to stone for the time being; for, quite unable to bear my story's sad and appealing looks, I thrust it half angrily into an old trunk and let it remain there in absolute silence and darkness for a couple of months or more, while I attended strictly to my prosaic business of book-keeping.

But "hope springs eternal in the human breast," and finally, under its influence, one rainy holiday, I again brought forth that story to the light of day, and seated myself at my desk to re-write it.

It was weary work. I knew every line by heart, and every person portrayed as intimately as if I had lived next-door to him for half a lifetime.

I could not make any change for the better, because I had done my very best with it in the first place; but, as I wrote, I reflected that Thackeray—was it Thackeray? at least, it was some great writer—used to write his MSS. over fourteen times before they were finally published; and what other great writers have done, I surely ought to be willing to copy.

Finally, after long and painstaking labor, my story lay before me fair and clean and neat as a daisy, and I gazed at it with pride and affection which it seemed nothing was able to kill completely.

And then I sent it to an editor in the city of Brotherly Love. I had felt a sort of leaning toward that editor every time that I had sent my MS. elsewhere, and now at last he should have it—at least, if he wanted it. But he didn't. It soon came back to me, having suffered the last crowning indignity. There was a cruel hole entirely through its crisp fair leaves. It had been filed—not for use, but evidently for spite. Its heart was at last broken—so was mine; and I received it in pitying silence. Any person of fortitude would have burned the poor mutilated thing. I simply could not—I do not believe in cremation. And so I buried it in my desk, under half a ton of—well, perhaps rubbish is the exact word which I ought to use.

I buried many bright hopes with it, and often sigh as I count up the money spent on postage-stamps—worse than wasted!

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CURIOUS EASTER CUSTOMS.

BY MARTHA CAREY.

ONCE more comes Easter, the spring festival of all Christendom and the memorial day of the Founder of its religion. In times of remote antiquity, nations celebrated at this season the renewal of nature's beauty and vigor after the death-like sleep of winter.

Our Saxon forefathers rejoiced in the festival of the goddess Eastre, and, when they embraced Christianity, the name was given to its great yearly feast. And even now, while we are singing Easter anthems, the people of China are praying and singing among the graves of their friends. Their school-children have a holiday, that they may honor the "feast of tombs." Each boy must go to the grave of his ancestors, and there perform many rites and ceremonies in their praise.

At this same season, the Jews are in the midst of the Passover, which is to them the great festival of the year, and for which during many weeks previous they diligently prepare.

"Dwellings are scrubbed, painted, and papered, and every article used in cooking is replaced by a new one, and great pains is taken in the preparation of unleavened cakes.

"On the 14th of the month Nisan—which is our April—the head of the house takes a lighted taper and peers into each corner, to see that no small remains of leaven are found. After service in the synagogue, the family gather about the table, which is covered with a spotless cloth. At the top sits the father, wearing a long white robe, in which he will one day be buried. Each guest is provided with a silver wine-cup. One chair stands empty, and one cup unused. These are intended for the prophet Elijah, whose appearance on this night, as a herald of the Messiah, the Jews are taught to expect. The door is left ajar, and ever and anon a child peers into the darkness, looking in vain for the coming of the prophet. During the Passover meal, which consists of unleavened bread and dishes of various cakes, the children are accustomed to ask their elders the meaning of these observances. Prayers and singing Psalms fill up the hours, and thus passes the evening. Very early the next morning, before the rest of the family rise, the boys dispose of all the preparations made for Elijah, lest the enemy should see that the prophet has been watched for in vain."

Many odd customs prevail in different parts of the world, as to the keeping of Easter Day. In Wales, the people assemble on the previous Sunday and carry flowers to the cemetery. They arrange the blossoms on every grave, and sing hymns and talk of their lost friends. They call it "Flowering Sunday," and enjoy it more than any other holiday except Christmas.

In Germany, there is a "peculiar people" called Moravians, and their Easter customs are very beautiful. "On the afternoon before, they place flowers on the graves of their dead friends, and, in the gray of the Easter morning, they go in crowds to the grave-yards. When there, the pastor reads aloud the death-roll of the past year. All eyes are at once turned heavenward, and, when the first rosy flush which heralds the coming day is seen in the eastern sky, a loud and joyful sound bursts from the trumpets, held by ministers and elders, while from mouth to mouth passes the glad greeting: "The Lord is risen!"

Many singular observances cluster around this universal gala day, some of which have come down to us from a past so remote as to leave no trace of their origin. We have all eaten hot cross buns on Good Friday, and pancakes on Shrove Tuesday. Every child has hunted colored eggs on Easter Monday, and sent loving tokens on Easter Sunday.

On the Thursday before Good Friday, it was once the custom for benevolent people to give large gifts to the poor, in memory of the time when our Saviour washed the feet of His disciples; and the day was called Maundy Thursday, from the maundy, or large basket, which contained the offerings

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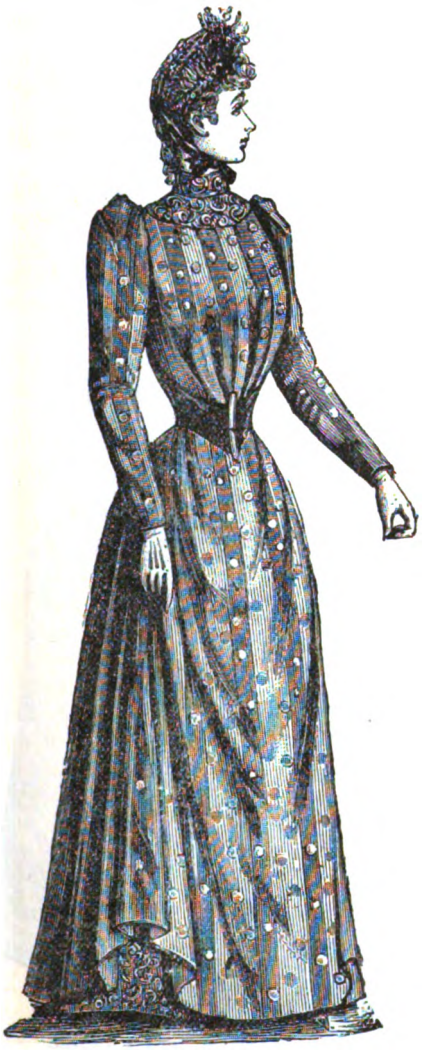
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

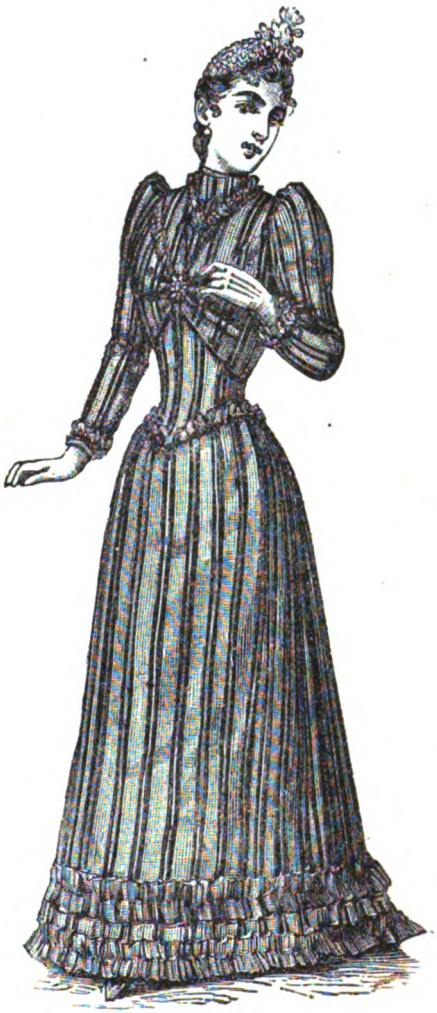
BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a visiting or home gown, of striped India silk or challis. The skirt is



No. 1.

plain and straight all around, except on one side, where it is arranged in a double box-plait to display the underskirt, which has a band of either braiding or passementerie across the front and side, about four inches deep. The bodice is pointed, back and front; the front is fulled in to the waist and is finished with a broad pointed waistband of velvet and a long gilt slide or buckle. The collar and around the neck, a band like the one on the edge of the skirt finishes the



No. 2.

bodice at the neck. High puffed sleeves, very long. Twelve to fourteen yards of either

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No. 3.

silk or challis will be enough of the stripe, while the underskirt need only be faced a quarter of a yard deep with a plain or corded silk in self-color to correspond with the coloring of the stripe. Small bonnet of shirred silk, trimmed with field-flowers.

No. 2—Is a stylish gown, of striped woolens, spring weight. The plain skirt is edged with two narrow box-plaited ruchings of the material, hemmed on both edges. The plain pointed bodice has a piece put in at the armholes, which is gathered up in front and fastened with a fancy brooch. Full sleeves—the cuffs, neck, and waist finished with a narrow ruching to match the edge of the skirt. Small toque of black tulle, trimmed with roses, jonquils, daisies, or any of the pretty spring flowers. Ten to twelve yards of double-fold material will be required. This model will be very suitable for a gingham or sateen.

No. 3—Is a robe de chambre, of self-colored cashmere. It is cut in the Princesse shape. The waist is trimmed with scalloped ruffles of challis or India silk, or even silk muslin, either to match the cashmere or else contrast with it. The fichu part is of the same material as the gown, or it may be like the ruffles. The same trims the sleeves. Long loops-and-ends of gros-grain ribbon, an inch or an inch and a half wide, finish the end of the fichu and the inside seam of the sleeves.

No. 4—Is one of the very newest wraps imported. Our model is of the very lightest gray cloth, made with a yoke of gray Astrakhan fur, and a narrow band of fur finishes the edges. This wrap is intended for cold days at the sea-side, but it can be made with yoke and trimming of brocade or any other material fancied. The shoulders are high, and it is lined with a striped silk.

No. 5—Shows a stylish trimming for a corsage of a silk dress, in assorted sizes of jet or colored beads arranged in festoons, with fringe for the bodice and the basque.

No. 4.

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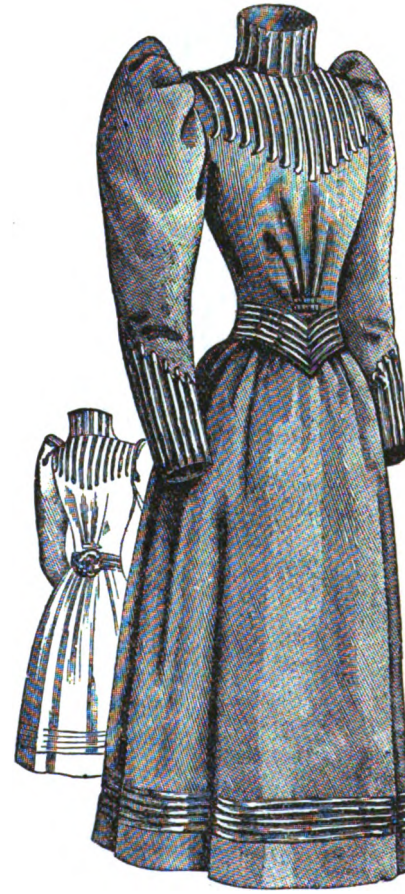
No 5.

Sleeves to correspond. An old black silk not too much worn may be retrimmed in this style, and make a most dressy dinner or evening bodice.

No. 6—Is another simple and stylish model for a blouse for a girl of twelve or thirteen years. The blouse is made of washing-silk, pin-striped. It opens on the left side, under the embroidered strap. Collar and cuffs to correspond. A wide belt with two rows of

No. 6



No. 7.

velvet ribbon laid on, and broad buckle, complete the blouse. Any skirt of figured challis or plaid woolens may be worn with this blouse.

No. 7.—We give here the front and back of a sea-side or mountain dress for a girl of ten to twelve years. The material may be of flannel, either white or marine-blue, or, if a thinner dress is desired, of nun's-veiling, gingham, piqué, or duck. The trimming is

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of worsted or cotton braid, stitched on by machine. The yoke, deep cuffs, and waistband are all formed of the braid. The waistband is finished with a rosette of the braid at the back.

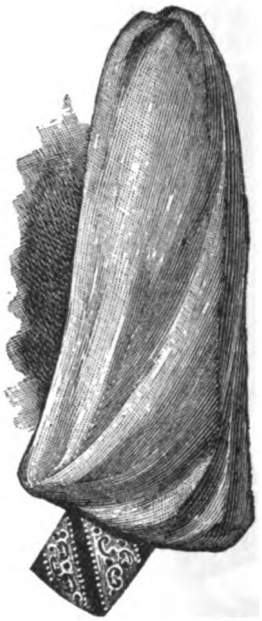
No. 8.—Blouse-waist and skirt of striped flannel, for either girl or boy of four or five years. Hat of fancy straw, trimmed on the

No. 8.

outside with a large bow of soft ribbon, and on the inside of the rim with a bunch of daisies.

No. 9—Is a new model for a full sleeve for a washing-material, set full in the centre of the shoulder to fall in ample folds on the outside of the arm, and finished off with a deep wristband covered with slantwise bands of either embroidery or washing-galloon.

No. 10—Is a pretty dress for a little girl of five to six years. Striped flannel or



No. 9.

woolens or gingham for the plaited waist and skirt, with plain material of either the lighter or darker color of the stripe for the over-jacket, which is braided in a simple diamond pattern with two widths of braid. Cuffs and collar to match.

No. 10.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

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NEWEST STYLES SPRING BONNET AND HATS.

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LATEST STYLE OF SLEEVE WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the exact and entire pattern of the latest style of sleeve. It consists of two pieces, the upper and under half; half-inch seams are allowed in the pattern.

1. UPPER HALF OF SLEEVE.
2. UNDER HALF OF SLEEVE.

This sleeve is suitable for either thick or thin material. The pattern given is for a person of ordinary size; but a sleeve can be easily lengthened or shortened, as desired. If lengthened, it will naturally make it higher and fuller at the top, unless the added length be made at the wrist; but we think our pattern is sufficiently large, as exaggeration is not desirable in any case.

All large sleeves should be made on a foundation—that is, an ordinary-sized sleeve should form the lining, put in the armhole so as to fit comfortably as a common dress sleeve without fullness, and the outside should be arranged upon the lining with the fullness as desired. If the sleeve is to stand up and out, a very thin lining may be used to support it, as in our pattern; but most dressmakers prefer to catch it here and there in place on the lining with an invisible stitch or two, to secure it in position. This gives a less stiff appearance. Our model gives a stylish and simple pointed bodice with inside vest, which needs no pattern. Velvet ribbon, with a row of passementerie, forms the trimming, as seen in the illustration.

DESIGN FOR END OF PIANO-SCARF.

We give, on the Supplement, a design for the end of a piano-scarf. The scarf may be of plush, satin, or furniture-sateen. The embroidery may be done in outline-stitch or in Kensington-stitch, in a single color or in varied colors.

BONNET AND HATS.

FIG. I.—HAT, OF BLACK STRAW, turned up at the back and trimmed with black lace and wings. Large loose veil of white spotted net.

FIG. II.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, made on a good wire frame trimmed with black ostrich-feathers, placed back and front, and a roll of primrose-colored silk.

FIG. III.—HAT, OF BROWN SILK, put loosely over a frame. Small bow at the back, and a windmill bow of cream-colored silk in front.

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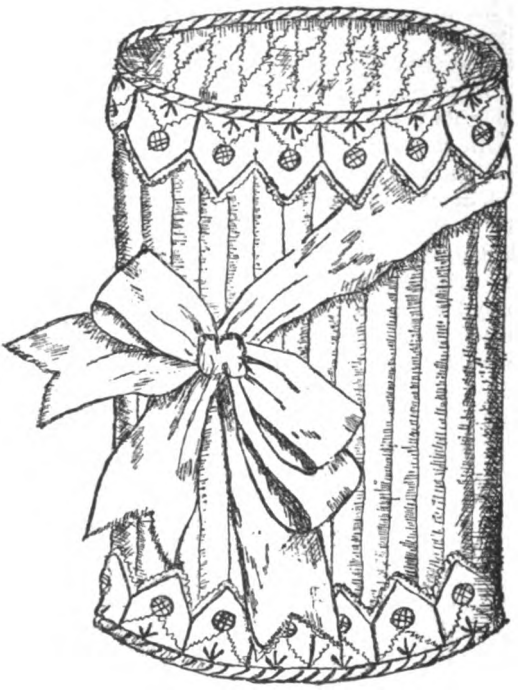
WASTE-BOX.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.



A novel design for an inexpensive and useful box for waste paper and scraps will be found on one of the front pages of this number. It is made of the ridged or cordurated paper in which wine-bottles are generally encased for protection. The pieces are thirteen or fourteen inches square, are of a light bronze-brown color, and very firm and strong.

Four pieces are required: one for the bottom, and two and one-half for the body of the box, which is made by lapping the edges and sewing with strong thread, as near the color of the paper as possible.

The bottom is easily fitted and should be firmly sewed in with an overcast stitch. The box illustrated is lined with light-blue sateen and trimmed with blue flannel cut in points and embroidered with silk. A fancy cord and a handsome bow of wide blue ribbon finish it. This makes a pretty addition to a bed-room.

JAPANESE DESIGN IN EMBROIDERY.

The colored design which we give in the front of the book can be used for a variety of purposes, such as cushions, table or bureau scarfs, or chair-backs. It may be done in outline or in Kensington-stitch, and in one color or in the natural colors of the flowers, birds, and insects, but dull faded-looking silks will look best.

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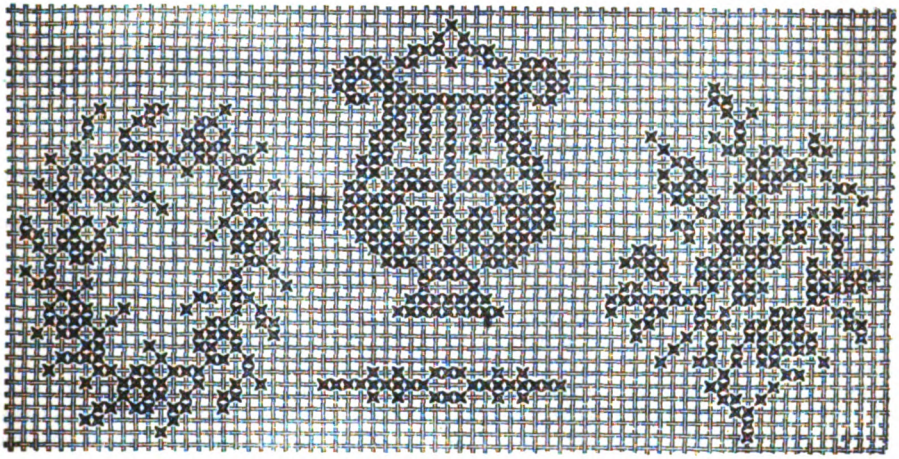
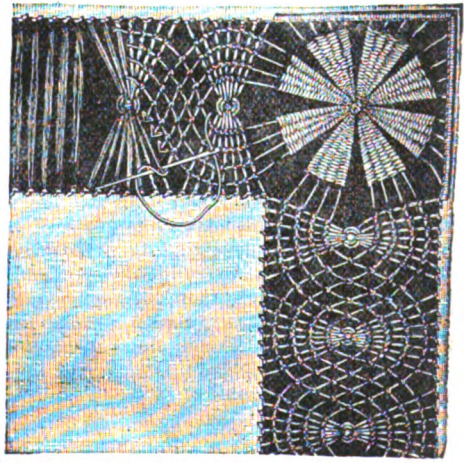
MUSIC-ROLL COVER, IN CROSS-STITCH.



This appropriate design of lyre and laurel-wreath, for a music-roll cover, will look best with the figures worked in old-gold colored silk. Any serviceable pretty color of plush, silk, or furniture-sateen will be suitable for the roll, but a good deal of scope may be given to individual taste in selecting and combining both colors and materials.

HANDKERCHIEF-BORDER, DRAWN-WORK.



This pretty drawn-work border presents no difficulty in working, if the illustration is carefully studied. The grass-linen is backed with a piece of showy colored paper, and the threads drawn in the usual way, being gathered together as shown in the design. To form the corner star, the threads of woof and weft are cut away and replaced by special threads, which are fixed to the seam and serve to form the pattern foundation.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY ON LAUNDRY-BAG.

On the Supplement, we give a design in outline-stitch for a laundry-bag. The bag should be made of stout linen or cotton, and the embroidery done in outline in black silk or red embroidery-cotton, as those colors wash well.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

APRIL GARDENING-WORK.—April should be a busy season for making cuttings of geraniums and other soft-wooded plants for winter blooming. Cuttings of geraniums are usually struck in September for summer bedding; but spring cuttings may also be made with almost equal success, if they be struck in a sufficiently brisk bottom heat. For summer flowering, cuttings may be taken of lobelias, verbenas, calceolaria, petunias, etc. It is of importance to take plenty of cuttings of geraniums at this season, where they are depended on for supplying cut flowers in the winter. A good double scarlet geranium is one of the best plants which can be grown for a constant supply of cut flowers between November and January. The heads are splendid in size and stand remarkably well in water. They may be struck either in wooden boxes or singly in pots, and must be freely supplied with air all through the summer.

This is a good time for potting bulbs of tuberose for a second supply. Place each bulb in a five-inch pot, and allow the head of the bulb to project at least an inch above the level of the soil, which should be very sandy. An important point to observe in the growing of tuberose is to withhold water entirely until the bulbs have rooted well and are beginning to throw up their leaves.

April is also a suitable time for dividing cactus or making cuttings from good-sized pieces taken from old plants. All cacti are remarkable for the readiness with which they root. Pieces of cactus laid by in a dried state on a shelf will often throw out roots, and even the fruits of these strange plants will take root if placed on soil. Cuttings must be put into well-drained pots of a small size, and very little water should be allowed them until they are well rooted. The soil for cactus ought to consist of equal portions of loam, leaf-mold, small pieces of charcoal, and sand thoroughly mixed together. The sand and charcoal are intended of course to keep the pots well drained.

FOR THE ILL-NATURED.—To ridicule the oddities of our neighbors is wit of the cheapest and easiest kind, and we can all be satirical if we give the reins to our ill-nature. The jest so amusing to ourselves may, however, inflict a deep wound on a sensitive nature, while it seldom fails to bring a heavy retribution upon the author.

MRS. LUCY H. HOOPER, so well known to the readers of this magazine and the story-loving public at large, has lately achieved a marked success in that most difficult branch of literary labor, the drama. Her play, "Inherited," which was produced a few months since in this country, has gained a wide-spread popularity, besides having received the unqualified praise of the French critics through a translation made by the authoress's talented daughter. The plot is as absorbing as it is bold and unusual, and the piece contains several situations which are among the strongest and most original that any dramatist of our day has conceived.

It is to be hoped that the success of her play will induce Mrs. Hooper to publish a volume of her short stories, many of which are truly remarkable for their power of description and their psychological presentation of certain weirdly interesting phases of human character.

OUTDOOR FERNERY.—No garden should be without its outdoor fernery, large or small. A shady situation is required, and ferns will grow in many places where other plants would die—making, of what would otherwise be an almost useless place, a most interesting spot. With tree-roots, if procurable, blocks of stone, the rougher the better, and a mixture of loam and sand in equal proportions, a place may be prepared either on a large or small scale for the occupation of some of our native species of ferns, many of which are as interesting and beautiful as some of those coming from tropical countries. When the hardy fernery is once made, very little attention is afterward required; they will occasionally be benefited by being watered, especially in the summer months.

AN EFFECTIVE TABLE-COVER.—A rich and effective cover for a small table is a square of dark-red or maroon plush, unlined, but trimmed with a wide fringe of gold or maroon silk tassels. When this is placed on the table, the cloth is drawn on each side to the top, making an irregular festoon, and it is there fastened by a bow of gold-colored satin ribbon.

THE Albany (N. Y.) Evening Journal says of "Peterson": "This periodical has stood the test of half a century, and still ranks foremost among the magazines for ladies and the household generally. It has been enlarged, and exhibits many improvements and fresh attractions."

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OVERWORK, both mental and bodily, is at once the most general and the least regarded form of illness to which we are liable in the present age. Do what we may, it is next to impossible to escape from it; but there is, at all events, a certain satisfaction in being able to recognize its features. We must not forget, however, that it is also, to a considerable extent, a preventable evil. Its treatment in individual cases requires chiefly that due attention be paid to the two great essentials of timely rest and wholesome diet. Work, however irksome, may, it is generally allowed, be undertaken on a very liberal scale, if only it is not too continuous, but is broken by timely and adequate intervals of rest. The value of a plain and liberal dietary is hardly less, and we may take it as a maxim for the times that, so long as appetite and sleep are unimpaired, there is no dangerous degree of overwork, and, conversely, that a failure in either of these respects should be regarded as a warning signal, to which attention should be paid by relieving the strain of exertion.

A FLOWER-POT COVER.—The rough-looking flower-pot may be made to present a very ornamental appearance in a parlor, by draping a loose piece of figured silk about it; or the silk, cloth, or cashmere may be embroidered and arranged to suit the taste. Some persons run strings through hems at the top and bottom of the cover, and adjust it as required.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Light of the World; or, The Great Consummation. By Sir Edwin Arnold. New York: Funk and Wagnalls.—A poet or novelist who has produced a book which has taken the world by storm is always afterward placed in the position of being compared with himself; and the more popular the first work, the more severe is apt to be the criticism on its successor. But Edwin Arnold need fear no such verdict in regard to his present creation; he has written a poem which will add to the reputation won for him by "The Light of Asia." The story is, of course, that of Jesus of Nazareth; Mary Magdalene and Pontius Pilate play important parts in the drama, and some of the finest blank verse it contains is found in the descriptions of these two personages and the dialogue put into their mouths. The history of Christ's ministry, crucifixion, and resurrection, which the Magdalene relates to one of the three Magi, who has returned to Judea, gives an opportunity for ably drawn comparisons between the teachings of Jesus and those of the Hindoo Buddha. Mr. Arnold makes the Magdalene identical with the sister of Lazarus and the woman who poured the precious ointment over the feet of Jesus. This is not a poetic license, as certain critics have asserted; the author had traditional authority therefor. Although the legend was never accepted by the Western Church, that in the East regarded the Magdalene as the sister of Lazarus, and the two saints were supposed to have wandered over to Europe and founded a church as far north as Lyons.

Was It Love? By Paul Bourget. New York: Worthington Co.—Camden Curwin, the translator of this interesting novel, has done his work well, though we think he made a mistake in not leaving the original title, "A Woman's Heart." The odd problem which the author has set himself to solve is whether a woman can be in love with two men at the same time. The book, besides being a story of society, takes a stamp of originality from the leading motive, which will give it an added interest.

Inspirations of the School-teacher. By Eva H. Walker. Chicago: W. W. Knowles & Co.—This is a ten-cent edition of a treatise which ought to be read by all persons intrusted with the care and instruction of children. While dwelling strongly on the personal responsibility of parents and teachers, it points out with much clearness many ways in which instructors can make their work better and higher, fuller of good results to themselves, and increasing tenfold its beneficial effect on their charges.

Edward Burton. By Henry Wood. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—The great popularity of this novel has induced the publishers to issue a cheap edition in paper covers. We gave expression to our cordial admiration of the book when it first appeared. It is not only an unusually interesting love-story, but is full of earnest thought and gives a wonderfully clear exposition of the various religious and ethical questions which are agitating the cultured world in our era.

Life and Times of Jesus, as Related by Thomas Didymus. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—The publishers have issued a paper edition of this work, which was among the latest, if not the very last, of its lamented author's productions. We can only repeat what we said when the book first appeared, that it is a remarkable production, written with an intensity which makes the reader feel as if reading a veritable autobiography.

Adventures on the Mosquito Shore. By E. G. Squier. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a very bright entertaining book of travels by the author of works on Nicaragua and Peru which years ago attracted much attention in this country and England. The present volume will be found worthy of its predecessors, and, besides its literary attractions, it is well printed, prettily bound, and enriched with numerous excellent photogravures.

Savelli's Expiation. By Henry Greville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a romance of Russian life, in depicting which the author excels, and the present is one of the best

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she has written. It is one of the latest additions to the publishers' twentyfive-cent edition of novels, a series which already numbers nearly a hundred and contains some of the finest works of the leading writers of America and Europe.

The Old Meeting-House. By Rev. A. M. Colton. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a series of religious and humorous papers from the pen of the venerable A. M. Colton, one of the oldest of our living preachers. The sketches embrace a wide variety and will prove of interest to the general reader, especially those which turn on the reminiscences of his boyhood, which dates back to the early years of our century.

The Romance of a Spanish Nun. By Alice Montgomery Baldy. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The tale is well written and cannot fail to be popular with the generality of novel-readers—that is, with those who take up a work of fiction for the sake of amusement or its attraction as a story. No vexed social, political, or religious questions are discussed—it is a love-story, pure and simple, and a very good one.

Gemma. By T. Adolphus Trollope. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This novel, which is now published at twentyfive cents, is, like all the author's other tales of Italian life, one of great beauty and wonderful fidelity. Few writers have ever so thoroughly entered into the spirit of modern Italy or shown such familiarity with the habits and thoughts of its people as Mr. Trollope.

The Three Scouts. By J. T. Trowbridge. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A cheap edition of this popular story will be gladly welcomed by the author's hosts of admirers. It is a war-story that possesses as strong a hold on the public as it had when first written, and its life-like presentation of the incidents of that stirring season will give it an interest as deep to the generation to come.

The Art of Millinery. By Ora Seaney. Fort Wayne, Indiana.—This little volume gives a most complete description of everything connected with the making of bonnets and hats, from the foundation to the final knot of ribbon. It must prove of the greatest possible service to milliners, as well as to ladies who manufacture their own headgear.

Jack's Secret. By Mrs. H. Lovatt Cameron. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—There is never any falling-off in Mrs. Cameron's novels, no matter how frequently she may present the public with fresh creations. The present work is one of the very best she has ever written; plot, characterization, and dialogue are all admirably managed.

The Plunger. By Hawley Smart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—There is no novelist who is such an authority on everything connected with racing as Mr. Smart, and none who writes so delightfully about it. His present book is capital in characterization and plot, and full of incidents as new as they are striking.

Broken Pledges. By Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—Another of Mrs. Southworth's best books has just been issued in cheap form. "Broken Pledges" is a tale of the South, and we know of no novel that gives a more vivid picture of Southern life in the old days before the Civil War.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

A HANDSOME FACE.—Lady reader, are you annoyed and oftentimes embarrassed by imperfections in your complexion? Have you been placed in positions where you envied those of your sex whose complexions were more presentable than your own? Have you felt chagrined because of facial defects, or at compliments bestowed upon companions, in your presence, to your utter neglect? Is your face sallow, murky, blotched, or freckled? Is there roughness, redness in spots, or undue paleness of the skin? Is your complexion tanned through exposure, or chapped and abraded by the wind or change of weather? Are you annoyed with wrinkles or threatened with them? Is your face, or any part of it, afflicted with blackheads or flesh-worms, spots, or discolorations? Is your skin flabby and sometimes greasy, and your complexion bad generally? Is your face coarse, or dry and parched, and does it present an unhealthy appearance? Do you feel nervous and irritable at times, especially in company, from the knowledge of a bad complexion or skin-defects of one kind or another? Are you using powders, cosmetics, etc., which are gradually ruining your complexion, and which serve only to "make up" a *false face* for the time being? Why tolerate a bad complexion or any imperfection of the skin, when the use of a simple appliance like Madame Rowley's Toilet Mask or Face Glove will in a short time make your complexion almost as pure and faultless as an infant's? The Toilet Mask is rapidly taking the place of injurious cosmetics or "complexion-destroyers," as they may be properly called, and its field of usefulness is becoming broader year by year, as its value and virtues become more widely known. Can you afford to continue expending money regularly for preparations which are sure to injure if not ruin your complexion, when for a moderate outlay you can become the possessor of the Toilet Mask, the only true beautifying agent, which will, by improving, perfecting, and preserving your complexion, save you money, annoyance, and mortification? The Toilet Mask imparts freshness and beauty to the skin, prevents and removes wrinkles and all complexional defects, leaving the skin soft, clear, beautiful, and brilliant. Valuable illustrated treatise, containing proofs, medical and scientific indorsements, and full particulars, mailed free by The Toilet

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Mask Co., 1161 Broadway, New York. Apply *now*, and please mention Peterson's Magazine.

THE ADVANTAGES OF REST.—There is no better preventive of nervous exhaustion than regular, unhurried, muscular exercise. If we could moderate our hurry, lessen our worry, and increase our open-air exercise, a large proportion of nervous diseases would be abolished. For those who cannot get a sufficient holiday, the best substitute is an occasional day in bed. Many whose nerves are constantly strained in their daily avocation have discovered this for themselves. A Spanish merchant in Barcelona told his doctor that he always went to bed for two or three days whenever he could be spared from his business, and he laughed at those who spent their holidays on toilsome mountains. A hard-worked woman, who has for many years conducted a large wholesale business, retains excellent nerves at an advanced age, owing, it is believed, to her habit of taking one day a week in bed. If we cannot avoid frequent agitation, we ought, if possible, to give the nervous system time to recover itself between the shocks. Even an hour's seclusion after a good lunch will deprive a hurried anxious day of much of its injury. The nerves can often be overcome by stratagem when they refuse to be controlled by strength of will.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crême Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* Pfrs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

We have so many calls for the Common-Sense Binder that we have decided to offer it to our subscribers for seventyfive cents. On receipt of that amount, a copy will be sent to any address.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Frizzled Beef.—Half a pound of smoked beef, cut in thin shavings. Pour boiling water over it, and let it stand ten minutes. Drain and heat it in one tablespoonful of hot butter, to curl or frizzle it. Add one cupful of hot cream. Or make a cupful of thin white sauce with one cupful of milk, one tablespoonful of butter, and one tablespoonful of flour. Pour it over one well-beaten egg, add the beef and a little pepper, and serve at once. Or frizzle it, and mix it with two or three poached eggs.

Broiled Beefsteak.—Beefsteaks are better if cut from the sirloin, and about two inches in thickness. The gridiron should be heated very hot before the steak is put upon it; then turn the steak constantly, so as to prevent the juice from running out of it, and to keep it from burning; if it is dry, put butter upon it; when it is done, put several large pieces of butter on the upper side of it, and serve. A steak should cook only twenty minutes.

To Roast a Ham.—Take one very fine ham; soak it for three days; then put it on a spit before the fire, and roast it slowly for six hours; keep it well basted with hot water. When done, cover it with fine breadcrumb, and set it in the oven for ten minutes to brown; pour over the essence from the roasting, and serve on a hot dish. Remove the skin before putting it on the spit.

CAKES.

Pound-Cakes.—Beat to cream one pound of butter, and work it smoothly with one pound of sifted loaf-sugar and nine well-beaten eggs, and mix in lightly one pound of flour. half a nutmeg grated, and a little pounded cinnamon or mace; beat together half an hour, and bake about one hour in a brisk oven. Candied lemon-peel cut thin and sweet almonds blanched and chopped are sometimes added, and half a pound of currants will make the cake much richer. Half the above proportions will make a moderate-sized cake.

School-Cake (*Gingerbread.*)—Two and a quarter pounds of flour, two pounds of molasses, ten ounces of butter, half an ounce of caraway-seed (stoned raisins may be substituted for caraway-seed), half an ounce of cinnamon, half an ounce of ginger (ground), half an ounce of Jamaica pepper, four eggs, a little black pepper, and about half an ounce of carbonate of soda. Beat the butter to a cream, and mix it with all the other ingredients. Put it in a buttered tin and bake in a slow oven.

Luncheon-Cake.—Take one and a half pounds of dough, half a pound of currants or half an ounce of caraway-seed, six ounces of sugar, two or three eggs, and half a pound of clarified dripping or of butter. Spread out the dough on the pasteboard, pull it well out, rub in the currants and sugar, then add the dripping or butter, and lastly the eggs. Mix all well together, leave it to rise, put it into tins, and bake about an hour in a moderate oven.

WARDROBE.

Gum Arabic Starch.—Take two ounces of fine white gum arabic, and pound it to powder. Next put it into a pitcher, and pour on it a pint or more of boiling water, according to the strength you desire; cover it, and let it set all night. In the morning, pour it carefully from the dregs into a clean bottle; cork it, and keep it for use. A tablespoonful of gum-water, stirred into a pint of starch made in the usual manner, will give lawns, white or printed, a look of newness to which nothing else will restore them after washing. It is also good, much diluted, for thin white muslin.

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Pot Pourri.—Dry some rose-leaves and sweet verbena, and also some ripe lavender; when all is quite dry, put them into a jar, with one ounce of orris powder, one ounce of gum benjamin, one ounce of borax, pounded quite fine in a mortar; a quarter-ounce of pounded cloves is a great addition, and a handful of salt will prevent its getting moldy.

To Keep Moths, Beetles, etc., from Clothes.—Put some aromatic herbs in the drawers among linen or woolen clothes, and neither moth nor insect will come near them.

FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

FIG. I.—DRESS, OF BLACK FOULARD SILK, dotted with roses. The skirt is quite plain. The coat-bodice opens in front over a pointed waistcoat of black and rose-colored figured foulard, has a rolling collar, and is fastened in front with a bow of black ribbon. The deep basque is plaited on. Sleeves of foulard like the vest. Black straw hat, trimmed with ostrich-plumes.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF THIN MASTIC-COLORED WOOLEN, cross-barred with green. The skirt is plain, the plastron is of plain mastic-colored woolen, with chevron stripes of green braid. Long sleeves, buttoned on the inside of the arm. Black silk jacket, opening in front over the plastron, cut away on the hips, and with a coat-basque at the back. Straw hat, trimmed with white lace and ostrich-feathers, flowers, and black velvet ribbon.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF DARK-RED NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt has a row of narrow black velvet just above the hem, and is gathered to the waist under a pointed belt. The bodice is slightly gathered, opens V-shape in front over a plastron of red silk covered with black lace; it is fastened by a row of black velvet buttons. Sleeves of silk, covered with black lace.

FIG. IV.—DRESS, OF VERY THIN BUFF WOOLEN, striped with golden brown. The skirt is cut so that the stripes will form points in front. Above the flounce is a row of golden-brown ribbon, caught down by butterfly bows. Jacket of old blue cloth, made with a rolling collar which opens over a deep waistcoat. The collar is faced with silk of a lighter blue. The sleeves are finished with fancy braiding at the top. Straw hat, trimmed with buff feathers.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF GRAY CHINA SILK. The skirt has the slightest gathering at the waist, and has a front of gray silk figured with black. The upper part of the bodice, tops of the sleeves, and cuffs are of the figured material; the lower part of the bodice, with its drapery, and the middle of the sleeves, are of the plain silk. Hat of gray felt, trimmed with ribbon and bird's wings.

FIG. VI.—NEW-STYLE SPRING COAT, OF LIGHT TAN-COLORED CLOTH, with skirt braided in a darker shade. The bodice is of a dark shade of brown, with basques of a lighter shade, embroidered like the skirt, capes, and cuffs. High collar. Hat of tan-colored felt, trimmed with dark-brown feathers.

FIG. VII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF TARTAN ZEPHYR-CLOTH. A box-plaited flounce, with the upper edge caught down, trims the bottom. Coat-facings, straight collar, belt, and cuffs of dark-green velvet. The sleeves and vest may be of brocade, or of plain material matching one of the colors in the plaid, and covered with black lace. Hat of Tuscan straw, decorated with ribbon loops-and-ends, dark ostrich-tips, and velvet strings.

FIG. VIII.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF FIGURED FOULARD. The skirt is made with a bias fold and ornamented with a band of velvet; it is gathered to the waist, and has a velvet belt and sash ends. The full bodice has lappels which cross back and front, trimmed with velvet. Sleeves with puffs at the top. Straw hat, trimmed with white ribbon and apple-blossoms.

FIG. IX.—DRESS, OF APRICOT-COLORED DELAINE. The skirt is quite plain. The bodice is cross-folded and has a neck-band and pointed belt in forget-me-not blue velvet. The plastron is of apricot-colored pongee. Long full sleeves, with buttons on the outside of the arms. Large shade-hat of white crinoline, ornamented with large loops of apricot-colored muslin, together with sprays of forget-me-nots and peach-blossoms.

FIG. X.—CHILD'S FROCK, OF PINK COTTON, confined at the waist with a pink sash in washing-silk.

FIG. XI.—DRESS, OF WHITE FOULARD, sprinkled with blue spots. The skirt has the front trimmed with two frill-flounces of plain blue silk. The jacket-bodice has lappels of the spotted silk; but the waistcoat is of the plain blue silk, as well as the plaited cuffs. The Directoire frills at the sides of the jacket and at the neck may be either of the plain blue silk or of white lisse. White straw hat, with a scalloped border and trimmed with a bunch of variegated roses and blue corn-flowers in two tints.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BROWN STRIPED CHEVIOT. The plain skirt is finished with rows of machine-stitching. The jacket opens in front over a very light fawn-colored cloth vest, and the rolling collar is faced with the same colored cloth. The sleeves are high, with fawn-colored cuffs. Brown straw hat, trimmed with primroses and bluebells.

GENERAL REMARKS.—As at this time of the year many persons make up their gowns for the coming season, we have given the newest styles thus early, a little in advance of the weather. The designs will also answer for heavier materials as well.

Camel's-hair in all colors and shades is always

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popular; albatross-cloth of good quality makes up well and wears well; then there are Henrietta-cloths, crépons, buntings, mohairs, India and foulard silks, ginghams, sateens, challis, chintzes, and an innumerable quantity of other desirable materials, from which choice can be made for spring and summer gowns. Many old favorites which have been pushed aside are again to the front, such as the cheap and comfortable bunting, albatross, and alpaca.

Plain and figured materials are both fashionable, but the figured material is usually combined with a plain one.

The spring colors are beautifully soft yet decided, and all tints to suit all complexions are attainable.

Skirts for walking-costumes are still made much too long, often resting several inches on the ground; but they are usually made very plain, the front and hips with the most scant drapery, all the fullness being carried to the back and gathered or plaited into the narrowest dimensions at the waist, whence the plaits fall to the ground in open fan-like dimensions.

Paniers are being very slowly introduced, and consist of drapery set on to the waist, not cut at all with the skirt.

Skirt-trimmings are as yet very plain and narrow; for later in the season a less severe style will probably appear, but will not do away with the present fashion.

Bodices continue to be full and trimmed in various ways, while the skirts remain so plain; but buttons for either use or ornament are again worn, though not to fasten the gown down the front, or at least not to be seen if they do so.

Sleeves are full at the top, most comfortably but not ungracefully loose about the arm, long and fitting the wrist snugly, often covering a good deal of the back of the hand. For thin materials, fuller sleeves will be much worn, as the long close ones will prove too warm for the summer heats.

Henry II capes which reach to the hips have high shoulder-sleeves, and yokes of various shapes are stylish and fashionable; they are easily made and form excellent wraps for the warm spring days.

The Louis XV coats are exceedingly popular, but are difficult to fit well, as the bodice-part should look like a tailor-made garment. The basque may be set on just below the waist-line, which insures a better fit than when the whole garment is cut in one piece. Large pockets may be added or not, as may suit the figure. The coat may fasten from the throat to the waist, or may have a rolling or a Directory collar. A close-fitting sleeve or a sleeve with a large square cuff may be worn, but all the sleeves are full at the top. These so-called Louis XV coats really partake in some respects of the coats of two or three periods, from Louis XIV to Louis XVI.

Short jackets that fit the figure snugly can be made into the new fashion, if long basques be added at the waist.

Hats continue large and eccentric in shape, as a rule, though toques and turbans are worn by those to whom they are most becoming. Large bows of surah or ribbon or quantities of flowers trim these large hats.

Bonnets are small, some with high pointed trimming in front, some with all the high trimming at the back, according to the fancy.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The first spring novelties in the way of hats and bonnets are beginning to make their appearance. It is too early in the season to expect any very startling or original creations, but some of the earlier headgear is very dainty and pretty. Black lace and gold passementeries form an elegant combination for the exceptionally early Easter of the present season.

One, intended for a prominent leader of Parisian fashion, is in black lace trimmed with butterflies in gold passementerie, one of which is set amid curled black ostrich-tips in front of the brim, whilst another is poised amid ruffles of black lace at the back, just above the wearer's back hair. The sides of the bonnet are bordered with a slender and very narrow gold feather.

Another pretty bonnet in the same style is composed of black tulle thickly embroidered with blue jet, the sides composed of long narrow wings in blue jet, and with loops of the same standing up high at the back.

A very charming bonnet, with a curved and projecting brim, is composed of white Spanish lace. A very long but slender jet crescent is set at the base of the crown, simulating a Spanish comb, its juncture with the bonnet being concealed by a row of roses in ruby velvet.

Straws have not yet made any universal appearance. The few styles that are shown are the fine English straws or else fancy braids. The shapes are more rounded and advance more over the brow than was the case last season. The newest form is a bonnet with a projecting brim shaped in three deep curves or waves over the top of the head, and lined with white plaited crèpe-lisse. This front, like the sides, is in fancy braid of a pale-yellow hue. The crown is left open and is surrounded with a flat wreath in small yellow and white chrysanthemums, attached at the base with a long pale-yellow ribbon which falls over the wearer's back hair. The front of the bonnet is adorned with bows and loops in white and in yellow ribbon. The same model is shown in black straw, trimmed with pink chrysanthemums and with pink ribbon.

Some of the new toques of the season are

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charming. Especially to be noted was one all in black ostrich-tips, as it seemed at the first glance, but having the crown in black straw and the brim covered with black velvet. Another in dark-blue tulle, beaded all over with minute beads of blue jet, and with the brim covered with a band of blue jet, was more showy if less elegant.

A very handsome wide-brimmed hat in Leghorn straw was trimmed with white and yellow roses, the flowers being seemingly held in place by long gold pins with round heads the size of a large cherry, set with squares of cut jet mounted in gold.

White and yellow appear to be the favorite combination of color for trimmings, and small-sized chrysanthemums in all sorts and varieties of color are the popular flower.

There will be very little change, this spring, in the cut and style of dresses. The narrow skirt and close-fitting corsage maintain their sway, and long may they reign, as dresses thus composed require a great deal less material and are far easier to walk in, being so much lighter and less clumsy than were the elaborately trimmed gowns of bygone days.

The newest materials are a sort of long-napped velvet or short-napped plush called "plushed velvet," which is used, lined with colored satin, for carriage-wraps, and the "Cleopatra" gauze, which is a very large-meshed silk net of a solid fibre, which promises to wear well. This is shown figured with large velvet spots or else plain, and comes in a great variety of colors, including white and pink and pale-blue, as well as the tints for street-wear. In black, with black velvet spots, made up over rose-pink silk, it forms an elegant and simple demi-toilette.

Sleeves are not worn nearly so high on the shoulders as heretofore. The present fashion is a compromise between the old-fashioned coat-sleeve and the recent exaggerated high-puffed mediæval sleeve.

A recent innovation for dinner-dresses for married ladies is to have the corsage cut square in front, and with long sleeves made very full from the shoulder to the elbow, and close-fitting from the elbow to the wrist. The sleeve is cut open on the inner side of the arm from the curve to the top, and lined with satin or with watered silk the same shade as the dress itself. This curious but picturesque cut of sleeve is only appropriate for toilettes composed of very heavy materials.

Another novelty for dinner-dress is a Greek costume in white crêpe de Chine, minutely and accurately reproducing the classic robes of the ladies of ancient Greece or Rome. The hair is worn like that of an antique statue, being waved in front and coiled in a classic knot behind. No jewels are to be worn with this dress, except a necklace of antique gold coins or of Roman cameos, and no ornaments in the hair except perhaps three very slender bands in gold or in silver or possibly in very minute diamonds.

Ball-dresses in black or in white tulle embroidered with straw are amongst the novelties of the season. The prettiest pattern is a design in deep curves of flowers meeting a band of flowers at the hem. Narrow bands of the embroidery are used to trim the low-necked and short-sleeved corsage. These bands are put on flat, either bordering the top of the corsage and the arm-holes or else striping it all over.

Small brooches have come decidedly into fashion. They are usually round and about the size of a silver quarter-dollar. The most popular are in artistic enamel: copies of antique or mediæval ornaments, and sometimes with small diamonds introduced into the device.

Short oblong pins are shown in artistic combinations of colored gems, such as a square yellow diamond, finished at one end with a small ruby, and at the other with an emerald of the same size, each set between two little white diamonds.

The yellow sapphire is a new introduction for rings or brooches. It is of a deep golden hue, richer than that of the yellow diamond, while it is far more brilliant than a topaz. Set between two dark-blue sapphires, it sets off by its color and lustre the beauty of its azure sister-gems.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S FROCK, OF CHALLIS. The skirt has three tucks at the bottom, and is put to the round waist with three rows of shirring. The full bodice opens over a guipure vest, and a guipure ruffle finishes the neck. Full sleeves with guipure cuffs.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF BROWN VELVETEEN. The knickerbockers are full at the knee. The blouse has a trimming of braid around the neck and down the right side. Full sleeves with cuffs formed by plaiting. Scotch cap of brown cloth.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF BLUE CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt has a flounce at the bottom; it is gathered at the waist and put on under a shirred belt of blue silk, fastened down by three bands of braid. The full bodice has a ruffle of blue silk at the neck. High sleeves with pointed cuffs of blue silk. Felt hat, trimmed with feather and ribbon.

FIG. IV.—NAVY COLLAR FOR A BOY OR A SMALL GIRL. It is made of white linen, striped at the upper part and back with blue braid. The edges are feather-stitched with blue, and an anchor is embroidered in each corner. The plastron corresponds with the collar. The collar may also be made of blue-and-white striped linen, with a piece of plain white linen stitched on under the lowest blue stripe.

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MARGUERITE IN HER GARDEN

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. MAY. 1891.

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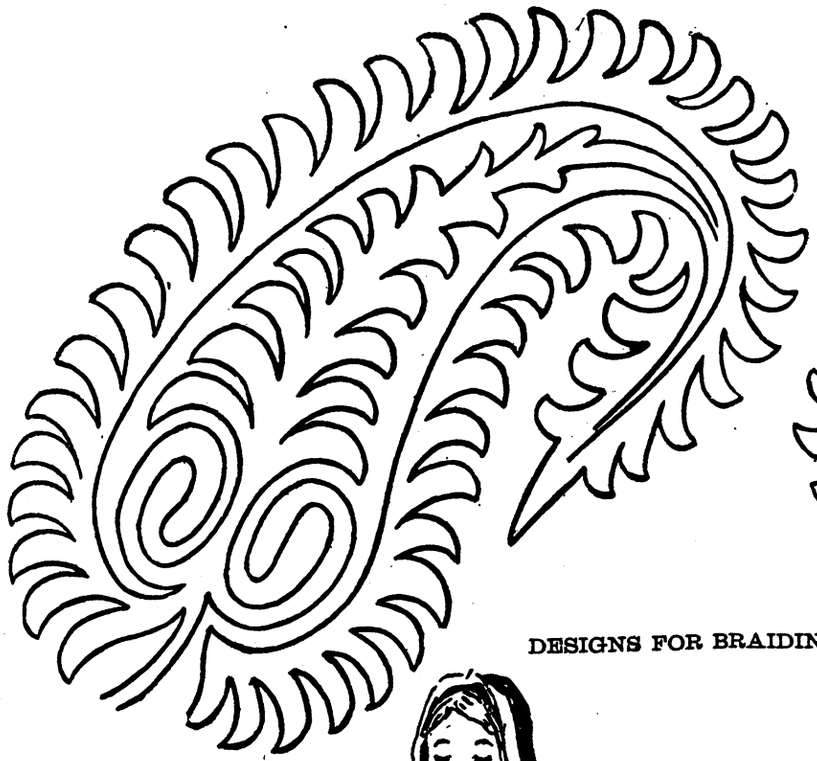

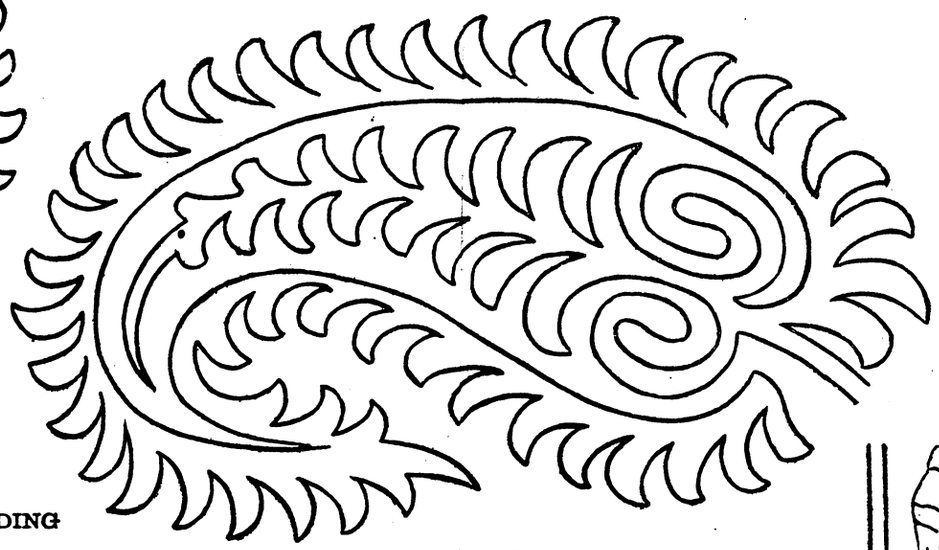

DESIGNS FOR BRAIDING

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A PURITAN MAIDEN, TIME OF CROMWELL, OUTLINE WORK IN STEM-STITCH

TULIP BORDER FOR GALON.

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Fig 6

Fig. 10

Fig. 11

Fig. 12

Fig. 15

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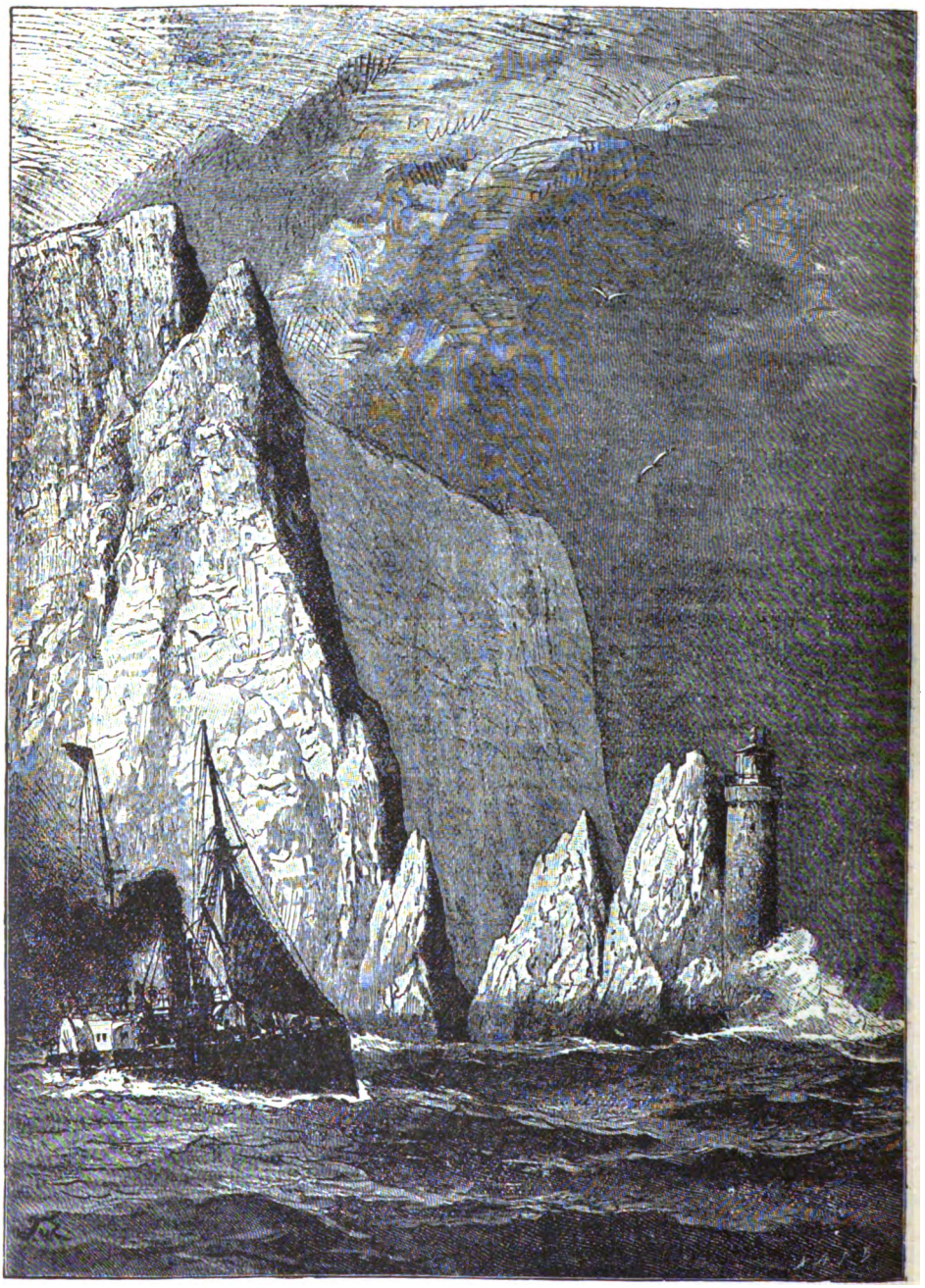

THE NEEDLES AND LIGHT-HOUSE, ISLE OF WIGHT.

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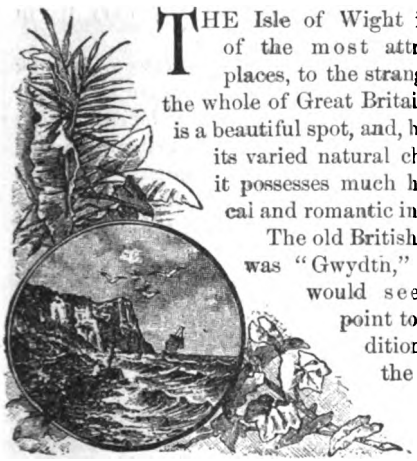
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIX. PHILADELPHIA, MAY, 1891. No. 5.

CURIOUS ROCKS AND WATERFALLS.

BY RODNEY T. WATERMAN.



THE Isle of Wight is one of the most attractive places, to the stranger, in the whole of Great Britain. It is a beautiful spot, and, besides its varied natural charms, it possesses much historical and romantic interest. The old British name was "Gwydtn," which would seem to point to a tradition that the island had once made part of the mainland; and it appears very probable that, in some convulsion of nature, the rocks may have been torn apart and the intermediate stretch of sand gradually washed into the sea.

The mighty cliffs which guard the harbor are peculiar enough to suggest some such theory. These "Needles" and the narrow passage beyond present an almost impregnable line of defense. The channel is not only restricted, but its bed is studded thick with perils. Dolphin Sand, Dolphin Bank, and Bridge Reef, with their scores of irregular tooth-like projections not always visible, render navigation difficult even for small vessels; and further on is a stretch of shallows ending in an eddy termed the "Trap," which is even more to be dreaded. As these numerous natural safeguards are strengthened by batteries, torpedoes, and every other sort of modern naval invention, England would have little to fear in that quarter, if the foreign invasion which is always the bugbear of certain restless politicians should sometime take place.

The light-house on St. Catherine's Point, at the foot of the first steep cliffs, fronts the vertical sheet of rock that towers to a great height, looking sometimes in the distance like an enormous white sail. The light was placed there early in the year 1848, and can be seen for twentyfive miles out at sea; and a steam fog-horn, which blows two blasts in rapid succession every four minutes, is plainly heard fourteen miles away.

When the Romans invaded Britain, they took possession of the little adjacent island and changed its name to Vectis, building a fortification on the site of a British settlement which they destroyed for that purpose. Rome maintained her supremacy in the land between three and four centuries; then she was forced by her rapidly waning power to withdraw her legions, and the Saxons regained control and restored the original name of the island, which gradually, as the language developed into English, became softened to Wight.

For several hundred years, the Saxons held the territory as best they might, against the incursions of the Danes, who ever and again descended like flocks of sea-wolves on its picturesque shores. But the year 1066 arrived, and, before it closed, William the Conqueror began his rule in England, and there was an end to the bold Norsemen's piratical expeditions to the coast of Albion. With the generosity of a freebooter in giving away what does not belong to him, the Norman presented the Isle of Wight to his faithful adherent, William Fitz-Osborne, and for two centuries the descendants of that famous knight held sway there as indepen-

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dent rulers. When Edward I ascended the throne, he purchased the regalities from the heiress, Lady Isabella de Fortibus, and the island became the possession of the crown.

ROCK OF LIMESTONE, NEAR THE RIVER SAAR, IN PRUSSIA.

The Castle of Carisbrook, which Fitz-Osborne built on the Roman foundations, still has one of the original towers standing; the remaining portions are additions to the fortifications built by Queen Elizabeth, with the exception of the stately gateway, which was erected in the fifteenth century.

At the beginning of England's civil war, Carisbrook Castle was garrisoned by a small detachment of Royalist troops; and the wife of the governor of the island, the Countess of Portland, was placed there with her children for safe-keeping. The inhabitants of the neighborhood were Parliamentarians, and, aided by a band of marines, they besieged the fortress, meaning to take it for Cromwell. The assailants were many, and the garrison's force small, provided with only food enough to last three days. Unconditional surrender seemed unavoidable; but the countess would not hear of this. She went out herself on the ramparts, holding a lighted torch, and called to the besiegers in a clear resolute voice:

"Grant to us honorable terms; grant to these brave men safety of life and limb, with permission to go where they will, or with my own hands I will fire the first cannon, and will defend these walls till they bury us in their ruins."

The besiegers were so struck by her courage, or so unwilling to injure the castle, that they acceded to her demands; and the countess, her children, and the soldiers departed amid the applause of their foes.

But I am wandering from the subject on which I was asked to write: so let me get away from the fascinating neighborhood of Wight and its Needles without further delay.

The marvelous forms of rocks to be found in various portions of our country are familiar to all Americans, either by sight or from photographs and pictures. Nowhere in the world have these results of elemental convulsions taken such beautiful shapes as in the cañons of California and Colorado, where for miles together the traveler finds it hard to persuade himself that he is not journeying beneath buttresses and walls, Gothic castles and cathedrals—beautiful as dreams in the distance, grand and awful when more closely approached. In Europe, the Dolomite mountains take preeminence in the way of extraordinary masses of rock on a gigantic scale, looking like vast coral reefs left by the sinking of some antediluvian sea.

Of course, water has been one of the chief agents which have brought about these strange rock-forms; but volcanic explosions have had much to do therewith, as they had

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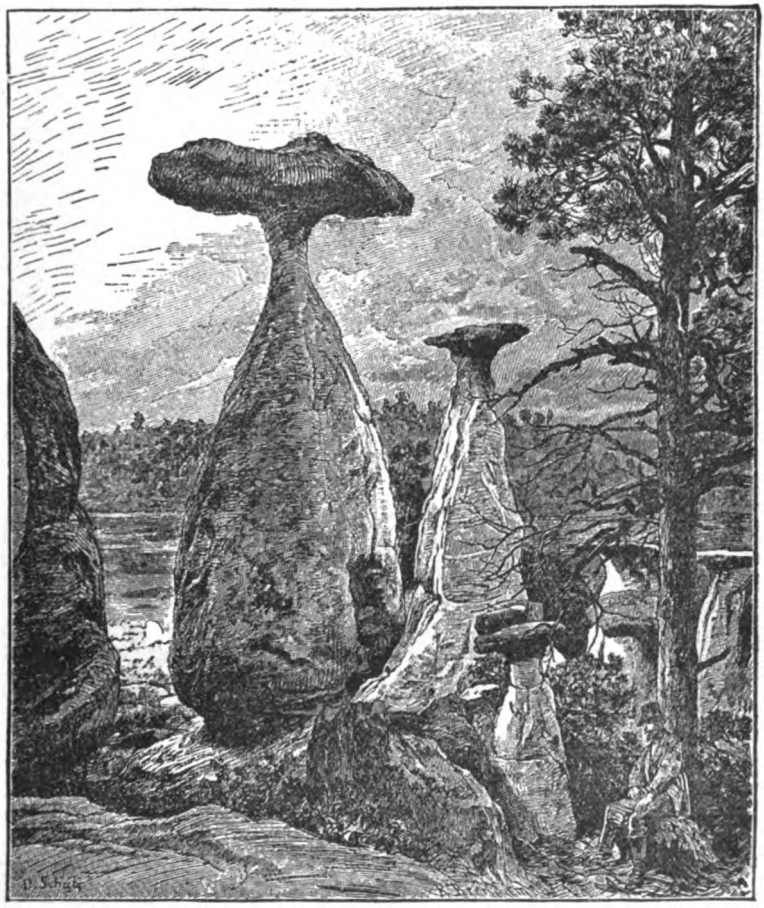
in the formation of all mountain ranges as they now exist, the most modern of which, directly traceable to this cause, are the South American Andes, which are planted in the midst of a level plain. Almost in recent times, on a farm in Mexico, an unsuspected volcano suddenly leaped out of the earth, rose to an immense altitude between sunset and sunrise, and in less than two months reached a height of sixteen hundred feet.

But these marvels on a scale so titanic are not what I set out to write of; and, among smaller ones, some standing on the bank of the river Saar, in Prussia, are hardly to be surpassed in the oddity of their shapes. The first of these is a solitary limestone rock towering high in the air, its top crowned with large trees, and not far off stands a group of rocks startlingly like monster mushrooms.

The region abounds in coal, lead, and iron mines, and the minerals and metals lying under the soil are usually regarded as the cause of these strange freaks, though some geologists are inclined to believe that the rocks may really be the fossil remains of plants, from which the sandstone has crumbled away through the action of water. Fossilized plants are usually found in such stratified rocks, which are sandstone, limestone, and clay, all composed of sedimentary matter.

"Throw a cupful of gravelly water into a bowl," says a well-known writer, "and the gravel sinks in a short time. By long continuous similar process on a gigantic scale, through untold ages, stratified rocks of consolidated elementary deposits are formed, commencing the process perhaps from the



CURIOUS MUSHROOM-FORM OF SANDSTONE ROCKS.

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time when water covered the earth, and, later on, depositing the animals—chiefly salt and fresh water creatures—found in the different strata of rocks.

"Then violent subterranean convulsions occurred, making a channel for the floods, these, the once solid rock-terraces fell a prey; and their mineral deposits, sunk lower than the stratified rock, but ever working upward to the surface, led to those singular shapes which remain as evidences of the perished terraces."

PILLAR ROCKS, NEAR THE RIVER SAAR.

and probably left the rocks solid, to be afterward corroded by carbonic acid, then abounding in the atmosphere, also by deluges of rain and other factors of destruction. To

The strangely shaped rocks shown in the accompanying illustrations are doubtless the sole fragments left of such a rock-terrace. The length of time required for the original

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excavation of the valley, the slow accumulating deposits to make the terraces, and the interval then needed for their destruction, we will leave the geologists to argue over at their leisure.

Within the limit of a walk from these wonders of the Saar valley stands another group quite as peculiar in its way as the mushroom-shaped marvels. These latter rocks rise some three hundred feet and are the homes of countless pigeons, which fairly darken the air as they circle about their towers in the sunset or early morning.

IN ROMSDAL.

During the summer that I visited those wonders, I journeyed into Norway with my friend Roslyn K. Brooke, who published a

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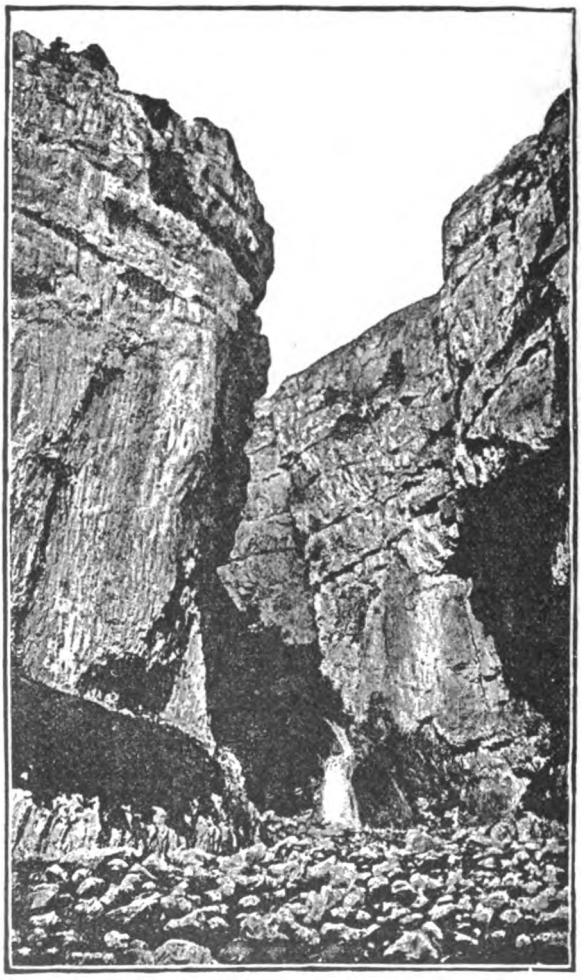
brief account of our pilgrimage in the January number of this magazine. Among the treasures of my portfolio is a sketch of a waterfall in the picturesque Romsdal valley, which is as peculiar as it is beautiful. It is impossible for words to give an idea of the wonderful effect produced by the contrast of the emerald green of the adjacent forest on a bright summer day, or the enchanting loveliness of the cascade, which only the brush of a great artist, dipped in his most vivid tints, could portray.

There is in England a spot which American travelers seem frequently to miss, yet it is fairly unique in its way: this is Malham Dale, in Yorkshire, which possesses two examples of rock-scenery, called Malham Cove and Gordale Scar, which are worth a long journey to see.



GORDALE SCAR.

In the first place, the scar limestone, which is the purest possible, being entirely free from grit or shale, constitutes the most beautiful form of cliff imaginable. Mr. Ruskin, in writing about the Jura rock of Switzerland, says it is "balanced in the make of it between chalk and marble." This seems to be the case with the scar limestone of England, which, "with the close-grained and unshattered majesty of marble, combines the gleaming white beauty of solidified chalk."

Malham or Aire Dale is a narrow valley, watered by the river Aire, which suddenly ends in the mountains by meeting a vast perpendicular barrier of rock flung across it, with a musical brook welling up at its base; this is Malham Cove, and the rivulet is the source of the Aire.

In an adjacent glen is Gordale Scar, another massive weight of pure white limestone towering three hundred feet into the air, with here and there stains of storm and time darkening its surface, like strange hieroglyphs traced by Titans. A few hardy juniper-bushes grow along the sides, their dark-green contrasting weirdly with the white stone, and knots of delicate harebells dip their cups in the spray of the torrent which has made its way through the moors above and plunges down the narrow gorge in a series of beautiful cascades. A bend at the lower entrance of the glen hides the rocks from sight till one is well in and standing just below the cascade.

The waterfall itself, beautiful as it is, is not the prominent feature of the scene, but rather a detail which adds life and character. Even at the season of the spring floods, when it is swollen into a really formidable cascade it is less imposing than those solemn white crags themselves. Indeed, I know of no spot, even in Derbyshire, famous as it is

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A TASMANIAN WATERFALL.

for its rock-forms, which presents a scene so grand and peculiar as Malham Cove and Gordale Scar.

It is frequently asserted that even the poets of the last century were neither great lovers of nature nor much more capable of appreciating its beauties than the prosaic Peter Bell, of whom Wordsworth says:

> "A yellow primrose on the river's brim—
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more."

One is almost ready to believe this startling declaration in regard to the bards when one stumbles on a certain passage in a letter by Gray, written just after he had paid a visit to Gordale Scar. "I staid there," he writes, "not without shuddering, a quarter of an hour, and thought my trouble richly repaid, for the impression will last with life."

"Not without shuddering" is capital, and the idea of a poet's being satisfied with

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fifteen minutes for the contemplation of such a scene is as incomprehensible as is the gentle elegiast's choice of preposition in the last clause of his sentence. Evidently his taste and imagination found themselves most at home in grave-yards, and it was as well that he left the picturesque and grand in nature to be described by the minstrels of a later period.

I have only space for one other illustration, and that is a cascade in the Antipodes — in the wonderful region of Tasmania. The cut is engraved from a sketch made by an artist friend; but, in regard to the height of the cataract, he gave me no information, and I have searched vainly in books of travel, gazetteers, and geographies, to learn some details of the scene—even its name remains a mystery.

The picture always reminds me of the section of Niagara between Goat and Luna islands. The resemblance is indeed so strong that to a fanciful person it suggests the idea that nature flung the Tasmanian cascade over the rocks to judge of the effect of this peculiar kind of waterfall before essaying the design on the vast scale of our own famous cataract.

A LOST HOUR.

BY CHARLES KIELY SHETTERLY.

A GOLDEN hour on a summer morn
When half the world was still,
The dew was fresh on the new-mown hay,
And the bridal veil of the fair young day
Hung over the purple hill.

The sheep-bells tinkled across the slopes,
Sweet as an elfin chime;
Butterflies flitted athwart the down,
Bees went murmuring, busy and brown,
Over the fragrant thyme.

A languid calm and a dull content,
Silence instead of speech;
The wind sighed low and the lark sang high,
But the golden hour of our lives went by
And drifted out of reach.

We both went back to an eager life;
But in its pause to-day
The dream of that golden hour returns,
And my jaded spirit frets and yearns
For one chance swept away.

The years creep on, and the heart grows tired
Even of hopes fulfilled,
And turns away from the world's strong wine
With fevered lips that must ever pine
For that pure draught once spilled.

And yet, perchance, when our long day wanes
—Age hath its joy late born—
We shall meet again on the green hill-side,
And find in the solemn even-tide
The hour we lost at morn.

ALONG THE MONONGAHELA.

BY MIRIAM K. DAVIS.

FROM hanging banks the leafy boughs,
O'er sunlit waters bending,
Stoop down to kiss their imaged kin,
Through lucent depths ascending;
But here no more they nod and smile,
For here the sunbeams quiver
In rainbow hues that instant change
Above the foam-flecked river.

Yon pools reflect the floating clouds,
Like brooding sorrow, quiet;
Here shows no trace of human mood
But laughter running riot—
A reveler, daring not to pause,
Lest lips begin to quiver
At grief that must be hid by smiles,
So flows the foam-flecked river.

O heart, be still, and envy not
The beauty round thee glowing,
For pure and calm and deep and strong,
Thy tide of bliss is flowing.
That sunshine falleth softly there—
Look up and thank the Giver;
Thou canst not know what sunken rocks
May fret the foam-flecked river.

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ROMANCE OF AN OLD RED SCHOOL-HOUSE.

BY ELVA J. SMITH.

"I GRANT that she was sufficiently beautiful and charming at church to-day; but what will she be in her school-room to-morrow? Beautiful and charming creatures are quite numerous; but one seldom meets a young lady who does not make flirting her pastime, and a wealthy marriage the aim of her existence."

James McDonald reclined lazily on a sofa in Mrs. Ray's pleasant parlor, twirling his mustache with most provoking indifference. He had arrived at his cousin's only the evening before, and, in company with her and her husband, had just returned from church. While there, he had recognized a certain fresh young face in the choir as being that of a young lady whom he had met some two years previous at his cousin's wedding, and the conversation had naturally turned upon her.

Pretty Mrs. Ray pouted prettily.

"So like you, James! Nellie is just as sweet and lovable at home as abroad, and," she added, energetically, "far too good for such a carping critic as you."

"Ah, a perfect creature!" There was irony in the smooth tones.

Mrs. Ray stamped her dainty foot a little impatiently.

"At least, my most fastidious sir, I am not afraid to wager that you cannot intimately associate with Nellie Mayhew for a single month without losing your heart to her!"

"Done!" cried the young man. "What shall be the stakes?"

"A pair of kid gloves on my part—"

"To a diamond ring on mine, eh? Well, that is fair enough. I wear sevens."

"And you may select a ring the first time you are in the city."

Two days after the above conversation, Nellie Mayhew sat in the old red school-house at Glen Dale. Clustered round the glowing stove were a number of boys and girls, ranging in age from five to twenty years.

A stamping of feet in the snow outside warned Nellie of a new arrival, and, as the door swung open, she looked up. Instead, however, of one of her pupils, a stranger stood in the doorway. A tall stooping figure, whose trousers scarcely met the tops of the coarse shoes, and whose arms extended far below the sleeves of the faded and patched coat. The head, whose dark hair was worn much closer than the fashion of the day dictated, was covered by an old slouch hat. The smooth thin face, which might have been that of boy or man, wore an expression of extreme bashfulness.

"Good-morning," said Nellie, pleasantly.

The stranger bowed awkwardly in response to her salutation, as he stepped inside and made a dive, figuratively speaking, for the nearest seat, and, folding his long limbs to accommodate himself to the narrow space, shrunk into a corner of the bench behind the high desk. With a timid glance at Nellie, he inquired in a slow hesitating voice:

"Be this here seat took?"

"You wish to enter school, then?" ventured Nellie.

"Yes, if you don't mind," doubtfully.

"I shall be glad to have you come," Nellie replied, wondering if that were the exact truth. "Let me see what you intend studying."

Hesitatingly he complied by pushing the books across the desk toward her, saying in a half-frightened way, as he did so:

"You see, I ain't never had no chance to learn nothin'."

Nellie was making a cursory examination of his books, all of which she found to be elementary, and he went on as though some

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explanation of his presence were imperative —indeed, Nellie thought, oddly enough, as if his very existence called for an apology.

"I'm a-workin' over to Sam Ray's; an' Mis' Ray, she said she thought you'd be willin' for me to come, if I'd try to learn."

"Yes, indeed," rejoined Nellie. "I assure you, I shall be glad to help you in any way."

"But, you see, I don't know nothin' at all. Ain't never had no chance to git no schoolin', anyhow."

"Never mind that," was Nellie's cheerful answer. "If you have had no early advantages, you must only work the harder now, to make up for lost time."

"And ain't I too old to learn?" He spoke with a sort of wistful eagerness. "You know, I'll have to begin 'way down with the little chaps."

"You must be patient," replied Nellie. "By hard study, you may soon outstrip them."

Slow in acquiring, but patient and studious, Nellie found her new pupil, and she earnestly sought for the best means of developing this ignorant youth and of doing him the greatest possible good in the little time he would probably remain under her tuition. Carefully, kindly, and persistently she directed his attention to his errors of speech, explaining to him how much one's culture is made manifest by one's conversation; and she was delighted to find that an error, once pointed out, was seldom repeated, so that in a comparatively short time his speech had lost much of its crudeness. His habitual expression was one of diffidence and humility, yet at times the gray eyes flashed with sudden energy or swift resolution that rendered the plain face almost handsome. His lack of culture seemed to trouble him greatly, and he soon began a course of private reading under his teacher's guidance. For this purpose, he often spent his evenings at Nellie's home, where she read and talked with him, smoothing away the difficulties and illumining the obscurities. In this close intimacy, a strong friendship sprang up between teacher and pupil.

One evening, after Donald had attended school for about six weeks, he lingered after the other pupils had gone, to get the explanation of a problem. Nellie sat beside him, and, when the work was finished, he asked:

"Miss Nellie, how can you be so patient with me, when I am so big and old and stupid?"

Nellie smiled up into the earnest eyes and replied: "I do not think you are all that, Donald; but, when a person is really anxious to improve, I find great pleasure in assisting him ever so little. You are improving very much, Donald, indeed you are."

"Thank you, Miss Nellie—you mean to encourage me, I know; but, honestly, do you not think it is too late for me to make much of my life?"

"No, indeed," came the quick reply. "Many good and great men have had no early advantages whatever. I am sure you will make a cultured man, if you persevere. One day, I shall be proud to have been your friend."

"Have been? Why do you not say 'to be,' Miss Nellie?"

"To be—yes, I hope so," she replied, simply.

"You have great faith in me; may I prove worthy of it!"

"You will, Donald." This was spoken with a quiet assurance.

"Yet, Miss Nellie, I must give up my studies for the present. I cannot stay on here, deaf to my country's call."

"Oh, my poor Donald!" The cry escaped from her lips involuntarily.

"Do you not think it my duty to go?"

For a moment, Nellie hesitated.

"It is a time when each must decide for himself what is his duty toward himself and toward his country. Only this, Donald: wherever duty leads you, be true to the best within you, and all will be well at the last."

"I should have gone before this, Miss Nellie; but I was ill all last summer, my illness ending in a violent fever, from which I barely escaped with my life."

"You are right, Donald," Nellie returned. "I have no father, no brother, no kindred to send to our country's defense. My pupils are to me in place of those bound by ties of blood. Some are already in the field. It is hard to see them go; but, if hard for me, how much more so must it be for their mothers and their sisters."

"I have no mother, no sister, to care for my going nor to pray for my return—only you, Miss Nellie, to bid me God-speed; but you will not forget me, will you, when you say 'Our Father'?"

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"No, Donald; I will be your sister, if you will let me."

"Thank you, Miss Nellie; I am afraid I shall make but a poor brother. A poor brother for so fair a blossom," he repeated, "but I will try hard to be worthy of her."

"You said you were going soon, Donald?"

"Yes; I shall go back to my old home to enlist. I must leave here to-morrow."

"Oh, Donald! so soon?"

"Yes; I must bid you good-bye to-night, little sister."

"You will write to me often, Donald?" Nellie presently asked.

"Oh, may I?" Then a shade of embarrassment crept into his face as he added: "I shall not write such letters as you are accustomed to receiving."

"Nonsense!" laughed Nellie. "I do not think I shall feel very critical, Donald, when I receive a letter from one of my soldier-boys—and my brother, too."

"You will hear from me often, then, dear sister. And, now that I am about to leave you—and God only knows when, if ever, we shall meet again—I must thank you for the good you have done me. I shall not forget your kindness to me."

"I am glad if I have helped you."

"You have helped me far more than you can know—you have saved me from myself!"

There was a fervor in his tones that Nellie had never heard there before, and she flushed a little under the steady light of the brilliant eyes. One shapely hand was lying idly upon the desk before her, one taper finger encircled by a slender gold ring. Donald lightly touched the golden circle.

"Sister Nellie!"

"Well, Donald?"

"I fear you will think I presume too much on the new title you have given me, but will you not give me some little token?"

"You shall have the ring, Donald. And," she added, softly, "whenever you look upon it, remember that she who placed it there prays for you."

"If my life is spared, Miss Nellie, I shall come to you first of all. And now give me your blessing, for I must be gone."

On the following day, Nellie walked over to Mrs. Ray's and learned that James McDonald had been there to bid his cousin farewell.

"He will be Captain McDonald now, Nellie, and poor Donald will be in his command; they left Glen Dale together this morning," said Mrs. Ray. "See, this is my cousin's parting gift. Is it not beautiful?" displaying a flashing diamond for Nellie's admiration.

"Beautiful indeed," Nellie exclaimed.

"Do you remember James?" asked Mrs. Ray.

"You could not expect me to remember him very distinctly, as I have met him but once; however, I recall him as a rather handsome, proud young man."

Nellie was, however, destined to become much better acquainted with Captain McDonald through his correspondence with Mrs. Ray, for she would often carry Donald's letters over to share with her friend, who, in return, read bits from her cousin's epistles.

The long dreary winter wore away; April, with her tears and smiles, came, bringing the bloody battle of Shiloh.

After the battle, there was a time of terrible suspense, then came tidings of the Glen Dale boys; but of Donald Campbell there came no word. Poor Mrs. Ray sent Nellie a paper that reported Captain McDonald wounded.

One bright October day, Nellie sat at her desk, lost in meditation. Her reverie was broken by the sound of approaching footsteps, and she turned toward the door as a gentleman stopped before it. She betrayed no sign of recognition at sight of the tall lithe figure in officer's uniform, the handsome brown heavily-bearded face, and the keen flashing eyes.

"Miss Nellie, have you forgotten me?"

At sound of the well-remembered voice, a swift glad surprise came into Nellie's eyes.

"Oh, Donald! Is it Donald come back?"

"Yes, Donald come back. Do you welcome me, little sister?"

"I thought—I thought you—dead," Nellie began, when the first greetings were over, then her glance fell upon the sleeve that hung empty at his side.

"I left that arm at Shiloh," he said, interpreting her glance.

"Tell me all about it, Donald, how it happened and how it is that you are here after so long a silence—a silence so long that I thought you would never come again. Oh, those awful days! Mourning in every home! Jimmy Lee and Tommy Grey killed,

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Arthur Reeves and Willie Felton missing—and poor Mrs. Ray has not heard from her cousin since the same dreadful time. Do you know anything of him—your captain?"

"I do. He is well and will soon be at home to tell his own story."

"I am so glad, for dear Mollie's sake! Poor child! she has grieved so."

Presently the young man told his story—a sad story of battle and blood, of danger and suffering. Twice he had been wounded, once through the chest and again in the arm. After this, he had been borne to the rear by comrades and had slowly and painfully crawled farther back until he had fainted from loss of blood.

"The next I remember," said he, "I was lying in a large pleasant room, and a sweet-faced woman sat beside my couch—a woman so good and pure that to see her was to love her. As I turned my eyes toward her, she placed a cool white hand upon my brow and assured me that I was among friends.

"When I was a little stronger, she told me how I had been found by her servants and carried to her house. Her brother, a most excellent surgeon, was with her, and to his skill as surgeon, to hers as nurse, and to the kindness of both, I owe my life.

"For weeks I was helpless, much of the time unconscious, for my wounds were very serious; through it all, my ministering angel was ever beside me, fighting back death for me when I was too weak even to care to do it for myself.

"The lady was, she told me, a widow, and her only son was in the Confederate army. When I expressed surprise that she should care for me, her foe, she replied: 'I have no foes; and I hope, should there come such a need, some mother of the North may care for my son.' God never created a nobler woman, whether North or South. She called me 'my boy' from the first, and I soon learned to give her the dear title I had never given another, for my own mother died before I could lisp her name.

"Poor little mother! While I was there—I was convalescent then—she received a letter bearing the tidings of her son's death. I took her to my heart, Miss Nellie, and vowed that thenceforth I would be to her a son indeed."

Donald's voice grew husky and his eyes were moist. After a moment, he resumed with a smile:

"You see, Miss Nellie, I am very much in love with Mrs. Linton, and, after the fashion of smitten lads, can talk only of her I love. But I will hasten. I was an inmate of her home four months, and a home indeed it was to me. I wrote you twice while there, but I suppose the letters were lost.

"After leaving Mrs. Linton's and reporting at headquarters, I spent some time caring for my comrades in the hospital. I found many dear companions there, and I shall return to them soon, for I can never be of service at the front again."

With a little shiver, Nellie said:

"How much you have suffered, Donald! How much they all suffer! I never realized it before, I think. I mean to go to them as nurse, as soon as my school closes."

"It would break your heart, little woman, to see all the suffering you could not alleviate."

"What! I must not see what my brothers must suffer? Ah, Donald, what a poor creature you must think me!"

"Do you believe I think that, Nellie?"

Something in his voice brought the warm flush to her cheek. She would change the subject.

"Donald, you are wearing an officer's uniform. Come—confess by what deed of valor you have won that!"

Donald laughed. "A true feminine instinct for dress, Miss Nellie. Well, since you must know, this uniform belongs to Captain McDonald. A good fit, isn't it?" he added, mischievously, as he noted the scarlet coming again to her cheeks.

Nellie did not look quite satisfied; and Donald, interpreting her expression, said:

"Now you think I have committed a grave error by appearing in borrowed plumes?"

"No," doubtfully.

"What then?"

"Nothing—that is, I—I don't know, Donald. You are so—so changed."

"I have not developed as you hoped, little teacher? You are disappointed?"

"No, no—not that. Yet I can hardly realize that it is Donald come back."

A quizzical look came into his eyes.

"And you would have me be just the old Donald again?"

"Not that, either; but—you cannot understand—I myself do not understand."

Donald rose and strode across the floor.

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The same stoop and long stride, the same loose swing of the body, and, as he turned toward her, the same expression that he had been accustomed to wear in her presence. Returning, he said:

"Do you believe now? If not, here is my signet-ring."

Nellie's cheeks dimpled as she answered:

"I believe the past, but not the present."

"Now, Miss Nellie," said Donald, resuming his seat, "I have another story to tell you—a confession to make. Will you hear me?"

"Go on, Donald."

"And you will advise me, sister, just as you would an own brother, were he to come to you for counsel?"

"I will try."

"You will not fail me, Nellie?"

"Have I ever failed you, Donald—brother?"

He took her hand and pressed it to his cheek. Still holding it so, he spoke:

"In a village not a hundred miles from Glen Dale, there lives a bonnie lass who is very dear to me, one whom I love with all my heart—as man loves but once."

Did the hand tremble and the pulse quicken against his cheek? Ah! she had never thought of Donald's loving anyone so. Her hand was held more closely as he went on:

"She is a noble woman, Nellie—gentle and pure, good and beautiful; but I have never told her of my love. I had hoped, when the war was over, to woo and win her for my wife. Tell me true—ought I to go to her, maimed as I am? Could she love me so?"

Nellie's eyes flashed. "If she is a true woman, Donald, she will love you the more dearly for your misfortune."

"But consider—crippled and without fortune, with nothing to interpose between her and want save this one poor arm: would it not be foolish to go to her so?"

Nellie spoke quickly:

"Donald, you have it in you to succeed. The love of a true woman will help you onward and upward. Go to her and tell her of your love."

"But, Nellie, I want her now; I am so weary of waiting. Put yourself in her place, sister. If someone loved you very much indeed—someone who was poor and friendless, but who would work for you and care for you and love you very dearly—would you rather he would come to you so, or would you wish him to wait till he could offer you riches? Would you refuse him because of his poverty, or would you put your hand in his and climb with him the rugged road to fortune?"

The reply came without hesitation.

"Donald, I would rather he would come to me. For a woman who truly loved, there could be no choice."

There was silence for a moment, then Donald resumed gravely:

"I have not told you all, Miss Nellie. Could you, if your lover had deceived you—could you forgive him that?"

A look of pain was in the girl's eyes.

"Oh, Donald! I cannot believe you would stoop to that!"

"Yet I have done even that. Nay, do not condemn before you hear me, my friend. I did it only that I might know the very depths of her heart. I was half at war with all the world—wholly at war with myself. I deemed womankind artificial and shallow. I acknowledge this with shame, yet it is true that I held such sentiments. I met this young girl. Fair and sweet she seemed to me, yet I would have shut her out from my heart. Finding I could not do this, I resolved to sound the very depths of her nature. Need I say that, by the severest tests, I found her all—more than all—I could ask? Oh, there is not another such in the world, Nellie! I was friendless; she befriended me. I was poor; she encouraged me. I was ignorant; she helped me to rise above myself. I was only Donald, poor simple Donald, and she was more kind to me than if I had possessed rank and fortune; and, when I left her tuition for the stern teachings of the battle-field, she sent me forth with her blessing—a blessing that has been a balm in all my pain. Nellie, Donald Campbell is the same James Campbell McDonald that you met at your friend's wedding some years ago. You know the rest. Forgive me my deceit, Nellie—for you, and you alone, do I love."

The truth had come to Nellie in an instant, and she sprang to her feet, white and trembling. Weak and frail she looked, but oh! the flashing eyes and the scorn and sarcasm of her words!

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"Captain McDonald, you have played your farce excellently. May you enjoy to the fullest the memory of your delightful ruse."

"Nellie! Nellie! do not cast me off and despise me! Forgive me and let me show you how man can love."

"You are forgiven—and forgotten, Captain McDonald," she replied, with bitter emphasis. "Donald Campbell I sincerely liked—Captain McDonald I do not know."

"Nellie, be merciful as well as just. Have you nothing but scorn for him who loves you?"

"Captain McDonald, I must bid you adieu. A man does not deceive the woman he loves. Some faults may be forgiven, but cool premeditated deceit I despise. When next you wish to amuse yourself at the expense of a silly young girl, may your success be as great as it has been to-day."

She swept him a mock courtesy and was gone. Captain McDonald was alone.

The distance from the school-house to his cousin's home was less than half a mile, yet the candles had long been lighted when he tapped at the cottage door.

Mr. Ray being absent from home, the cousins had the evening to themselves. Of his adventures, the young man conversed fluently; and it was not until late in the evening that Mrs. Ray, glancing archly at her cousin, remarked:

"I suppose you will go over to relate your adventures to Nellie in the morning? Really, it is time she were undeceived as to your identity."

There was a sudden compression of Captain McDonald's lips as he answered:

"No, Mollie, I shall take the morning train for Dentville."

"Why, James! I am sure—"

Something in her guest's face checked the impulsive lady. She sat, turning the rings on her slender fingers in puzzled confusion.

Her cousin regarded her silently for a time, then he spoke quietly:

"In truth, cousin, I have seen her. I have played a desperate game, and—lost."

"Oh, James! You surely do not mean—she did not—did not—"

"Yes, but she did. That is all, only this: your friend is blameless." His tones were not so smooth as he wished, and there was a slight quiver of the lips compressed so closely. He stepped out upon the veranda for a little time. When he returned, there was no sign of his emotion visible: his cousin understood perfectly that the subject was not to be renewed.

On the following morning, Captain McDonald, deaf to his cousin's entreaties to prolong his stay, and declining her proffered carriage, set out afoot for the station.

Why did he prefer to walk? Was it that the foot-path led past the old school-house, which to-day—Saturday—would be unoccupied? Was he so weak that he could not resist taking one last farewell of the place where he had experienced the sweetest pleasure and the bitterest pain?

Whether these considerations had or had not anything to do with his course, when he reached the door he raised the latch and stepped inside. How quiet and deserted the old house seemed! He paced to and fro within the narrow room, maddening thoughts crowding his mind.

"Fool that I have been! What have I lost! Oh, Nellie, Nellie—and I had learned to love you as I had thought never to love woman!" He spoke bitterly, hardly conscious that he spoke at all.

He had paused beside her desk. There lay a dusty old book—surely one he had left behind when he volunteered. The cover bore the fresh impress of fingers, and there, embedded in the gathered dust, was one shining drop, like shaken dew. He opened the book. Inscribed on the fly-leaf were the words: "Donald Campbell, died October 23d, 1862." And—yes—the leaf was damp with tears.

He stood as one in a dream. He glanced about, as if to discover the hand that had traced the words in the well-known writing.

Suddenly a low sound, like a smothered sob, floated out on the stillness. For a moment, he was bewildered. Then a thought struck him. He turned to the book-closet just at his back, and pressed the spring. The door flew open, and behold! there, crouched in the farthest corner, was Nellie Mayhew, her hair disheveled, her dress soiled from contact with long-unused shelves, her flushed face hid in her dusty, crumpled, once white apron, from which came a disconsolate sob.

Captain McDonald gazed upon the strange apparition a moment in silence, then he spoke tenderly:

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"Nellie!"

She only crouched lower, her tears flowing afresh.

"Miss Nellie, have you been so very naughty that you were obliged to lock yourself up in this dismal place?" As he spoke, he raised her to her feet and took her hands from her tear-stained face. "Come—why are you crying?"

"I—I—couldn't get out," faltered Nellie, as she tried in vain to release her imprisoned hands.

"Have you been there for a long time? Why did you not call to me to open the door?" he interrogated. Receiving no other answer than an hysterical sobbing, he went on with mock gravity: "At any rate, I have saved your life, and you ought to be grateful enough to look up and thank me. Ugh! think of the rats!"

Was he laughing at her? She wrenched her hands from his grasp and drew up proudly, her tear-stained face and forlorn appearance contrasting oddly with her assumption of dignity; and retorted, in an irritated tone:

"I am certainly obliged to Captain McDonald for his opportune assistance; but I am not afraid of rats."

Captain McDonald smiled a little under his mustache. Hope had sprung up again in his heart, and to his partial eyes Nellie had never seemed more charming. He came a little nearer and said gravely:

"Miss Nellie, I am on my way back to the hospitals, to do what I can for my comrades. When I related to you the story of my sufferings, you pitied me much—you felt a deep sympathy for my pain. Yet deeper than wounds made by ball or bayonet is the hurt you have given me, little girl. You have treated me with justice, Miss Nellie—with most exceeding justice; yet justice, untempered with mercy, is hard to bear."

His voice trembled, and what he could not say calmly Captain McDonald would leave unsaid. In a moment, he controlled his emotion and resumed:

"Miss Nellie, the little token you gave Donald Campbell, perhaps you would be unwilling for James McDonald to retain; if so, I must ask you to remove it from my finger—I cannot do it, as I have but one hand now."

He put out his hand. She raised hers to his, but its touch was so weak and trembling that his closed over it in a quick firm clasp. Her eyes were raised to his in one swift tearful glance, then the golden head drooped and the hot cheek rested on the clasped hands.

His cheek touched hers as he whispered, very softly:

"You forgive me, Nellie?"

"Yes, Donald."

The dear old name! He knew he was fully forgiven.

"And you will love me a little, Nellie dear?"

"I am afraid I love you very much, Donald!"

Captain McDonald did not leave Glen Dale by the morning express. Three weeks later, there was an unostentatious wedding at the old red school-house, which had blossomed out into a veritable fairy bower for the occasion, decorated by the loving hands of Nellie's pupils.

ALMOND BLOSSOM.

BY DOCTOR MARY.

ALMOND blossom, youngest bloom of spring,
Thou dost tell me of a land of day
Where thy branches, pink with blossoming,
Rise like reefs of coral in the gray.

Thou dost breathe the perfume of fair skies
Rimmed with hills of bronze and olive chains,
That like walls of Ecbatana rise,
Guarding placid valleys green with rains.

Thou dost whisper of a summer sea
Where the snow of foam and orange meet,
And the silvery olive ceaselessly
Vibrates to the long breaks' languid beat.

Thou dost tell of hoary missions set
Where the coast-line overbrows the seas,
Lifting crumbling tower and minaret
O'er a fretwork of green orchard trees.

Almond blossom, thou dost bring to me
Tender message from the far-off years;
On thy scroll of satin memory,
Reads its text in silence and in tears.

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THE MYSTERY OF DULCE DOMUM.

BY ALICE BOWMAN.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 307.

AUNT CHLOE and Uncle Washington, questioned next morning, said that key had been left with all others in Mr. Forsythe's study, but, about three months before our arrival, it had disappeared—what day, they could not exactly say.

Mother and Harold laughed the matter off, Harold declaring that the weight of bats hanging all over the door, and a draught of air blowing through a latticed window within, had both combined to burst the door open. Indeed, he evaded all my questions and only laughed and teased whenever the subject was broached. A bolt was put on the door—as Harold said, to prevent further contingencies—Delia's couch moved into our chamber, and a war of vengeance waged against the bats in the closet.

But I knew Harold was not satisfied; because I saw him, one morning, examining the latticed window, which was broken, and I heard him say to mother afterward: "Yes, that tree grows just against the wall by the roof, but the opening in the window is too small—no one could have crept through."

As for Theodora, I found her several times in that dark closet; and one day, through the half-closed door, I could see her examining the window, the rough roof sloping down to the floor, the rafters, and brown wooden walls.

It was rather an eerie sort of place. In fact, all four of these upstairs cabinets brought a foolish terror to my childish heart, for they were all gloomy; all were poorly lit by single latticed windows, and all had roofs sloping quite to the floor. In those two at the back of the house, mother kept her groceries and stores. The doors of these opened into the back dormer-window, and so were not such fearsome places to me; but as for those front cabinets, I regarded their brown wooden doors with the utmost aversion.

However, first impressions of terror grew fainter in a few days, and life was as happy as life could be without father.

We three—Harold, Theodora, and I—just lived out-of-doors, scouring the country on our ponies. Harold had found a school-friend in the wilderness—Carleton Desmond, who lived some eight miles distant. His family were socially our nearest and only neighbors. They were very quiet people—father, mother, and son—and had been residents of the parish two years.

Carleton was the most dignified youth I have ever seen: nothing stiff about his deportment—just a calm thoughtfulness. Toward Theodora and me, his manner was really beautiful. He spent much time at Dulce Domum. Often, too, we met half-way on the road 'twixt our homes, and then, giving our ponies the rein, dashed like Indian scouts into the woods, seeking new fishing-grounds or new scenery, with only Carleton's pocket-compass for guide.

One day, some three weeks after our arrival, the two boys had left my sister and me seated on an old log by that spring down in the hollow near the church. It was a very pretty spot—somewhat swampy, but here the fairest ferns grew and the tallest palmettos and the softest and longest moss hung like gray curtains all around. We had come to gather palmetto; for Carleton, experienced in all woodcraft, could make lovely baskets and had offered to teach us. The knife particularly adapted for palmetto-cutting had been left at the parsonage, and, Carleton having gone to seek it, Harold naturally followed.

Theodora and I were not frightened, but I think we felt a little lonely. The early morning sun was shining brightly, many birds sang, brilliant butterflies, humming-birds, and bees fluttered about the wild

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flowers; but the pine-lands seem always breathing sighs—there is always that soft far-off moan, like a heart in pain.

Suddenly, as we both sat silent, there floated toward us the sound of voices.

"Harold and Carleton are coming," I said.

"No," objected my sister, after listening for an instant; "no, those are strangers' voices."

We drew a little nearer together and a little further back against the bushes among which the log rested, and, not exactly frightened, but just a little timid, watched the trailing path beyond, where soon two horsemen appeared—not abreast: the way was too narrow—but one following the other. My sister and I exchanged glances of surprise as we recognized, in the one who came first, the gentleman whom Harold had dubbed "Theodora's knight." Evidently we had not yet been seen, and evidently Theodora hoped we might remain hidden; for she lifted her finger to her lips, enjoining silence.

"Have we much further to go?" asked the stranger.

"About three miles," answered Theodora's knight. "We'd better let our horses drink here, Crawford. This is the spring I spoke of."

The speaker jumped off his horse, and, holding the bridle, led the animal forward.

"Rather a wild place—private, though, and good enough for a game of draw, if only Noble were here," said the other, also dismounting.

"Yes, it is rather a wild place," assented Theodora's knight, lifting his head to look about, and so discovering my sister and myself. He started slightly, then gravely touched his hat to us both, and, frowning, drew his horse's head up suddenly and prepared to mount.

"Why are you in such a hurry?" cried his companion. "It's a confounded long ride." Here he stopped, perceiving us. "Wood-nymphs, on my soul," he cried, with a laugh, uncovering his head.

Meantime Theodora's knight, in attempting to mount, had found the saddle turn, and he now stood with the heavy frown on his brow, trying to repair a broken girth. The horse, a vicious-looking animal, was securely fastened by the bridle-rein to a silver-trunked magnolia; but he pawed and snorted and rolled his wicked eyes, evidently by his restlessness impeding the repairing of the girth.

"I trust," said Mr. Crawford, addressing Theodora, "I trust we have not intruded on private grounds."

"No," said my sister, half rising and then again sinking back, as if not quite knowing what to do; "no, our lands lie beyond."

"Beyond?" he queried. "Do you mean that you live in that old house on the hill?"

"Yes, we live at Dulce Domum," answered Theodora.

"It seems to me—" he began, passing his hand thoughtfully once or twice over his forehead; then, breaking off suddenly, he commenced anew: "Wasn't there some story about that old place? Excuse me—I feel a little curious. People say there was a will stolen, and that the house is haunted now because those occupying it are not rightful—"

"Crawford!" cried Theodora's knight, suddenly lifting his head from the broken girth over which he had been bending, and as suddenly lowering it again. He said nothing more, perhaps because the horse commenced a series of impatient pawings which required soothing.

Theodora and I were for a moment dumb with surprise; I could feel the blood rush to my cheeks, and I could see Theodora's fair face stained with a deep flush.

"I—I really beg your pardon," continued Mr. Crawford; "I hope I have not said anything reflecting on—I am really very sorry—"

But he did not look one bit sorry; indeed, his black eyes sparkled with repressed amusement while he scanned our agitated faces, and smiles twinkled all about his mouth. I could see the ends of his soft mustache twitching as he stood before us, hat in hand, holding the bridle of the drinking horse.

Theodora's knight here uttered an exclamation of suppressed impatience; the buckle of the girth had again broken from its fastening.

"I don't know what you mean," said my sister; "but, if you imply that my father has in any way been dishonorable—"

"I beg your pardon—I inferred nothing of the kind," interrupted Crawford, bowing, his face becoming suddenly grave. "Truth gets strangely twisted sometimes, and perhaps you will kindly correct my false impressions."

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"Crawford!" again called the other, raising a vexed, even wrathful, countenance, "come here and see what you can do with this buckle."

"One moment!" answered Crawford. "I have asked for truth—will you tell me the exact state of the case?" he added, turning toward Theodora.

My sister hesitated, and a troubled look came into the sweet face.

"Oh, if you would rather not," said Crawford: "only I thought that, as your father's character suffered—"

"I will tell the story, if you wish," said my sister, and paused.

"My sister doesn't speak," I cried, standing erect, "because she doesn't like to talk about wicked people, and there was a very wicked man who made all the trouble. He was dishonest and he ruined his kind cousin, who owned the parsonage. Indeed, he killed him at last, and I know he stole the will—"

"Hush, Madge, hush!" commanded Theodora.

"Is this true?" Crawford asked, addressing my sister.

"We do not know who took the will," she answered; "but Mr. Ralston Forsythe gave a great deal of trouble. I—I have seen his picture, taken when he was a little boy only six years old. It hangs in the parlor at Dulce Domum, and the eyes are so frank and beautiful—I cannot believe he grew up a really bad man."

"Do you always form your opinion of people by their eyes?" asked this odious Mr. Crawford.

She did not reply; and I, thinking this question intended to cast ridicule on Theodora, spoke impulsively:

"Oh, no; my sister believes there is good in everybody. Long ago, when father first told of all this trouble, she said she thought there must be a good spot even in Mr. Forsythe's heart."

"I meant only this," said Theodora, the color again deepening in her cheeks, for Crawford was laughing now as if highly amused, "I meant only this: that there is nobility in every nature, and, if we meet that nobility with the nobility of our own nature, we bring it out—we make it stronger and purer."

The saddle and broken girth were by this time adjusted; and Theodora's knight, touching his hat, but without speaking, without even glancing toward us, rode off down the winding path and disappeared at full gallop.

"I must bid you good-morning," said Crawford, vaulting into his saddle and giving us a sweeping farewell wave of the hand.

As he also disappeared, a laugh came floating back to my indignant ears.

"Do you hear that, Theodora?" I cried.

"Yes," said my sister, stooping to gather her ferns. "But, Madge, I am not sorry that I said what I did. I do think it is the better way to appeal to the good in people—to try and forget the evil."

We were yet talking about these strangers, about Dulce Domum and father, when Carleton and Harold returned.

"So, Theodora's knight again!" exclaimed Harold, having heard our story and quite angry because he had left us alone.

"A grand and gallant knight!" I cried, contemptuously. "He didn't even ask how Theodora felt, after that terrible blow."

"Not very courteous, I must say," laughed my brother.

"Harold, is Dulce Domum haunted?" And I fixed my eyes inquiringly on Harold's face.

"Haunted? By what, Madge? Do you believe in ghosts?"

"No—n-o—only—well, you know, Harold, there was that first night in the study, and—and—well, the key that disappeared and was found afterward in our closet-door, and the door opening, and—and—"

"Anything else, Madge?" asked my brother, quietly, as I paused, ashamed to go on. "Really, I thought you more sensible."

It was not often that Harold assumed this tone. I was grieved—I was troubled; but I was not satisfied, and, though my brother immediately changed the subject as if displeased, I knew he too was not satisfied, and felt with me that an air of mystery brooded over our dear home.

This feeling always increased at twilight, when dark shadows stretched across the old avenue, and bulbats swooped down through the moss-trails, uttering their plaintive cries.

CHAPTER VI.

ONE sultry afternoon in June, Theodora had established herself in our big chamber to write to father, and Harold had gone

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fishing with Carleton Desmond; so I was left to my own devices.

I wandered, book in hand, toward a deep recess which with infinite pains we had hollowed in a part of the hedge. The spot where the hollow was situated seemed more quiet and secluded than any other portion of the grounds about Dulce Domum. Cherokee vines had thrown out long arms, clasping several trees in their embrace, thus forming walls of vivid green about the lower thickness of the hedge.

As I lay there in the shadow, a stillness so complete rested all about that the very air seemed sleeping, and the faint twitter of birds mingling with the sighing of the pines became to my drowsy ears a lullaby. I was indeed fast drifting toward slumberland, when the sound of cautious footsteps suddenly recalled me to wakefulness. The steps were very light, and, lifting my head to peer out, I was much surprised to see that odd little boy Simpsy flying over the tall grass as if pursued. He did not halt till, reaching the thickness of the outer walls of Cherokee, he slipped around and crouched before my wondering eyes, as if hiding.

And then there came on the sultry air a soft low whistle, and then a fresh step. I could see Simpsy crouch lower and lower against the tangled vines; I too crouched low, holding my breath, for the boy's anxiety was infectious. Curiosity and anxiety were merged in amazement, as I saw approaching the well-remembered figure of that strange Crawford.

"Ha! young rascal, here you are—caught at last!"

With these words, he grasped Simpsy by the shoulder, shook him several times, and then lifted him into a standing position, taking care to keep a firm grip on the little blue-shirted shoulder.

"Now hold up your head and listen to me. Do you know I could have you killed—yes, put in prison and killed?"

Simpsy did not answer. His saffron face was almost white, and the little color which fever and ague had left in his thin lips was quite gone.

"Oh, you don't answer," here another shake. "Mr. Forsythe was kind to you, and this is what you do for him!"

He again shook poor Simpsy so that the ragged hat fell off and the tow head swayed helplessly backward and forward.

This sight was more than I could bear, and, hastily stepping forward, I called:

"Don't—please don't! He's not strong."

My appearance seemed to act very oddly on both. Simpsy cowered as he had not cowered under those cruel shakings, and Crawford seemed quite stunned by surprise—only for one moment, though. Quickly recovering himself, he touched his cap and said carelessly:

"Young lady, forgive my walking in these grounds without permission; I had business with this little rascal here?"

"Oh, anyone can walk through our grounds; but don't you think you shake that boy too hard?"

"He has done something very naughty, very wicked indeed," said Crawford.

"What have you done, Simpsy?" I asked.

"Speak!" said Crawford. "Where's your tongue?"

The child lifted his pale-blue eyes, looked all around helplessly as if seeking a chance for escape, but kept silence.

"Don't you hear me tell you to talk?" cried Crawford.

"I—I ain't a-goin' ter say nothin' er tall."

The words came jerking forth, as if torn out by terror.

"You really must excuse him," added Crawford, "because what he has done is very wicked, and he is ashamed to tell. After all your mother says Mr. Forsythe did for you, too," continued Crawford, now addressing Simpsy, "teaching you to read your Bible and to be good. Ain't you ashamed? I don't wonder Mr. Forsythe gets up from his grave to follow you! I don't wonder the old house is haunted."

"The house is not haunted!" I cried.

"Oh, I beg your pardon; but Simpsy tells a different tale, and in fact all the people about the country tell very odd stories. I don't believe in ghosts; nevertheless—" Here he shrugged his shoulders, as if not caring to pursue the subject.

Now remembering what had been said that other day by the spring, all this seemed a reflection on my father, and I became angry accordingly.

"There isn't anything that anybody can say," I exclaimed, with warmth.

"No?" Another lifting of the brows. "I have heard that queer things happen in a little room called the study—noises and

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movements and mysterious lights! I have heard, too, but—" Here checking himself, he paused abruptly, then continued: "It ain't right to fill a child's mind with these tales. I suppose, now, you are very much afraid of ghosts, like Simpsy here."

"I—I am afraid of Indians," I said, ignoring his question; "they told me there were a great many in this parish, but I haven't seen one yet."

"Ah, yes, Indians—remnants of the Choctaw tribe; there's a settlement across the creek. Some of them are wretched-looking creatures, wild and fierce." He stopped a moment, as if thinking. "Let me see: there's one fellow with a patch over his eye—a terrible old chap; I shouldn't like to meet him myself. But this isn't business. Come along, Master Simpsy."

"You—you will not hurt him?" I cried, running forward.

"I promise to be lenient," he replied. "Good-evening," and he drew Simpsy on.

I wended my way homeward and poured my wonderful story into the ears of Theodora, whom I met in the avenue.

My sister had promised to wait for Harold and Carleton in the old church, and we were all to go for a walk afterward.

This church had grown to be a favorite spot with my sister, perhaps because all things forlorn and neglected appealed to her tender heart. It had grown an established custom for her to visit it daily, mount the pulpit-steps, and read aloud a chapter from Mr. Forsythe's old Bible.

I remember I was looking up at Theodora, who had taken her stand and begun her reading, when we heard the sound of voices. My sister did not pause, thinking the newcomers were Carleton and Harold. I did not move till, hearing footsteps, I turned my head to see, through the opened door, Theodora's knight and the little girl whom my sister had likened to a beautiful water-lily.

She was speaking French gayly:

"But what a droll church, papa—no steeple and no bell! How can the people know when it is time for Mass?"

"They do not have Mass in this church, my daughter," he replied.

So, they were father and child. How he loved her! I thought of our own dear father across the ocean, as I saw him—this man who had seemed so cold—take the little girl's hand in his with a caressing gesture and look down, oh! with a tender expression, into her uplifted face. Theodora had well named the child "water-lily."

"Ah, but it is not a church at all," she cried, stepping over the threshold and regarding the bare walls with evident disappointment.

Her eyes at last reached the pulpit, resting on Theodora, who, now startled, had lifted her lovely head. The two gazed at each other in silence, the child drawing a little nearer to her father.

He looked at Theodora, then at me, bowed very slightly, and turned to go, saying quietly, still in French: "Come, my child; now thou hast seen the church."

But the little girl had not yet taken her eyes from Theodora; she seemed indeed fascinated. Suddenly lifting her hand, she pointed toward my sister, asking in an awe-stricken tone:

"Is she not like la Vierge Marie?"

The father did not laugh. He glanced frowningly toward Theodora and answered as if vexed:

"Do not speak nonsense, Louise. These two are the little girls I told thee about. Come—we have not time to stay longer."

"The little girls thou hast told me about?" cried the child, lifting astonished and sorrowful eyes to his face and now no longer resisting his desire to leave the church. "Ah, I am very sorry—it makes me very sad."

She paused an instant on the threshold, and, standing in the doorway, turned to throw back over us both a gaze of such pathetic reproach that I felt really guilty, though of what I knew not, and into Theodora's cheeks there crept a deeper bloom as of shame.

Harold and Carleton, at this moment mounting the steps, touched their hats to the strangers and entered the church, looking, as I afterward told them, for all the world like two great interrogation-points. Surprised they were indeed, on questioning, to find we had but little to tell.

Theodora, with her arm yet thrown over the red cushion, stood watching the father and daughter standing hand in hand beside the Forsythe graves. The child was dressed in white, but there was a black ribbon about her waist and a black ribbon in her hat.

"She is in mourning, that little girl," said my sister.

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"She has the most beautiful dark eyes," cried Harold, "and what a graceful little creature she is! Who can they be? Carleton, don't you know?"

But Carleton shook his head.

"Must be strangers," he answered, rubbing his forehead. "Don't even know in what part of the country they live, and I know most everybody hereabouts. That gentleman's face is familiar, though."

"Why, so it is to me," exclaimed Theodora, as she came down from the pulpit.

That night, Theodora lingered so long at the open window of our bed-room that I quietly slipped out of bed and stood beside her.

"How beautiful it is—the world and the sky," she whispered, laying a caressing hand on my shoulder.

We stood in silence, looking over the faintly star-lit scene. Presently a gleam of light twinkled against the trunks of the mulberry-trees. I clutched Theodora and pointed below. We both watched intently. The light moved perceptibly. Evidently it came through an opened lattice of the study-blinds.

"Perhaps Harold is there," whispered Theodora.

"I don't think so," I whispered back. "It is past midnight, and he was very sleepy, and—"

Here Theodora suddenly laid a silencing finger on my lip.

Breathless, we both looked below.

A man's figure could be seen skulking along on the edge of the grove. It crossed over the avenue, which here trailed near the study-blinds, and halted against a tall lemon-tree. I shrieked faintly, and, breaking from Theodora's arms, ran to arouse Delia.

Almost instantly, the whole house was alarmed; even Aunt Chloe and Uncle Washington, summoned by George, came hastening to our assistance—were, in fact, on the scene before Harold came forth with the study-key in his hand.

Delia had seized the feather-duster, Aunt Chloe had arrived armed with her corn-husk mop, and Uncle Washington brandished his wood-axe, while Harold and Carleton made a great show with their unloaded guns, and George held aloft the huge table carving-knife.

Looking back now, I can laugh over the ridiculous scene; but I didn't laugh then. Only terror and consternation filled my heart, as Harold, boldly fitting the key to the key-hole, turned the lock, pushed open the door, and there floated forth again that damp musty odor of mildewing books. The men crowded forward to see. I too looked. Only the peaceful old room, dimly revealed by the light of Delia's night-lamp, met my terrified gaze.

Harold, seizing this lamp, stepped within and held it aloft, while Carleton, George. and Uncle Washington presented themselves, all ready to meet and wreak vengeance on the intruder. But there was no one to be found, and they betook themselves to shaking the curtains, peering under the table, and glancing ceilingward, in a vain endeavor to discover something or somebody.

All search having proved futile, Harold turned severely toward me.

"Madge," he cried, "what does all this nonsense mean?"

"Stop, Harold!" interrupted Theodora; "there is no nonsense about this matter. We both saw the light, and we both saw the figure of a man."

"Nonsense! it is all nonsense," persisted Harold. "Probably some torch-light hunter, passing through the grove as a short cut to hunting-grounds. However, come on, Carleton—I suppose these little sisters of mine will not sleep unless we search the grove too. Where's your lantern, Uncle Washington? Why, you're trembling, old man. Come on—I'll promise to load up and shoot, if anyone trouble you."

Trembling the old man was indeed, and, Aunt Chloe drawing near, the two stood together, grave, subdued. By the light of the parlor lamps, which Delia had lit, we could see their terrified faces. The old man, after one or two efforts, spoke aloud:

"Mas'r Herold, Mas'r Herold, pay 'tenshun ter de warnin's ob dem ez knows, en' don't go no furder dis night. Arsk Chloe: she kin tell—she hepe sight sma'ter'n dese yere t'ings. She know," here the old man, leaning with his left hand on the axe as on a cane, with his right uplifted in solemn warning, stood, quite a patriarchal picture of negro eloquence; "she know, en' dey ain't none ez kin know better, seein' ez she war de fust ter fine him yere in his long

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sleep—she know dat, wen de angel Gabriel call ole mas'r, he warn't jes' ready ter go, he warn't quite done wid de t'ings ob dis yere troublous worl', en'—"

"Here, Uncle Washington," interrupted Harold, sternly, "stop all this nonsense! I have a deal of respect for your opinion; but meantime, if there's a tramp lurking around, he's making his escape. Stay here—I don't need you. George, get the stable lantern."

Uncle Washington and Aunt Chloe remained together, guarding the study-door, that same solemn terrified expression on both black faces.

Mother, my sister, Delia, and I stood by an opened parlor-window, watching the other three of our party passing back and forth with lanterns and torches through the mazes of the mulberry-grove.

CHAPTER VI.

No tramp was found lurking in the mulberry-grove nor anywhere near the house, and, Harold having teased us both unmercifully about weak nerves and vivid imaginations, we crept back to our room, but really not to sleep—we had been too much alarmed for sleep. The next day, we both felt so weary that we declined to drive over to Carleton's home with mother and the boys.

While we two girls were discussing the matter with Carleton and Harold, the latter suddenly exclaimed:

"Hello, there's that little wretch of a fellow Simpsy creeping around that rose-vine! I wonder what he is after now?" So saying, my brother gave chase, and we watched both pursuer and pursued disappear among the trees. Presently Harold came back, looking heated and ruffled.

"An unsatisfactory race," said Carleton, laughing.

"I never saw such an eel," returned Harold; "he slipped from under my hand twenty times before I caught him. I don't see why he ran, anyway; he said Aunt Chloe asked him to hunt hens' nests, and he thought there might be some under the vine."

"I thought you intended to ask what that Mr. Crawford said he had done," observed Theodora.

Harold wiped his heated face and turned away, without paying any attention to the remark.

"Come, Carleton," he said, "the horses will be round pretty soon; let's go in and see if the mother is ready."

As Delia was to accompany the party, in order to visit her sister, who acted as Mrs. Desmond's maid, it came about that for this day my sister and I were left under the care of Aunt Chloe.

After dinner, my sister, who had not yet recovered from our night of terror, went upstairs to lie down. I found myself quite alone; for there was some trouble about a broken harness, and George had been summoned to the carriage-house by Uncle Washington, while Aunt Chloe had just stepped into the dairy to set some cheeses for the next day.

I wanted to finish a shooting-bag intended for Harold's birthday, and the house was so warm that I went out on the lawn and seated myself under the shadow of a great tree. But such a languor crept over me that work was impossible. The bag fell into my lap, my head drooped against the trunk of the tree, and my eyes half closed. Presently I saw some bushes near move; I rubbed my eyes—was I dreaming? Alas, no; surely that was an Indian's head peering forth—there, just by the cypress-vine!

A cold sickening horror crept over me. The cruelties of all the Indian massacres of which I had ever read returned to heap their horrors on my quaking heart. I shivered with fear, but I could not move.

The bushes parted—the Indian stepped forth. The figure was tall, thin—in fact, this Indian was just exactly all that I expected an Indian to be, only he carried a gun instead of a tomahawk. A bunch of feathers stood straight up on his head, and the hair fell in long coarse black locks over his shoulders, and he had on a sort of a leathern shirt cut low, and there were rows of bright beads on his bare copper-colored neck. The arms and the legs below the knee were quite naked and all covered over with red and blue tattoo, and the face was all marked with bright tattoo, and—I looked no further, but turned my head with a faint feeling, for over the left eye hung a black patch. Not only an Indian, but that wild fierce Indian whom even Crawford had owned he feared!

He drew very near now, grinning horribly, showing his white teeth and jabbering and pointing toward the house.

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I did not know what to do, but some hidden power made my head shake: the savage might translate as he chose.

More jabbering, more hand-motion, then, evidently tiring of this, the Indian, gravely passing me, stalked slowly on up the avenue. As I watched his back, I could see that a string of birds hung over his shoulder. Perhaps, after all, he had come only to sell game.

Now that the charmer was gone, I could move, and one thought at last brought back the power of speech and motion:

"Theodora!"

The name fell from my lips in a tone of anguish. She was alone and asleep, and that Indian might kill her! At this thought, my heart grew warm and strong, my feet fairly flew up the avenue, up the steps, over the portico, and into the hall.

I paused but one moment to glance into the lower rooms, for the doors of all stood wide opened. I lingered an instant in mother's room, dismayed to find the floor a cloud of feathers. I did not stop to see the cause. I was again dismayed to find that same cloud all over the floor of Harold's chamber. Too terrified to think, I bounded upstairs and into Theodora's room. A light breeze was blowing on this upper story, and feathers met my eye, floating everywhere. Dizzy and giddy, I passed rapidly through the hall to our chamber-door. Here I stood transfixed. The Indian was bending over my sister, quietly drawing the pillow from under her head—that lovely golden head, lying like a flower in its unconscious slumber.

I tried to scream, but could not.

The savage seemed indifferent to my presence. He bent, with that horrible patch on his copper-colored face, low over my sleeping sister, and drew the pillow dexterously across the side of the bed. A great knife flashed, and the pillow revealed a long slit, through which feathers fell like snow. Then the savage lifted the split pillow in its white case, emptied the contents on the floor, turned them over with his moccasined feet, and then, grunting several times, stooped, tossed them carelessly over and over with his copper-colored hands, and, grunting again, stood up and stuck the knife into his belt. He glanced toward Theodora with his one horrible black eye, and, picking up his gun, which rested against the foot of our bed, advanced slowly toward me.

A series of shrieks broke from my rigid white lips. They really seemed to produce a little effect upon the savage, for he dragged a long string of beads over his head, held them up, then, jabbering, threw them about my neck. Finding, however, that I did not cease my cries, he shrugged his shoulders and slowly went downstairs.

Theodora, now quite awake, sat up and looked around in dismay. I sprang to her side, threw my arms about her, and burst into a passion of sobs.

At this moment, Aunt Chloe came hastening into the room. Her self-reproaches for having left us just a little while alone were more beneficial than Theodora's caresses, in restoring me to quiet.

She had seen the Indian—met him in the hall; he had gravely held up his birds for sale, and, when she shook her head, had gravely gone down the steps and along the avenue, while she, attracted by my shrieks, hastened upstairs. Uncle Washington and George had both seen him. Aunt Chloe supposed the "critter" belonged to that settlement about five miles away. They were all good shots. Mr. Forsythe, being no sportsman, had often given groceries in exchange for game.

On examination, it was found that every pillow in the house had been cut open. Those in the little room adjoining the study were fairly slit into shreds.

A great time Uncle Washington, Aunt Chloe, and George had, flying about with dusters and bags, chasing the feathers. They were in the midst of their labors, Uncle Washington flitting to and fro with the agility of youth, when up drove Harold, bringing back mother and Carleton.

"Christopher Columbus!" cried Harold, gazing from the carriage, where he stood waiting for Carleton to open the great hall-doors, surprised to see the hospitable old portals closed—surprised still more at the scene presented as Carleton threw them wide apart.

"Christopher Columbus!" he again ejaculated, looking up into the confusion going on over the hall floor, all amazed to see the three negroes flitting around among clouds of feathers. "Christopher Columbus!"

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It would take too long indeed to tell of the surprise, consternation, and horror expressed by the absentees, on hearing a recital of my experience. After long discussion, this one question remained unanswered: Why had the Indian cut open our pillows? A mere savage fancy, Harold at last asserted.

"Well," he continued, holding up my glass beads, strung on a discolored cord, "this is a glorious trophy—the gift of another knight! Unknown knights are plentiful in these regions, it seems. I wish mountain breezes were as plentiful. Heigho! isn't it sultry? Think your nerves will be in a fit condition for a jaunt to-morrow, little one? Aunt Chloe is begging for figs to preserve, and has told me of a man out in the swamp who has splendid ones."

The next day, we were all languid—even energetic Carleton and irrepressible Harold—for the weather continued sultry; still, about four in the afternoon, we set out and soon entered the shadows of that north-lying swamp.

The road was just a log cradle, sadly out of repair, and our wheels went up and down into puddles and out of them, into mud-sloughs and over the log-trunks. The jostling and jolting were dreadful; but Harold made sport of all, and the solemn silence of that gloom rang with the music of his laugh.

Such palmettos! Such moss! Such birds! White cranes flitting slow and graceful through the dark shadows, and black vultures sitting silent and humped amid hanging vines and matted moss. I quite held my breath, for there rested all about such a richness, yet such a desolation, that even my childish sensibility was touched; and the song of the swamp is a weird song, the loud croaking of frogs mingling a terrible bass with the cry of vultures and the singing of wild birds, and that low soft drear chorus coming forth from the little creeping creatures of earth.

Both my sister and I smiled as we rolled out again into the open pine-stretches. There was a strong wind tossing the branches overhead.

"Heap of singing going on up yonder," exclaimed Harold, looking aloft.

I saw Carleton cast a critical eye skyward, and just then a distant roll of thunder seemed to come like a parting salute from the swamp at our back.

"Storm coming—haven't time to get home through that swamp. Drive fast, Harold," said Carleton.

There was no ring of anxiety in his voice; but the prospect of being caught in a storm was not agreeable to my sister and me. We sat holding each other's hands, afraid, yet really ignorant of the danger to which we were exposed in a pine forest.

Suddenly the sun disappeared, the sky assumed a dull leaden appearance, the green grass and the purplish-brown pine-trunks all seemed tinged with gray, like a fair face suddenly grown aged and ashy.

Such a sighing! Even the grass sighed.

"Ill wind that blows nobody any good," cried Harold, tossing off his cap and letting the breath of the coming storm blow over his heated forehead. Yet somehow his voice had not the true ring of enjoyment, and he gave the rein to our horses.

The track was becoming fainter and fainter. Carleton and Harold talked together in low tones, and then the horses stood still.

We had missed the road; we had followed a log-trail which ended abruptly in a small opening where pines had been cut, perhaps months before.

I shall never forget the sense of desolation that came over me as I saw darkness settling down over that little opening, the grass bending and sighing below, the pine-trees wailing and sobbing above, a crow far upward uttering its sad caw-caw, and the distant thunder rumbling ominously.

"Turn at once," said Carleton, "and give the horses their head. Don't be frightened, Madge."

Frightened I was—terribly, too; and so, I think, were the others. We had not even Carleton's compass for guide. Theodora's hand, which clasped mine, was cold as ice. No sign of a road was to be seen—even the trail we had followed could not be distinguished.

"There's one comfort in a pine forest," said Carleton, lifting his voice above the roar of the trees: "a road isn't necessary—you can trail about where you will; and horses are intelligent creatures—I am sure ours will guide us to a cabin somewhere."

I tried to feel encouraged; but another clap of thunder came rolling and echoing from cloud to cloud, and increased my terror. The horses were evidently frightened, too;

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I could see Harold compress his lips while he wound the reins over his hands, summoning strength to hold them in.

The first flash of lightning revealed long aisles of pine-tree pillars, all touched with red light. We dashed on, turning, twisting, and winding along those aisles, our wheels often grazing the scaly bark of the dark pillars. That was a wild drive. I closed my eyes and drew close to Theodora.

Thunder rolled incessantly, and at last a terrible report made even our horses cower and stop. It was as though a powerful hand had struck a great tempest-chord on the pine forest, leaving it pulsing and vibrating.

I opened my eyes, to see a great serpent of flame creep winding down a tall pine just in front. The tree had been struck by lightning.

Carleton sprang from the carriage, seized the horses, turned their heads, and led them for some distance away. As he resumed his seat, the excited animals again started on their mad course. I do not know how long the drive lasted; I only know that, all at once, two glad cries sounded through the storm-noises—cries so joyous, they told how deep had been Carleton's and Harold's anxiety.

"What is it?" asked Theodora.

But there was no need to answer; for a bright flash of lightning showed a snake-fence, and behind the fence a cabin—quite a large cabin it seemed—covered with vines and nestling against dark woods.

"I know that place now," shouted Carleton. "An old squatter's home on the creek bank. It hasn't been inhabited for years; but, at any rate, there's a roof."

With these words, he jumped from the carriage and tore down some bars among the vines.

"Drive on—I'll follow!"

Our horses had become quieter, and made their way more slowly over that enclosed ground, halting at last before the cabin porch.

Harold got out and held them.

"Be careful, girls. Wait—here's Carleton."

Several dogs now barked; the thunder rolled muttering, and, from a door suddenly opened, a bright light streamed out over a wide porch.

"Apparently the place is inhabited; all the better for us," cried Carleton, lifting me from the carriage.

As my sister and I crossed the porch and looked into the lighted cabin beyond, we both uttered an exclamation and both stood on that lowly threshold, hesitating, doubtful.

The light revealed to us, in the room beyond, Crawford, Theodora's knight, and his little daughter Louise.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

GRIEVING AND WORKING.

BY GUSSIE M. WATERMAN.

PLEASANT things of long ago,
Vine-wreathed dwellings brown and low,
Blooming gardens all aglow,

Faces radiant as the flowers,
Charming plays in mirthful bowers,
Kindly friends of childhood's hours—

All these with the years have sped;
Looking back, our hearts have bled
For the treasures long since dead.

So the future joys we planned,
Building with a lavish hand
Splendid structures on the sand,

Ruthless time has swept away;
And the present, bare and gray,
Gloomy as a sunless day,

Frights us with its weight of care,
Chills us with its misty air,
Checks our faith and chokes our prayer.

Shall we sit, in life's bold prime,
These strange days of hope sublime,
Sighing on the sands of time?

Lo! upon the heights behind,
Wondrous pathways upward wind;
Let us climb, and we shall find

Grandly opening to our view
Prospects wide and pleasures new,
Duty's blessings, bright and true.

Cheering, as we pass along,
Weaker souls with hand and song,
Upward ever, brave and strong.

Better climb where dangers wait,
Where the way is steep and strait,
In the light from heaven's gate,

Than lie safely down below,
Mourning still a selfish woe
That was ended long ago.

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SPRING FLOWER-NOTES.

BY RAY JOYCE.

ONE of the finest of all the tender flowering bulbs is the gladiolus. It has tall spikes of flowers, sometimes two feet in height. The flowers are of all shades — brilliant scarlet, crimson cream, rose, yellow, pearl, rosy lilac, flesh, and pure white. Many of them are spotted, striped, or blotched in the most peculiar manner.

There is no bulb which has grown more rapidly into popular favor than the gladiolus. Not very long ago, comparatively speaking, it was quite rare and there were only a few varieties, which attracted little attention. But the careful culture, the time and thought, which have been devoted to them during the past few years, have resulted in marvelous improvements, and the gladiolus is now cultivated and admired in all parts of the world. It deserves its popularity, for it furnishes the greatest amount of brilliancy, with the least trouble, of any flower we have; and the bloom, so striking and gorgeous in coloring, is never coarse.

The culture of the gladiolus is very simple; it will take care of itself, if furnished with its few requirements, and you have neither to prune nor to pinch it. The bulbs should be planted in the spring, when all danger of frost is over. Give a good rich loamy soil, if possible. A fine effect may be obtained by planting ten or twelve bulbs in masses, and for a succession of bloom they may be planted from ten days to two weeks apart. If very early bloom is desired, they may be started in pots from the middle of March to the first of April, kept in a cool place until the ground becomes mellow, and then turned out into their permanent location. When almost ready to blossom, sticks should be set in the earth, to which the flower-stalks should be tied, as otherwise they might be bent or broken by the wind. If the flowering spike is wanted for indoor enjoyment, cut the stalk when the lower buds commence to open, and they will all develop quite as well in a vase with water, provided the water in which they are placed be kept sweet by being changed every day.

You may try a dozen bulbs the first season, and they will furnish you with more than double that number for another year, as off each bulb you can take in the autumn from two to five offsets, besides having the old bulbs better than ever. Before freezing weather comes, the bulbs should be dried off and lifted, then stored in a rather warm dry place where no frost can reach them; they will then be ready for planting another season.

The finest varieties among all the gladioli are found in the two strains—Lemoinei and Saundersonii. No description can give more than the faintest idea of their beauty—fine as the amaryllis, delicate as the lily. But, for those whose purses do not admit of expending the high prices asked for the most choice of the named sorts or of even ordinary named varieties, the seedling collections offered by so many reliable firms are very good and satisfactory, and usually contain many surprises as well as many choice kinds. The seedlings at five and ten cents each often afford quite as fine flowers as many of the expensive sorts.

When deciding what seeds and plants you will need this spring for the embellishment of the lawn, do not forget to include several of the pretty annual climbers, which are cheap and easily grown.

Nothing adds more to the picturesqueness of the bower, or to the coolness of the ve-

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randa, than these pretty clambering vines; while for rockeries, vases, baskets, tripods, lattices, and the like, they are among the necessities. Even the windows where the sun is apt to intrude too boldly may be made cool and shady, as well as daintily pretty, by planting and training vines up about them.

Now, a selection is difficult, because there are so many pretty ones; but we will mention a few of the most popular. Many of them are old, have been loved and tended for many years, and their popularity will never die out. If anything—vine, shrub, tree, or plant—has been grown and loved by the majority of our home-mothers for years and years, what stronger praise can be offered in its favor? Is it not well worth growing, when it has stood the test of time, and still more of many individual tastes, and yet flourishes?

Take our dear old morning-glories, convolvulus major, the tall growing climber, and convolvulus minor, which is a dwarf trailing variety. A description of these would be superfluous, so well known are they. Give them a rich soil, and do not let them dry out for lack of water during the hot summer days, as they require a moderate amount of moisture; plant them where they will get the morning sun, and do not let them go to seed early in the season. In spite of these hints, nothing will support positive neglect more patiently than this much-enduring vine; yet, with the proper conditions, much more grand will be the result.

The nasturtiums are most beautiful. Great improvements have been made in this class of annuals, and the flowers seem to vie with each other in gorgeous coloring. Nasturtiums will do well in rather poor soil. Plant them deep, to prevent surface-breaking. I think it is better to raise the seedlings in small pots and transplant when large enough, not disturbing the ball of earth around the roots. In this way, they may be planted deeper; and it is a good method by which to obtain a succession of plants, for ofttimes nasturtiums do run out. This is especially true where they are allowed to form seed; also, some varieties run out more quickly than others. By all means, if possible, try to replace old plants with new ones raised in the thumb-pots, as soon as the old ones have begun to dwindle.

The cobea scandeus is a very good climber, with pretty foliage and large bell-shaped flowers of a violet-blue color. Plant the seed, where it is to bloom quite early, in rather dry soil. The bryonopsis is a lovely vine for summer, growing ten feet high.

The cypress-vine is a lovely and dainty climber, which presents a most beautiful appearance when covered with its crimson-and-white star-like blooms.

The canary-vine, as the name indicates, has pretty small yellow blooms of an odd shape, very attractive; it grows rapidly and blooms profusely.

But the best of all summer climbers among the annuals, I think most praise will be given to the sweet-peas. With the great improvements which have been so grandly successful during the past few years, these not only hold first rank as an annual climber, but are particularly popular for cut flowers for nearly all decorative purposes. What can be more exquisite than a loose bunch of these flowers, so beautifully colored and shaded, carelessly disposed with some pretty green in a tall slim vase? Fortunately, most of our ladies are awakening as to the quantity and quality to be gained from a small packet of these seeds, and will plant them largely this spring. But, for these good folks, let me add a few words of advice. Plant them early and deep; as early as the ground can be worked, and about six inches deep. When planting to such a depth, the entire six inches should not be covered over with soil at first. I plant mine in trenches six inches deep, and cover about two inches with soil; when the seedling begins to peep upward, I add another couple of inches of soil, and, when breaking through this, I level all over to the required six inches. This gives the roots a chance to be well nourished, and deep planting is a great aid against the long summer's drought.

Then we have the gourds, which bear such odd-shaped fruits, that, aside from their rapid growth and covering, are well worth growing for curiosity's sake alone, and again are very useful as well—as, for instance, the dish-cloth gourd, the dipper gourd, etc. The hyacinth bean is another charming annual climber, and there are still a few others which I will not now stop to mention.

As all of these vines grow so rapidly, they may be planted even in the beginning of summer and still make a success, though of course early planting is advisable.

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A SCENT OF WILD ROSES.

BY MISS LEE M'CRAE.

THE evening express was swinging along the Vandalia line, carrying its usual quota of sleepy passengers and valuable luggage. Suddenly there was a queer rocking kind of motion, a lurch, a flying of gravel against the windows, a horrible grinding of wheels, and a sudden halt which effectually awoke the passengers and scattered the baggage promiscuously.

"Fire-box of the engine has dropped," called out the brakeman, in the same careless tone in which he announced the last station; but he condescended to add, reassuringly: "No danger, ladies—only a delay of a few minutes."

Of course, all the gentlemen — with womanly curiosity—flocked out to inspect the damage, while we ladies gave long sighs of relief at escaping what might have been a serious accident, and began talking as if the incident had introduced us.

We were only three in number: a motherly old lady, a young married woman, and myself —a girl whose girlhood was almost in the past tense; for I had passed from my teens into the twenties, and was the last unmarried member of a wealthy Pittsburg family. Like a spoiled child whose chief delight is to run off to the neighbors, my greatest enjoyment lay in traveling hither and thither, with or without pretext, just as fancy willed; this time, it was a letter from a St. Louis friend, inviting me to visit her and help her plan her wedding-trousseau, which had proved the all-powerful magnet.

Though scarcely half-way to my destination, I had already planned trousseaus enough to supply all the St. Louis brides of that season; but now—who can continue the same train of thought when once grossly interrupted? The old lady was too flighty and talkative to suit me; but the younger one was very pleasant, and we chatted like old friends. Before the accident, she had been deeply engrossed in a novel; and, seeing her finger its pages caressingly, I was wise enough to plead sleepiness and excuse myself for a nap.

"Oh," she exclaimed, "that jacket does not make a good pillow; let me lend you my shawl." And, with several dexterous movements, she adjusted it beneath my head, smiled sweetly, and went back to her book.

Instead of sleeping, as a well-regulated young lady should, I stared down the car or idly twisted the fringe of the shawl. A scent of wild roses came from its soft folds, and I quietly smiled my approval of the owner's taste; for the wild rose was my choice of all perfumes, and I had used it since a mere girl.

I lifted my head to readjust the shawl, and how familiar it seemed—soft and gray, with long knotted fringe, just like one I had had many years.

I nestled down again, and fell into a train of reminiscences: how my great-aunt had brought it over the sea, how it had saved my life in a storm, and how our pet dog used to play with the fringe. Yes, and one day he got angry and bit a piece off the corner!

Involuntarily, I turned the shawl over, and there—wonder of wonders!—one corner was torn in precisely the same way. Could it be that this was my shawl? Surely mine was in one of the attic trunks that—no, I remembered distinctly: it was among the articles that our chamber-maid stole last year.

Then I pondered slowly over that event, recalling our surprise and dismay when, one morning, not only the new servant was missing, but many small valuable things, the India shawl for one—making a motley array, and no doubt a larger one than we ever realized. The same night she disappeared, one of the city banks had been robbed of thousands of dollars and some silver which had been placed in the vault for safe-keeping. The authorities were quite positive that the theft had been committed by one of the under book-keepers; but a year of skillful detective-work had failed to trace his whereabouts, and the people

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of Pittsburg had well-nigh forgotten the occurrence.

There was a strong conviction in our family that the book-keeper and our chambermaid had left by the same route, and that, could one be found, the other would be easily brought to justice also.

As I pondered, the idea grew stronger that I had stumbled upon one of the stolen articles; for did not the wild-rose scent proclaim it—the torn corner, and even the knots in the fringe, testify to it?

The owner—I turned to scrutinize her, and saw her lying down, her book on the seat, and a look of intense pain on her face.

"One of my miserable headaches," she said, in answer to my query, adding wailingly: "and I haven't a thing to stop it!"

"Let me dampen a handkerchief to lay on your forehead? It might help some," I asked.

She seemed so ill that I stood stroking back her hair and trying to charm away the dull pain by magnetic touches. After a while, my memory reverted to the stolen shawl. She certainly did not resemble the chambermaid, with that mass of curls on her forehead, and her hair piled in so becoming a way on the top of her head; but, now that I had smoothed back her front hair, an idea flashed over me.

"Wouldn't you feel better with your hair loosened and all those stiff pins out?" I suggested, anxiously.

"Nothing will help," she groaned; "but do it, if you like."

So I took down her hair—too eagerly, had her eyes been open to see—braided it as the chambermaid had worn it, and stood back to observe the effect.

I barely saved myself from exclaiming; for the likeness, to the best of my remembrance, was perfect, and beyond a doubt she was our missing servant. But I must have more proof to bring before a court. Besides, the gentleman with her might prove to be the book-keeper—whom, alas! I had never seen—and by keeping still I might ferret out the greater criminal.

There was no danger of losing their company, for our engine was too badly broken to admit of reaching a side-track, and we must wait for aid. The gentlemen began to file in, looking most disconsolate, swearing half audibly, or fretting like children.

"Oh, here is Jim!" my invalid exclaimed; "let me introduce you, Miss—"

"Miss Warren, of Pittsburg," I supplied, purposely taking to myself a fictitious name; but the "Pittsburg" slipped out correctly, and caused my tongue an awful bite.

"My husband—Mr. McCord, Miss Warren," my acquaintance said, and, bowing, we began conversation with the usual phrases.

He was a good-looking man, but his eyes seemed always in the act of opening widely, which gave him too alert a look. He had caught at the word "Pittsburg," and, saying that he used to live there "a long time ago, when a mere boy," he asked endless questions about the changes that had taken place.

I took on a loquacious spell: told him, among other things, that none of the new buildings surpassed that of the First National Bank—"the bank on —— Street, which was robbed last year, you know."

"No! was it possible? When was that?" he exclaimed, evidently to lead me on.

So I launched into the sea of falsehood without compass, sail, or oar, knowing not whether I was working for or against myself, only knowing that I had aroused an intense interest in my companions, and hoping to secure some clue.

The detectives were still at work, I said, and it was rumored that they were now on the right track and were merely waiting for more evidence. It was an outrageous fib, but the chance to frighten him was too good to be lost. Plainly he considered me, from my conversation, a very simple-minded girl, for he was quite unguarded, and, in his anxiety to hear more, showed he had not only heard of the robbery before, but had been in Pittsburg since he was "a mere boy."

Night came, and we were once more speeding on our way, and the McCords sought their berth early. Then I signaled the porter, and, complaining of a draught from a cracked pane, got him to give me a berth adjoining theirs. A long wakeful night followed, in which I racked my brain in vain for a scheme that might lead to the law's success; for I felt positive that I had tracked the thieves.

When the gray dawn was creeping in, I heard whispers from the adjoining berth, finally these words:

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"It may all be true. Anyway, I had better telegraph to Don to hold up yet a while; but we do need the cash!"

That was all, but it was something to go on. When the train stopped for breakfast, Mrs. McCord felt still too ill to leave the coach, so her husband sauntered out alone. I followed, dawdled over my breakfast as long as he remained in the room, heard him order coffee for his wife, and watched him go —as I expected he would—to the telegrapher's window, to send his dispatch. The instant he left, I flew to the window and asked to see the dispatch.

"It is not customary for us to do such a thing," the agent said, coolly eying me with mingled surprise and contempt.

It was an audacious request, but not till afterward did I realize fully its impertinence.

"Yes, but it is important I see it—most important! I'll give you ten dollars for it!"

Stealthily glancing around to see that no one overheard, he handed me the slip, remarking as if to justify himself:

"You mistake; there's really no importance in it. You are his wife, I presume?"

He had given me the rôle of the jealous wife, and I accepted it by a nod.

I copied the telegram, though he demurred greatly, handed over the money, and hurried out just in time to see my train turning the curve a quarter of a mile away. How vexing! Plainly I was never meant to be a detective.

The agent seemed to take a grim delight in this misfortune, and remarked impudently:

"Your husband has left you, eh?"

"Yes," I said; "he didn't know I had left the train."

But he was glad enough of my presence when a message came for Mr. McCord, which would have caused him several telegrams to deliver.

"You will take the next train, madame, and catch up with your husband at S——? Then perhaps you will carry him this message: he didn't expect an answer, and left no directions for forwarding."

Of course I took it—how eagerly, he never knew; and, when safely aboard the next train, I studied the two telegrams.

The first one was addressed to J. C. Duncan, 1731 Madison Street, Chicago, and read as follows:

"Don't trade the w—— yet. It isn't safe."

The answer was: "Have traded with an old German on Lucas Street. Safe enough."

"The w——"! What could that be? I thought long before I remembered that other valuables were stolen from the bank. Then the mysterious "w——" began to stand in my mind for a watch; and, at a venture, I telegraphed to one of the bank directors: "Was there a watch stolen from the bank last January? If so, please describe."

His answer met me at St. Louis:

"Yes, a large gold one, with seven small diamonds forming an 'L.' Why?"

Too excited to heed his question or think of my visit, I bought a ticket and took the first train to Chicago.

Doubtless, I should have put the matter in a detective's hands; but, with all a girl's ardor, and excited almost beyond reason's range, I hunted for the "old German in Lucas Street." It was a wide—or, literally speaking, a long—field, and several times I was in despair before the right shop was reached and the watch with its tell-tale "L" lay before me. I secured a promise of the old Jew to keep the watch twentyfour hours, and then, seeking the detectives' headquarters, told my long story in all its details and handed in the three addresses which had cost me so many maneuvers—that of J. C. Duncan, the McCords' home-address, and that of their destination, which she had given me in our first chat.

Within twentyfour hours, in a Chicago court-room were assembled three officers of the First National Bank of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. James McCord, alias Jim Mallory, the ex-book-keeper, and Mattie Frayer, our ex-chambermaid, J. C. Duncan, alias Don Mallory, the old German Jew, several lawyers, detectives, and myself.

The Mallory brothers struggled hard to asseverate innocence; but the case became too strong, and they confessed, accepting the inevitable decision with stoical resignation. Not so did "Mrs. McCord." Her punishment was severe enough without my prosecuting her, and I did not think of it.

The shawl will be handed down in our family as an heirloom; and, though all this happened years ago, "the scent of the roses clings to it still."

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BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

FLING out your bright banners, my woodlands and meadows—
Oh, tell to the world that the spring-time is here!
Awaken the echoes, my birds, with your music;
Sing, sing, oh my birds, of the spring-time's good cheer.

Ay, build your nests quickly in tree and 'mid grasses,
My birds, for the flower o' the peach is in bloom;
While over the meadows blue violets cluster,
With spring-time's sweet breath in their dainty perfume.

Fling out your bright banners, oh woodlands and meadows—
Sing, sing, oh my birds, for the spring-time is here!
Hold fast the reflection, oh bright rippling waters,
Of tree, bird, and flower that spring-time holds dear.

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MADAME DE LAFAYETTE.

COMPILED BY VIRGINIA G. SULLY.

AMONG the women whom the French Revolution so rudely summoned from the sheltered and luxurious society of the latter years of the eighteenth century, there is not a more heroic figure than the Marquise de Lafayette.

Intrepid even to stoicism, she possessed the meekness, tenderness, and saintly virtues of the women of the New Testament. Her character, refined by the sternest trials, unites all that is noblest in antiquity and purest in Christianity.

Adrienne de Noailles, Marquise de Lafayette, was born on the 2d of November, 1759. Her father was the Duc d'Ayen, eldest son of the Maréchal de Noailles, and her mother was Anne Louise Henriette d'Agasseau. From her infancy, Adrienne de Noailles exhibited great strength of character and a thoughtfulness beyond her years. Troubled by religious doubts, she sought the truth with that rectitude and sincerity which always find light at last. She would not take her first Communion until her convictions were thoroughly settled and profound. Her faith, wavering at first, became invincible; and her religion, strengthened by the most serious studies and gravest meditation, was the secret of that grandeur of soul, that elevation of mind and heart, which had the double character of heroism and saintliness.

Adrienne de Noailles was not quite fifteen years of age when she married the Marquis de Lafayette, who was just sixteen. The marriage was celebrated on the 11th of April, 1774. M. de Lafayette, who had lost both father and mother, was already the bearer of an illustrious name and in possession of an immense fortune. Destiny seemed at that hour to smile on the girlish marquise—youth, beauty, high rank, riches, added to every gift of mind and heart, were all hers; she seemed born only for prosperity—she who was soon to make such a noble use of adversity.

The young couple lived with her parents in the Rue St. Honoré, in the magnificent Hotel de Noailles. There was not among the highest French society a more brilliant establishment. "The old social edifice," says M. de Ségur, "was totally undermined, while as yet there was no outward sign of its rapidly approaching downfall. Finding in our châteaux, with our peasants, our guards, and our bailiffs, some vestiges of our former feudal authority, enjoying in the cities and at the court every privilege of our rank, which by virtue of our names alone secured us the highest grades in the army, and free always to mingle without constraint as without display with all classes of our compatriots, and thus taste the pleasures of plebeian equality, the brief years of our early youth were passed in a round of illusions and in a sort of happiness that I believe no human beings except ourselves ever enjoyed."

The Marquis de Lafayette, who could so easily have enjoyed this privileged position, was already considering how to tear himself from all the seductions around him, in order to plunge headlong in the boldest enterprises

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Beneath an exterior which was modest almost to timidity, he concealed a soul of fire, an inflexible will, and a firmness of conviction extremely rare in so young a man. A secret voice whispered to him that great events were on the eve of being accomplished. The American war of independence had just broken out. He was then nineteen years old. An irresistible enthusiasm led him to risk his life and fortune in the service of a people who were struggling for liberty. His nearest relations looked on such a step as the extreme of youthful rashness and folly. The Government threw every obstacle in the way of his departure. His wife alone, in spite of her passionate affection for him, made no effort to detain him. She did not wish to be an obstacle to the glory of the man she loved. From the moment when her husband persuaded her that he was obeying an inspiration of duty, she never hesitated to sacrifice her happiness without a word of remonstrance, and she thus accustomed herself from her earliest youth to that self-abnegation and devotion which were to be so often manifested during the remainder of her life.

M. de Lafayette returned from America and arrived unexpectedly in Paris the 21st of January, 1782. American independence had been declared. On the day that he reached Paris, a grand fête was being celebrated in honor of the Dauphin. Madame de Lafayette was among the guests. The Queen herself, on hearing that the young hero had arrived at the Hotel de Noailles, conducted Madame de Lafayette to meet him. All Paris was greatly excited.

Madame de Lafayette, like her husband, had a horror of every kind of injustice. She was rejoiced when he lent all his efforts to the suppression of the slave-trade, and bought a plantation in Cayenne in order to set an example of gradual emancipation. She was greatly interested in this enterprise, and took upon herself all the correspondence relating to it. She encouraged her husband to obtain for the Protestants certain civil rights. Devoted as she was to her Church, she detested the persecutions so opposed to the spirit of the Gospel.

But the storm was about to burst. In 1789, M. de Lafayette was made commander of the National Guard of Paris. His position soon became very dangerous. His wife never saw him leave the house without feeling that she might be bidding him adieu for the last time. In 1791, he was named commander of one of the three armies which were formed at this epoch, and he did not long escape the persecution that then pursued all moderate men. He was forced to flee from France in order to save his head. His wife was imprisoned at Puy. It was from this place that she wrote to Brissot a letter which concluded with these words:

"My imprisonment has been mitigated by permitting me to choose Chavagnac [the birthplace of M. de Lafayette] on my parole, and the responsibility of the municipality of my own village. If you wish to serve me, you will have the satisfaction of having performed a kind action in ameliorating the fate of a person who, as you well know, has neither the wish nor the power to do harm. I consent to owe you this service."

She was permitted at first to remain at Chavagnac merely under the authority of the administration. But soon after the department decided that the Commune should furnish each day six men to act as guards for the prisoner. Then she went in person to the assembly and said: "I declare, messieurs, that I will withdraw the parole that I have given, if guards be placed at my door. Choose between the two sureties. I cannot wonder that you do not believe me to be a truthful woman, since my husband has given so many better proofs of being a good patriot; but you will at least admit that I believe in my own integrity, and that I will not permit my parole to be enforced by bayonets." It was then decided to withdraw the guards.

For many years, the peasants around Chavagnac remembered the "grande dame" who was a prisoner on parole, who permitted no one to question her loyalty or her courage, and whom the most ardent and most cruel revolutionists were forced to respect. She was the guest of the peasants, who consoled her in her misfortunes by their homage and devotion.

But she was soon forced to quit this quiet retreat, which was as much an asylum as a prison. The Terror claimed its prey. She was carried back to Paris. Madame de Lafayette was perfectly convinced that, in leaving Chavagnac, she was on her way

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to the scaffold; but she knew also that no earthly tribunal could ever force from her a word or an action unworthy of herself —that in her frail woman's form dwelt an indomitable soul—that she might be imprisoned, tortured, assassinated, but that no human power could humiliate her, for her strength came from Heaven.

In her prison, she wrote her will, which contains the following passage:

"Oh, Lord, all the elements of my life are in Thy hands; be always with me, and then I shall fear nothing, not even in the midst of the shadows of death. I pardon with all my heart my enemies, if I have any, my persecutors, whosoever they may be, and even the persecutors of those I love. I declare that I have never failed in fidelity to my country, that I have never taken part in any intrigue which could disturb its peace, that the principles of my devotion to it are unalterable, and that no persecution whatever can change them. I bequeath to my children my tenderest blessing, and implore my God, as the price of the life that I had hoped to consecrate to their happiness, to guide them Himself, to render them worthy of Him."

Madame de Lafayette was ready to sacrifice her life; but trials more bitter than death were reserved for her. She was destined to lose in one day her grandmother, her mother, and her sister.

The Maréchale de Noailles, the Duchess d'Ayen, and the Vicomtesse de Noailles had remained in Paris to watch by the death-bed of the aged Maréchal de Noailles, who died at Saint Germain in August, 1793. In spite of the admirable self-abnegation with which the young Vicomte de Noailles had urged upon the States-General the renunciation of all privileges of the nobility, he was proscribed. He took refuge in London, and there awaited his wife and children, expecting to embark with them for the United States. The Vicomtesse had made all her preparations to join him, but lingered in Paris to assist in the care of her dying grandfather. These three ladies, arrested in October and at first confined in their own hotel, had been transferred in April, 1794, to the prison of the Luxembourg. There they found the Maréchal de Mouchy and his wife, and the Duchess d'Oleans, the lovely and unfortunate daughter of the Duc de Penthièvre and wife of Phillipe Egalité. She was very ill and had only a straw pallet. The beautiful Vicomtesse de Noailles shared with her mother the care of the invalid and of the old Maréchale de Noailles. There are few episodes of the Terror more touching than the last moments of these victims, who perished—three generations—on the same day.

What Madame de Lafayette suffered on hearing of this triple sacrifice, it would be difficult to describe. "Thank God," she wrote her children, "for having preserved my life, my reason, and my strength. God has preserved me from rebellion against Him, but I could not support even the semblance of human consolation."

In the meantime, the 9th Thermidor had sounded, and the prisoners in Paris were released. But Madame de Lafayette remained a captive, so odious was the name of her husband to the leaders of the Revolution. Legendre, who questioned her, repeated over and over again that he detested her name and her husband. She replied, with as much courage as nobility, that she knew how to defend both against every attack. She was treated with great harshness and remanded to prison. There she had for companions several former Terrorists, among them the tutor of St. Just, who gloried in his pupil. In this prison as elsewhere, she won respect from all, and it seemed—said one of her daughters—that her captivity had been prolonged in order that she might receive homage from the most opposite parties, and even from the greatest criminals.

She was not released until the 22d of January, 1795, thanks to the intervention of the United States Minister. She sent her son, George Washington de Lafayette, to America, with a letter to General Washington.

"I place my dear child," she writes, "under the protection of the United States, which he has long been taught to love as a second country, and under the special care of the President, of whose friendship for his father we feel so well assured. It is my wish that my son may lead a retired life in America, that he may resume his studies which three years of misfortune have interrupted; and I trust, when removed from surroundings and associations which must weigh heavily on his soul, he may strive to render himself capable of fulfilling the duties of a citizen of the United States,

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whose sentiments and principles must always accord with those of a true citizen of France."

Having bade adieu to her son, Madame de Lafayette joined her two daughters, who had remained in Auvergne during the Terror, and set out with them for Germany. Her husband had been for three years incarcerated in the citadel of Olmutz, by the order of Austria. Her only thought was to join him, and she was scarcely out of prison when she solicited as a supreme favor another captivity. After spending some days in Vienna under an assumed name—for no French were permitted to enter Austria—she obtained an audience with the Emperor, unknown to his ministers. He received her with courtesy, and she only solicited his permission to share her husband's prison. It was accorded her, and, the 15th of October, 1795, a day that she always called the happiest of her life, Madame de Lafayette arrived at Olmutz. When the postillion pointed out the spires of the city, she was suffocated by her tears. When she recovered her voice, she began to recite the canticle in the book of Tobit.

M. de Lafayette had been placed in solitary confinement; he was not allowed to see even his jailer. He had a vague knowledge of the Terror, but did not know whether his wife and children were living or dead. We can judge, then, of his astonishment when, without any preparation whatever, he saw his wife and daughters enter his cell. Madame de Lafayette was overjoyed; but the three voluntary captives were not spared any of the rigors of imprisonment. They were denied the attendance of a woman, and the prison authorities even took away three silver forks which were in their baggage, and refused them any others. They were not allowed to go to Mass, although there was a church close to the prison. They were denied paper, pens, and ink. It was by means of a tooth-pick and a small piece of India ink that Madame de Lafayette wrote, on the margins of the engravings in a volume of Buffon, the life of her mother, the Duchess d'Ayen. Her health was cruelly impaired by want of air and exercise. During eleven months of great suffering, from October, 1795, to September, 1796, there was no relaxation of the prison rules. She had not even an easy-chair. When she became somewhat convalescent, she begged permission to go to Vienna for several days, in order to consult a physician. But not only was this request refused, but the authorities declared that, if she quitted the prison for one hour, she should never be permitted to enter it again. Then she wrote the following letter:

"M. le Commandant d'Olmutz having announced to me that, after my request to be allowed to spend eight days in Vienna to consult a physician, His Imperial Majesty will not allow me to leave the prison except on condition of never re-entering it, I have the honor to repeat my answer. I felt that I owed it to my family and friends to request the assistance necessary to my health, but they will understand that I cannot secure it at such a price. I can never forget that we were both ready to perish—I from the tyranny of Robespierre, and M. de Lafayette from the moral and physical sufferings of his imprisonment; that it was impossible for me to obtain any tidings of him, and for him even to learn if his wife and children were still living. I will never again expose myself to the horror of such a separation. Whatever may be the condition of my health and the hardships of prison-life for my young daughters, we will all three gratefully avail ourselves of the kindness of His Imperial Majesty in permitting us to share every detail of M. de Lafayette's captivity."

The prisoners were only set free on the demand of General Bonaparte, who exacted their release at Campo Formio. They quitted the prison the 19th of September, 1797. This was five years after the arrest of M. de Lafayette. He had not changed his opinions. This man of immovable convictions had supported in turn, with the same philosophy, riches and poverty, popular favor and popular hatred. He regretted none of his own actions nor his own words, as is proved by indisputable testimony.

The last years of Madame de Lafayette were tranquil and happy. She expired on the evening of Christmas Day in 1807. Her death was worthy of her life.

The memory of such a woman deserves to endure. Around it must always linger a halo of the loftiest of all poetry—the poetry of sorrow nobly borne and of duty faithfully fulfilled.

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A MERCENARY YOUNG WOMAN.

BY ROBERT B. GRAHAM.

WHEN Mary Vandenhoff's father died, he left her under the guardianship of his old friend Colonel Fairfax, and for years she spent her vacations with the Fairfax family.

The colonel's only daughter Gwendolen was a good many years older than Mary, and there grew up between the two that sort of intimacy which often develops between two women of different ages. Mary was devoted to Gwendolen, and the older woman was just as fond of her feminine adorer, but in a different way. Gwendolen's only brother George was nearer Mary's age, but there was sufficient difference between them to cause the young man to assume that patronizing manner toward her which fledgelings fresh from college are apt to exhibit to school-girls.

When Miss Vandenhoff was seventeen, Gwendolen married Sir Arthur Trevelyan and went to England. Her husband only lived a few months, however, and at the end of a year the young widow came back to America to live with her brother, her father having died just before her marriage. Mary had been at school ever since her friend's marriage, and George Fairfax had not seen the girl during the interval.

Coming into his sister's morning-room a few days after her return, he was surprised to see a beautiful young woman with his sister. For a minute, George did not recognize her at all; then, as she rose and moved toward him with both hands outstretched, he saw it was Mary, but how changed! Eighteen months had developed the pretty school-girl into a lovely woman, and he felt quite awed.

"Don't you know me, George?" she asked.

"Of course I do, though I did not recognize you for a moment," he answered, taking the proffered hands with great cordiality, but with a slight timidity delightful to behold. "You have—"

"Improved? Yes, you may say it."

Mary filled in the gap with a charming smile as George hesitated. She remembered the last time he had greeted her before she went away; he had patted her on the head and said: "Well, how does school go, little one?" The fact that the transition from the young miss in long plaits and short dresses to full-grown womanhood had impressed Mr. Fairfax was very agreeable to Mary's feelings.

"Wasn't your coming rather unexpected?" he asked. "Sis didn't say anything about it."

"She didn't know anything about it," replied Miss Vandenhoff. "I did not write her I was coming, but I felt that I couldn't live another day without seeing her, so I came."

"Fortunate Gwendolen!" rejoined the gentleman, whereat Mary only laughed. Evidently the idea of her old acquaintance—who had teased, petted, and patronized her in by-gone days—paying her compliments was amusing to her. They chatted for a while and then Mary announced:

"I'm my own mistress now. According to the terms of papa's will, I became of age when I reached eighteen; and I'm going to Europe with Gwendolen."

"May I go with you, Gwen, also?" Mr. Fairfax asked.

"Since when has my society developed such charms for my brother?" Lady Trevelyan inquired, and Mary smiled as her friend

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observed in an undertone: "The whirligig of time brings round its revenges, my child!"

"What are you two talking about? It isn't polite to whisper in company, Miss Vandenhoff."

"I was only asking Gwen whether she remembered how you used to pull my long braids and irreverently call them pig-tails," replied the unblushing Mary.

"I'll never do so again," said George, to which the young lady answered: "You won't get the chance," patting with a little gesture of pride the beautiful coils which surmounted her shapely head.

Lady Trevelyan laughed and then sighed.

"You two are as much children as ever; but Mary seems to be in earnest about going to Europe. I am willing; so, if you are serious, George, we will not object to a cavalier."

"Of course I am serious," was the reply.

"But how can you leave your business?" objected his sister.

The young man shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"My business can take care of itself," he said.

So it was settled that the three should start as soon as possible. Colonel Vandenhoff had left his children a very moderate amount of money indeed, and George, who had been brought up as a gilded youth until his father's death, had been practicing law ever since, though he could hardly be said to have much practice. Lady Trevelyan's husband, though hardly rich, was well off, so that she was in easy circumstances. As for Miss Vandenhoff, she was not an heiress; she had just enough to live on with economy. However, so far as expenses went, this European trip was not a rash procedure, as Mary argued. Both Lady Trevelyan and her brother had been abroad several times, and they proposed to spend two or three months at the late Sir Arthur's country-seat.

They sailed in the late autumn, and, on landing, went immediately to Trevelyan Hall, to remain there until the height of the London season, when they intended to go up to town, and, as George expressed it, "plunge Mary into the vortex of dissipation."

During the voyage, which was somewhat protracted, the pair had become very good friends. Lady Trevelyan was obliged to remain quiet in her cabin a great deal of the time, in order to avoid falling a victim to sea-sickness; but she insisted on Mary's staying on deck, so the young couple were left to their own devices in a thoroughly American fashion. George made the most of his opportunity. They returned to their old comradeship and intimacy, but with a difference. They were not brother and sister, however much they might pretend they were, and neither of them quite forgot the fact. Once on land, however, the aspect of affairs changed somewhat. A rival appeared, in the shape of Lord Carisbrooke, a near neighbor of Lady Trevelyan's.

"You shall see a real live lord soon, Mary," she had announced soon after their arrival, "and perhaps subjugate him."

"Is he rich?" asked Mary, not at all overwhelmed.

"Yes, rich and young and handsome. His only incumbrance is his sister, Lady Emma, who is old and appalling in every way; she lives with him."

At this moment, visitors were announced, and the two persons about whom they had been talking entered the room.

At the end of a month, George gave it as his belief that Mary had caught a very big fish, an opinion in which his sister concurred, though she reproved him for using such a vulgar expression. Mr. Fairfax remained so imperturbable, it was impossible to tell whether he was jealous or not; and the young lady herself appeared quite impartial in the distribution of her favors.

When Parliament opened, Lord Carisbrooke went up to London; but he came back at short intervals, on one excuse or another. On one of these occasions, he invited Mr. Fairfax to return with him and be introduced at some of the clubs, in order that he might feel more at home when he should go to town for a lengthened stay. This invitation the young man accepted, though he declared to his sister it was merely a scheme of the wily nobleman's, not to leave him in possession of the field.

The ladies drove with them to the station, the day of their departure; but, while the two elder women remained in the carriage, Mary, somewhat to the horror of Lady Emma, insisted on accompanying the gentlemen to the train—an idea in which George, of course, encouraged her. She bade them

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adieu in the most correct manner possible, and they entered their railway-carriage. Instead of going back at once, which would have been the wisest thing to do, as she had left her wrap in the landau, Mary lingered, and George, seeing her, naturally put his head out of the window to say good-bye again.

Then a little demon of mischief entered Mary. Lord Carisbrooke was watching them from behind his companion, so she gave both hands to George in a cordial fashion, while he uttered several rather sentimental speeches. Then the train started, and, with a hurried smile for Lord Carisbrooke, Mary, already repenting of her folly, returned to the carriage.

A few days later, the young men returned, and the first of May saw the whole party established in London.

Coming in, one afternoon, George found his sister alone over the tea-cups.

"Why, this is unusual," he said.

"Yes," answered Lady Trevelyan.

"Where is Mary?"

"Gone somewhere with Lord Carisbrooke and his sister—I forget where. They wanted me to go too, but, as I had a headache, I preferred to remain behind."

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"It seems to me they are always dragging Mary somewhere," remarked the young man, in an injured tone.

His sister laughed and replied:

"At least, grant them the justice to acknowledge that they do not neglect us. My dear George, what a pity you did not discover Mary's charms sooner; you have had plenty of opportunities, but it seems to me you have only lately used them."

"I hope you don't mean to insinuate," cried her brother, indignantly, "that I have only admired her since she has been an object of attention to a nobleman?"

"Mercy, no!" laughed his sister. "It was evident you lost your heart at first sight on her return from Vassar. But do be careful," she added, for in his excitement George had nearly upset the Sèvres china cup out of which he had been drinking tea. "Seriously, though," she went on, holding up one slender hand, while with the other she stroked her dog, "I do sympathize with you, my dear boy. Nothing in the world would please me better than to see you and my dearest girl married, though you are both poor and extravagant. I could keep you both near me then, and I love you two best of anybody in the world now." There was a break in Lady Trevelyan's voice, and George, putting down his cup, went over and patted her on the shoulder. "Still, Mary is very young," her ladyship resumed, squeezing her brother's hand in return for his silent expression of sympathy, "and I wish her to see something of the world before she chooses. I would not want to influence her in any way, though of course no one could accuse me of mercenary motives."

"That's just it—she's seen so little of the world, she's likely to be dazzled by Lord

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Carisbrooke," said Mr. Fairfax, after a moment's silence.

"Perhaps," assented his sister. "What do you say to going over to Paris for a while?"

"The very thing!" exclaimed George, and then their talk ended.

Miss Vandenhoff was delighted with the notion of visiting the French capital; but alas for the vanity of human hopes! Though Lady Trevelyan supposed that Lord Carisbrooke's Parliamentary duties would detain him in London, he no sooner heard the Parisian trip broached than he declared that a run on the Continent was just what Lady Emma needed, as she had not been very well. Whether his sister felt delighted or not, it was impossible to say; but, at any rate, she professed to be. One thing was plain, however: she had grown very fond of Mary, in spite of certain American ideas that the young lady clung to.

The Fairfax party left on Tuesday, and two days later they were joined in Paris by Lord Carisbrooke and Lady Emma; and, of course, there was nothing for the brother and sister but to seem glad to see them.

Mary raved over the gay capital, and declared she never wanted to leave it.

"Small wonder," remarked Lady Trevelyan, in reply to her friend's enthusiasm; "to be in Paris with two devoted admirers dancing attendance on you is not an unpleasant lot for a young woman."

Mary blushed.

"I should adore Paris without them," she averred, indignantly.

"Perhaps you will have a chance to try," said her ladyship, rather dryly. "You can't always keep two strings to your bow, my dear Mary."

Lady Trevelyan had some agreeable French acquaintances, among them a certain Marquise de Santenelles, a charming old lady who was greatly attracted by Miss Vandenhoff. The marquise lived in Paris; but, out of the wreck of her fortune in the downfall of the Empire, she had kept a little cottage in the environs, where she sometimes staid during the summer. One lovely June day, she invited the Fairfax party and a few other acquaintances to make an excursion there. The house was tiny, but pretty and quaint; the grounds surrounding were beautiful, and there was a miniature lake on which they rowed in miniature boats. Luncheon was served under the trees, in a sort of sublimated picnic style, by the old couple who had charge of Madame de Santenelles's cottage, and they returned to Paris by moonlight the same evening.

"It has been an idyllic day," Mary said, softly, with a sigh, as she and Mr. Fairfax sauntered toward the station, a little behind the rest of the party.

Somehow, she and George had been together a good deal during the pleasant hours. I am inclined to think that the marquise had managed this, for she was a keen-sighted old lady. She had lavished her attentions chiefly on Lord Carisbrooke, who, it is to be hoped, appreciated them. Even now she was showing him the beauties of the country, on her way to the station.

"Yes," assented George, in answer to his companion's remark. "Rustic simplicity and all that sort of thing."

His tone was very light—almost mocking. He dared not trust himself to answer in any other fashion. The moonlight was falling on Mary's face turned toward him, and, when she spoke in that way, he felt a mad desire to clasp her in his arms.

"Can you never be in earnest?" cried Miss Vandenhoff, with a frown.

"Yes—terribly in earnest, if I dared to be," he answered, and his tone was passionate enough now.

"Let us hurry—we must join the others," she said, hastily.

"Wait a moment, Mary—dear! Couldn't you make up your mind to like this sort of thing always—love in a cottage, and all the rest?"

"Decidedly not! Haven't I told you over and over again that I am mercenary and mean to marry a rich man?"

The young lady's voice was no longer soft and tender.

"And you really mean it, Mary?"

"Of course I mean it!"

"Please hurry, Miss Vandenhoff—you'll miss the train," cried a voice, and Lord Carisbrooke came running toward them.

"We will be there in a moment," answered Mr. Fairfax, imperturbably; and his lordship, dumfounded, turned away again. "Then I suppose you intend to accept Carisbrooke?" he continued, in a lower tone, to Mary.

"I shall wait till he asks me," was the

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indignant response. "Are you going to make me miss the train?"

"We will be in time," George replied, in a dangerously calm tone; and so they were, but only just in time. "We were disputing about a species of tree we passed," the young man explained to the assembled company, with such coolness that they almost believed him.

The following morning, on the pretense of a headache, Mary did not appear until very late. When she did enter the salon, she found Lady Trevelyan looking sorely disturbed.

"George went to Saxon in the early train," she announced.

"Saxon?" echoed Mary.

"Yes, Saxon in Switzerland," answered Lady Trevelyan.

Still her hearer looked uncomprehending.

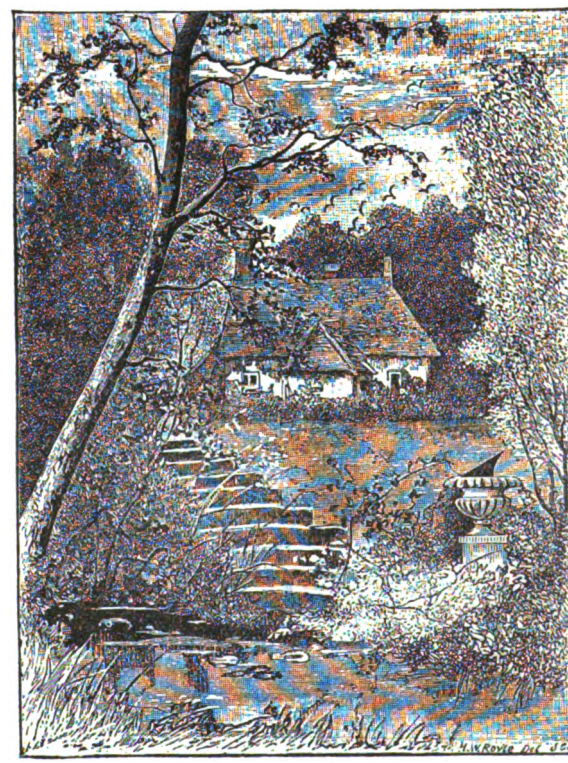
"It has medicinal baths; but, besides being a health resort, there is a casino where people go to gamble."

"To gamble?" again echoed Mary.

"Yes," her friend replied, almost impatiently. "George told me he had a telegram from a friend who is there; but—I don't believe it." Miss Vandenhoff restrained her inclination once more to repeat the other's words, but her face wore a decidedly puzzled expression. "You see," went on Lady Trevelyan, after a brief hesitation, "that was poor papa's only fault. George never has gambled; but those things run in the blood sometimes, and I can't imagine anything else that would take him to Saxon."

There was absolute despair in poor Lady Trevelyan's voice; but, as Mary made no effort to comfort her, she pleaded a headache soon afterward and shut herself in her room for the remainder of the day. At dinner, Miss Vandenhoff informed her that Lord Carisbrooke had called and left his adieux, as he was called away for a few days. Lady Trevelyan looked at her friend, to see whether she could gather anything from her countenance; but there was no indication of emotion there, and the young lady vouchsafed no further confidence.

Lord Carisbrooke took the same route as George Fairfax had done. Arrived at Saxon, he established himself at a hotel and removed the traces of his journey, then went to the casino. The rooms were full, but he fancied that he caught a glimpse of Fairfax, looking pale and haggard. In another instant, however, he disappeared, and, after an ineffectual search, Carisbrooke went back to the hotel to hunt him up.



Having learned the number of his room, he presented himself at the door and knocked several times. Receiving no answer, he stooped to shove his card under. In doing this, he pushed against the door, which had evidently not been tightly closed, for it flew open and disclosed young Fairfax sitting in an attitude of despair, his face buried in his hands. It was too late to retreat, for he had been seen; so, with many apologies for his accidental intrusion, Carisbrooke turned to withdraw. Curiosity, however, had triumphed over George's annoyance

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at his self-betrayal. Had his rival come to announce his success?

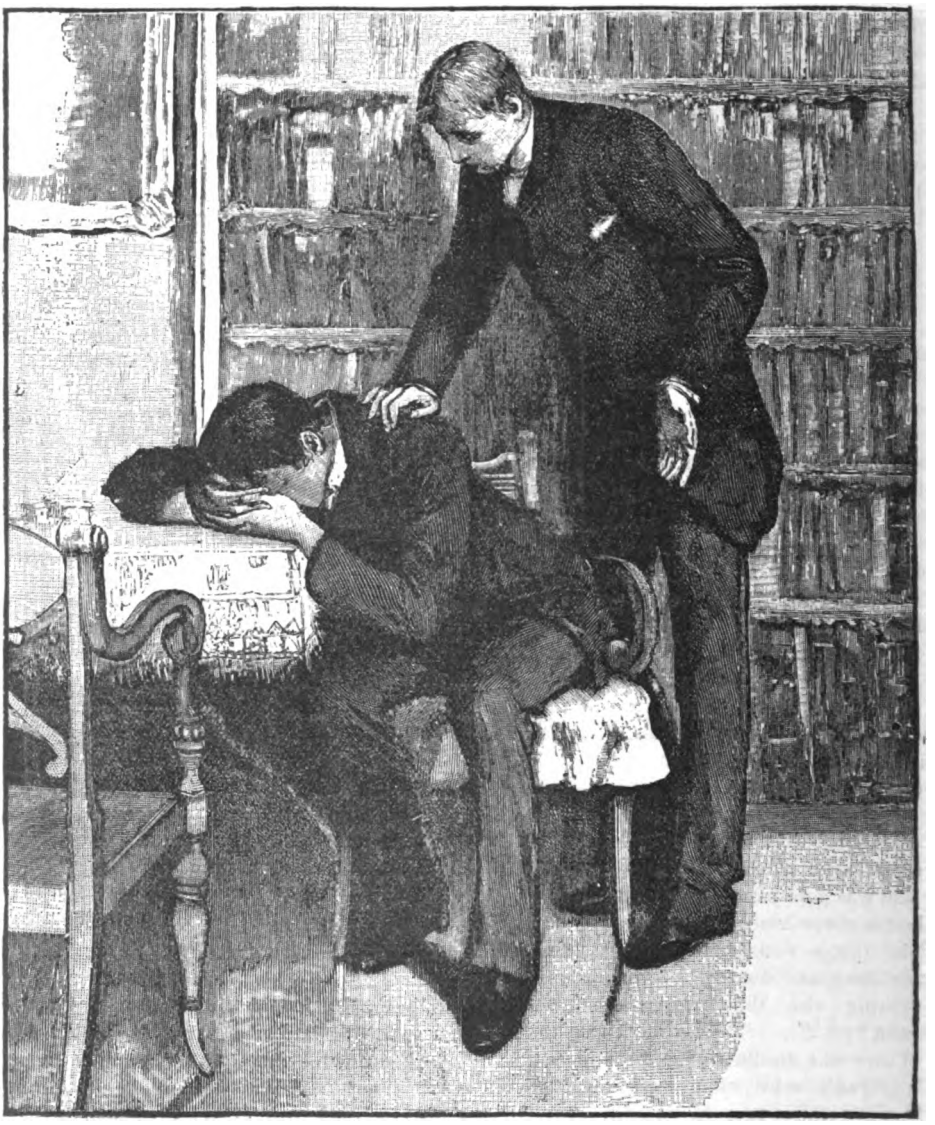
"As long as you are here, my dear fellow, you may as well stay," he cried, trying to speak in his usual light tone. "I do not often make a fool of myself—perhaps you can guess what is the matter."

"I think I can," answered Lord Carisbrooke, gently. He found it difficult to explain himself. "Your sister and Miss Vandenhoff are very anxious about you."

"That is kind," said George, in a sarcastic tone. "May I ask why?"

"Knowing you were coming here—" Then Carisbrooke stopped. "I suppose you will think it impertinence on my part, but I come as Miss Vandenhoff's messenger."

This was more than George could endure.



"I presume that Miss Vandenhoff has the right to make you her messenger, but I would prefer she did not send you to me," he said.

"Stupid that I am!" cried the other. "I have begun at the wrong end. I ought to have told you first that she has refused me."

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"Refused you?" echoed Fairfax, incredulously. "Why, she had just refused me!"

"I advise you to try again," said his lordship, in a tone of sad conviction. "I think she will even forgive your gambling."

"My gambling? Does she think I would do that? Because I came to this place? Oh, I see! Why, it was to save another fellow from ruin that I rushed on here—I was just in time, too."

"And your virtue has been rewarded," said Lord Carisbrooke, with an effort at a smile. "Miss Vandenhoff was kind enough to honor me with her confidence. When she heard where you had gone, and learned your sister's fears for you, she was in despair. She believed she had ruined your life and your sister's happiness. In those hours of misery, she found out the truth—that she cared for you more than for wealth or position. It was then I offered to be her messenger—I could do no less."

"You are a magnificent fellow, Carisbrooke," said Fairfax, after a moment's silence. "I could not have done it, but—I am very sorry—"

"Don't finish your sentence," interrupted the Englishman, holding out his hand.

THE SABBATH BELLS.

BY GENESEE RICHARDSON.

In silvery tones, now high, now low,
They break upon the air;
Like changing tides and show'rs of rain,
They come and go, and come again,
When calling us to prayer.

Their music fills the wide expanse—
How joyfully they ring!
Revealing all divinest things;
As if from heav'n, on speedy wings,
Down borne, when angels sing.

Over the hearts where sorrows meet,
Through every darken'd way,
Over the homes that lie in doubt
With light and gladness all gone out,
They gently steal to-day.

In every village they are heard,
In towns afar and near;
When skies are turned to ashen hue,
Or when they're tinted brightest blue,
They ring out sweet and clear.

And when the wintry gloom is deep,
With every cheery chime
They seem to tell us o'er and o'er
Of a land of gladness evermore,
A never-fading clime.

Throughout the land, from thousand spires,
Their music sweetly swells;
A people ever truly blest
There dwell, where on the day of rest
Ring forth the Sabbath bells.

APPRECIATION.

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

He best may know the bliss of rest,
That's forced by fate to roam;
And best can prize, when from it riven,
That dearest spot this side of heaven—
'Twas a wanderer sang the deathless song
Of "Home, sweet home"!

He knows the worth of eyes, who goes
Groping with blinded sight.
Youth's ruddy glow we cherish most
With age, or health and vigor lost.
Who e'er could feel the worth of suns,
Were not the night?

Love's power we know not till the hour
Of parting. Tempest-tossed
By passion's anguish, spirit-throes,
The stricken soul then only knows
The height and depth of bliss, of woe,
And "loved and lost"!

Ah, man! alas, that thy brief span
Of years of shadowed light
Should pass unreal as a dream—
Worth e'er be weighed by loss; and seem
Thy blessing brightest only when
They've taken flight!

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AT THE STAR.

BY AGNES JAMES.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 337.

CHAPTER IV.

EVERY night, Jack Armstrong always passed slowly by the dingy old house in the quiet street, where Madge Brandon lived. Sometimes the young girl would hear his clear whistle, always the same "Song of the Little Maid," and smile to think what a romantic fancy the lad had taken to her. She knew it was Jack; for once, as she was closing the parlor blinds, she saw him under the gas-lamp quite plainly.

She never guessed with what a thrill of rapture the boy saw her. And once he met her by daylight on a busy street, and Madge nodded to him and said:

"Why, Jack, how do you do?"

The poor boy was so stunned with ecstasy that he stood speechless and almost forgot to drag his cap from his head.

So the three weeks passed; and, one cold dingy afternoon, the merry party of amateurs came running up the steps of the private entrance to the Star, and groped their way through the dusky passage leading behind the scenes. Several employees of the theatre were lounging about, waiting for them.

Jack was there, waiting, listening intently for the sound of Madge's soft merry voice. He heard Neil Campbell say:

"Give me your hand, Miss Brandon; you will certainly stumble, if you do not."

"Are you so sure of your own footing?" came the laughing answer.

Then Jack saw her standing just under the one gas-light, which shone down on her bright hair, on the little black velvet hat she wore, and on her cheeks, that glowed like carnations from the rapid walk and the cold air.

"Oh, Jack, is it you? I'm glad to see you," she said, smilingly, and then she put out her little hand, from which she had just drawn the glove, and laid it in Jack's rough work-worn palm.

Ah, not the stars only, but a whole heaven of delight, seemed to descend and glow around the boy in that one blissful instant.

He trembled and flushed at the touch of the little hand, and, without the power to utter one word, he stood with his dark eyes fixed on her face. Only one instant—then Neil Campbell spoke very quietly and coolly:

"Perhaps we'd better go on, Miss Brandon."

Then the second's bliss was over, and she had passed on. All he could do now was to stand at the wing and watch her as she went through her part in the play, and afterward as she sat in the stage box while the other play was in progress.

Suddenly, as he stood there in the shadow, a laughing voice near him half whispered:

"Oh, yes; it is quite a romance. He gave her a camelia and actually asked leave to go home with her!"

"What! Did she tell you so?" inquired Neil Campbell's voice.

"She told me who gave her the camelia—I asked her. And about the other, why," with a giggle of delighted mischief, "I heard him. I was looking for my shawl, too, behind that large screen. And she actually did not resent his impertinence, but thanked him and declined very civilly! Oh, that is my cue!"

Miss Bentley ran on the stage, while Neil stroked his mustache and looked annoyed, and poor Jack stood still in the shadow, dazed, indignant, miserable.

Impertinent? Had he been impertinent? What did it all mean? But he had no time to think about it, for just then Neil Campbell wheeled round, walked away from the stage, and—almost ran over him.

"Who's this? What are you doing here?" Neil demanded, in an irritated tone. Then

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recognizing the young fellow, he grasped his arm and stood looking sternly at him.

"Jack Armstrong! Were you listening, sir? Well, I suppose you heard—"

Jack returned his gaze half stupidly, and interrupted him with a movement of his hand.

"Yes, I heard," he said. "I wasn't there to listen, but I heard. I—I hope she don't think I was impertinent. I never meant to be that. I'm a rough awk'ard sort o' feller, but I didn't mean nothin' but—but—" Jack's head dropped and his voice trembled and stopped.

"Why, what did you mean?" Neil exclaimed, impatiently. "Did you think a lady like Miss Brandon would let you escort her home?"

Jack looked at him with an expression in his deep-set eyes like that of some patient suffering animal.

"I didn't know," he said, slowly. "Somebody said she was a nursery governess. She was takin' care of the children. And she was always so good to me. No, I didn't know. And, as for bein' impertinent—why," with sudden heat and passion, "I'd jest as soon been impertinent to the angels in heaven."

Neil looked at him fixedly an instant and then laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"My poor lad," he said, gently, "you've made a great mistake. Miss Brandon is as far above you as the stars. She is gracious and kind to everyone. She thinks you are a good honest boy—I've heard her say so. She didn't resent anything you said to her, because she thinks you only a boy and that you knew no better. She would not like you to be laughed at, though, so you must never say or do anything again like that. Take my advice, Jack. Keep away from her and try to forget her."

Neil took his hand from the lad's shoulder, and Jack moved slowly away through the dim passages, past the back of the stage box —she was there, and he heard her laugh as he paused an instant—on to the door and out into the chill murky night. He walked with his head bowed down, his hands pushed down into his pockets. He saw nothing, heard nothing, was conscious of nothing but the dull weight of wretchedness in his heart. He had been dreaming indeed; but he was awake now, and knew what a mad senseless dream it had been.

"Stay away from her and try to forget her"!

Yes, he would do that. Yet, after three restless miserable days, when he puzzled his simple-hearted mother by shutting himself up in his room and scarcely eating or sleeping, while she grieved over the wasted time and lost pay and declared "Jack must be crazy, if he was not sick"—after these three horrible days, he found himself conquered by his great longing to see her, and he wandered back to the Star again.

"Hello, Jack! been sick?" a fellow-workman asked, as he came behind the scenes.

Jack nodded silently.

"Look like you'd seen a ghost."

"Looks like he was a ghost himself! What's the matter, lad?" said another.

But Jack, weak and sore-hearted, crept away from them and found a place where he could sit in the shadow and watch for her.

It was the night of the performance. "A Scrap of Paper" was on, the actors doing bravely, the large brilliant audience applauding heartily. Jack saw none of it. The one star that made the glory of it all for him was not there. Then the curtain fell, there was a crash of music from the orchestra, and the hurry and bustle attendant upon the change of scene for the next play.

Presently, from a dressing-room near him emerged a stylish handsome man of middle age, with iron-gray hair, English whiskers, and mustache. Almost at the same moment, two ladies came down the little staircase from the upper dressing-rooms: one a matronly lady in formal black velvet dress and bonnet, with severely plain gray hair and ruddy English color, which glowed deepest on the end of her nose; the other, Madge! Madge in bridal dress of soft floating muslin and lace, and ethereal veil of tulle covering her whole slender figure.

The gentleman sprang to the foot of the staircase and exclaimed in Neil Campbell's voice:

"Excellent, Miss Brooke! What a perfect get-up!"

"Really, Neil, you are the most fascinating elderly gentleman I ever beheld. Are the others ready? I must go and see." And Miss Brooke darted away to the green-room.

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"My dear 'Caroline Elizabeth,' do you know how lovely you look in that array?" Neil half whispered, taking Madge's little white-gloved hand and putting it on his arm. Then he bent his head and said something which even Jack's jealous ears could not catch. Madge laughed—ah, what a sweet merry laugh she had!—and shook her head.

"It is quite in character for you to say such things, of course," she said, gayly, yet coloring a little.

"If Neil Campbell says the same thing after the play, will you believe him?" asked he.

They were slowly straying toward the green-room now, unconsciously keeping step with the wedding-march of the orchestra. Madge's airy veil touched Jack's hand as she passed the great beam in whose shadow he stood, and he heard her soft half-laughing reply:

"I don't know. I hope I am not very credulous."

"Crash! Crash! Br-r-r-r-oom!"

The wedding-march was over, and Miss Brooke came flying along to the left upper entrance.

"Nonsense! don't be frightened, child," Miss Brooke said, as Madge turned pale and trembled. She took Madge's other hand and held it, drawing her toward the entrance. Jack watched while the two talked to her reassuringly, and he saw Neil lift her hand and kiss it gallantly just an instant before Miss Brooke, alert and composed, heard her cue and walked quietly on the stage, leading the pretty bride.

Jack stole closer to the stage and watched the play—no, not the play, but Madge and Neil Campbell. Through all the absurdities, the fun and noise, he saw only these two. He had seen the farce before—"Woodcock's Little Game"—but these two seemed to make it different. Madge, quite recovered from her "stage fright," was putting life and spirit into a rather insipid character.

She invested the rôle with all her own grace and sweetness. She was an innocent, gay, affectionate little girl, really in love with her handsome middle-aged husband, who by every look and action made it quite plain that he was even more in love with her!

From the first sentence "Caroline" speaks, when she enters radiant with happiness in the prospect of a trip to London, to the last, when she comes trembling in, having heard of the duel, and fearing her husband has been shot, it was not farce these two were playing to each other, but a lovely little drama. Jack clenched his hands in jealous misery as he saw her run to him, exclaiming:

"Oh, then, it was not you! You are not wounded! Oh, I am so happy!"

She clasped her little hands on Neil's shoulder, and, with a half-sob, hid her face upon his arm. And Neil seemed—was it only seeming?—to put his arm around her and draw her tenderly to him.

The audience burst into a roar of applause, and Jack could bear no more. He slipped away from the wing and sat down in the deep shadow under the staircase. With his face hidden in his hands, he sat there long, in dumb misery, until a voice speaking her name roused him. Two ladies were standing at the foot of the staircase, wrapping themselves in shawls and hoods and talking in carelessly loud tones.

"Madge Brandon indeed!" said one. "It's too ridiculous! It is plain as day she is trying to 'rope him in,' and I must say he has been flirting disgracefully with her."

"Yes, it is rather a shame, when everyone in our set knows so well that he is engaged to May Bentley."

"Well, Neil was always a horrid flirt! Come, Emma, I'm ready," and they were gone.

Jack started up in wild anger and indignation. What! Neil Campbell deceiving her—Madge, his angel? He dared to trifle with her, to try to make her love him, and he engaged to another woman? Oh, he should pay for this, the heartless handsome aristocrat!

"If I strangle him with my bare hands, I swear I will pay him for it," vowed Jack, and, taking one hasty step forward, he found himself facing Madge, who stood on the staircase above him. She was white as marble, and her hand gripped the slender rail tightly. She had heard it too!

"Jack!" she whispered, hurriedly. "Oh, I am glad it is you. Can you go quickly and get me a carriage? Bring it to the side door and come upstairs and tell me. Oh, wait! I want you to take a note—just a line—to

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Mr. Campbell. He was going home with me, but—but I am not very well, Jack, and —and I would rather he did not go."

She faltered a little and caught her lip quickly between her teeth. Then she turned, ran back to the dressing-room, and in a few moments returned, holding out a card with a line or two scrawled hastily on it. Jack took it silently and walked away, without a glance at her face.

"Hello! Jack Armstrong!" cried a cordial voice, and Neil Campbell met him and put his hand on his shoulder. Jack shook it off angrily, with a muttered oath.

"What's the matter, lad? Ah, you have not taken my advice! Have you come back to get your wings singed again, my poor boy? Better stay away, Jack, if you can."

Jack looked up at him, and the scowl grew lighter on his face. Could these frank kindly eyes be false—this manly cordial voice utter base treacherous lies?

Jack had meant to get the carriage and see Madge safely away, and then to give him the curt note which he felt would end everything between Madge and Neil. But now he hesitated. Suppose what he had heard was false! Suppose Neil really loved this "angel-love" of his! She was "as far as the stars" above poor Jack, but Neil was her equal—and Madge loved him and would be happy with him. Well, she should be happy, if he could make her so!

"See here," he said, roughly and impulsively, "isn't it you that ought to stay away? Have you got any right to come foolin' round her and tryin' to make her l-like you, when you are engaged to another girl?"

"What?" cried Neil, looking utterly thunderstruck.

Jack burst out into sudden wrath now.

"If it's true," he snarled, with set teeth, "if you have been foolin' her, when you are goin' to marry that Miss Bentley, who ain't fit to tie her shoe, I swear I'll kill you like a dog!"

"And I would deserve to be killed like a dog, if it were true," Neil answered, in a quiet tone that steadied the boy at once. "I don't know where you heard these lies, Jack. They are lies, however. I was never engaged to Miss Bentley. I love Margaret Brandon with all my heart, and I mean to ask her to-night to marry me. Now tell me where you heard all this nonsense."

"Here. Two women were talkin'; they said so, and—and she heard 'em too, and asked me to take her away and give you this note."

Jack's head was down and his voice faltered.

Neil took the note and read it at a glance.

"My dear little girl!" he murmured, and then he smiled and tucked the note into his pocket.

"Jack," he said, quickly, "I want to see her. I must see her. I'm not a very conceited fellow, I think, but I believe my little girl loves me. I'm not good enough for her, I know; but I have tried hard to make her love me, because, you see, I love her so much. And you know, if she does love me, she's—she's very unhappy about these cruel lies, and yet I'm afraid she will not see me."

"I'll make her come," Jack cried, with a sudden glow in his eyes. "I'll tell her to come down, and she'll think it's the carriage for her. You wait at the foot of the steps, and I'll call her."

Jack turned and dashed up the stairs with frantic haste—she should not be unhappy one instant longer than he could help. When he came plunging down again, his face glowed with pleasure.

"She's comin'!" he whispered to Neil, and then he walked away.

They would not want him to hear what they said, he thought, and yet he could not help turning his head to see if she had come.

Yes, there she was, gliding swiftly down the stairs, wrapped and hooded, with a dark veil over her face. Ah, she had been crying, perhaps. He saw her stop suddenly before she reached the bottom, waver, and half turn back. He saw Neil spring to her, catch her hand, and detain her, and heard his eager "Let me speak to you! It was not true, what you heard! My darling—"

And Jack started and walked on, never turning his head again.

Half an hour afterward, he saw them again. They were coming out of the theatre, and met Jack in the little passage leading to the side door. Madge's veil was off now. If she had been crying, the tears had only served to make her eyes brighter and sweeter.

She dropped Neil's arm and hurried forward.

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered, with shining

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eyes and lovely radiant face, "I shall always, always be your very best friend!" And she took his hand in both hers and held it fast for a moment.

"Will you shake hands with me, Jack?" Neil said, and the men exchanged a strong friendly grasp.

Then Neil and his lovely little sweetheart passed out of the door and were gone from Jack's gaze.

Poor lonely honest Jack! The pins could not come out of the stars, you see. But perhaps in time the ache in his heart, the restless unsatisfied longing, the "dull deep pain," will be healed by the loving touch of some good sweet woman.

And even now he is comforted by the thought that it is he who has given Madge her happiness. And so ends the little drama, "Behind the scenes at the Star."

LOVE.

BY GERTIE VIVIAN GUERNSEY.

THE poet sings too much of love, you say;
Why not re-string the harp to higher themes?
Heroic deeds, the questions of the day,
Were fitter for his dreams.

The puerile fancies of the boy and girl,
What are they to humanity's great needs?
Sighs o'er a faded flower or severed curl,
To fame of noble deeds?

A simple thing it may be, yet this love
Lies at the root of all things, great and small.
Love makes the home, sweet type of heaven above—
And many homes, the state.

The patriot, for his household gods at strife,
Fights better than the hireling for his wage.
Dying, his thoughts go back to child and wife,
Not to fame's gilded page.

The statesman, balancing a nation's needs,
Shall give us broader justice, purer laws,
If the home-love within him sow the seeds
Of love for man's great cause.

Sweet is a people's praise, and sweet the sense
Of honest labor in the cause of right;
Sweet too is friendship, yet its influence
Makes not the hearthstone bright.

We long for something closer, dearer still—
A human life merged wholly in our own;
The sympathy of another heart and will
In mystic unison.

The fable of the alchemist who sought
A maiden's blood, to crown th' elixir's powers,
Meant that our life's completeness is but wrought
By another's given to ours.

Love's influence purifies the springs of thought,
Ripens each noble impulse into deeds,
And, through its care for one, the heart is taught
To feel for others' needs.

Oh, blame not then the poet, if his song
Too often dwell on what you deem so light.
The fondest trifles that to love belong
Are sacred in his sight.

UNDER THE TURF AND LILIES.

BY MRS. PIDSLEY.

WITH cold hands meekly folded
Upon her quiet breast,
Beneath the turf and lilies,
My darling lies at rest.

The loving voice in death is hushed,
The fond heart cold and still;
And only memory remains,
The aching void to fill.

To catch the music of her voice,
To hear her breathe my name,
I listen with a throbbing heart;
But oh! I list in vain.

For nevermore her hands will clasp
Mine in a warm embrace,
And nevermore my glances meet
The love-light in her face.

For, 'neath the turf and lilies,
My darling lies at rest,
With pure hands meekly folded
Upon her quiet breast.

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HOLLAND HOUSE.

BY A NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

THE growth of London, while it has changed many things, has left Holland House untouched.

The old mansion stands in the midst of a perfect forest of beautiful trees, and would be noticeable even without the many memories which cluster about its walls and the objects of interest which it contains. It is rich in busts, paintings, relics, and gifts by famous personages. Its rooms are adorned with the masterpieces of Hogarth, Reynolds, Lawrence, and Landseer. Here met great men and women, here wit and wisdom reigned supreme.

It was formerly in turn the home of the Riches, Copes, and De Veres; but it would have attracted no particular attention, had it not become the residence of Addison, the famed essayist. He married the Countess of Warwick, and this imperious lady made life not altogether pleasant for him. A noted satirist of the time observed that Holland House was not large enough to hold Addison, his countess, and peace.

In another generation, Holland House passed into the possession of the Fox family. Henry, the first Lord Holland, was the son of poor parents and obliged to gain his fortunes by his own exertions. He was an active and unscrupulous politician; he steadily pursued his devious course until, on his retirement from political life, he owned the unenviable reputation of being "the public defaulter of uncounted millions."

While a young man, he fell in love with the daughter of the Duke of Richmond; but that nobleman, proud of the blot on his escutcheon by which he counted his descent back to Charles II, regarded the infatuation of Henry Fox with the contempt he felt it deserved.

However, the young couple were not to be controlled, and an elopement was determined on and successfully carried out. When the duke learned that his daughter had married the "adventurer" in spite of his commands, his wrath knew no bounds. He disowned her and forbade any member of the family to hold communication with the rebellious pair, who for a time suffered the censure of royalty itself. Later, when plain Henry Fox was changed to Lord Holland, the duke mitigated the severity of his judgment and extended an ungracious pardon to his daughter and son-in-law.

One of the legends of Holland House tells how the sister of Lady Holland, Sarah Lennox, loved and was loved by the Prince of Wales, afterward George III. A union between the two might have followed, had not someone sowed dissension, being instigated by the state officials, who wished particularly to avoid any such alliance for his royal highness, as they had plans which would no doubt forward their interests as well as his. Although he shortly afterward married a princess of Mecklenburg, George still loved the Lady Sarah; and, so far as history has chronicled, that episode made the one romance in the life of the king, who, like his girl-love, lived to be blind and old, and in his case the more terrible affliction of insanity was added to the other infirmities.

Henry, Lord Holland, was the father of Charles James Fox, one of the greatest orators and debaters ever heard in the House of Commons. He it was who defended the American Colonies against Lord North. In his earlier years, he had been allowed license unlimited; and, for a time, very unpromising results ensued. He was constantly in debt; and on one occasion, while walking along Pall Mall with his friend Mr. Hare, who was also a spendthrift, the pair saw two bailiffs approaching, and Fox saluted them with: "Well, my dear sirs, are you Fox-hunting or Hare-hunting to-day?"

It was not until he had squandered his fortune, and necessity compelled him to make use of his mental gifts, that they appeared in their glory.

The third Lord Holland, nephew of Charles James Fox, possessed a mild amiable disposition, and it was under him that the historic mansion again became the resort of famous men and women, as in the days of Addison.

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Between the inmates of Holland House and the family of Napoleon Bonaparte, a warm friendship existed, and, when Napoleon was banished to St. Helena, they were among the few who stood by him in his adversity. At his death, he left Lady Holland a snuff-box which is preserved in the British Museum.

Among those who helped to render Holland House famous by their presence were royalties from the time of George II to William III, Talleyrand, Canova, De Stael, the two Humboldts, President Monroe, Washington Irving, Southey, Byron, Wordsworth, Louis Napoleon, the Orleans family, and many others.

De Paw, the noted Greek scholar, was a guest here. It was on him that Sheridan played a coarse practical joke. De Paw had a horror of an east wind, and Sheridan kept him in the house a fortnight by setting the weathercock to the eastward. Dickens must have had De Paw in mind when he delineated John Jarndyce in "Bleak House."

Persons of literary ability brought their productions to read to Lady Holland and receive her criticism, which was often more severe than just, and frequently not a little rude. She carried the virtue of sincerity to the extreme of license. Once, when Macaulay was favoring her with some of his finest lyrics, she exclaimed impatiently:

"Now, Macaulay, we have had enough of this; can't you give us something else?"

To Lord Portchester, she said:

"I hear you are going to publish a poem. Can't you suppress it?"

She was given to overcrowding her tables; and once, when a guest arrived after the party was seated at dinner, she called to Colonel Lutterel:

"Lutterel, make room!"

"It will certainly have to be made, for it does not exist," came the prompt reply.

Although so many illustrious people met under this roof, the atmosphere was not always the purest. Virtue was not made the price of admission to those halls; the sterner qualities of the man were not a necessity, making its influence temporary.

While it was the home of liberalism and the resort of public men, Holland House played no important part in political life. This fact was largely due to its one-sidedness. The politicians who met there were all of one mind, and an opposite view of any question gained no attention. Visitors received no new ideas; the opinions which they heard expressed coincided with opinions they had already formed. So there was never any freedom of discussion possible, and Holland House remained a party camp instead of rising into prominence as a political centre.

Lord Holland became a convert to Roman Catholicism, and his great wealth was given to building homes and hospitals and aiding the special charities of that Church.

MY FOUNTAIN.

BY CARRIE F. L. WHEELER.

In the golden long ago,
With a silver dip and flow,
Sang and shone a beauteous fountain in the garden of my home,
Where the roses' glow on glow
Hang their crimsons 'mid the snow
Of the waxen lilies' drifting foam on foam.

Drank I of the fountain bright
When I groped in sorrow's night
For a solace never-failing in the garden of my home,
And it made my burden light,
Gave me faith to see aright,
As it murmured of the deathless joys to come.

Drank I of the fountain sweet
When the world seemed hard to meet,
And it gave me strength and courage for the strife;
While it sang a tender song:
"Life is short, but love is long,"
And I listened, thinking ever "love is life."

In the dreary long ago,
Fell an hour of deepest woe,
And I came for help and comfort to my fount in trembling haste,
Raised the water to my lip,
Eagerly its balm to sip,
But I found it bitter, bitter to my taste!

And the fountain sang this song:
"Love is short, but life is long,"
While it shone with mocking beauty just as brightly as before.
Since then, in gardens fair,
I have drunk of fountains rare,
But my fount at home is bitter, and I thirst forevermore.

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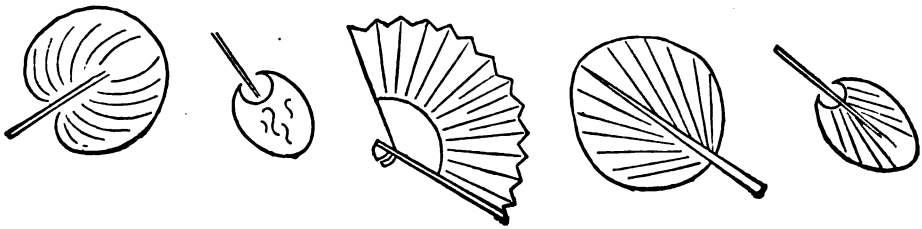
A PRETTY ROOM AT LITTLE COST.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.



A YOUNG married couple among my friends had been induced by favorable terms and desirable location to take a house which was larger than they needed, and for the complete furnishing of which their own stock of furniture was not sufficient.

A couple of bed-rooms were left empty; the pretty furniture which had been given the wife among her bridal presents served to make a charming nest of an apartment intended to serve as a library and sitting-room, but then, with the exception of a long mirror and an upright piano, nothing remained to put in the parlor. It was impossible to think of leaving this vacant, for of course it was at the front of the house—furnished it must be, and tastefully too; but how? was the problem.

My friend would not let her husband spend another penny on the house, as she knew that to do so would cramp him in various ways; still, woman-like, she wanted her parlor. She had a small sum of money which she could devote to the required purpose, but it was not more than enough to buy a handsome carpet. She and I put our heads together, though, and between us we arranged a room, the cost of which was within the limit of the reserve-fund at her command.

Some of the inventions were the result of our united ingenuity, some of them we owed to outside suggestions; though, in my description, I shall not attempt to remember where the credit for each separate article belongs.

We started with the principle that, in the decoration of a room, "a scheme of color" is advisable; for, as somebody wittily says, "an apartment furnished with things picked up hap-hazard reminds one of a person habitually dressed in remnants."

We decided on various shades of green and white as the general scheme, to be relieved here and there by touches of heliotrope, purple, or terra-cotta. A delicate-tinted paper was chosen, with a frieze at the top, finished by a gold beading, and over this frieze were fastened some three dozen Japanese hand-screens, which produced a very pretty effect. For the floor, we chose a large square of dark-green felt, over which were spread a couple of rugs,

ILLUSTRATION 1.

while the portion of the floor visible we stained nearly black.

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At the side of the room was a window which looked straight into that of the next house. Over the panes, we glued various

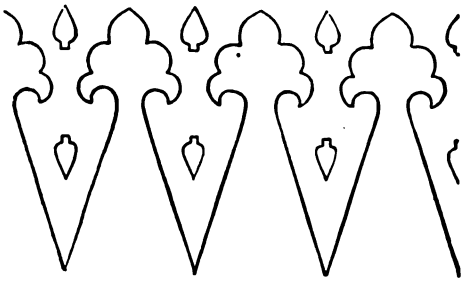

FIG. 1.

colored pictures that had first been made transparent by rubbing the backs with oil. These cost very little, and, behind lace draperies, had precisely the effect of stained glass. Among them was an Italian fourteenth-century figure, which was especially striking, as my illustration shows. To make curtains, we took three yards and a half of unbleached table-cloth linen, which is very cheap and keeps clean for a long time, and when drawn has a warm creamy glow. On one side of each curtain ran a border of Turkey twill a foot wide, on which a pattern cut out in unbleached coarse linen was embroidered in application with a variety of lace and other stitches in linen thread and crochet cotton. For the middle of each curtain, we cut out a striking pattern in Turkey twill and hemmed it on; any design that one pleases can be used.

At the end of the parlor, we put the mirror, because, draped against the wall, it would give the effect of a door leading into another room. On either side, we hung a curtain—one of plain muslin, the other of blue-green serge with a handsome needle-worked border.

The table below the mirror presented a very fine appearance; but it was in reality an ordinary unpainted pine affair, with the top and sides covered by a piece of serge, the ends embroidered in an application of velveteen cut in the pattern which is shown in Figure 1, and buttonhole-stitched on with two shades of filoselle. A carpenter cut out a piece of board shaped like a Moorish arch, the shape of which I give in Figure 2. This arrangement we painted white and fastened to the front. On the top of the table, we set a green majolica dish in which ferns were growing.

We made a very neat pedestal out of a "cannon-head" chimney-pot, by painting it in imitation of a Greek vase in black and terra-cotta, with its own self-color of soft buff showing here and there. This formed a pedestal which served to support a flower-pot, and we specially prided ourselves on its artistic appearance.

To think of buying a handsome sofa was out of the question; but the obliging carpenter again came to our aid. He put up against the wall a wide pine seat, with an arm at either end. We made a valance and cushions covered with reversible-patterned serge, and covered the arms with the same material. For the three cushions at the back, we outlined the serge-pattern in colored worsteds, which represented a very showy bit of embroidery. As a decoration for the wall at the back of the sofa, we hung a semicircular picture framed in by a drapery of blue-green silk.

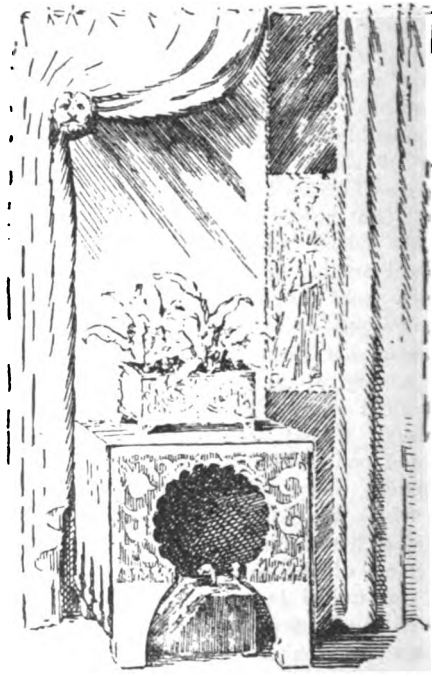

ILLUSTRATION 2.

We contrived a large corner-sofa in a similar fashion, covered with plain serge, gathered a fold of serge above the cushion, and fastened it to the wall by a narrow beading.

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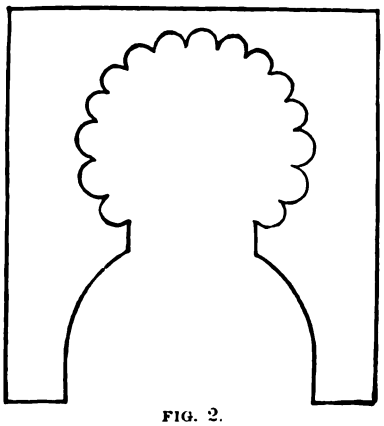

FIG. 2.

Above this, we hung a huge red fan, and the thing was complete and artistic.

We wanted a three-cornered seat to stand against the wall next to the fire-place, the frame-work for which the accompanying Figure 3 exactly represents.

The seat was constructed in this way. A leg was taken from an old pine table, nailed to a box, painted white, and the whole securely fastened to the wall. The seat had cushions covered with serge, a serge valance was hung about it, and a handsome piece of Japanese embroidery on satin suspended at the top and against the wall at the end. If we had not chanced to have this embroidery, we should have taken a piece of the patterned serge and outlined the design in coarse worsteds or filoselle, to serve the required purpose.

At this stage of proceedings, we attacked the mantel; for the decoration of which, to my mind, simplicity is always the greatest possible charm. We nailed two yards of fiftytwo-inch wide plain serge to the wall, two and a half feet above the shelf, and let the drapery fall over it, nailing it so securely that there was not the least risk of an unguarded pull by a careless hand bringing down the entire drapery and all the ornaments resting on it. The front of the drapery we decorated with a pattern in velveteen application in buttonhole-stitch.

This drapery made an excellent background for photographs, vases, and the like. The mania for putting everywhere as much of our handiwork as possible had grown on us as our task progressed, so, for the mantel, we bought a fanciful terra-cotta jar and painted it in odd designs. We painted a tiny easel white and twisted a bit of green silk about

ILLUSTRATION 3.

it, and planted some tiny ferns in a white porcelain shell and a dragon-shaped dish. Above the mantel, we hung a bunch of tea-

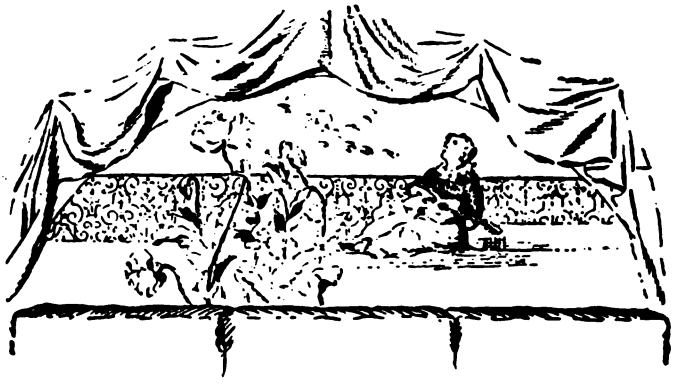

ILLUSTRATION 4.

roses painted on a long strip of zinc, which an artist had given to my friend as a souvenir of his friendship and his skill. The frame

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for this little gem, we bought for twentyfive cents and painted it in two shades of sage-green. As it was still early in the autumn when we finished our task, we set a pot containing a pretty plant on the tiled hearth, and that part of the room was complete.

As I have shown the foundation of the fireside seat, I will add an illustration which will give an idea of the appearance the whole presented when complete. I think no one will deny that the effect is artistic and has no make-shift air about it.

What I considered the crowning triumph of our undertaking was a couch to stand in front of the fire on a winter evening, with a pedestal contrived to do duty as a book-shelf and to hold a lamp, with a fanciful screen to shut the whole in. My illustration shows the finished couch, pedestal, and screen, and I will try to give clear directions for making each article.

The couch was a cheap box with a lid, covered with a nicely stuffed cushion and bordered with a broad valance. Over one end was thrown a large drapery, against which was placed a cushion for the head when one wished to lie down. This drapery was made of two yards of double-width plain blue-green serge; across it was sewed a light-green silk curtain tied with colored cords, and a decoration running parallel with it was made by a zigzag pattern outlined in couching-erewel, with strips of velveteen and silk stitched on by a sewing-machine. We thought, when a little too late, that this drapery could have been rendered more useful to throw over the feet of a person lying on the couch, if we had wadded it and lined it with sateen.

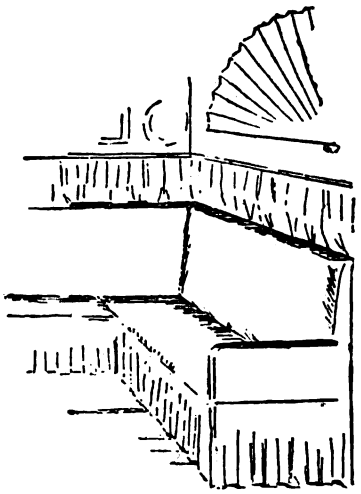

ILLUSTRATION 5.

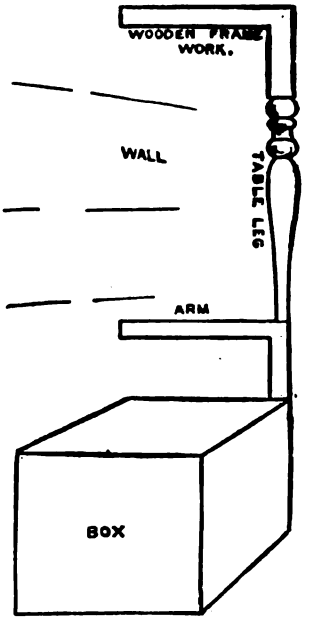

FIG 3

The screen was bought very cheap at a second-hand shop, and we covered it ourselves. We selected what is called a Pompeian wall-decoration; in our case, this was a boy riding a sea-horse, in stiff paper. The figures were fastened by arrowroot paste on blue-green silk, which was cut out—allowance being made for turnings—and applied with striking stitches on to four yards of blue-green cloth, the lines intended to represent the waves being worked in silks. This drapery, when neatly upholstered to the screen, formed a really beautiful ornament.

The combination lamp-pedestal and book-case was made by our invaluable carpenter. It consisted of two long side-panels of wood, with three little shelves between; it could be stood anywhere one pleased, and, by having castors attached, was easily shoved about. To decorate the panels, we enlarged for each a single figure from some favorite drawing, doing this on thin paper and then making the outline on the panel through red tracing-paper. This outline was then firmly reinforced by a lead-pencil, which had the effect

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of preventing running of the water-colors used for painting the figures and accessories.

Of course, the panels could be stained to imitate walnut and left undecorated, or

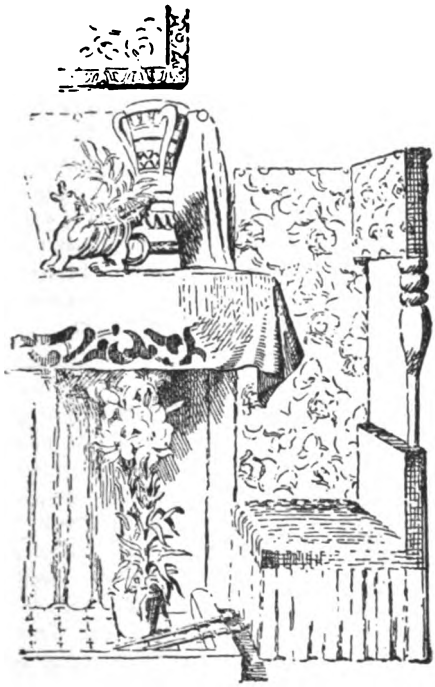

ILLUSTRATION 6.

little knick-knacks could be hung against them; but we chose to paint the figures. A plush curtain for each of the open sides protected the books from dust and added to the artistic effect, and my friend's handsome Rochester lamp with a parasol shade gave the finishing touch.

We had the agreeable surprise of receiving a very handsome ornament from the head of the house himself, and what rendered it still more precious in his wife's eyes was the fact that both design and workmanship were his own. He drew well and had a positive genius for wood-carving, and his gift was a carved shelf to hang against a blank space of wall which had troubled us. Each of the four supports of the shelf was carved to represent an iris-flower, and in the flat part beneath was an oblong opening into which was inserted a terra-cotta bas-relief copied from one by Thorwaldsen. The wife, of course, set to work at once to embroider a strip of dusky sea-green silk with purple irises, to hang below the shelf, and on the top were arranged some handsome plates and cups and vases.

We wanted a seat in the corner near, and also some place to hold music. We procured another stout box, fastened the cover on with a pair of hinges, to form a seat which could be opened and shut without trouble. Then we made a soft cushion for it, and over the whole threw a Persian rug; and it served its double purpose, besides looking very ornamental.

Now I think the most skeptical person in regard to "home-made arrangements" will admit that the illustrations I have given of our completed efforts show that we succeeded in producing a pretty, comfortable, dainty-looking apartment—a parlor of which any woman might be proud.

Let me say here that, in our selections and inventions, we carefully eschewed any of the three-legged or one-legged articles which are the bane of so many rooms and the despair of its occupants. Another error we were not deluded into—the use on curtains or tidies of the abomination ball-

ILLUSTRATION 7.

fringe, which I lately heard given a name it well deserves, that of "a dusty iniquity."

The room was even prettier and more tasteful than my descriptions or the illustrations can show, and, when the whole

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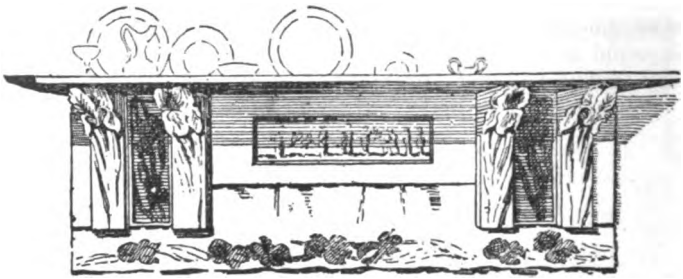

ILLUSTRATION 8.

work was done, we had not spent a hundred dollars—considerably under that sum, in point of fact.

It has been objected by some ladies that they have not leisure to give to making fancy articles, or time to spend in so much embroidery. I can only repeat what I always say in answer to such objections. For the sofas and chairs, coverings can be chosen the patterns of which need no accentuation by outline-work; we selected material that did, because we liked doing it. There is no necessity, either, for making oneself the ornaments and knick-knacks which give a room a thoroughly finished appearance. Nowadays, even in moderate-sized towns, pretty and artistic decorations can be purchased at a price within the reach of any woman who can afford a parlor at all. The only thing requisite is to select ornaments with judgment and taste, and, if not confident of the trustworthiness of one's own, to be modest enough to let some competent person tell one what to choose.

That there is a great satisfaction in possessing a tasteful apartment which is the admiration of one's friends, every woman will admit, and I can confidently assert that there is a still greater pleasure in feeling that the little decorations most praised are the result of one's own handiwork.

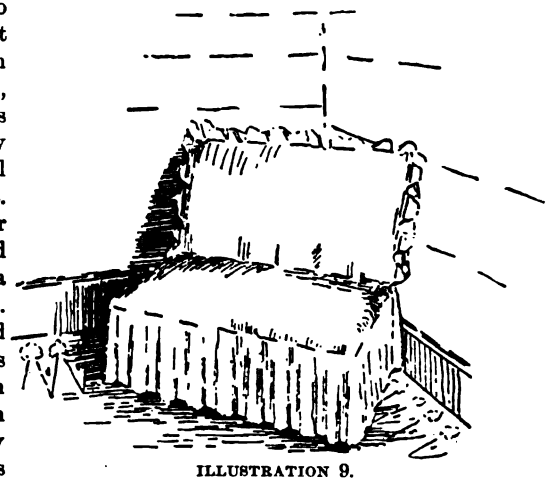

ILLUSTRATION 9.

"SO SMALL, TO LEAVE A LOSS SO LARGE."

BY LILLIAN GREY.

ONLY a frail little life
  Counted by summer days,
Sweet as the beautiful flowers
  In woodland ways.

Only a tiny white face
  Laid on a pillow asleep,
White robe and white casket—ah me!
  These make one weep.

Only a love high as heaven,
  Deep and wide as the sea,
Mingled with bitterest grief
  And sad memory.

Only a fair little child
  Out of reach to-night,
Here but a space, and then gone
  Out of one's sight.

Hopes that reached out through the years
  Withered and dead in a day,
Pleasure and solace and joy
  Vanished away.

All for a frail little life
  That came, staid a summer, and went,
Taking away from a home
  Its bliss and content.

A baby! yet heart-strings were swept
  By its weak tiny hand;
God gave but to take, and our souls
  May not understand.

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"DECLINED, WITH THANKS."

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

"PARA," said Nan, desperately, "I do believe I'll have to marry John Brown, after all!"

We both laughed a little, and then sighed involuntarily; somehow, lately our smiles were invariably followed by sighs.

Nan was standing in an expectant attitude by the window, drumming upon the pane nervously with slim pale fingers. She was trying vainly to look indifferent and at ease; but I, who knew her so well, could see that she was trembling with excitement and suspense. There were three little perpendicular lines between her brows, and bright-red spots in her cheeks.

I remembered that it was about time that she should hear from the editor to whom she had submitted her last story, and a little sigh crept up from my heart; for they had all been returned to her with thanks of late, and I had grown to dread the hopeless disappointed look that always came into her eyes when the letter-carrier gave her one of those long thick envelopes. And he—bless his heart, if he happened to have one!—must have surmised what they all meant; for I had observed that, when he bore one of those messages of disappointment, he always turned his eyes away and made some irrelevant remark about the weather, for which my heart went out to him, as one's heart always does go out to those who pretend that our sorrows are invisible.

Nan was one of those bright clean-cut girls whom one never passes on the street without feeling a little pleasurable sensation that her mind is in keeping with her personal attractions. There was no babyish prettiness nor regularity of feature about her, thank the heaven whence she came; but a brightness, an intelligence, a vivacity, that are more adorable than any mere beauty.

Her wealth of wit and humor was exhaustless, and was the only thing, I think, that kept up our spirits in those dark days. But, with all her light-heartedness and often reckless merriment, she was so high-minded, so true, so simple, and so conscientious in her convictions and her ideas of duty, that I sometimes felt my own nature quail under the knowledge of its shortcomings before hers.

Our father, dying, had left us nothing, absolutely nothing, but a thousand dollars' worth of debts, a helpless invalid mother, and a careless happy-go-lucky little brother, twelve years old. It was so much of a shock that for a while we meekly succumbed, and were almost reduced to "whimpers." We had always lived well and reveled in a comfortable home and gay friends; but they were all gone now, every one. We lived in three small rooms on the second floor of a flat—not a very aristocratic one, either: there is an aristocracy even in flats, you know. We had sold everything that would sell, and—as Teddy elegantly expressed it—"were at the end of our halter"; and we had not been very long in getting there, either.

I was looking at Nan and thinking it all over, when suddenly the gate clicked. I jumped up and ran, in the manner of a school-girl looking for a valentine.

"It's only the letter-carrier," said Nan, with an indifference so forced that it would have been absurd had it not been so pitiful.

She drew back a little and looked away.

"He's taking something out of the bag," said I, with weak cheer.

Silence for a moment, then:

"Is it a—a big envelope or a small one, dear?" asked she, with such studied carelessness that I felt that ticklish sneezy sensation which means one is going to shed tears.

"It certainly looks—big," I answered, brusquely, bending over the geraniums which were our one luxury: not exactly that, either, for they ask only fresh air and pure water—their wants are so simple.

In a moment, there came a knock upon our door, and I opened it to admit John

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Brown—the unfortunate man Nan had just threatened to marry. He was a young lawyer to whom we had let a couple of rooms, and whose clients as yet were as few and far between as Nan's checks.

In his hand was a big thick envelope, and his honest eyes shifted away from the anxious inquiry of my glance. Not once did he look toward Nan, although I knew the poor fellow was hungering for one smile from the girl he loved.

"I met the postman in the hall," said he, in a lame way, "and—er—took the liberty of bringing up the letters. A fine morning," he added, cheerfully; the rain, by the way, was fairly pouring down. "You should be glad, ladies, that no black-edged letters come to you this morning. The postman tells me there are always some in the bag."

"There's nobody to die," said Nan, with hysterical mirth; "else they'd certainly do it, if only to lacerate our feelings!"

Evidently the mercury in Nan's composition was very low this morning.

"What! only one?" she continued, lifting her brows with crushing sarcasm. "How kind you are, John Brown, to carry them upstairs to me, day after day, and never say 'check' to me once. Perhaps you could find another 'declined, with thanks' or 'sorry it is unavailable' MS. in the postman's bag, if you looked."

John Brown's face turned purple, and it was in great confusion that he faltered out a reply and turned to the door.

Nan gave him a cruel glance—for under all her good and sweet qualities was hidden, like the worm at the heart of the rose, an undercurrent of coquetry—and then coolly resumed her drumming on the window.

As Mr. Brown withdrew, his eyes gave me a significant invitation, or rather command, to follow him, which I did with some perturbation.

"Para," said he, very forlornly, "I have another for her—actually; but I cannot bear to give it her. I have thought of a little scheme which I could carry out with your assistance, and I know it would encourage her to keep on trying. I am afraid she will get so discouraged she will give up writing, and confound it!" concluded the poor fellow, desperately, "I love her so, Para, that I cannot bear to see her look so hopeless."

Not more hopeless than his noble disinterested love, I thought; but I only nodded, and, with tears in my voice, asked what his scheme was.

"I have it all arranged," said he, drawing a letter from his pocket, watching me anxiously the while, "and only waited for your consent. I intend to keep the story returned by the 'Gazette,' and send her this letter instead. I would rather put a ray of daylight through my head than give her two in one morning. So, please let me have my way, Para, and see what will come of it. Here—read this letter I have written her."

The envelope was superscribed, in a hand that certainly looked something like a busy editor's hieroglyphics, to Miss Lenana Glenn, and the contents ran as follows:

"My Dear Miss Glenn:

"We have examined your MS., and, finding it available, enclose herewith twenty dollars in payment thereof. Will publish as soon as we can make room for it—which will, however, not be for some time, we fear.

"We will be greatly obliged if you will not acknowledge receipt of this, as our mail is so large as to be troublesome without superfluous matter.

"Very truly yours,
"Editor 'Gazette.'"

"Don't refuse, Para," entreated the poor fellow, laying his hand upon mine; "you love her as well as I, and you cannot fail to see that she is at last yielding to disappointment; while this"—and his face lighted eagerly—"will give her strength to endure failures for another six months, and by that time she will surely have a change of luck again. Do you think, by the way, that it has anything like a real editorial flavor?" anxiously.

"Tastes just like one," I replied, with some irony; "it almost compels me to suspect that you are accustomed to receiving such notes yourself. No? Really? Well, it is quite the thing, only a trifle too nice. Nan and I have found that the editors of the little insignificant publications are the curt snubby ones, while those of the really first-class magazines always find time to be gentlemen."

"Then, you consent?" with a sigh of relief.

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"John," said I, solemnly, squeezing his hand, "I do think you are the very best fellow that ever stood six feet one in his stockings! I never could understand why you did not fall in love with me instead of Nan!"

"Oh, come, now," protested he, coloring like a school-girl and looking rather frightened.

"Don't be alarmed; I only love you because you are kind to Nan. Have I not seen the look of discouragement and hopelessness that is settling upon her face? Have I not seen her the victim of a hundred moods and whims each day? Why, even mother, who never thinks of anyone but herself, has noticed and querulously commented upon it. Dear Nan! She has so firmly set her heart upon the thought of succeeding as a writer, that she thinks of nothing else. For the twenty dollars, I would rather die of starvation than take it from you, John, for I know you need it; but for Nan—ah, you have touched my weakest point there, dear old fellow! I would go out on the corner and sell flowers, that the child might still retain her pride and her spirits. She has been so down-hearted of late that I call her my mercurial girl and my barometer. But oh, John!" I added, suddenly, feeling the color slip out of my face, "what if she should find it out? She would never forgive you—never!"

"I have thought of that, Para," he replied, with a thrill of emotion in his voice, and he turned aside and fumbled nervously with the letter. "Of course, I have to take the chances; but, as she is requested not to reply, it seems safe enough. And—and, at any rate, it is for her sake and for her good; for I know"—and he spoke almost solemnly—"that she has talent and will succeed, if only she keep up her heart."

His eyes were moist with feeling, but honest and true, as they came back and met mine.

"I will go in now and give her the letter," he said, presently, speaking more cheerfully. "You remain here, Para; I don't believe I could go through it successfully in your presence. I shall have to tell her that it got in among my own letters, and somehow you always look so severe that I find it difficult to tell a fib when your eyes are upon me."

He went in and carefully closed the door, while I perched upon the stairs and waited with what patience I could command.

After a long while, he came out and ran past me to his rooms, and never before nor afterward did I see him with so happy a face. He had taken the tide at the ebb, though.

"You can go in now," he said, softly, and I quickly obeyed.

Nan turned and ran toward me, with the letter crushed in her hand. The mercury was climbing upward now at a breakneck gait. Her cheeks were red, her wine-colored lips curled open, and her eyes shining like the warm fire in the heart of a sun-kissed pansy.

"Oh, Para!" she cried, flinging her soft arms around my neck and holding me close to her.

"What is it, darling?" I asked, and I understood exactly how queerly Judas must have felt when he kissed the Master.

Nan squeezed the twenty-dollar note into my hand.

"From the 'Gazette,'" she whispered. "Oh, I am so happy! Only think what it will buy for the mother, dear—wine, oranges, lemons, all the little luxuries that we could not get without it. Don't you think"—wistfully—"that she will be satisfied now for a while, and not sneer when the next one comes back? as it certainly will," she added, with a gay little laugh.

The mercury was up so high now that I verily believe a dozen rejected MSS. might have walked into the room on feet, each nodding its head and crying out: "Here I am; declined, with thanks," and it would have still refused to descend one single degree.

But oh, my guilty conscience! A dozen times that day, my eyes shifted away from her happy face, while I involuntarily shivered each time I reflected upon the awful fate that would surely overtake that luckless John Brown, if Nan should ever detect the fraud that had been practiced upon her.

Three days later, I was sitting alone in our small parlor, which seemed cozy and sweet, with the vines and flowers nodding and shedding perfume as the breeze from the river swept in—even though voices from every corner whispered of poverty and care so loudly that every chance comer must needs hear them—when there came a strange

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step upon the stair and a strange rap upon my door.

I opened it, and saw a tall fine-looking man standing without—one who, I knew at a glance, belonged to the world which I had forever left.

"Miss Lenana Glenn?" he asked, interrogatively.

I replied that my sister was not at home, and invited him to enter and await her return.

As he courteously accepted the invitation, he quietly said: "Mr. Ellsworth, editor of the 'Gazette,'" at the same time giving me an odd penetrating glance.

Had he coolly cast a dynamite bomb at my feet, I could scarcely have been more startled or turned a whiter face toward him. As it was, I tried in vain to reply, and could only look at him in speechless silence.

He must have noticed my confusion, as with delicacy and consideration he turned his attention to the flowers and the canary, until I had regained some degree of composure.

Before either of us could say anything that would lead up to the object of his visit, however, I heard Nan coming up the stairs, singing "Bonnie Sweet Bessie" at the top of her clear voice. My heart went down like a toboggan on a slide.

In a moment, she was in the room, with eyes warm with the sunlight, and hair tumbled by the wind. She brought with her the faint scent of pine-needles and wood violets.

"Mr. Ellsworth," I said, faintly, "editor of the 'Gazette.'"

She went straight to him, modestly but gladly, holding out her hand, which he clasped and retained, while he looked at her with grave kind eyes.

"How good of you," she said, softly and seriously; "you don't know how much I needed the—"

"H'm!" interrupted I, so loudly that it startled even myself, while I felt my eyes dilate from the force of contending emotions. "I—er—it's a very fine day, Mr. Ellsworth."

Mr. Ellsworth politely admitted that it was, though I fancied there was a shade of apprehension in the startled glance directed toward me, indicating that he entertained private doubts as to my sanity.

Nan also gave me a bewildered look, and I felt that I was getting into deep waters.

"I called," began Mr. Ellsworth, "to correct a very mysterious error—"

"Oh, Mr. Ellsworth!" said I, desperately, turning white and purple by turns and in streaks, as that gentleman afterward informed me. "Did—did—did you ever see anything so beautiful as the view from this window?"

His reply was unintelligible; and it must be confessed that the stretch of gray house-roofs, smoking chimneys, and aged cob-webbed fruit-trees, that lay before and around us, would scarcely have inspired the admiration of a donkey.

Then Nan arose gracefully, and, murmuring some pretty excuse about the flowers, came quite close to me.

"Are you drunk?" asked she, in a whisper that was startlingly lucid, at least to me. "Or crazy? Because, if you are—or even, for the matter of that, if you are not—I think you would do better in the mother's room."

She stooped down and plucked a few geranium-blooms as she spoke, then went quietly back to Mr. Ellsworth. So much for sisterly gratitude.

At that moment, the door burst violently open, and in rolled Teddy, with red face and disheveled hair.

"Here!" he shouted, his little elfish face aglow with fiendish delight as he flung a long thick envelope toward Nan. "Here's another! 'Declined, with thanks'! And oh, my! but John Brown's face was as long as his body, when he gave it to me; the mail-carrier just give it to him. 'Don't say anything rude when you hand it to her, Teddy,' says he; and I winked and says: 'You bet I won't!' And—"

But here he suddenly espied Mr. Ellsworth, and, giving vent to a sound half-way between a snort and a groan, vanished like a thistle-down before a Dakota blizzard.

As we three sat speechless, there came from the adjoining room a peevish call for Nan, accompanied by a hollow cough; and, evidently grateful for any excuse to hide her crimson cheeks, Nan snatched up the returned MS. and left the room.

Jumping up, I ran to Mr. Ellsworth, and hastily and incoherently poured the whole story into his ear. I thought he would never understand; but finally, to my unutterable relief, a flash of intelligence lighted up his whole countenance.

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"Your sister wrote," said he, smiling kindly at me, "so warmly and gratefully, yet so pathetically, that somehow I found it impossible to get her letter off my mind. Her stories are good, but we had never paid much attention to them because the writer's name was unknown. Had I surmised that the subject lay so near her heart—"

He paused, but presently resumed:

"Of course, when I received her letter, in which she thanked me for my liberal payment of a story which I had in reality declined, I was puzzled and mystified, and, as I confessed before, interested—"

Again he hesitated, and I observed that his expressive eyes turned wistfully toward the door through which Nan had vanished.

"I will go to mother," I said, reluctantly, "and send in Nan. But first promise me—oh, swear!—that she shall never know."

"My word is enough, you queer little woman," said he, with a look so grave and so kind that I trusted him completely.

An hour later, I heard him go down the stairs. Leaving mother sleeping, I went into the dim sweet-scented parlor.

Nan's eyes were shining as the blue sea shines when the sunlight lies upon it, and the hearts of her own red roses might have envied her cheeks.

"Oh, Para," she said, softly, "he wishes me to write regularly for the 'Gazette.' Only think of it! Don't you suppose he must see a promise of better things in my stories?" she added, wistfully.

"I really do," I replied, kissing her, although I must confess that I entertained private doubts about the attraction. "But what a long time it required for him to engage you to write for him. Did he have anything else to say?" I inquired, demurely.

Nan's face suddenly turned scarlet, as she bent over her geraniums.

"Yes—er—we talked about the weather, and books, and—didn't mother call, Para?"

It is needless to say that beloved lady was still sleeping; but something whispered to me to stay away from my sister that night, for she had passed into a little world of her own, in which there was not room even for me.

When, late that night, chancing to pass John Brown's room, I saw a pale stream of light struggling through the narrow chink beneath his door, and heard his pen go patiently scratching across musty law-papers, a great sigh crept into my heart, and I thought what a tipsy ill-meaning sort of affair this old world is, anyhow.

Nan wrote day and night now. MS. after MS. found its way to the "Gazette," and check after check returned, until at last I really began to feel concerned for Mr. Ellsworth's pocket-book.

Other editors, seeing Nan's name so often in the "Gazette," wrote to solicit contributions; and even mother came to acknowledge finally that "there was something in Nan, after all," although I noticed that she commented upon it more freely while eating the luscious fruits or drinking the fine wines provided by her younger daughter.

Only, my heart ached for John Brown. It was but slight notice he received from Nan in those days. There came a pallor now to his face when he saw her, and a wistful expression to his eyes; but she did not seem to observe it.

The number of visits from Mr. Ellsworth that it required to publish successfully one of my sister's stories was truly astonishing.

In the meantime, spring went by; and summer, with her hot white roofs, smoking chimneys, and sickly air—there were no cool green fields and lanes and ocean breezes for us—came on with languid steps: June, with her full voluptuous roses, her purple thistle-blooms, her soft bluish haze that lay over everything, and her low winds that brought in little gusts of sweetness with every breath.

Mr. Ellsworth was called out of town for a few weeks, and Nan went about "like an uneasy ghost," as Teddy obligingly informed her. She could not write, did not care to talk, had no appetite, and grew pale and listless.

It was a soft night in the beginning of June. Nan was leaning out the open window, looking down into the crowded street. It was quite dusk in the room, and I could only see the fine outlines of her form against the pale outside light.

"The train has been in an hour and a half," she said, presently, with an injured emphasis that told plainly that the fraction was the last straw; "so, of course, he has not come." Then, coloring slightly, she added: "Not that I care to see him; but—er—you see, I wanted the money for that last story to buy a bonnet for mother.

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How can you buy a thing without money, Miss Wisdom?"

"Ask some of the other editors."

"I did—once," flushing furiously; "but they—they did not know anything about it; they could not find my name on the books, even. Now, you don't imagine"—whirling on me suspiciously—"that he is—is paying me himself, do you? Say, do you?"

"What an idea!" said I, brusquely; "you are becoming morbid."

"I believe it," said Nan, laughing nervously; "I do think I'll marry John Brown, after all!"

"S-a-a-y!" shouted Teddy, bursting into the room, with hair standing on end and with eyes like saucers, while in his hand was a long white envelope. "If you'll believe me, I found this 'ere in John Brown's room! If it ain't one o' your rejected fibs, my name's craw-fish!"

Nan turned very pale as she took the envelope; and as for me—well, my teeth fairly chattered with fright. As she opened it, I became conscious that John Brown was standing, with white horrified face, in the bright light that came from the hall.

Nan unrolled it with trembling fingers, and recognized it at a glance.

"Found this," said she, in a low but terrible voice, "in John Brown's room? Can anybody tell me how it got there?"

Deadly silence.

"In John Brown's room!" repeated Nan, slowly, as though the idea were rolling through and through her mind in search of light. "Where may John Brown be found at this hour—at this minute?"

"Here," said that gentleman, coming slowly into the room, looking at her with honest miserable eyes.

"Where did you—you"—I could have struck her for the terrible contempt in her voice—"get this—this MS.?"

Before he could reply, Mr. Ellsworth, who had stood just behind him, came into the room and walked quickly to Nan. He took both her hands in a strong clasp, and, while looking into her eyes, told, with calm deliberation, the most outrageous fib I ever heard.

"It was all my fault—every bit of it," said he, softly; "there is a paragraph in that story that I desire changed, so I brought it up one evening, before I went away. You were not at home, so I strolled in to enjoy a smoke with Mr. Brown—"

"John Brown doesn't smoke!" declared Teddy, stoutly.

"Well, I do," said Mr. Ellsworth, without an instant's hesitation. "Mr. Brown entertained me while I smoked; and, when I left, I forgot this MS., which was lying upon the table. I regret my carelessness exceedingly, but may I hope that you will forgive me?"

He was still holding Nan's hand and looking into her eyes with an unmistakable expression. While I stood fairly gasping from fright at our narrow escape, John Brown went swiftly out of the room.

Well, that was all five years ago. Nan is a happy wife now and a successful writer, and her husband has never to this day told her that he declined her first contribution.

Nan's disposition is still mercurial. "Fame never comes until one is too old to enjoy it," she says often, with her pretty petulance.

But I, turning sometimes from her happy home, in the dusk of the winter evening, and meeting a lonely gray-clad figure which stoops a little now from sheer weariness and overwork, and whose face has many wrinkles of care about the lips and about the honest wistful eyes, ponder upon the irony of fate, and in my heart there is always room for a sigh for John Brown.

NOW.

BY WALTER HOLDEN.

THE Past is dead. Let Lethe's waters close
Above its vain regrets, a brood of care.
The ghosts of joys departed haunt the air
With discontent, and mar the heart's repose.
The false mirage of hope at distance glows,
Alluring voyager with promise fair,
That oft misleads his soul to fatal snare.
The Future mortal seer but dimly knows.

Incessant battle must the Present wage,
Unswerved by hopes that onl dazzle to betray,
Or sad-eyed memory mourning broken vow.
Well-balanced manhood treads the world's grand stage
And plays its realistic parts to-day,
The life that lives is one eternal Now.

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PAINTING ON CHINA.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

PAINTING on china has become one of the most popular as well as valuable accomplishments among our American ladies. It is not at all difficult to practice and is easily acquired, therefore it is rapidly growing in favor as an artistic pastime.

The necessaries for a beginner are, first, a set of mineral colors. Of these, there are three kinds, all good: the Lacroix, the Dresden, and the English moist water-colors, the first-named being perhaps the most popular. Two dollars and fifty cents will buy quite variety enough for an ordinary amateur, and that amount will last for a surprisingly long time.

To this supply of colors must be added a few brushes, a small vial of spirits of turpentine, oil of lavender, oil of turpentine, a little alcohol, a glass muller, a glass slab on which to grind the gold, a fine needle set in a handle, to remove particles of dust that may fall on the work, a palette, and a bridge or rest for the hand. Of course, the other general belongings of the studio must not be forgotten, such as a table on which to place the ware, a palette-knife, some tracing-paper, and old rags.

Those who intend to make an extensive business of china-painting would do well to purchase a wheel, to aid in outlining circles, etc. This is a small round table or shelf which revolves freely on an iron pivot, by the use of which lines can be traced and exactly painted around the edges of a plate or the molding of a vase or other article.

Let the brushes be of the very best quality of camel's-hair, and reserve a particularly fine one for use in gold powder.

The amateur should select for her first work something that has a plain flat surface, such as a tile, a plate, or a shallow saucer. Cups and other curving shapes are much more difficult. Before laying on any color or tracing the design, the surface must be washed with spirits of turpentine and thoroughly rubbed, so that it is perfectly clean.

After this is done, draw the pattern very lightly with a soft lead-pencil or a bit of crayon. Should the design be difficult or the artist unaccustomed to the use of the pencil, it may be traced in this way: Lay a piece of impression-paper over the pattern, and make an exact copy; then turn the tracing-paper over on a clean white paper, and, with a soft lead-pencil, go over every line once more; place the design wrong side down, keep it in position with a bit of wax, and again trace the lines with a hard-pointed pencil, or rub the surface gently with the palette-knife. This process will transfer the pattern to the surface of the plate. The more delicate the tracing, the better, if only it be distinct.

The colors may now be arranged on a porcelain tile, or on the bottom of an old plate, if more convenient. Select exactly what you need, and squeeze out a few drops, always using from the bottom of the tube. Add a drop or two of lavender oil, or, if you prefer it, of turpentine. The latter is perhaps more generally used, because it dries so rapidly.

Now take your smallest brush, dip it into the turpentine, and, as you lift it, press it against the edge of the vial, to get rid of the surplus moisture. Dip it into the selected color and carefully outline the pattern, which we will suppose to be a flower or a spray. Let the brush sweep from the centre to the edge, taking care never to touch the same spot twice until it is quite dry. Paint each flower or leaf in its palest tone, leaving the white of the china for the highest light.

The great secret in china-painting is to lay each color just where it belongs, and leave it untouched until perfectly dry, except where the blender is used to soften the tint.

By the time the entire design has been passed over, the first part will be ready for the second painting or shading. For this purpose, use the deeper colors, only have them quite thick and as nearly dry as possible. Practice alone can teach the proper quantity of oil to be employed. Put in the shadows with quick decided touches, remembering that a light touch leaves very little

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color, and a heavier one deepens it. In this last process, do not again use the blender.

Be careful to shade the flowers toward the centre, and work the leaves from the large middle vein to the outer edge.

In painting fine grass, begin with the thickest part near the ground, making a quick careless stroke outward and upward.

If the design is a landscape, do not outline in color; wash in the sky lightly, and use the blender, or "stippler," as it is sometimes called, letting the color grow lighter as it approaches the horizon, until it fades away into the pure white of the china. Distant objects are of course very faint, the shadows growing deeper and the lights sharper as you approach the foreground.

Beginners are advised to attempt nothing difficult until they have had practice, as it is discouraging to fail from being too ambitious. Do not at first try a pattern on a tinted background, but learn the use of the various shades by working on the pure white of the china. Owing to the nature of the glazed smooth surface and the way in which the color dries, it is by no means easy to lay on a tinted background.

The best plan is to lay on the color with a large brush, and, with a thick stumpy brush called a "dabber" or stippler, make it as even as possible by working fast and with judgment. A little unevenness in a tinted surface is unavoidable and not inartistic.

Many amateurs entertain the idea that there is a great risk in the change of colors from firing; but this fact has been much exaggerated. Although the tints are sometimes a little darker or duller before they are fired, the relations between them are unchanged; green is still green, blue still blue, if the genuine mineral paints have been employed. For this reason, it is better always to use colors that are already made, and not try to mix from others.

The painting must be thoroughly dry before it is fired. Many amateurs attempt to do the whole work and burn their own china; but the most sensible plan is to pack the ware in cotton and send it to the nearest large porcelain-kiln, where it can be treated with skill and returned perfect in finish and beauty.

The other processes, such as gilding, enameling, burnishing, and jeweling, can be only mentioned in a single paper; but enough has perhaps been written to call the attention of our girls to this pleasant pastime.

A few odd pieces of hand-painted china would be a delight to many a young housekeeper who could not possibly afford to buy them, and the secret of decorating one's own treasures can easily be mastered by anyone with a little taste and perseverance.

Many elderly ladies and invalids would also find in china-painting a charming occupation to while away the hours that hitherto have dragged slowly by in weariness and pain. Anyone with leisure now and then can learn to decorate nicely a plate, a cup, a saucer. I do not mean that any of my readers can become a teacher or an artist in a few weeks' time; but you can at least add to the beauty of your home, and pass many a pleasant afternoon in the work of china-painting.

TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

CONVALESCENCE.

THIS is a most trying period for invalid and nurse. The patient has a little strength, and thinks that he has a great deal. He is fully convinced that it will not hurt him to do whatever he wishes to do, and, in the relief and gratitude for the daily improvement, it is hard for the nurse to refuse to let him overexert himself.

At no time in a severe illness is more care needed than during the early days of recovery, when the tide has fully turned but not yet gathered its accustomed strength and force.

The nurse should remember that a convalescent should never be allowed to get tired; he should always be stopped in his exertions just short of the point of fatigue. This is a difficult matter to manage, and, if

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he overstep the prescribed bounds one day, he must make up for it by extra care and rest the next.

Food and sleep are the two restoratives most to be depended upon. The doctor may order a tonic if the appetite flag, or some special stimulant if the heart or nerves lack tone. The body has to repair the waste of a long and exhausting illness, and, in order to do this, must have the material out of which to construct new tissue. Nothing can take the place of light, nourishing, easily assimilated food. It must be temptingly prepared, served hot or very cold, according to the nature of the dish, and given sufficiently often to prevent any feeling of exhaustion between the meals.

Convalescents usually crave meat and vegetables. If the illness has been a serious one, the diet has consisted principally of milk and beef-tea, and there is an aversion to anything that reminds them of this detested form of nourishment.

Well-cooked meat and delicately served vegetables may be admitted to the bill of fare without fear. Meat should be cooked as the convalescent likes it. A piece of rare steak is a delicate morsel to some persons, while others cannot touch meat if there is the slightest trace of red about it.

For those who like it well done, the meat should be held for a few moments over a quick fire, so that the strong heat may close the pores and retain the juices within the tissues, then removed where the heat is more gentle, so that it may cook thoroughly without burning. Nothing is more unappetizing than a piece of meat scorched on the outside, with all the juice dried out of it.

Vegetables should be put in boiling water, cooked quickly, and served very hot. Spinach should be put in a saucepan and allowed to warm gradually to draw out the juice, then boiled in its own juice. It is so watery in its nature that cooking it in water renders it flavorless.

A convalescent should always have a nap after dinner, and go early to bed. Sleep during the first hours of the night is far more refreshing than that obtained later. If there be wakefulness early in the night, the morning nap should be prolonged. A convalescent should never be wakened—a rule that should be kept inviolate.

The nurse should be very particular to guard against draughts or any possibility of taking cold. A flannel jacket or shawl should be worn at all times. When the underclothing is changed, the fresh linen should be warmed as well as aired. Special care should be taken to air the sheets—this is a very important matter.

When the invalid goes out for the first time, light warm clothing should be worn, and the hands and face protected.

The first walk or drive should be a short one, and the nurse must be careful not to go too far, remembering that the patient has to get home again, and that the return is the hardest part of the journey.

Visitors are a point upon which the nurse needs all her discretion. A little cheerful society, a fresh face now and then, will cheer and enliven the invalid after the long isolation; but a very little talking is enough at first, and, as soon as there is the least symptom of flagging, the nurse should interpose and quietly suggest that the visit be brought to a close. The convalescent cannot do this; it is the office of the nurse, and, if she has any tact, she can perform it in such a manner as not to offend the most sensitive friend. Only one person at a time should be admitted into the room.

There are special dangers to be guarded against in the convalescence from the more serious diseases, as cold after scarlet fever, overexertion after diphtheria, and imprudence in diet after typhoid fever. The doctor should always be consulted on these points, and his directions carefully followed.

Judicious care during convalescence is well repaid by a rapid and complete recovery. It is a proud moment for the nurse when her patient says: "Thank God, I am as well as ever!"

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish tailor-made gown, of light-gray pin-striped cheviot, spring weight,

No. 1.

trimmed with black worsted braid. The plain round skirt is slightly draped in front, and the edge is trimmed with irregular perpendicular tabs of the braid, each piece ending in a point, as seen in the illustration. The bodice is pointed, with the basque set on, which seems to be the latest style; sometimes the back is opened to the waist-line like a coat, again it is supplied with two hollow box-plaits. The edge of the basque and the trimming of the waist correspond

No. 2.

with the skirt. Sleeves high and very much puffed on the shoulder. Standing collar, the

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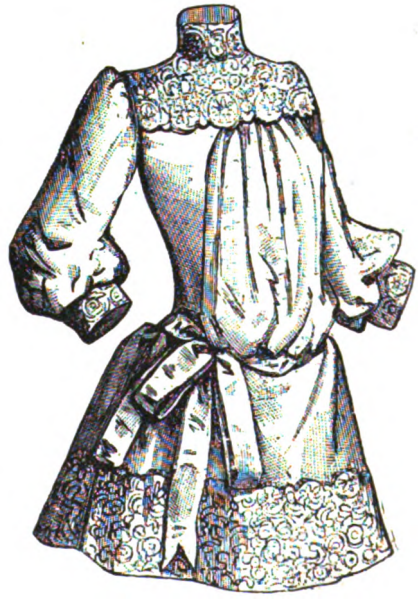
front of which is cut in one with the fronts of the bodice. Cuffs supplied by the braid trimming. Eight yards of double-fold material and two dozen yards of braid—one dozen an inch and a quarter wide, the other an inch wide. However, this is only a matter of taste and convenience; different widths or all of the same width may be used with quite as good an effect.

No. 3.

No. 2—Is a new model for a China silk, batiste, challis, or gingham. The plain round skirt has a deep fold or hem, of either the same material or the same kind of goods in a lighter shade, for the outside facing, which forms the trimming for the gown. The same is carried out in the facing of the right side of the full bodice and the turned-up cuffs. A full vest, of soft cream-white silk-muslin

No. 4.

for a silk gown, or soft mull for a wash-dress, completes the bodice. High puffed sleeves. Some of the wash-dresses in plaids or stripes have the outside facing or hem cut



o. 5.

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on the bias; it makes a very good effect, and supplies all the trimming needed. Of wash-material, eight to ten yards will be required;

No. 6

China silk or challis, twelve to fourteen yards.

No. 3—Is designed for a mountain or sea-side gown. The material is dark-blue serge, and the trimming many rows of narrow white or black worsted braid. A very stylish combination is of Suede-colored braid on a marine-blue serge. Our illustration shows how the braid is arranged, seven rows upon the edge of the skirt, which is carried up both sides of the back, where the skirt opens over a plaited under-width. The Norfolk jacket opens in front over a vest of white cloth, finished with tiny ball-buttons in bone or ivory, while the turn-down sailor-collar at the back and the revers on the front of the jacket are filled up with row after row of the braid. Full sleeves into open cuffs, also trimmed with rows of braid. Eight yards of double-fold serge will be required. The amount of braid will have to be determined by the length and breadth of skirt, jacket, etc.

No. 4—Is a girl's frock, of cashmere or camel's-hair in the new color called bluette, a sort of grayish-blue. Above the hem of the skirt, a row of fancy feather-stitching is done in embroidery-silk to match. The waist and sleeves are full, with deep Vandyke collar and cuffs in embroidery on muslin. A sash of the material ties around the waist at the back.

No. 5—Shows a dressy little frock for a girl of four years, of pale-colored cashmere, trimmed with Irish crocheted lace or Russian lace. The yoke and edge of skirt and cuffs are all of the lace or embroidery. A full blouse-front is arranged under the yoke,

No. 7.

made of surah or China silk. A two-inch gros-grain ribbon ties around the waist, ending in long loops-and-ends on the right side.

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No. 6—Is a girl's frock, of figured challis, gingham, or zephyr-cloth. The bands for yoke, waist, cuffs, and trimming of skirt are of white open-worked embroidery, overcast with embroidery-cotton to match with the prevailing color of the material. This, however, is optional; plain white is always suitable for a child's frock.

No. 7—Shows a pretty plaited corsage and skirt for a little girl of three to five years. It is made of a fine striped woolen, and trimmed with velvet ribbon to match. The collar, cuffs, waistband, and border of the skirt are all of the velvet ribbon. Wide mohair braid may be used instead, if preferred. For washing-material, bands of English embroidery or white cotton braid may be substituted.

No. 8—Is a cycling-dress, which should be made of tweed, serge, or some other good woolen stuff, not too heavy. It is fastened on the left side with bone buttons. The skirt is laid in full plaits at the back, and is ornamented in the front with three rows of mohair braid just above the hem. The plastron looks well, made in cream-colored flannel or serge, and the collar may be either of twilled cotton or of the material of the dress. The peaked cap may match the dress.

No. 8. No. 9.

No. 9—Is a tennis-costume, of cream flannel. The border at the bottom and the sleeves are of blue and gray striped flannel. The plaited chemisette is of fine cream flannel, and the square-cut bodice has a finish of black velvet. The cuffs, collar, and sash are

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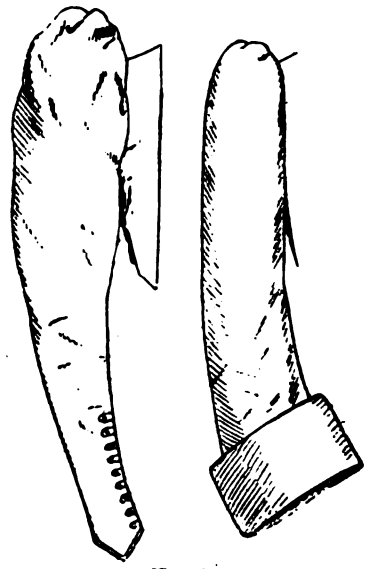
also of black velvet. The large hat is ornamented with field-flowers and black velvet.

No. 10—Shows two models of the latest style in sleeves. The first one is more puffed than ever, very long and narrow, fastened by nine buttons. The sleeves end with a point, resting half on the middle of the back of the hand. These sleeves are always bound with narrow silk cord, which is also carried round the opening of the sleeves and makes the buttonholes. This style of sleeve makes the hand appear very small indeed, and must always be made in rich brocade or handsome heavy silks or woolens. With them, the one-button glove is worn. These gloves are fast being revived, as the long gloves prove too awkward with the long sleeves.

The second cut shows the religieuse sleeve. It is made of cloth, with wide turned-back cuffs, and is used for dressing-gowns, ulsters, dust-cloaks, or heavy long mantles.

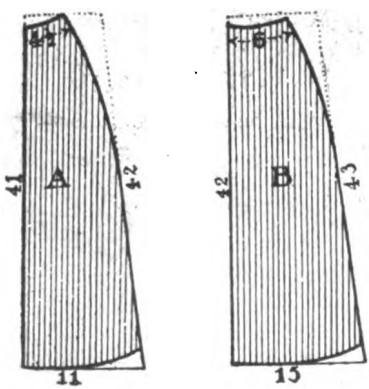


No. 10.

SKIRT-FOUNDATIONS.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, this month, the following very explicit directions for cutting and making skirt-foundations, used by many ladies as the only petticoat; but, of course, that depends upon the kind of gown it is to be worn under. Naturally, a thin summer gown



will need the under petticoat of cambric. Every woman must decide this for herself.

These skirt-foundations are generally made of silk, principally; if the wearer is an elegant woman, anxious to see her dresses hang well, she certainly will have her dress-foundations made of silk—a nice rustling silk, thick enough to stand well off from the figure, so as not to impede the walk.

With the present style of plain dress-skirts, one silk foundation does for many dresses, if the color has been judiciously chosen.

Every lady's wardrobe ought to contain two standing silk foundations, one black, the other white, fussily trimmed; and, if a contrasting color be required, a deep red silk blends well with many colored gowns.

Some very fashionable dressmakers and tailors cut the front breadth in two pieces, so as to gore the middle of front; but that is only necessary for very stout people, and it must be very judiciously done, otherwise it shows the figure to disadvantage, and, instead of hiding the embonpoint, it accentuates it.

In cutting the skirt, whatever you do, be careful to give plenty of length in the front. The style of so many pretty dresses is spoiled by being too short in the front and sides.

Every year has seen the style of the skirt altering greatly. At one time very full, then moderately so, then again very slight. For the present, the slight style prevails, particularly as to the front and sides.

The above models represent the half-skirt

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of what is generally known as "walking length"—that is to say, a length that will just clear the ground at back, sides, and front. It is made with silk measuring twentytwo inches wide.

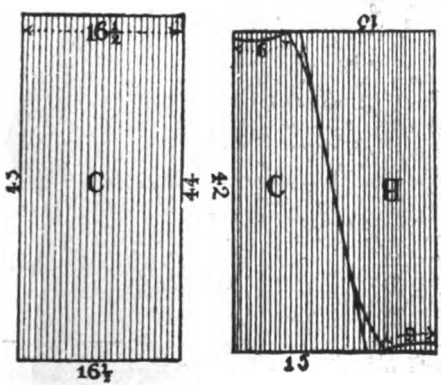
All dimensions of this skirt are marked with great exactness, so that the skirt can be easily drawn out to its full size by the aid of an ordinary inch tape.

A is the front breadth, the middle of which must be laid on the middle edge of a width of silk folded lengthwise.

B is the side breadth.

C is the back breadth. This, as here given, is the size of three-fourths of a breadth of silk; but it may be made much wider, according to the style of gown it is intended for.

The little diagram at the side of this description shows how stuff can be saved in



cutting a skirt of silk which has no up or down, either in texture or pattern.

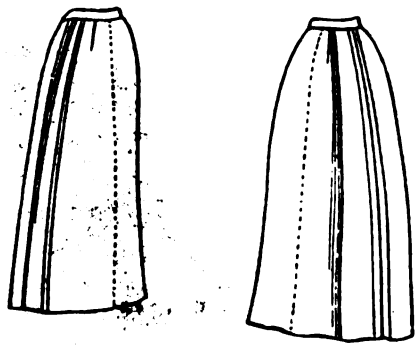
The first side breadth C comes on the right side of the front breadth, the breadth B on the left side, or vice-versa, always sewing a straight line to a bias one.

Five yards of silk are required to make a foundation.

All these proportions are given for a well-made figure, neither too thin nor too stout, and of good height. A person with a decided embonpoint must be very particular about the fitting of the front breadth, allowing plenty of length and width for a fish or two at the waist, unless she has a circular or shaped band well fitted, and the skirt hung thereon.

When the figure is very thin, a slight fullness must be added on the hips, so as to improve the figure. "When nature fails, art must step in." How many a girl you see with a distressingly thin figure, waist and hips all in one. Now, with a little taste and judicious padding, what an improvement could be wrought.

Thin girls have a rage for tight-fitting soft silk clothes and plainly-made bodices, which



FOUNDATION. DRESS-SKIRT.

make them look such poor and frail figures; but more of this anon. I will in a future article illustrate and develop, for the good of my thin fair readers, the idea I have just touched above.

Foundation-skirts may be trimmed with two or three small flounces of the same silk—underskirts are no longer trimmed with stuff like the dress—and lined at the edge with balayeuse of embroidery or silk. If a foundation be made for a thin silk or thin material dress, the back must have one breadth of silk added to No. 1, so as to set the dress well off.

In cutting a plain dress-skirt, the same rules as the one given above have to be followed; the only difference is to allow more length to

SHAPED-BAND.

turn in a hem, and add at back the fullness required, according with the style of skirt.

For a cloth dress, two side gores are best; they shape the skirt better, consequently it fits better.

The foundation and the skirt must have the same length, so as to hang well and meet at the edge.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR MAY.

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LATEST STYLE SPRING WRAP: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the latest style of wrap for the early spring. It consists of four pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SLEEVE.
4. COLLAR.

Our model is made of beige cloth. The yoke and collar are of maroon cloth, braided in gold, or gold passementerie may be substituted for the braiding. The wrap could also be made of the same material as the costume, provided it be of self-colored cloth. It is lined throughout with silk. The sleeves are gathered on the shoulders and plaited at the back, and the back itself is plain and close-fitting. The front is laid in plaits, as seen in the illustration. A dotted line down the front shows where the plaits begin. The notches and letters show how the pieces join. The position of the yoke is marked on the back and front by a straight line. The space between the single notches on the front is allowed for the arm to pass through. This will be a most fashionable garment for the coming season. Made in cream-white cloth and braided or trimmed with gold passementerie, it will make a very handsome wrap for the seaside, either for driving or evening-wear.

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VEIL FOR LAMP.

We give a new and easy way of making a pretty lamp-veil or shade. Cut out a square of thin China silk, silk-muslin, or gauze, either in pink, blue, or scarlet, and scallop the edges and embroider the pattern of dots as seen in the illustration with filo-floss. It will be pretty, done in white or say scarlet on pink, black on scarlet, etc. An infinite variety of ornamentation can be produced, either by embroidery or by painting in water-colors. The top should be protected by a circular rim of brass or wire, with an extra circle of isinglass to fit around the globe, say two inches deep.

DESIGNS FOR BRAIDING AND OUTLINE-STITCH.

In the front of the book, we give a beautiful braiding-pattern for jackets, panels, etc.

The designs in outline-work are very quaint and new, and are suitable for napkins, tray-cloths, etc.

The tulip-border can have the background in darned-work or in a long satin-stitch.

EMBROIDERY FOR TOP OF PINCUSHION.

On the Supplement, we give a design of blackberries, to be done in outline, for the top of a pincushion or sachet. Black or dull-green silk will look well, if done in one color, or the natural hues of the fruit and leaves may be used.

EMBROIDERY FOR A FISH-NAPKIN.

We give, on the Supplement, a design of fish, to be done in outline on a napkin in which fish is served on the table, to keep it hot. Black silk is the most suitable material to embroider it with, as it wears best with constant washings.

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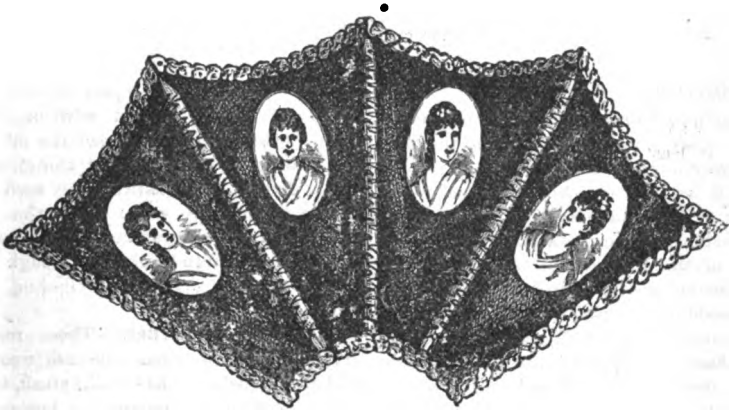
FRAME FOR PHOTOS.

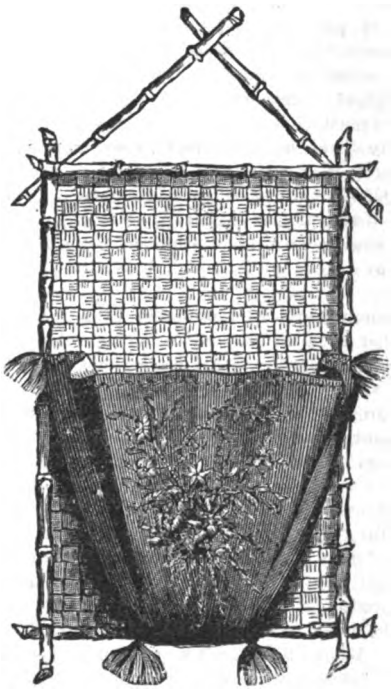


To make this frame, cut the shape out of stiff card-board, cover the outside with either plush or velvet, in garnet, dark-blue, or olive-green; the sections are defined with a gold fancy braid. Another piece of the same size, for the back, is covered with satin, and the two pieces put together and the edges finished on the outside with the gold braid or gimp.

It is, of course, necessary to cut the places for the photos in the outside card-board before it is covered, and leave the upper edge of the frame open between the front and back, for the photos to be slipped in.

BRUSH-POCKET FOR HALL.

This brush-pocket is not only a very convenient, but also a very pretty, addition to a hall or bed-room. The back can be made of a piece of summer matting hung on bamboo sticks, or, if the bamboo sticks are not to be easily procured, nice heavy manilla rope may be used. On the back can be painted some simple spray of flowers. The pocket is of plush, velvet, or silk, embroidered. It is lined with satin and tied on to the back frame. Silk or worsted tassels ornament the sides and bottom of the pocket. The pocket also can be made of some worsted material embroidered in crewels, or of a piece of old brocade or even cretonne.



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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE CARE OF A PIANO.—A new piano should be tuned at least three times during the first year, and twice a year after that. It is well to have it tuned in June and November, as in the spring more or less dampness prevails, while in the autumn the first heat from the fires causes contraction of the strings. In tuning, a piano should not be allowed to go below concert-pitch.

Pianos should not be placed in rooms inclined to be damp, nor where any direct draught of air may affect them. Dampness injures a piano very much, as it causes the wood and cloth used in constructing the keys to swell, and will also rust the tuning-pins and strings. While dampness is so injurious, excessive dryness is equally harmful. I have been told by professional tuners that more injury is done to our pianos by the dry atmosphere resulting from the use of furnaces than by any other means. This trouble may be greatly mitigated by providing sufficient moisture in the room. If stoves are used, always keep a vessel of water standing on the top; while, where a furnace furnishes the heating, be sure that the tank connected with it is kept filled every day. Other receptacles for holding water may be provided, and broad shallow vases, etc., or bowls, filled with fresh warm water each day, may stand on mantels or tables. Sometimes a pailful of water may be set on the floor; the water must be boiling hot, then it will evaporate gently throughout the room, counteracting the dryness of the air, which is so ruinous to the health of all living beings and to growing plants, as well as to pianos. Generally speaking, the right temperature and air for a human being to live in and breathe is good enough for a musical instrument.

Pianos should be kept closed when not in use, so that the dust may not collect on the sound-board. Still, they should not be kept closed long at a time; they ought to be opened every week for an hour or two, in order to prevent any mustiness and to keep the keys from turning yellow. If no member of the family can play upon the piano, and it is simply kept as an ornament or for the occasional use of a guest, a little careful "drumming," or rather "make-believe play," upon it would be better for it than entire disuse; an adult, and not a child, to do the drumming.

The piano should be thoroughly dusted every day. It may be cleaned by washing a little part at a time, with soap and tepid water, using woolen cloths. Each part must be dried thoroughly, then rubbed with a little pure linseed oil, until every drop of the oil is rubbed into the wood and it fairly shines. New soft thick flannel must always be used even for simple dusting, so as to avoid the danger of scratching. The keys should be cleaned with a soft cloth dipped in alcohol; thorough rubbing is requisite.

SOFA-PILLOW COVERS.—Those most to be recommended to ladies who are weary of the elaborate constructions of silk, plush, tassels, and embroidery, or of the simpler but not durable pongee silk covers, are made of a fine twilled linen. This sounds as if not good enough for the purpose; but cover it with a wavy pattern worked in back-stitch with yellow silk, embroider over this a bold pattern in conventional style, and the despised material will grow in favor. The stitched background has all the effect of fine quilting, and it is a pity that work is not more frequently done in this style. Some of the most beautiful of antique embroideries for the fronts of dresses, waistcoats, etc., were worked thus on a quilted material, and it is wonderful how very flat a plain background looks after studying one of these quilted pieces. Running, chain, or even outline stitch may be used, if preferred to the back-stitch.

WORTH KNOWING.—Celery possesses valuable medicinal properties. It is said to be an active corrector of a bilious condition of the system; and few, we fancy, would consider it a disagreeable remedy. It acts as a tonic, too, on the nervous system, and it is asserted that stomach-disturbances can be set right by a generous and almost exclusive diet of celery. It forms the basis, the most active ingredient, of various popular remedies for nervous ailments.

BUREAU-DRAWER SACHETS.—Select some pretty color of silesia—light-blue, pink, or buff—cut two pieces the size of the drawer, and sprinkle the sachet-powder into them. Turn in edges of silesia, stitch together, and quilt the whole in diamonds, or tuft with silk or cotton.

"NONE CAN FILL ITS PLACE."—A subscriber writes: "After taking 'Peterson' for years, I tried to do without it, and subscribed for another magazine; but I found that nothing could fill its place."

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A NECESSARY EXPLANATION.—In our March number, we published a poem called "My Ideal," sent to us as original by the person whose name is affixed as its author. We find that the poem was in reality written by Mrs. Bertha York Grant, and originally published in 1878 in a volume of poems issued for private circulation—a volume which is at present in our office. The only change made in the poem by the person who offered it as his own was the substitution of the pronoun "she" for "he" in three of the lines.

We also learn that some stanzas in our February number, "No Baby in the House, by Miss English," were really written by Miss Clara G. Dolliver, of San Francisco, and first appeared in a New York periodical more than twenty years ago.

Even when exercising the utmost care, it is impossible for editors to avoid being occasionally thus imposed on. All that can be done in such cases is to express sincere regret, as we do now, give the rightful authors credit for their work, and leave the offenders to the mercy of their friends.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Laws of Heredity. By Geo. Williamson, M.D. Chicago: W. W. Knowles & Co.—A work that cannot fail to produce a profound impression and exert a lasting influence. It teaches clearly that "all things are governed by laws which admit of no variation nor shadow of turning." But there is an equally important truth made equally clear; it is that no ignorance can be more dense than that which attributes disease and deformity to "the inscrutable purpose of an overruling Providence." It teaches that "these miseries have been born of want of conformity to pre-existing laws, cradled and nurtured in perpetual disobedience," and shows how, beginning with our own generation, each can in turn so live that such evils will be lessened for the generation to come, till in the fullness of time there may no longer be any weight in the prophecy whose truth we see demonstrated daily, that "the sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children."

The Kingdoms of Nature. By Ransom Dexter, A.M. Chicago: W. W. Knowles & Co.—The purpose of this valuable work is found in the author's preface. It was written "to present the leading facts in natural history, in language intelligible to the average reader; to follow the successive steps in the history of development from the first forms of life to the highest manifested intelligence, and to teach "something of the laws established by the Creator for the government and conservation of natural objects throughout the wide domain of existence." Doctor Dexter has succeeded admirably in carrying out his design; he writes with wonderful clearness and in a style so full of interest that he will appeal strongly even to persons who, as a rule, are not readers of books on scientific subjects.

The Picturesque Geographical Reader. By Charles F. King. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is the second volume of this admirable series, which teaches geography on an entirely new system. It does away with the separate map; it contains nearly two hundred pictures, maps, and diagrams, and the literary work is that of a man whom long years of teaching, added to great ability and culture, have enabled to present his facts in a way certain to rouse the interest of the most careless pupil.

Peterson's National Cook-Book. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This volume contains some six hundred recipes. Everything in the shape of a national dish has a place, and the different methods in the various sections of our country of preparing these delicacies are clearly described, from the cooking of sweet corn to the preparing of terrapin and clam-chowder. The book will be invaluable to housekeepers, hotels, and restaurants, and is published for twentyfive cents.

Log of the Maryland. By Douglas Frazer. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Sea-voyages always possess a great fascination for boys, and that important class of the public will have a rare treat in this volume, as it is the account of a trip that abounded in adventure and danger, but had a prosperous ending. It is not only a delightful narrative, but is full of information which will afford profitable instruction, and is besides enriched with numerous effective illustrations.

A Lost Jewel. By Harriet Prescott Spofford. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—One of the most delightful stories for juveniles that we have read in a long while. The characters are sharply defined and individualized and deliciously natural—real living children, whom one learns to love in the very beginning of acquaintance with them, and they possess a grandmother who is as charming and clever as ever lived inside the covers even of a fairy-tale.

An Exceptional Case. By Itti Kinney-Rena. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The numerous readers who found pleasure in the perusal of "Miss Breckinridge" will find equal satisfaction in the author's present novel. Its humor and pathos are well contrasted, and, though the denouement is not what one expects or would perhaps have chosen, it certainly finds its counterpart in many instances of our modern life.

A Draught of Lethe. By Roy Tellet. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—A very individual and exciting novel, rendered still more absorbing by the autobiographical form in which it is written. It is a book that will not only please the ordinary novel-reader, but claim the attention of all persons interested in odd psychological mysteries.

Five-Minute Declamations. Adapted by Walter K.

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Fobes. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is a continuation of Mr. Fobes's former popular work. The present volume is mostly made up of selections from American authors, which have been chosen with great taste and judgment. The variety, too, is wide enough to suit the most opposite fancies.

A Brave Woman. By E. Marlett. Translated by Margaret P. Waterman. New York: Worthington Co. -The name of the author is a warrant that the book is as good in workmanship as it is wholesome in plot and detail. The leading characters are natural and interesting, and the situations are effective and managed with great skill.

Boris Lensky. By Ossip Schubin. New York: Worthington Co.—This is a sequel to "Asbein," which appeared some months since, and, unlike most sequels, is as well worth reading as the former novel. The story has many touchingly pathetic scenes, and the wretched old age of the dissipated musician is vividly portrayed.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

PURITY IN FOOD is a matter of the greatest importance. So ingenious are the methods nowadays adopted to adulterate, and the processes employed to cheapen manufacture, it is often difficult to determine the merits of any particular article of food. With W. Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa, no such difficulty arises, for it is produced from the finest cocoa-seeds only, exclusively by mechanical processes, and, as no chemicals whatever are used in its preparation, all possibility of impurity is avoided. The result is that their cocoa is not excelled in solubility nor approached in purity by any similar product in the market. It is the standard of purity and excellence, and the most healthful and nutritive cocoa in the world.

A VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—For many years, scientists and those versed in medicine have been endeavoring to formulate a certain cure for headache—one that would relieve the discomfort without inducing any ill effects, and that could be depended upon under all circumstances. This valuable discovery has been made by the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., of Baltimore, whose famous remedy, "Kopfaline," is being introduced to the attention of the public. The fact that it is free from everything of an injurious or dangerous character strongly recommends it as a popular household remedy for the prevention and cure of all forms of headache.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Créme Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* Pfrs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XXIII.—THE CAUSE, DIFFUSION, LOCALIZATION, PREVENTION, AND CURE OF EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

2. DIFFUSION.—The characteristic cause of a contagious or infectious epidemic, as before stated somewhat vaguely, consists in a living organism having the power of reproducing and propagating its kind. Thus the cause of the loathsome itch, as is generally known, is a minute parasitical insect which burrows in the mucous layer of the skin, and there reproduces and propagates itself rapidly if unmolested. So also the cause of "favus" or scald-head—a disease of the hairy scalp of children—consists of a plantlet similar in its form and growth to the yeast-plant. Thus we find parasites both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and their generic differences require for each kind some peculiarity in the locality of their growth and development. This fact should be more fully demonstrated, but space in this magazine will not permit—conclusions only can be stated; and the deductions announced by Prof. Schmœle, of Philadelphia, before a learned society in Paris some fortyfive years ago, have never been successfully refuted: "That the parasites inducing epidemic diseases in living organisms of a higher order are identical with or homologous to the parasites known as the cause of putrefaction of dead animal and vegetable substances."

The next question arises, How are these germs or parasites diffused in the animal economy to produce epidemic diseases? As stated in the previous article, the seeds, germs, and even bodies of some developed parasites may be carried from place to place on the vapors of moist warm air. Such is "miasm," which simply means a pollution of the air; hence also the term "malaria," or vicious air. Some seeds, germs, and developed parasites are too heavy to be diffused or carried by the air, as the itch-insect, and are only communicated from one body to another by contact directly, or indirectly on articles of food, clothing, merchandise, etc. The miasma of cholera or its parasite may arise from the excrements of such patients, and be wafted in the warm air and settle on food or on the lips, mouth, etc., and thence be carried down into the intestinal tube or bowels, where they are reproduced in great numbers.

Cholera originates in the warm climate of Southern Asia and diffuses itself there by the open air; and, when found in cold countries, it can be traced to warm regions from which it has been transported in the bodies of persons who travel during its incubation to these colder regions, and there the disease may spread by

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their excrements in the warm air of close rooms, to attendants, visitors, etc.

Small-pox is said to be a disease of winter, which is an error. It is more largely diffused in cold weather, which depends entirely on the infection being more intense in close heated rooms and houses. It is a rankly infectious disease and is more readily disseminated in winter, and the same facts and causes will apply to measles and scarlet fever; and these are points to be considered by mothers. A clean scalp and healthy skin will largely prevent the spread of "scald-head," a germ that loves moist filth in an uncombed and uncut head of hair. Mothers and all others should bear in mind that epidemic or contagious diseases are largely kept at bay and prevented from developing by "the superior polaric influence of the vital forces and processes in operation in such bodies, which permits no organic processes of minor organisms to be developed in their presence"—in other and plainer words, by a superior physical condition, good health.

CHILDREN'S TEETH.

There are very few parents, as a rule, who understand the necessity of keeping a child's first set of teeth in a good sound condition until the time comes for the appearance of the second teeth. I have seen children with dainty pretty features, lovely complexions and hair, whose beauty was completely spoiled by a row of black decayed teeth, sometimes only mere stumps. If a child's teeth be properly cleansed after each meal, or at least twice every day, on rising in the morning and retiring at night, decay may usually be warded off for a long time. The teeth should never be neglected until they are so decayed that extraction is necessary and the child suffers from that horrible torture, the toothache; besides unnecessary suffering, this neglect often causes serious injury to the permanent teeth.

At the first signs of decay or unsoundness of a child's teeth, take the little one to a good dentist, and he will probably fill them, making them last much longer, which will be greatly to the advantage of the second set.

One cannot have very strong white teeth unless plenty of bone-making food be taken up by the system. The best food for the teeth consists of all the cereals, pure rich milk, brown bread, lean meat, vegetables, and fresh fruit. All such things as candy, preserves, cake, pastry, and all other sweets are absolutely injurious to the teeth, and also harmful to the whole internal organism.

Commence cleaning a baby's teeth when they first appear, using borax-water and a soft linen rag. When the child is a year old, a soft little brush may be carefully used, with pure tepid water and perhaps a little prepared chalk of the finest and purest kind. If the teeth become discolored the least bit, and the brush and chalk will not remove it, use a little powdered pumice-stone, as this will certainly remove any discoloration which is not the result of decay; but it should not be used too often, as it might injure the enamel if used frequently—one or two good applications being usually sufficient to remove the discoloration. Always watch carefully the interstices of the teeth, that no food shall find lodgment there. Tartar is a parasite which is composed of salts of lime and organic matter, deposited by the saliva. When it accumulates, it causes the gradual loosening of the teeth and often inflammation and absorption of the gums. Its removal is important, sometimes the aid of a dentist being necessary where neglect has been practiced. Water is often the only thing needed with which to clean the teeth. In brushing the teeth, always brush up and down from the gums and not across.

Salt and water, cream of tartar, phosphate of soda, sulphate of potash, are often used for dentifrices. A very good one that I am accustomed to is the carbolic dental soap. It is cleansing and purifying. Of course, there are many different tooth-powders, soaps, etc.; but many of them are apt to contain injurious ingredients and do more harm than good, so it is well to be sure of what you use, that it is pure and harmless.

CHICKEN MILK FOR INVALIDS.

As this new and delicate food for invalids is now being ordered so frequently by the medical profession, particularly in cases recovering from acute dyspepsia and typhoid fever, the following recipes will be welcome: No. 1 is the more delicate of the two, and can be used in cases where the patient cannot retain even a soft-boiled egg. No. 2 is prepared in a different manner, and is more for cases where the patient is stronger or more nourishment is necessary. Both, as the ingredients demonstrate, are most nutritious. Calves' feet prepared in the same manner as No. 1 are also an excellent substitute for beef-tea, and form another variety in the limited menu of the invalid.

No. 1.—Cut a chicken into small pieces, and see that it has been cleaned in the most careful manner, removing the skin. Put it into a china-lined saucepan, with the bones and neck, the white part of a head of celery, and the stalks (not leaves) of a fresh bunch of parsley, a few pepper-corns, and a little salt. Cover the meat with cold water, and let it simmer till it is in rags and falls from the bones. Strain into a flat basin or large bowl. When cold, it should be in a stiff clear jelly. Carefully, with a skimmer, take off the grease, and then take a soft clean

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pantry-towel, dipped in hot water, and gently wipe over the top of the jelly with it, so that no particle of greasy matter can possibly remain. Take equal quantities of this jelly and fresh milk, put them into a small china-lined saucepan, and let them boil together. Boil up the mixture three times and strain into a cup. A teacupful is generally considered sufficient at a time. Tiny strips of dry toast are an agreeable addition. It can be eaten hot, or allowed to cool and form again into jelly, according to taste.

No. 2.—Prepare the chicken in the same manner as in recipe No. 1, but, instead of using water, cover it with a quart of fresh milk and use a "baine-maire," or improvise one by putting the chicken and milk into a very large jam-pot, and setting that in a saucepan nearly filled with cold water; when the milk in the jam-pot boils, the "chicken milk" is ready for use. Cream may in some cases be substituted for milk, and sometimes equal quantities of cream and milk are used.

THE NATIVE ORIGIN OF SOME VEGETABLES AND FRUITS.

Asparagus came from Great Britain.

The tomato came from South America.

Spinach is a Persian plant.

Melons came originally from Asia.

Horse-radish came from England.

Turnips came from Rome.

The bean is a native of Egypt.

The pea originated in Southern Europe.

Garlic came from Sicily and the shores of the Mediterranean Sea.

Parsley is a native of Egypt.

The onion came originally from India, but was worshiped by the Egyptians two thousand years before Christ.

Cucumbers came from the tropics.

Capers grew wild in Greece and North Africa.

Nutmegs came from the Islands of Malacca.

The clove is a native of the Indies, and the name originates from the Latin word "clavus," which means a nail, which a clove resembles.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

GOOD NEW RECEIPTS.

Hominy.—This has of late years become pretty well known in this country as an article of food; but, as many people have rejected it on account of not knowing how to prepare it, the following recipe may be found useful: Wash the grain in two or three waters, pour boiling water on it, cover it, and let it soak all night or for several hours. Then put it into a pot or saucepan, allow two quarts of water to each quart of hominy, and boil till perfectly soft. Then drain, put into a deep dish, add butter, and send to table hot and uncovered, to eat with any sort of meat, but particularly with corned beef or pork. Some, when cold, may be made into thick cakes and fried in butter. To be very good, hominy should boil four or five hours. Hominy is white Indian corn, shelled from the cob, divested of the outer skin by scalding in hot lye, and then winnowed and dried. It is perfectly white. The larger variety, known as samp, may be cooked in the same way.

Cream Fish.—Cook three pounds of cod or haddock in salted water, with half a tablespoonful of vinegar. When cool, remove the skin and bones and separate the fish with a silver fork. Season well with salt and white pepper. Make a cream sauce by heating one pint of milk; put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, the same of flour, half a teaspoonful of salt, and the juice of half a lemon. Mix well, and add hot milk gradually. Put a layer of fish on a platter in which it is to be served. Sprinkle finely chopped parsley over the fish, and cover with white sauce; repeat the process. Moisten breadcrumb, which has not been sifted, in melted butter, and spread over the top. Set the platter over a pan of hot water in the oven, to prevent it from breaking, and bake till the crumb is a delicate brown.

Sauce for Cold Meat or Salad Dressing.—Chop a little onion very fine—green onion if you have it, about half a teaspoonful or rather less; mix this smoothly with a bit of butter the size of a small walnut on a plate till the butter becomes soft and creamy; put this into a basin, adding a teaspoonful of made mustard, a little salt and pepper, nearly a teaspoonful of powdered sugar, and a tablespoonful of milk; mix these ingredients together, and add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, or rather less, if liked.

Apples and Tapioca.—Soak overnight two tablespoonfuls of tapioca, then stew it gently in the same water till it is clear. It must not be overthick. Peel, core, and quarter six large apples and stew them in the oven, or steam them till they are slightly softened. Put the apples in a pie-dish, sprinkle sugar over them, sweeten and flavor the tapioca, pour it over the fruit, and bake gently till tender. If liked, the tapioca can be colored with cochineal, or sago may be used instead of tapioca.

Buttermilk Pudding.—Mix a pint of new milk with half a pint of buttermilk. Turn it to a curd with some rennet, drain off the whey, and mix with the curd some breadcrumb, a little grated lemon-peel, two ounces of butter, and three eggs well beaten. Add sugar enough to make it quite sweet. Line your pie-plates with rich paste, pour in the above mixture, and bake in a rather quick oven.

Jumbles.—Cream together half a pound of sugar,

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half a pound of butter, three eggs, and one pound of flour; first mix in the eggs beaten light, and then the flour; make the dough as soft as you can handle it; roll out on the board with as little flour as possible, and cut into shapes, and then bake in a moderate oven. Flavor them with lemon, orange, or rose water.

FASHIONS FOR MAY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY CASHMERE, of light weight. The skirt is drawn up on the right side with a braid ornament, and shows a black brocaded silk skirt underneath. The long jacket, which is double-breasted, has the deep basque set on at the waist, is edged with a wide black silk braid, and has collar and sleeves of black brocade. Felt hat, trimmed with a gray and white bird.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED ZEPHYR-CLOTH, plaided in dull-green and with branches of dull-green leaves. The skirt is quite plain, with plain heliotrope zephyr-cloth plaited in at the back for the drapery. The bodice has the back and sleeves of the plain material. The front is of the figured zephyr-cloth, is slightly full at the waist and on the left shoulder, and has a pointed belt of embroidery. Large straw hat, trimmed with poppies.

FIG. III.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF STRIPED ROSE-COLORED CHINA SILK, figured with black. The bottom of the skirt has several rows of shell quilling in black silk at the bottom. The bodice is composed of the figured and plain rose-colored China silk, has a waistband of black ribbon coming from the side seams, and, on the side where the plain silk is used, there are three bands of black ribbon finished with bows in front of the bodice. A jabot of white lace forms the collar, commencing on the right shoulder and ending on the left side under the upper bow of black ribbon. Black ribbon collar. Large straw hat, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PLAIN TERRA-COTTA FOULARD, combined with plaid foulard. The bottom of the skirt has a broad band of the plaid foulard, headed by a rose quilling of the plain material. The bodice is full in front, cut low in the neck, has a yoke, back and front, of the plaid silk, and is finished by a rose quilling. The upper parts of the sleeves are of the plaid silk, with tight plain sleeves below, headed by the quilling. White crinoline hat, trimmed with a black ostrich-plume and terra-cotta ribbons.

FIG. V.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING, with white Marguerites woven in the bottom. The back of the skirt is quite plain. The bodice fastens with large pearl buttons on the left side, and has a deep drapery of white China silk coming from under the square collar, and is festooned in front. The belt, edging of the open neck, and collar are of dark-blue velvet. The very full sleeves with deep cuffs are ornamented with large pearl buttons. Very large blue straw hat, trimmed with white China silk and Marguerites.

FIG. VI.—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, for a middle-aged woman. A bow of two shades of striped lilac ribbon is intermingled with the lace on the top, and the long lace strings are loosely tied at the neck.

FIG. VII.—DRESS AND WRAP, OF HELIOTROPE CASHMERE. The wrap is one of the new deep capes, with high puffs on the shoulders, and has a pointed yoke back and front, of black cashmere trimmed with a black gimp. Black gimp trimming around the bottom of the cape. Black straw hat, ornamented with black ostrich-feathers.

FIG. VIII.—STUB PARASOL, OF DARK-BLUE SILK, lined with blue.

FIG. IX.—NEW SPRING WALKING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-GRAY CLOTH. The front is slightly draped, and there are panels at the sides, of light-gray cloth, dotted with slate-colored lozenges. The front of the jacket-bodice is of the dotted cloth, opening over a vest of the light-gray material, with a rolling collar of the same, and the back and side pieces are also of the plain gray. Buttons are added to the bottom of the side basques. Sleeves of the dotted cloth. Hat of light-gray felt, trimmed with slate-colored feathers.

FIG. X.—STRAW HAT, trimmed with striped ribbon, ivy-leaves, daisies, etc.

FIG. XI.—VISITING-DRESS, OF LIGHT CHESTNUT-COLORED CASHMERE. The skirt is laid in full plaits at the back; in the front, it is bordered by a band of brown velvet about one quarter of a yard deep. The bodice is composed of chestnut-colored cashmere and brown velvet, and the sleeves are of the velvet. Chestnut-colored straw hat, faced with brown velvet and trimmed with ribbon and ostrich-feathers.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE ALBATROSS-CLOTH AND CREAM-COLORED AND BLUE PLAID SILK. The front and part of the side panels are of the plaid silk; the other side panels and back are of the albatross-cloth. The bodice and sleeves are of albatross, with a full guimpe of the silk. Cream-colored straw hat, trimmed with cream-colored surah silk and birds.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS OF BROWN FOULARD, studded with wall-flowers in shades of golden-brown. The skirt is laid in alternate panels of the foulard and golden-brown silk. The great feature of this dress is the peculiar basque-arrangement, which gives a panier effect. The plain brown silk is laid in three plaits around the hips, and is caught down at intervals by loops of the figured material. The bodice is made to correspond with the skirt. Sleeves of the figured material, with ruffle puffs at the top.

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Pointed waistband of the plain silk. Hat of fancy straw, trimmed with cream-colored muslin and birds.

FIG. XIV.—PARASOL, IN CHECKED SILK. The checks are in subdued tints, and the windmill bow on the carved handle is of the color of the checks.

FIG. XV.—BLACK LACE HAT, arranged as a fluted brim, with a projecting fan-shaped plaiting. It is lined with heliotrope gauze, and is trimmed with a large bow of heliotrope ribbon and bunches of Persian lilac.

FIG. XVI.—DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN NUN'S-VEILING. The blouse-waist has the belt, collar, cuffs, and armholes trimmed with gold braiding. The sleeves are of cream-colored China silk, with cuffs of the nun's-veiling. Any colored embroidery may supply the place of the gold braiding.

GENERAL REMARKS.—We regret to say that the skirts of walking-dresses are still cut quite long at the back, the result of which is that dust settles in the linings and will not be shaken or brushed out completely, and the underskirts and stockings suffer from this untidy mode; but we give the fashions as they are, not as we would like to have them. Some sensible women still cut their skirts of a pretty length, just escaping the ground, and are able to walk much more comfortably than if they strictly adhered to the new style. These long skirts are plain in front, or have but a slight drapery to make them set well about the hips, and all the fullness is put into a few broad plaits laid over one another at the back. The skirt is sloped at the bottom, not at the top, and falls on the ground from an eighth to a quarter of a yard.

In bodices for house-wear, the full straight bodice and the crossed bodices are still worn, but some of the new dresses are made with basques. Many women think that the basque has too much the appearance of a street-costume, so they are not generally adopted yet, though it is safe to say that they will be, next autumn. Sometimes these basques are cut in one with the rest of the bodice, sometimes they are added to the pointed waist, and often made slightly full. For thin unlined goods like ginghams, chambreys, etc., this latter plan will be best.

The new coat-bodices partake of various fashions of the reigns of the French kings: Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI are mixed up in the present styles. Some of the bodices have waistcoats and side pockets and quite deep basques; some have narrow fronts, with wide lappels reaching back to the tips of the shoulders, with a plaited plastron gathered at the waist beneath the belt; in other words, the house-bodice is likely to be only a reproduction of the street-coat, made in some cases perhaps a little shorter. This style may be made useful in renovating old gowns, for two half-worn ones can be utilized and look as good as new by using one for the skirt and one for the coat, if the colors will assimilate; for it is not at all necessary that coat and skirt should be alike.

The sleeves in all the styles of coats are made full and high on the shoulders; in the Louis XIV coat-basque, they should have broad cuffs wider than the sleeves, and in this style the sleeves are not quite so long at the hands as in the other coats, but are finished with ruffles of lace. Other long sleeves button up the arm.

Flounces seem to fit as an adjunct to the coats and coat-basques just described, and, for house-dresses, will soon be popular, we think — the pretty rose and shell quillings beginning to make way for them. No skirt-trimming could be more graceful than the festooned flounces, caught up at regular intervals with knots of ribbon, or, for evening-wear, with a small bunch of flowers or ostrich-tips.

Capes of three-quarter length are in favor just now, as they are most convenient; but they should not be worn by short stout women.

Coats of the Louis XV style, so called, are made high at the throat, and fall straight from thence; the waistcoat has long basques, and the jacket has side pockets. The Louis XVI coats have a plain basque set on to the waist, about half a yard deep, and have a basqued waistcoat below. The Louis XIV coats are usually shorter and cut in tabs, but all these styles are much mixed together.

Bonnets are still small, trimmed with wreaths often, and are flat on the head.

Hats are large or small, as the fancy may dictate; quite flat to the head, as a rule, and trimmed with flowers. The shapes of the large hats are quite impossible to describe.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S FROCK, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The skirt is gathered and ornamented around the bottom with five rows of fancy black braid. The loose waist is trimmed, both back and front, to correspond with the skirt.

FIG. II.—BOY'S SUIT, OF GRAY TWEED. The knickerbockers button above the knees. The blouse-jacket has yoke, collar, belt, and cuffs of striped brown and gray tweed. Farmer's-hat of brown straw.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF RED FOULARD, sprinkled with white clover-leaves. The skirt is quite plain, as are also the full waist and sleeves, the former having a gathered lace ruffle at the neck, which forms a jabot on the left side. The sleeves are finished with cuffs of lace. Black straw hat, trimmed with bunches of clover.

FIG. IV.—YOUNG GIRL'S HAT, OF BROWN STRAW, faced with brown silk and ornamented with a fan-trimming of brown silk and full half-wreath of buttercups.

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PLOUGHING FOR LUCK.

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MODES PARISIENNES. PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. JUNE, 1891.

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SACHET.

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Fig. 6

Fig 8

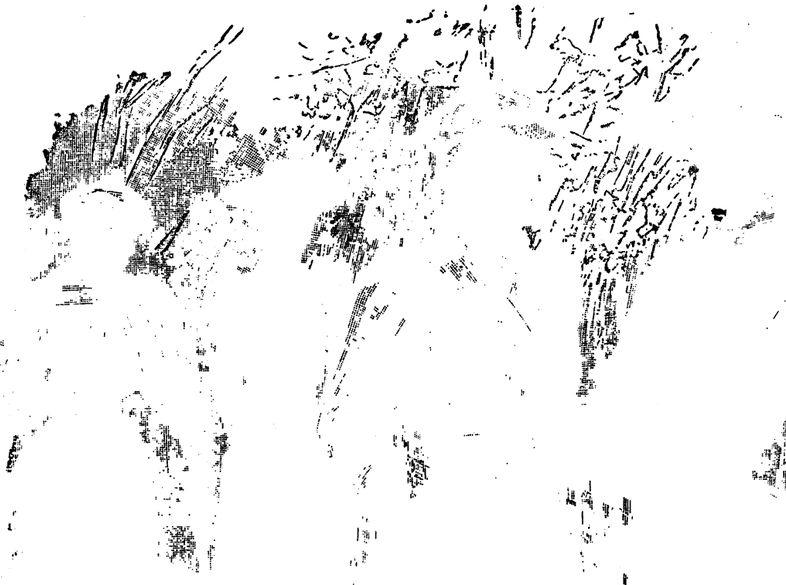

Fig. 10

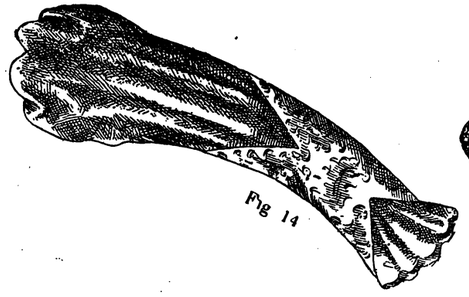

Fig 14

Fig 16

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DEEP IN THE WOODS.

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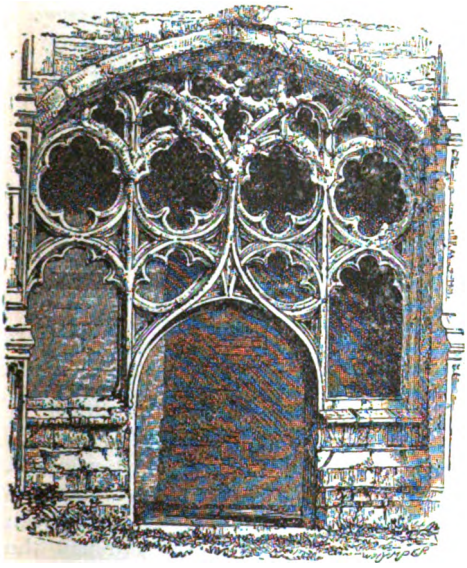
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XCIX. PHILADELPHIA, JUNE, 1891. No. 6.

IN HEREFORD AND HUNTINGDON.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.



CATHEDRAL CLOISTER.

THE traveler in England who to-day visits fertile smiling Herefordshire finds it difficult to realize that time was when no more wild and desolate district could have been found throughout the length and breadth of the island.

The Welsh mountains guard it in on one side, and in old days great forests spread out on the other, an inextricable labyrinth of winding paths choked by dense undergrowth. Indeed, up to the era when William the Norman had firmly established himself on the English throne, the silvery Wye, which now runs through green meadows and pleasant glades, past quiet hamlets and stately baronial halls, the varied landscapes on either hand always permeated by an atmosphere of peace and rest, made its way through solitary wastes which were the scenes of strife and bloodshed from generation to generation.

Traces of those troublous days still exist in various forms, and the antiquarian finds plentiful store of curious and interesting memorials, from the remains of British camps crowning the tops of lofty hills and telling of a people who kept vigilant guard against wary foes, to relics that point to the time when the Romans pushed their way into the west of England and built military roads which they flanked at intervals by towers and stations which might serve to keep the Britons in awed submission.

After the Romans, in due season came the English, and the district made part of the powerful Marcian kingdom, though it had no importance and no history proper until Christianity had reached power enough so that ecclesiastical organization could begin. As early as 680, Theodore, the great Bishop of Canterbury, established a diocese in the region and chose an old British town, Caerfawdd, for the site of a church, changing its name to that of Hereford.

After this, for a hundred years or more, there was a succession of wars between Marcia and the Welsh kings; and, just after the latter had learned that it would be wise to respect their neighbor's boundaries, down swept the piratical Danes, who for an indefinite period tormented the land, then were finally expelled by the West Saxon rulers.

After this, shires appeared instead of independent kingdoms, and Herefordshire came definitely into existence as a bishopric of much consequence.

The cathedral was founded about 1072,

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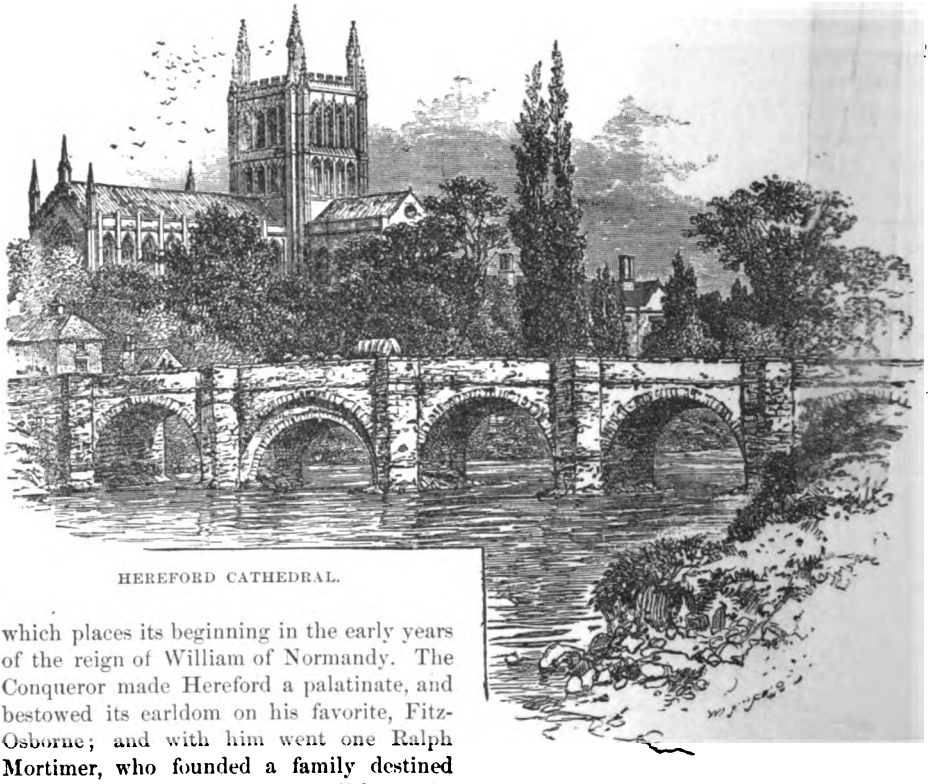

HEREFORD CATHEDRAL.

which places its beginning in the early years of the reign of William of Normandy. The Conqueror made Hereford a palatinate, and bestowed its earldom on his favorite, Fitz-Osborne; and with him went one Ralph Mortimer, who founded a family destined to hold an important place in English annals.

Throughout the reigns of William Rufus and his successors down to Henry III, Herefordshire was the theatre of rebellions, and the weakness of the last-named monarch produced most disastrous results in this quarter of his kingdom. He tried to force on Herefordshire a crafty unscrupulous Savoyard as bishop, and the haughty Western nobles refused to submit to his authority. Then they quarreled among themselves; actual civil war broke out, and Henry and his son were taken prisoners by Simon de Montfort in the battle of Lewes in 1264, after that doughty baron had captured the city of Hereford and driven out the hated bishop.

But the capture of the king and prince roused the loyalty of many of the nobles, and the escape of the heir-apparent was contrived. Prince Edward took refuge in the castle of Roger Mortimer at Wigmore, and naturally this event rendered the Mortimer of that generation a great man when Edward came to the throne. The family increased in importance till we reach Edward II, when we find another Roger Mortimer in rebellion. He fled to France, where he met Isabella, the wife of his sovereign, who had gone to her brother's court to arrange some difficulty between the two kings. The queen fell in love with Mortimer. Through the machinations of the two and the assistance of the Hereford bishop who had been mixed up in Mortimer's rebellion, a party so strong was organized that, when the false wife landed in England, the unhappy king was deserted and powerless. His deposition and murder make a tragic record in history, and one is not sorry to read on to the page where Mortimer met a well-deserved death at the hands of Edward III.

That same monarch, for the purpose of bringing money into the royal family, conceived the plan of marrying his sons to great heiresses: but this entrance of royal blood into several of England's chief families roused later wild ambitions which cost the country long years of war and suffering.

It was through this error that the house of York grew into the formidable rival of the reigning house of Lancaster, and its

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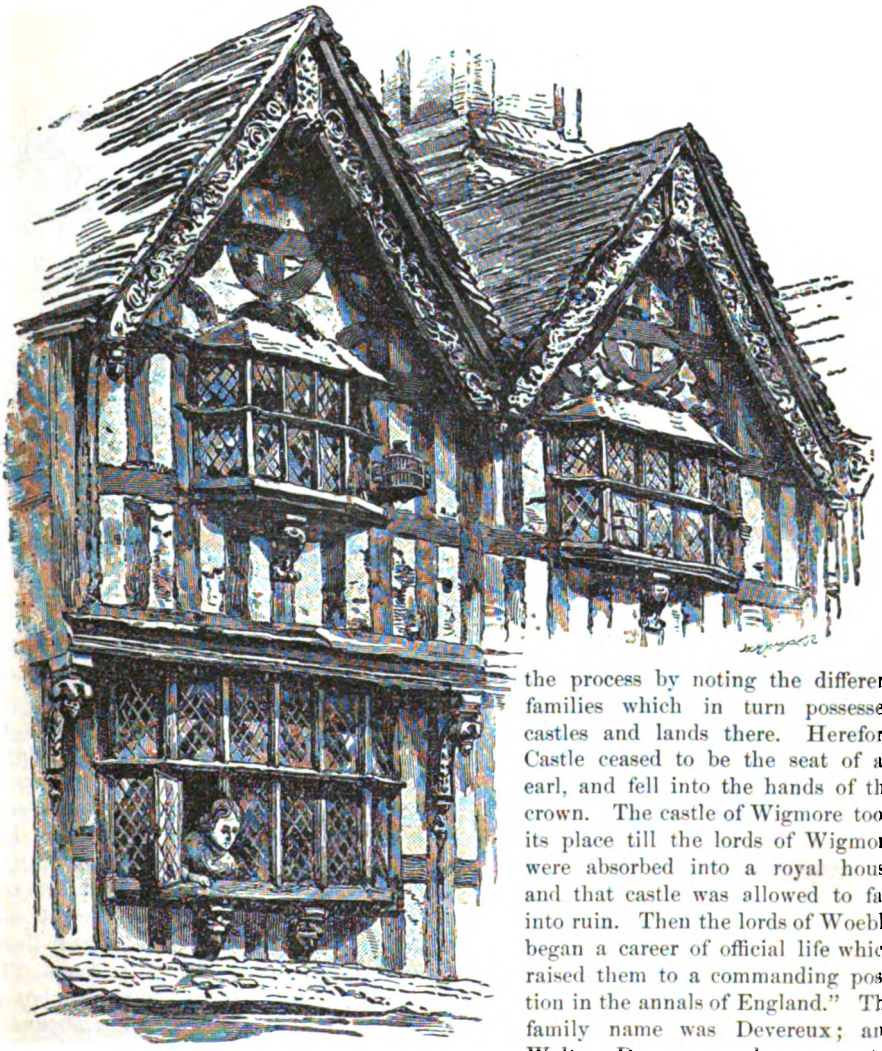
connection with the Mortimers involved Herefordshire in the fierce struggle between the rival Rose factions. It was in Herefordshire itself that the young prince of York gained the success which carried him to the throne. In the famous battle of Mortimer's Cross, four thousand men were slain, and the prince became Edward IV.

But no real peace prevailed in that region until the reign of the Tudors began. In 1536, under Henry VIII, Wales was definitely incorporated with England, and Herefordshire allotted its present limits by having thirteen townships added and its boundary on the west definitely settled.

Here then ended the martial period of Herefordshire's existence. Owing to its wonderful fertility and its delightfully mild climate, it throve and prospered in a wonderful fashion. It proved admirably adapted to the growth of apple-trees, its grazing-lands were unsurpassed, and its wealth and importance grew until there rose the proverb which lives even into our day:

"Blessed is the eye, between Severn and Wye."

"The great baronial families passed away in the Wars of the Roses," says the historian, "and a new nobility gradually took their place. This new nobility was in many cases formed out of families which had long been overshadowed by greater lords. We may trace the process by noting the different families which in turn possessed castles and lands there. Hereford Castle ceased to be the seat of an earl, and fell into the hands of the crown. The castle of Wigmore took its place till the lords of Wigmore were absorbed into a royal house and that castle was allowed to fall into ruin. Then the lords of Woebly began a career of official life which raised them to a commanding position in the annals of England." The family name was Devereux; and Walter Devereux, whose ancestor



OLD HOUSES IN HEREFORD.

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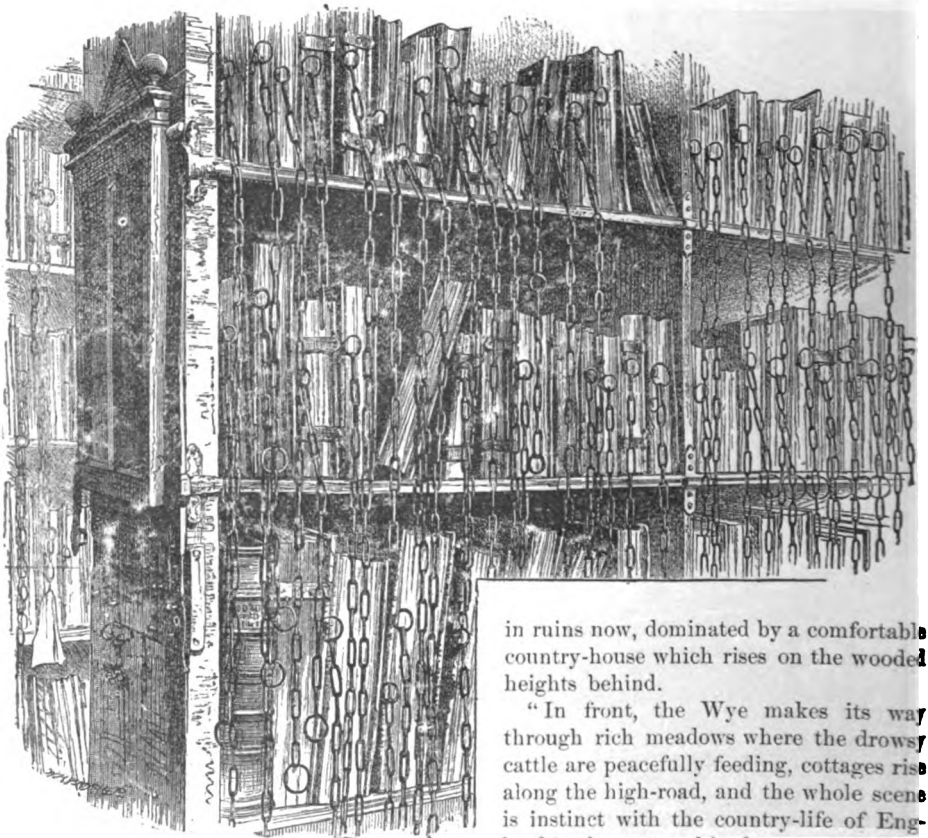
had fallen fighting for Richard III on Bosworth Field, was created Earl of Essex by Queen Elizabeth. She sent him to Ireland, to bring order into that unfortunate country; but the task proved too difficult, and we are told that he died of a broken heart, owing to his failure.

Every school-boy is familiar with the career of his son Robert, for years the brightest ornament of Elizabeth's court and the principal favorite of that tyrannical sovereign—a career which ended in open rebellion on his part, his execution for high treason, and the embittering of the queen's last days with sorrow and remorse for her act. Essex was the last of the English lords who plotted to set himself against the crown, but it is a noteworthy fact that one of his descendants was general of the Parliament during the Civil War and prepared the way for Cromwell.

In that contest, Herefordshire clung to the cause of Charles I, and suffered accordingly. The town itself underwent three sieges, and its castle was razed to the ground. Most of the castles throughout the shire were reduced to ruins, which still exist and to which time has given a rare picturesqueness.

"Foremost among these, for beauty of situation and architectural interest, ranks Goodrich Castle, which crowns the summit of a red sandstone cliff that rises abruptly above the river Wye as it widens into the plain toward Ross. Its massive Norman keep tells of its origin as a stronghold; its noble dining-hall, opening into a graceful drawing-room, tells of the change of the fortress into a mansion." Castle and mansion are alike in ruins now, dominated by a comfortable country-house which rises on the wooded heights behind.



CHAINED BOOKS.

"In front, the Wye makes its way through rich meadows where the drowsy cattle are peacefully feeding, cottages rise along the high-road, and the whole scene is instinct with the country-life of England in the past and in the present alike."

The town of Hereford only boasts some twelve thousand inhabitants, but a more charming old place and one more individually English is hardly to be found. The streets are usually broad and clean, but the quaintest of quaint old houses abound in many even of the busiest thoroughfares, and

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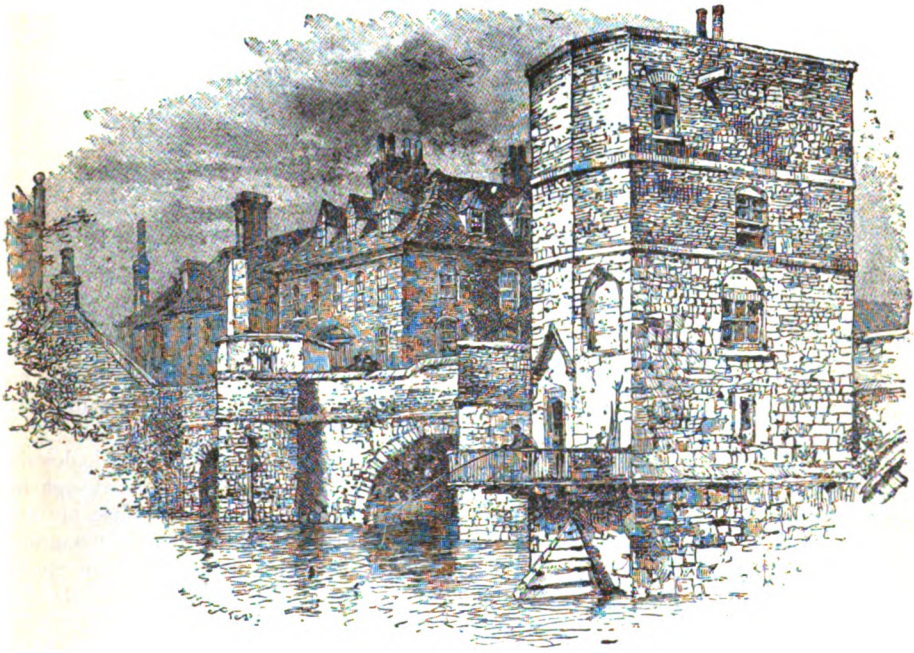
carry one back into the depths of a romantic past which casts a strange glamor over the present.

Nell Gwyn was born in one of those old dwellings; I elect to believe it the house of which I give an illustration—I think the oddest we saw in our rambles.

The cathedral is a fine specimen of Norman architecture, though the front was injured by the injudicious restorations of the last century. With its sturdy square tower surmounted by four slender spires, and its noble interior over three hundred feet in length, it presents a picture which lingers long in the mind of the visitor and keeps its own distinctive place in his recollection of a pilgrimage among the various marvels of cathedral architecture which are England's pride. The cloisters are especially beautiful, for here the richness of the Early English style is grafted on the Norman plan. At every turn, one comes on wonderful arches, lofty casements, and doorways all carved with such skill and delicacy that at a little distance they look like patterns of leaves and flowers cunningly wrought in lace. I think from no point does the building present a more picturesque effect than when one stands with the fine old bridge in front and studies the graceful sweep of the great pile, with a perfect bower of trees making a sylvan background.

There is a lovely Lady Chapel, an equally beautiful handsome Chapter House, with a large library. Long slender chains are fastened to the clasps of the heavy tomes and hang from the top to the bottom of the book-shelves. This measure of security dates back to mediæval days, though most people owning valuable books could certify that there is ample reason for reviving the practice in our own days.

Fresh from the journey I made through Herefordshire, I went during the soft summer days to visit friends in Huntingdonshire, which in its way I found as full of interest as the scenes I had left.



ST. IVES BRIDGE.

It seems odd enough to be told that the shire was once almost a sea-bordered county; but the old chroniclers assure us that "the river Ouse flowed sluggishly into a huge tract of fens or marshes which faded gradually into the sea, and what is now called the Wash reached with scattered islands here and there in a shallow flood to the rising ground on which stands the town of Huntingdon."

I have displayed enough historical knowledge in the first part of this article to satisfy

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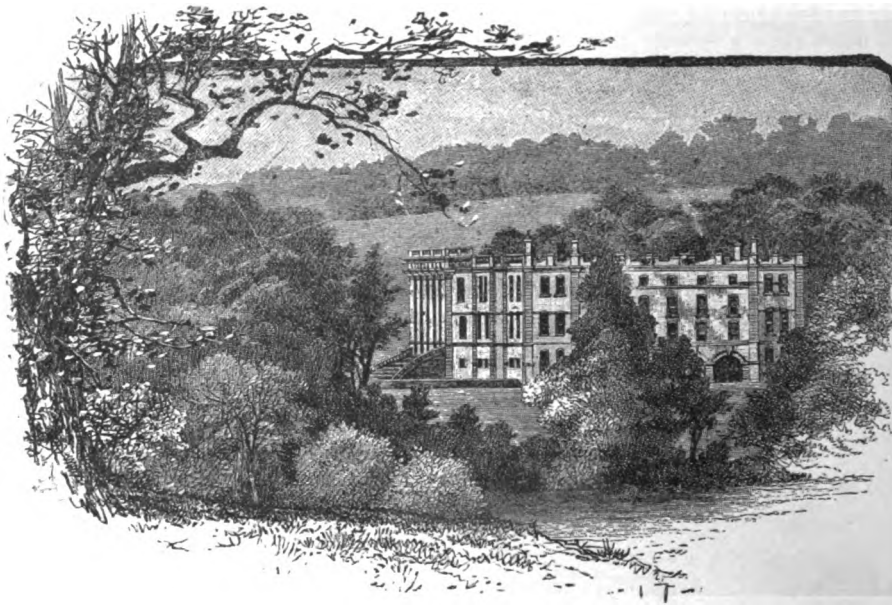

KIMBOLTON CASTLE.

my vanity; so I shall leave curious readers to look back into history themselves, if they have any desire to know how the Fenlands fared under Roman and Saxon rule, or how in the progress of centuries they gradually grew into importance.

In one respect, the district was exceptionally fortunate: it never became the theatre of battles—an immunity probably due to the fact that, after the middle of the fourteenth century, it could boast no powerful resident nobles. It profited by this tranquillity, and the Abbot of Ramsey, the most important personage in the district, was by good fortune an unusually wise man, under whose direction the forests were cleared, the need of timber in the Fenland providing a ready market for the wood. The cleared land was converted into pasturage, and the sheep of Huntingdonshire were almost as famous as those of Leicestershire.

Another bit of borrowed information I must also give: "The drainage of the Fens, which was seriously undertaken in the seventeenth century, worked a great change in the appearance of the district. The Wash retreated, and in consequence the town of Huntingdon lost its communication with the sea, which led to a gradual decline in its importance; but, as a whole, the county gained, for the low-lying tract about the Wash proved excellent grazing-land. Early in the next century, Defoe wrote of it: 'Here are the most beautiful meadows on the banks of the river Ouse that I think are to be found in England, which in the summer season are covered with innumerable herds of cattle and flocks of sheep.'"

There was a great deal more of the description which I spare my readers, though my friends, enthusiastic in the cause of their shire, did not spare me a single paragraph. I quote these lines because they are equally true of Huntingdonshire to-day. It is a region of pastoral life in the fullest sense of the term, keeping, even in the whirl of our busy century, a certain Arcadian peacefulness and repose which give it an inexpressible charm. There are no really large towns; Huntingdon, St. Ives, and St. Neots rank first, but these are merely centres of the agriculture of the district, and are so still and sleepy, so quaint and Old-World like, that they afford a sense of rest which is fairly like a balm to tired nerves and weary eyes.

There are numerous hamlets nestled in among the trees, which prevent the meadow-scenery from growing wearily monotonous. The causeways over which many of the high-roads still run remind one of the days when the lands were yet exposed to floods, and

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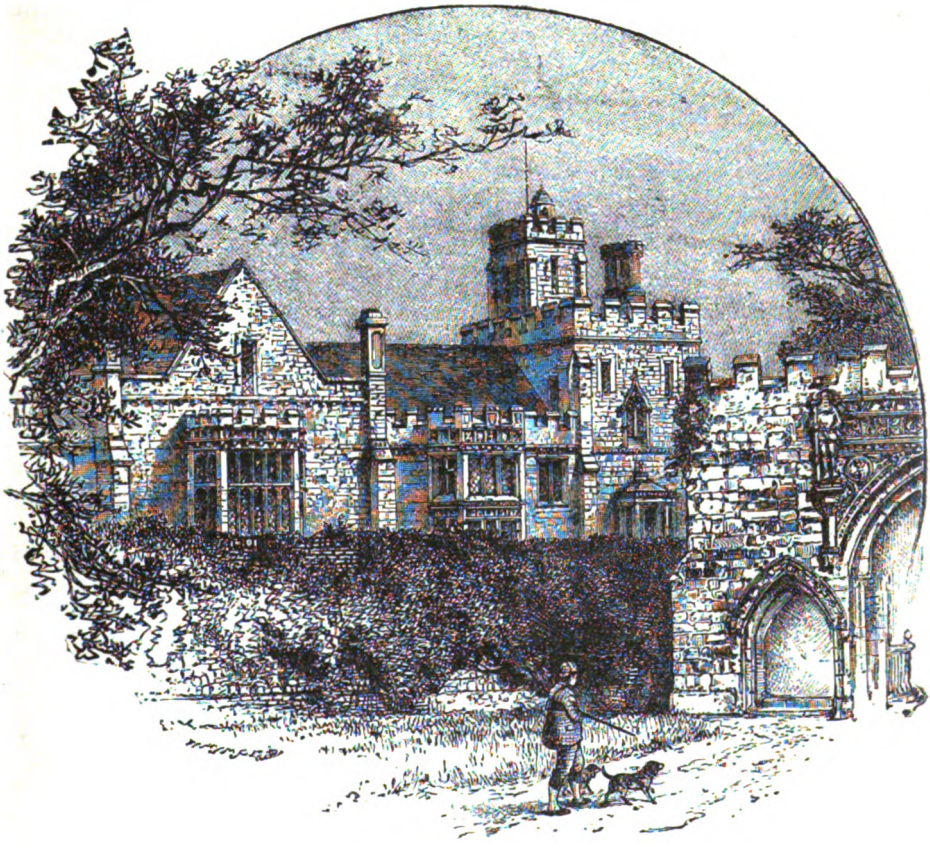
the bridges at Huntingdon and St. Ives are splendid specimens of antique architecture. The bridge of St. Ives is especially fine and is kept in excellent repair. The building at the end was in by-gone centuries a chapel, erected for the purpose of allowing persons an opportunity to offer petitions at the outset of a journey and to give thanks at its close.

One of the most interesting spots in the whole neighborhood is Kimbolton Castle, not only because of its graceful architecture —it looks much more like an Italian villa than a typical castle—and the loveliness of its gardens and park, but on account of the recollections it brings up of wronged unfortunate Katharine of Arragon.

When Henry VIII's wicked will prevailed and the unhappy queen was thrust out to make room for her young rival, Huntingdonshire was selected for her place of residence. She died at Kimbolton in 1536.

Shakespeare's tragedy has made everybody familiar with Katharine's sad story; it will be remembered that, in the pathetic death-scene, Thomas Cromwell is represented as standing beside her. I do not know whether the incident was true, but it might easily have been, as the Cromwells hold a prominent place in the history of Huntingdonshire. One of the family in the reign of Queen Elizabeth built Hinchingbrook House; but in 1607 the lavish expenditure of a certain Sir Oliver Cromwell forced him to sell the place to the Montagus.

Sir Oliver had a brother who owned a small estate near the town of Huntingdon, and there was born to him a son whom he christened Oliver, little dreaming of the place that child was to occupy in future history. As a lad, Oliver Cromwell was a pupil in the little grammar-school kept in a building which belonged to the Hospital of St. John. In 1628, Oliver entered Parliament and the work of his life began.



HINCHINGBROOK HOUSE.

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ANDROMEDA.

BY HELEN T. CLARK.

HE was young, she was fair, she was intensely disgusted with fate. Perseus was nowhere in sight, and the monster—three-headed, in the guise of the three terrible young Macworths—devoured her peace of mind daily.

Something had brought up the classic legend, and, as she looked over three battered slates, her youthful soul was bitter with the unreasoning hopelessness of temporarily defrauded girlhood.

"I am chained to a great bare ugly rock, and the monster coming to devour me is named poverty, discouragement, and hard work!"

Her pretty brow was knit over the slovenly problems of the eldest Macworth, and her impatient fingers tapped the slate with the blunt pencil. She flung back her head, pushed the slate aside, and stared at it stonily, then suddenly dropped her face in her hands.

The strident voices of her charges returning from a ride were now audible, and Andromeda raised her head and fiercely dashed away the tears. Mrs. Mortimer Macworth bustled into the school-room, accompanied by her treasures, and immediately found fault with the condition of things in general.

"Please understand, Miss Lynde, that I expect the governess to keep the pupils' desks in order."

"But, Mrs. Macworth, it encourages carelessness in the pupils themselves. A useful lesson is lost—" began Andromeda.

Mrs. Macworth waved her to silence.

"I wish no discussion of the subject," she interrupted, loftily. "My former governesses, Miss Brown and Miss Osborne, were only too delighted to spare the dear children effort." And she swept from the room.

"The results of that style of training are very manifest," thought Miss Lynde, with a fleeting smile. She restored her turbulent group to a semblance of order, and the lessons of the day were begun.

The next morning brought an unexpected diversion. Mrs. Macworth suddenly made up her mind that the season was sufficiently advanced for a visit to the sea-shore, and Marian Lynde was ordered to be ready by ten the next morning.

The dancing pulses of girlhood asserted themselves at this proposal. She could not fail to have a little rest, and could enjoy such snatches of gayety as might come in her way. The children would be absorbed in shell-gathering and sand-digging for several hours each day, and she could sit on the rocks and gaze at the far-floating vessels. In her delight, she could have embraced Mrs. Macworth, which would have astonished that mountainous individual beyond measure.

Late that night, Marian Lynde looked over her scanty wardrobe and planned and contrived. Her cheeks were pink, her blue eyes shone, and, as she brushed and combed her blond hair, she regarded her reflected image with innocent satisfaction.

"I am as good-looking as lots of girls who go. Maybe I shall meet Perseus!" And she laughed softly.

The hotels at Neptune Beach were already crowded. Incoming trains hourly disgorged their passengers fleeing from the dust and heat of cities—ancient match-makers with their lovely daughters, young men in English suits and eye-glasses, young mammas with their stylishly dressed children and white-capped nurses, tired teachers and writers, business-men rushing down for a day and a night to gird themselves afresh for the battles of the money-changers and the endless vociferations of the Stock Exchange. Handsome turn-outs bowled along the smooth driving-road, tennis-clubs drew in their votaries, lovers found nooks among the rocks and spent blissful hours under striped umbrellas, discussing the ephemeral summer novel, the new school of emotional poetry, and last, but by no means least, their own subjective moods and conditions.

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Into this kaleidoscopic whirl came Mrs. Mortimer Macworth, her darlings, and their governess. Miss Lynde felt that she could have looked after twice as many "responsibilities" for the sake of the thrill that swept over her when she took the children to the beach on the morning after their arrival.

In all the throng of bathers and promenaders, she knew not one; but it was enough to breathe the salt air and to have it lift the light rings from her forehead, while she gazed over the illimitable waters in the intervals of watching her charges.

"Perseus" did not make his appearance till the third day. Mrs. Macworth was giving the governess some special orders in regard to the children's bathing, when a faultlessly attired youth, with brown eyes, dark hair, and an irreproachable mustache, came along the beach and put out his hand.

"Charley Sylvester! Did you rain down?" exclaimed Mrs. Macworth.

The young man glanced up at the cloudless skies.

"Scarcely. Got in late last night on the 'Owl' express. Allow me to present my friend—Allan Fraser."

He beckoned to a gentleman standing at a little distance. The latter had a pleasant face, not so handsome as Sylvester's, but giving an impression of sunny temper as well as mental strength. A brown beard, cut in artist-fashion, would have betrayed his "leanings," even if he had not carried a portfolio. He glanced expectantly at Marian after acknowledging the introduction to Mrs. Macworth.

"Miss Lynde, gentlemen," said that lady, stiffly. She could not well do less.

Charles Sylvester bestowed a patronizing bow and an almost imperceptible lifting of his delicately arched million-dollar eyebrows, but Allan Fraser smiled and shook hands with the young lady.

"He has both brains and heart," thought Marian, leading away the young Macworths.

"Mith Lynde! Mith Lynde! Bertie banged me wiv hith wooden thpoo-oo-oon!"

This wail rose on the fresh morning air, putting all Andromeda's pleasant fancies to flight. She had allowed herself to muse on a certain sunny smile and a kindly handclasp of the day before, and, this being an unwarrantable proceeding in view of stern facts, she received her punishment in the above-mentioned interruption.

Reproving the "banger" and consoling the "bangee," she took the children a little farther along the beach, and came suddenly on Allan Fraser sketching under the shadow of a rock. He lifted his hat and started from his camp-stool.

"Permit me, Miss Lynde, to offer you the hospitalities of the place," he said, drawing forward the stool; "there is a magnificent view up the beach from this spot."

The "woman who deliberates" is not always "lost." On the contrary, she sometimes finds many safe delightful things which her more uncompromising sisters must forego.

Miss Lynde glanced at the sunny smile and the kindly hazel eyes and was reassured. "Mrs. Grundy" would not pass that particular spot for an hour or two, and why should not Andromeda have her little chance of finding out whether this were really "Perseus"? She accepted the stool, and Mr. Fraser threw himself on the sand and leaned on his elbow.

> "They chatted of this and of that,
> The nothings that make up life,"

and the infant Macworths squabbled and delved near by.

"Of course you enjoy this sort of thing," laughed Mr. Fraser, nodding toward the group, whose flat hats and chubby legs looked particularly aggressive and domineering.

"Certainly—they are angels! They are bound to grow up, some day; but there will be others just as available. I shall not be obliged to forego my necessary amount of discipline."

"And, if you lose youth and hope and elasticity in the process, so much the better, I suppose."

"So much the better! May I ask to see your sketches?"

He opened the portfolio and selected some foreign views.

Miss Lynde's eyes sparkled.

"You have been abroad?" she asked, with a quiver of eagerness in her tone.

"I studied some years in Munich," he replied.

Fraser was beginning to study the girlish face beside him.

Miss Lynde sighed as she pored over the

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sketches. One by one, she laid them back with an air of renunciation.

"It is the dream of my life to go to Europe," she murmured; "but it will never be realized."

He gave her a penetrating glance as he clasped the portfolio together.

"One so young as you, Miss Lynde, ought to take a more rose-colored view of life," he said.

"Some florists have succeeded in producing roses that are almost black, you know," answered his companion, with a brave little smile. "Come, children, we must go. I thank you sincerely for your courtesy, Mr. Fraser."

He stood up as she marshaled her clan, and looked after her as she moved down the beach. He would have been more than glad to accompany her, but refrained.

"Poor little girl!" he murmured; "poor little starved defrauded soul! She ought to have money and pleasures and travel, instead of drudgery and repression. How superior she is to the purse-proud woman who employs her! I hope she will let me sketch her, some day."

Work was over for him, and he wandered restlessly along the beach, absently returning the salutations of such acquaintances as he met. He hummed an old German love-song under his breath, then laughed aloud at the prematureness of his thought.

For a week, Mr. Fraser contrived to meet Miss Lynde daily. He bribed the children with unlimited bonbons, and they allowed him to sketch their governess without more interruption than was needful to maintain an equitable distribution of the sugary booty. Sometimes, when the stars were shining and the piazza of the hotel was almost deserted for the ball-room, the two had brief snatches of talk—much briefer than Allan Fraser craved; but he knew that women can be cruel as death to one another, and that usually in a direct ratio to the attractiveness of the victim.

Then came the day of days. Mrs. Macworth and the children went to a picnic some miles up the beach, Miss Lynde remaining at the hotel, owing to a severe headache. It was a keen disappointment, for she knew Mr. Fraser was to be of the party. He had been so courteous and considerate, so knightly in his treatment of her, that the day was a blank in which she did not meet him.

"I am a little simpleton," she said to herself, with the hot tears pressing through the wet handkerchief she had laid over her aching eyes. "Of course he does not mean anything but common politeness. Artists sketch every girl they meet, who is passably good-looking."

This, by the way, was a tremendous error on the part of Andromeda. Artists, like all other sincere workers, have no time to waste on the "passables" of life.

The afternoon wore away, and Miss Lynde, having reduced the headache to a vanishing fraction, rose, bathed her eyes, and made the most of her remaining freedom by a walk to a favorite rock—favorite because Mr. Fraser had pointed it out to her.

She perched herself on the shelf and leaned back against the higher portion of it. Opening a new novel, she soon became entirely oblivious of Burns's line in regard to "tethering time or tide."

She read on, and the sun threw warm declining rays over her, and the little salt pools—oh, so softly insidious!—crept by twos and threes to the foot of her stronghold, and she recked not of them.

"What a web of complications authors have to weave, in order to keep their heroes and heroines apart through three or four hundred pages! And what does it all amount to?" Andromeda suddenly exclaimed, half impatiently.

She closed the book and sprang to her feet. The soft murmuring of the pools had changed to a steady inexorable sound whose meaning could not be mistaken. And the waters were rising—swiftly, surely, cruelly!

Poor little Andromeda dropped her book into the chafing waves and moaned. Life was beginning to be sweet, and must she give it up? The pictures of the past week came up before her, and her dominant thought was:

"Will he care? Am I really anything more to him than a chance acquaintance?"

Then an hysterical laugh broke from her lips, as another idea presented itself:

"There will be an end to the Macworth business. I wonder if they will badger their next governess as sorely as they have badgered me!"

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"Only a song of a boat,
A song of a boat on a billow,"

but the arms that propel the barque are working for a mighty stake. The hazel eyes have darkened and are piercing the distance like lances, the brown beard is parted by the gleam of white set teeth.

Courage, Perseus! There she stands, a piteous little figure outlined against the golden sunset, her small white hands folded on her breast, her blue eyes raised to heaven in wordless prayer! The waters are very near her feet, they are lapping up the spots of gray lichen as a cat laps milk. He is near enough to see her now, and utters a cry like a clarion.

She starts, turns her head, and, with a glad hopeful smile breaking over her tear-stained face, waves her arms toward him. The old legend flashes into her mind.

"It is Perseus—for sure! for sure!" she whispers to herself. "He must care, or he would not have guessed where I would be!"

Nearer! The waves have wet the toe of her beach-slipper now, but the brave arms are rowing for life and love, and the brown eyes are almost black. Straight into the blue ones shine those black orbs as the boat shoots her last length between the two, and Perseus lifts her from the rock.

She is laughing and crying in one breath, and her first speech is a trivial one, such as all of us make when under stress of unbearable emotion.

"I thought you were at the picnic."

"I came back when I found you were not there, and oh—I reached you in time."

"That is—very evident," is the faint reply, and she sways and sinks, but it is against the breast of Perseus; and the boat on the billow glides away from Andromeda's rock.

BABY.

BY THOMAS FROST.

"THERE was never a sweeter baby since babies
became the rage!"
That was my mother's verdict when by days
I counted my age.
"Never did welcomer blessing descend from the
Hand Divine!"
That was my father's language when his lips
first rested on mine.

I am still but a tiny mortal in a little lace
bib and cap,
And they say that my laughter is "catching"
as I dance in the nurse's lap;
But they know not the anguish that's hidden
beneath all this semblance of glee,
For mother and father have parted, and each
wants possession of me!

Surely, trouble was ne'er more untimely: just
cutting my first little tooth,
And needing the closest attention to guard
'gainst the pitfalls of youth.
If his Honor decide for my father, I'll get
horrid primers for toys;
And, if mother win, she will spoil me, like so
many mother-reared boys.

And, no matter which way the wind blows,
it's certain as certain can be—
That no little sister or brother will come to
make gladness for me.
My future, in toto, will suffer. Now, doesn't it
seem too absurd?
For words that were hastily spoken, for words
much too readily heard.

Last night, I lay snug in the cradle—wide awake
was one pretty blue eye;
And father came softly and kissed me, while
no busy nurse-maid was nigh.
He sighed as he bent o'er my features; his eyes
looked suspiciously dim—
I am sure that his heart will be broken if I be
not given to him.

And then he as softly departed, and mother
knelt there in his place,
With looks so supremely unhappy, the tears
on her beautiful face.
No mortal e'er wafted to heaven a prayer on
such sob-broken breath.
Poor father would miss little baby; but mother—
to her, 'twould be death!

Dear me! grown-up folks are so silly—so slow
to forgive and forget.
Their love is a fierce burning brilliant, in the
jewel of life badly set;
'Tis lost all too soon on the highway: a tear—
an occasional sigh—
Why, there they are, crying and kissing! Thank
goodness, the storm has flown by!

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A LADY OF LABOR.

BY MISS KENT.

CHAPTER I.

"F a' the airts the win' can blaw,
I dearly lo'e the west,'
For, if I then a-fishing go,
The fishes bite their best."

Thus sang Lee Armistead, as he entered the office of his friend, Joe Russell, in Boscage, one of the most flourishing towns of southwestern Missouri.

"Lee, don't try to improve Burns," said Mr. Russell.

"Let's go a-fishing," rejoined Armistead, seating himself.

"I'd like to, but I have a case before one of the justices to-day."

"Here?"

"No; at Mosses."

"That's ten miles off," said Armistead; "but not more than two from Wahoo Creek. Why can't we take our tackle along and fish after you get free, so combine business and pleasure?"

"Those country courts are regular mills of the gods," Russell replied, "and I shall probably be kept all day; but, if you get tired waiting, you can go on to the creek, and I'll join you there as soon as possible."

"All right," said Armistead. "I'll see to the tackle, and will meet you at the station."

Squire Ward, the justice before whom the case in which Russell was retained would be tried, was by his neighbors evidently considered fitted to fill any and all positions, as he was not only magistrate, but postmaster and freight-agent at Mosses, and held his court in the station-house, an unusual appropriation of the apartment designed for a post-office and waiting-room.

It was March; the weather was fine, but the ground was too wet for plowing, so that the farmers about Mosses were at leisure and attended Squire Ward's court in numbers—the waiting-room was filled with men.

Two women appeared among them—these were witnesses in the case; they sat very close together, as if for mutual reassurance in the presence of such a majority of the opposite sex, though all these latter treated them with that respect and courtesy which Americans so generally show to women, giving them the only chairs in the room, suppressing all roughness and profanity, and even spitting cautiously.

Armistead was seated just behind the two women, on one of the benches which surrounded the room; he was very close to the younger of the two, and could hardly fail to observe that she had a lovely white neck, that her dark hair was remarkably fine, thick, and silken, that her hat was tasteful and becoming, and that her whole person was eminently interesting, so far as his position behind her enabled him to judge.

Presently a young man made his way to her side—a handsome fellow and well dressed, though with perhaps a trifle too much display of gold watch-chain and other trinkets.

"Howdy?" he said, all smiles. "This is queer enough! What are you here for?"

"I am a witness," replied the girl, having responded to his salutation with one in kind.

Her voice was so low and even that Armistead could not have distinguished her words, had he not been so close behind her.

"A witness?" the young man repeated, in surprise.

"Mr. Rawson had me summoned," she said, "though I don't think that my testimony will do him any good—I told him so. I hated to come, especially as Mrs. Milnes was sick and I had to come alone."

"You aren't staying at Rawson's, are you?" was the next question.

"No; it happened that I was there, though, when the sale was made," she answered.

The case began.

The lawyer opposed to Russell was most inefficient; indeed, he displayed such palpable ignorance that the feeling of the audience was exactly expressed when a deaf old gentleman exclaimed, in a loud tone intended for a whisper:

"That fellow's a perfect fool, ain't he?"

Presently the girl, on whom Armistead

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kept an observant and critical eye, was called — Christabel Lyndon. Her ready answers and graceful manner of giving her testimony greatly increased the admiration with which the back of her head and the softness of her voice had inspired him, and her face was beautiful.

"Who is that young lady?" Armistead asked of a man who had such a shock of regular blonde curls as to resemble a Lord Chancellor with a wig on.

"That's Christabel Lyndon, Milnes's hired girl," came the unhesitating response.

Armistead felt much surprised, and gazed at Miss Lyndon, unable to reconcile her appearance with the lowliness of her calling. She was very fair, and had in all her movements a grace more like that of cedar-boughs lightly lifted by the wind than anything to which I can compare them. As for her dress, though not costly, it was so well made and well chosen, so finished in detail, that it had an appearance of actual elegance.

As Miss Lyndon returned to her seat, she met Armistead's eyes regarding her so intently that she, thinking she must have met him before, was about to smile and bow, when it was borne in on her that he was a stranger. She blushed and quietly resumed her place, wondering why his face should seem so familiar.

Armistead renewed his devotion to the back of the damsel's head; she had looked doubly charming when her hazel eyes lighted up and her face brightened with that delicate flush.

"'Twere long to tell, and sad to trace," the progress of that simple case, which dragged its way along with a monotonous dullness that finally became positively maddening.

Russell at length crossed over to where his friend was sitting, and said in a low tone:

"Armistead, this will last the rest of the day, I believe. You'd better not wait for me—the business really is too much for human endurance."

At the mention of Armistead's name, Christabel Lyndon turned her head quickly; the movement was slight and instantly checked, but Armistead might have drawn a conclusion complimentary to himself from it, even if he had not seen her flush till the very back of her neck was pink. But she did not look toward him again, and soon afterward left the court-room.

The tedium of the case suddenly grew insupportable to the young gentleman, and he speedily disappeared also.

CHAPTER II.

ARMISTEAD dined at the boarding-house near by, and then betook himself to the woods, since it seemed useless to wait longer for his friend.

The air was delicious and the afternoon absolutely perfect—spring had strewn heart's-ease on every hill and gifted every breeze with balm.

Armistead found the Wahoo abounding in attractions for the angler; he had good sport and fished until late in the afternoon, but Russell did not join him, and he was returning up the creek on his way station-ward when he came on Christabel Lyndon standing on a log below the bank, fishing-rod in hand. She was dressed now in a suit of navy-blue flannel; her white neck was protected by a silk kerchief of amber and cherry colors, and a broad-brimmed hat of black felt shaded her face. Very picturesque her graceful figure looked, outlined against the dull gray-green waters of the Wahoo.

At the sound of Armistead's footsteps, she looked up and flushed instantly.

"What luck?" the young man asked, putting the question allowable from one angler to another.

"Not much," Christabel replied, after a little hesitation. She had three minds not to answer; but his smiling face and respectful tone impelled her to do so.

Just then, her cork went under, and she hooked a fine bass weighing about a pound and a half.

"That's a beauty!" cried Armistead, striding down the bank to the fair angler's side; "it beats any of mine. Let me take him off for you."

"I can do it quite well myself, thank you," returned Christabel, coldly.

Armistead's conscience clearly informed him that he had no business to linger when Christabel was so evidently disinclined toward acquaintance; nevertheless, he made another advance, in spite of his inward monitor's warning and the young woman's chilling repulse.

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"You are baiting with minnows," he said, looking at her rustic rod and primitive line with an air of interest.

Christabel did not think a response necessary.

The case began to look hopeless; but Armistead was not a person to give up easily, no matter what he attempted.

"This looks a likely hole for fish," was his next original remark.

No answer.

He waited an instant, then added impressively:

"Looks a capital hole."

Christabel began to wind up her line by way of reply.

"Won't you try mine?" he hazarded, rather hesitatingly.

"I am much obliged to you," Christabel replied, with cheerful promptness somewhat mortifying; "but I know nothing about fishing with flies. If you want to fish here, you are quite welcome to do so. It is a good hole."

Armistead looked annoyed.

"I hope you don't think I want to rob you of your sport," he said. "I never thought of such a thing. I have fished as much as I care to."

Christabel's eyes answered as plainly as her voice could have done:

"Then what are you stopping for?"

Before he knew it, Armistead uttered the apology he would have done, had the question been spoken:

"I beg your pardon."

Then, a little vexed with her, but more annoyed at his failure to establish a conversation, he lifted his head, clutched his rod tighter, and prepared to retreat discomfited, and he was not a man who found it easy to give in or relinquish any purpose whatever.

Christabel turned away, partly to hide a smile, partly to look at another line close by, which she had fastened to the branch of a fallen tree. She made her survey just in time; the cork was being taken under deliberately but with resolution. The young woman dropped her rod, seized the other line, and drew forth a large cat-fish.

"Now, you'd certainly better let me take this one off," he said, his courage restored at once in the face of an opportunity so favorable to his wishes; "it's a cat-fish and will hurt your hands."

"Mine are no 'dainty fingers, soft and long,'" quoted Christabel, calmly.

Armistead tried to recollect where the quotation came from, while feeling disposed toward both vexation and amusement as he saw her glance at his hands, which were far more delicate in appearance than her own.

The young gentleman had had the doubtful good fortune of having spent his life in a state of "Syrian leisure," and his hands, always white, were especially so now, after being shut up all winter in a town.

The cat-fish had swallowed the hook, as is the amiable habit of its kind; but Christabel Lyndon's digits, if not dainty, were ruled by brains in all their undertakings. She took out her pocket-knife, and by its aid succeeded in extricating the hook without pricking her fingers.

The little smile of triumph which curved her lips emboldened Armistead to cry:

"Bravo! How dexterously you did it!"

The only reward his admiration received was an instant fading of the smile and a determined gathering-up of her rods and booty. She evidently meant to go; so, before she could step forward, Armistead sprang up the bank and extended his hand.

"Thanks; I can manage perfectly well," was the quiet repulse to his proffered assistance.

Hardly were the words spoken before the haughty damsel slipped in the clayey soil, and would have slid ignominiously into the creek, had not Armistead caught her hand. She held her knife still open, so that, in rescuing her, he received a severe cut on one of his fingers.

Christabel, safe on her feet now, regarded the wounded knight with dismay.

"I suppose you wish now that you had 'let her slide,'" she remarked.

"No," said the sufferer, wrapping his handkerchief about his hand; "but I do wish you had put that knife back into your pocket."

Christabel admitted her carelessness in clambering around with an open knife in her grasp.

"I have some court-plaster in my pocket; you must let me put a piece on your finger," she said, taking out a small pocket-book made of scarlet leather and lined with white satin. This receptacle contained the

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appliances for needle-work as well as the plaster and some tiny strips of linen.

"I think I can put it on myself, Miss Lyndon," said Armistead, watching her.

"Is that retaliation?" Christabel inquired; and again she smiled, this time without any effort at repression.

"No, no," returned Armistead, surprised and gratified by her entire change of look and tone; "indeed, no! But the sight of the blood may make you feel faint; it does affect many persons in that way."

"It does not disturb me in the least," Christabel said, rewarding his consideration by another smile.

She secretly appreciated his unselfishness, though not so highly as it deserved; for it required a great deal to forego the pleasure of having her fingers touch his hand. However, in this instance, virtue met with its reward, for the young woman peremptorily bade him hold out the injured member.

"Too bad! too bad!" she exclaimed, as she wiped the blood away, closed the wound, and skillfully applied the court-plaster. "That's an ugly cut," she added; "I'm afraid it goes to the bone."

"Oh, it isn't anything serious," he replied.

"It might be, if you were to take cold in it," she said. "I am very sorry! But it will soon get well, if you keep the plaster on just as I have put it."

She bound his handkerchief deftly over the hand and tied it securely at the wrist. "That is the best I can do," she observed, as she concluded her work.

"I am sure no surgeon could have done it better," he said, eagerly.

"I am sure he would not have done it with such a troubled conscience," she replied. "I can only repeat that I am very, very sorry; it was dreadfully careless on my part."

"I don't regret the accident," he said, "since it procured me the ministration of such a Rebecca."

He knew the speech sounded stilted, even to absurdity; but her stateliness brought it into his head, and he could not resist finding out whether she would understand his allusion—that face and those eyes ought to belong not only to an intellectual nature, but one which had been cultivated by reading and study.

"It's hardly fair to the rich Jewess, to compare her with a hired girl," said Christabel.

She did understand! He felt more pleased thereby than he could have explained, even to himself.

"She ought to feel complimented, being compared to a 'beautiful Christian,' whose healing powers must of course be superior," he replied, laughingly, aware that he was venturing too far, but hoping that his jesting tone would prevent the speech giving offense. But his hearer frowned, whereupon Armistead asked meekly: "Doesn't 'Christabel' mean 'beautiful Christian'? It seems to me that it does."

Christabel laughed and blushed; this signification of the name had never occurred to her.

"You would feel more like calling me a reckless savage, I should think," she said.

They stood on the edge of a wide wheat-field, which filled all the vale with a level lake of richest emerald; the sun was low in the west, and the wooded hills around took on a soft purple tint flecked here and there with a brighter glow.

"What a beautiful view!" said Armistead.

"I have often thought so," replied Christabel; "but sometimes I wonder if I would think the same, after seeing other places. I've never been away from here."

"Well, I have seen many places," rejoined Armistead, "and I still find it beautiful here. We are going the same way, Miss Lyndon; let me put your fish in my basket."

Christabel reluctantly yielded, and they walked slowly through the woods together.

Armistead chose a wide range of topics for conversation, and Christabel presently perceived that he was talking for the purpose of discovery—seeking, by different clues, to explore the labyrinth of her mind, which had obviously puzzled him.

She helped him all that she could; she would not have been human if she had been able to resist doing so when the credit of her understanding was at stake, and possibly she felt a little excusable pride in giving him an idea of the books and studies with which she was familiar.

When they reached the Milneses' dwelling—which they did only too soon, in spite of various excuses for stopping which Armistead invented—he insisted on her keeping all the fish, presented his card, and asked permission to call.

The name on the card—Richard Henry

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Lee Armistead—was synonymous in the county with wealth and lead-mines, but Christabel hesitated to give its owner the permission he craved. She did give it, however; and Armistead took his leave and tramped off to the station, humming as he went:

"I met a lady in the mead,
Full beautiful, a fairy's child!"

As for Christabel, there was a curious mixture of expressions on her face as she walked up to the house.

"Did he remember, when he heard my name?" she wondered. "How strange that we should meet, after all! If I were sure that he did not know—" She turned scarlet and held her head very proudly indeed as she added: "The point is, to make him see that I don't care, at least."

"Good land, Chris!" cried Mrs. Milnes, as the girl appeared in the piazza. "Did you catch all them fish just since you left here?"

Christabel was not an orthodox angler; she confessed that someone else had caught most of the fish in her basket.

"Who was that fellow who came up with you? He looked like Lee Armistead, from here."

"Yes," said Christabel, "it was he. Do you know him, Mrs. Milnes?"

"No; but I bet I'll have a chance to know him from this on," said Mrs. Milnes.

She laughed with great glee, as she always did on the slightest pretext.

"You've made a mash that you ought 'o be proud of, Chris! Lee Armistead's the richest man in three counties, and awful well educated."

If anyone could "rub the bloom off" of things, Mrs. Milnes was that person. Thoroughly kind-hearted and sensible, she was wholly without sentiment or sensibility; loud of voice, unrefined in language, and incapable of softness or delicacy.

Christabel had winced many a time under her coarse jests, but she thought a great deal of her; for Mrs. Milnes believed in freedom and equality, and treated Christabel as one of the family. Indeed, Christabel was the ruling spirit of the household—Mrs. Milnes having kept her long enough to discover her pre-eminent trustworthiness and fidelity.

"I'll bet he comes to see you," Mrs. Milnes exclaimed, having made Christabel relate the circumstances of her meeting with Armistead.

"If he does, it will not be my fault," said Christabel. "I tried to let him see that I didn't want either his fish or his company."

"I never saw your beat!" returned Mrs. Milnes, in a tone of disgust. "That's the way you are with all your fellows! You'll be sorry some day—mark my words!—curling up your nose as if nobody was good enough for you."

Christabel smiled and went into the kitchen. As she donned her apron, she too sang in an undertone, to the tune of "Auld Lang Syne":

"My foe, undreamed of, at my side
Stood suddenly, like fate;
For those who love, the world is wide,
But not for those who hate!"

"If he has forgotten—if the interest he showed was not due to what she wrote—why, it promises to be one of the best revenges that the 'whirligig of time' ever brought in," thought Christabel.

CHAPTER III.

A FEW days later, Mrs. Milnes called her to a front window and showed her a handsome turn-out stopping at the gate.

"What did I tell you?" demanded the good-natured woman, in high delight.

"Perhaps he has come to see Mr. Milnes," suggested Christabel, hypocritically.

"I'll go to the door myself," Mrs. Milnes observed, "and, if he don't ask for you, I'll give you a new hat—now, remember!"

"Oh, how I hope he won't ask for me!" rejoined Christabel; but Mrs. Milnes hurried away without stopping to listen, repeating as she went:

"A new hat—now, remember!"

She had the satisfaction of discovering that she was correct in her supposition. Armistead promptly made the object of his visit known, and Christabel was summoned to the parlor. He had brought her some flowers from his own greenhouse. Christabel proceeded to arrange the blossoms in a vase, achieving a result in this delicate task which was truly exquisite.

"Aren't they lovely?" she said to Mrs. Milnes, who was just leaving the room.

"Yes, they are," the good woman replied;

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"that yellow rosebud, now—that's just as pretty as an artificial!"

Christabel looked at Armistead, and, as soon as Mrs. Milnes was gone, they both laughed.

"I used to be furious when people said that about a flower," said Christabel; "I am hardened to it now."

She and Armistead felt quite well acquainted already. Christabel did not forget to inquire after his wounded finger; he showed her that it was already healed.

"That court-plaster of yours had magic in it," he said. "I felt as if a fairy had 'kissed the place to make it well.'"

Christabel knew that kisses were called "court-plaster" in the current slang of the newspapers, and she did not much relish the turn which Mr. Armistead's lively fancy had given to her charitable act. They talked a good deal about angling—I spare the gentle but incredulous reader their mutual "fish-stories"—and finally, when the conversation showed signs of languishing, Armistead asked who it was in the house that read French and German.

"I see Schiller and Hugo's Shakspeare on the table," he said.

"They are mine," replied Christabel. They had cost her, even at second-hand, a month's wages. "You speak both those languages," she added, in a tone of assertion.

"Yes; but how did you find that out?" he asked, evidently puzzled by her knowledge.

Christabel was embarrassed for a moment, then she looked at him intently and answered:

"I heard that you went abroad after graduating."

Armistead laughed, as if still more puzzled.

"I didn't know," said he, "that any interest attached to my movements, outside of my immediate neighborhood—everybody is interested in his neighbors."

"Which do you like best—French or German?" Christabel asked, ignoring the curiosity she had roused, and pleased to find that Armistead was evidently innocent of any reference to the past, so far as she was concerned.

"Let's compare opinions candidly," he suggested. "We will each write down the language we prefer, and then exchange notes."

Christabel smiled and agreed. She used a little home-made note-book and a bit of common lead-pencil—Armistead's pencil was gold, his note-book of the costliest; but both wrote "French."

They found it interesting to pursue this mode of comparing tastes, and discovered that they had many in common.

CHAPTER IV.

ARMISTEAD made a long call before he remembered that he ought to have gone sometime previous, nor did this prove his last visit by any means. He came often, very often indeed; and, when he was away, the books and bouquets and delicious confectionery which he sent pleaded his cause with captivating sweetness.

Mrs. Milnes soon called him "Lee" to his face, but he was very far from having won Christabel over to any such degree of familiarity. She was friendly with him, but reserved still; when he left, she never invited him to return. If his visits found her occupied, she would neither hasten nor lay aside her work. It was only by accident or observation that Armistead learned which were her hours of leisure.

Such treatment was novel to the young man, and the fact that novelty is always delightful may partly account for his persistence. But his interest seemed steadily to increase.

"I wonder that you haven't undertaken to teach," he said, one day, astonished at hearing that Christabel received only ten dollars a month.

She flushed suddenly.

"Oh, I'd rather be a hired girl than 'a country school-mistress—prim, precise, and pedantic,'" she answered.

She regretted the speech as soon as it was uttered; if Armistead recognized the quotation, it would lead to disclosures which she was far from desiring to make. But Armistead evidently did not remember ever having read or heard the words she had quoted. He merely laughed and declared his belief that Christabel would never become infected by either of the three tiresome qualities she had named.

"I might," she insisted, drawing a breath of relief to discover that her heedless speech had roused in his mind no suspicion of certain facts which she desired to keep secret from him for at least a good while to come,

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even if the truth must leak out at last. "I might; one never can be sure about oneself."

"I think the danger is not probable enough to prevent your becoming a teacher," he said.

"I don't think I could obtain a certificate, even if I cared to teach," returned Christabel.

"You know ten times as much as many who do obtain certificates," Armistead declared.

But Christabel shook her head.

"Such knowledge as I have," she said, "I gained by fits and starts and under difficult circumstances. It is far from being exact enough to meet the requirements of the county commissioner. Of course, I might read up; but I can't bear to devote my few leisure hours to the dry course of study prescribed. I like to read and study just what happens to please me."

"Not an uncommon liking," said Armistead.

"And, even if I had a certificate, I doubt that fifty dollars a month would pay me for my freedom," pursued Christabel. "Think of being shut up in a school-room day after day, condemned to teach just what and how your superiors might command, or subject to the criticism and fault-finding of patrons who have no interest in you because you will probably teach but one term in their district."

"I confess, the prospect does not sound tempting," said Armistead, with an air of conviction; "far from it, indeed."

"I have a good home here," Christabel continued, "and I am treated very kindly in every way; so why should I try to teach?"

"Well," said Armistead, "even if money is no object with you, you would have a position better suited to you, and more congenial society, I should think."

"More congenial society?" echoed Christabel, mockingly. "I have so much already that I haven't time to entertain it! I am going to get tea now, and, if you will stay, I will try to convince you that the kitchen is my 'spear.'"

Armistead accepted this invitation, the first she had ever given him, with delighted alacrity. Mrs. Milnes came into the parlor to entertain him during Christabel's absence.

"Chris says she won't have you think that I helped her get tea," she said, loudly. "I told her that you would think she was setting her cap at you; they say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." Here she stopped to laugh. "But Chris don't care; she said she could take care of that cap. Good land! I don't pretend to help her, nohow. She's the best girl—so smart, and such a worker! And, as long as she's been here, I've never heard a cross word from her to the children, though they're always a-botherin' her. Her mother was an awful nice woman before her."

The ceaseless tongue ran on with ever increasing volubility; but, as the subject was praise of Christabel, the listener was able to endure.

"If Mrs. Milnes doesn't make him detest me, nobody and nothing can," that young person thought, catching some sentences of this talk as she passed the parlor door.

By the time that Mr. Milnes and the children appeared, Christabel had ready a high tea of the most tempting description. There were delicious cold meats, chicken-salad, lucent jellies, cakes, pastry, fragrant tea, all daintily served with a tasteful show of china, silver, and flowers. If the proverb which Mrs. Milnes quoted is true, Christabel certainly had the key to the hearts of men.

"Chris always had luck, somehow," the hostess remarked. "Now, I can make good bread once in a while; but hers is always good. She will take the same flour and the same yeast that I've failed with, and turn out bread good enough for anybody."

"It's the 'skilled hand,' I suppose," said Armistead to Christabel.

"It is the hand of one ten years a working-girl," she replied, with quiet decision.

She had good and sufficient reasons for choosing to keep the fact of her lowly calling prominent in his thoughts, and she never omitted mentioning it whenever the occasion offered. Her reminders apparently produced no effect, however, unless when, as sometimes happened, they enabled Armistead to turn the tables against her and point out the higher and really beneficial side of her occupation.

But to-day he managed to take advantage of her speech at table to say something while taking his leave which he would not have ventured to utter if she had been content to leave his little compliment unanswered.

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As he extended his hand and she put hers frankly into it, he looked down at the shapely fingers lying in his palm and repeated his words:

"A skilled hand."

"A working-girl's hand, I told you," she said, rather sharply.

"Very well, we won't argue over terms," he replied, raising his eyes to hers with a glance so expressive that she quickly turned hers away; "but I am convinced of one thing—it is that the home which could claim you as its mistress would be a happy one."

Christabel looked over his shoulder, out at the landscape visible through the open door—looked perfectly untroubled, even unconscious of having caught his words. The revelation in his speaking eyes had prepared her to expect some speech against which it was necessary to be armed.

"What a fine sunset," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone; "we have had nothing like it for a long while."

"Won't you walk a little way?" Armistead asked, quickly. "It is wicked to stop indoors, such an evening; do come, at least as far as the turn in the road."

"I shall avoid the wickedness you condemn, but I must walk in another direction than that you propose," she said.

"Oh, any way you like; where shall we go?" he demanded, with undisguised eagerness.

"Oh, no," she rejoined, with a quizzical smile; "the way for each is settled—fixed! You are going home, and I am going—to milk the cows; so good-bye."

Before he could speak, she had disappeared into the kitchen.

"Confound it all!" muttered Armistead, as he walked away toward the barn, in which his horse awaited him; for, when visiting at the Milnes house, he was obliged to act as his own groom, a detail which he accepted quite as a matter of course.

As he mounted and rode away, he caught sight of Christabel passing down the lane which led to the pasture. She carried a shining tin bucket on either arm and walked with the free elastic step which characterized her.

She reminded Armistead of some Greek princess, such as Homer describes, stately and beautiful, performing the commonest household tasks with a grace which invested them with a poetic charm.

Then the girl disappeared round the brow of the hill; and the scene, so bright an instant before, looked suddenly faded and dim to the young man's yearning eyes.

"Confound it all!" he muttered again; but whether the grumbling ejaculation was meant to express his vexation at Christabel's summary dismissal, her resolute ignoring of his bold speech, or a rebellion against the wearisome details of her life, even though she was following the example of sundry of Homer's heroines, he did not make apparent.

He reached the gate and rode quickly off down the road through the glow of the sunset, dreaming vaguely of many golden possibilities; while Christabel walked on through the scented fields, self-centred and resolute, concentrating her thoughts on the scene and her ordinary duties, allowing no visions of any sort to rouse a disturbing influence or to cast a glamor over the commonplace and the real.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

HIS REASON.

BY IDA ESTELLE CROUCH.

WHY I love you? Ask the rivers
  Why they flow to meet the sea;
Ask the fountain why its waters
  Leap to kiss the sun in glee;

Ask the dewdrop why it sparkles
  In the bosom of the rose;
Ask the lily why its fragrance
  Perfumes every breeze that blows;

Ask the moonbeams why they quiver
  On the dimples of the lake;
Ask the rainbow why it arches;
  Ask the billows why they break;

Ask the rosebud why it trembles,
  Trembles on your beating breast;
Ask your fair cheek why its blushes
  Tell a tale but half confessed.

When these whisper all their story,
  Shall my answer be complete;
And your tender heart shall feel it,
  Just because I love you, sweet.

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HER YOUTHFUL SAVONAROLA.

BY HELEN JAY.

AS might have been expected, it was with misgiving and grief that old Mrs. Stanton consented to her granddaughter's Western journey. Still, what can a woman do when confronted by man's obstinacy? Captain Raymond was lonely in the far-away garrison, and wanted the sunshine of his daughter's presence; Bessie must come to Fort Logan.

One bright morning in early October, a little group entered the Grand Central Depot in New York. The many bags and wraps indicated that one at least of the party was about to form an atom in the great mass of out-going humanity.

The quaint old lady, so dainty and thoroughbred looking, was Mrs. Stanton; tearful and nervous, she had come to the station to see her darling depart on a journey which she was pleased to term "an open defiance of Providence." The tall military figure at her side inspired no confidence in Mrs. Stanton's mind.

"Captain Gray might be a suitable escort, but she doubted it." Even his white hair and scarred face, the record of an Indian victory, might prove only factors in the inscrutable make-up of a girl's fancy. It was only when she learned that the captain had come East to attend the christening of his third grandchild, and that his wife, in the best of health, awaited his arrival at Fort Logan, that Mrs. Stanton thawed in the least from her arctic severity of tone and manner.

Susan, the maid who was present to add her tears to those of her mistress, clutched tightly her parting gift to Miss Bessie. Flowers and fruit were well enough in their way, but she had chosen something more practical. When the last moment came, and, sobbing, she took her pretty nursling in her arms for a good-bye kiss, she thrust a parcel in her hand, saying brokenly:

"Your grandma's present—there's something from me, too. Oh, my lamb, I hope it won't be needed; but, if it is, think of Susan." Choking sobs rendered the close of the sentence inaudible.

Almost as soon as the train was beyond the city limits, Bessie, with true girlish curiosity, opened the mysterious package. A rapturous cry greeted the appearance of a jeweler's-box, the cover of which was quickly raised. On its bed of pale-blue satin shone the desire of her heart—a string of gold beads.

It did not require the few loving words written on the card which lay above the beads, to assure her that the dear grandmother was the donor. But there was something besides—Susan's gift, which was next opened.

"How characteristic!" cried Bessie, merrily; and Captain Gray chuckled appreciatively, as the contents of a neat linen bag were brought to light by the young girl's invading fingers.

"A menthol pencil, court-plaster, smelling-salts, a bit of old linen, and a bottle of Pond's Extract," the captain enumerated, admiringly. "Fine woman, that, to have on a scout: she evidently prepares for the worst."

The laugh which followed banished the gathering cloud of homesickness from Bessie's mind and inaugurated a friendship between her and her father's friend which has lasted to this day.

A more charming companion than Captain Gray could not be imagined. Bessie felt as if she were living in some warlike past, as she listened to thrilling stories of adventure on the plains and pathetic yet amusing accounts of the early days on the far Western frontier.

Already she regretted that her life, since her mother's death, had been passed in prosaic New York.

"I suppose," she said, regretfully, "that the good times are over, and that I shall be too late for any adventures. Everything is so uncomfortably civilized nowadays!"

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Swiftly the time flew by, till on Thursday morning the end of their railway journey was reached. They were at "Crazy Woman," the last station on the Rio Grande. Fort Logan was situated fifty miles to the west, and could be reached only by stage. As soon as they had breakfasted, they were to start for the post.

Bessie never forgot the meal she ate on that memorable Thursday morning. On a rough pine table, guiltless of linen, were thrown tin plates, not over-clean, a number of bottles, and a few mugs. The edibles consisted of leaden biscuit, bitter coffee, and dry salt ham. Cow-boys, Indians, Chinamen, miners, a few enlisted men on their way to join their troop, and several Englishmen "doing" the country, were grouped about the table, some standing, some sitting, and all eating heartily.

As she glanced around, Bessie shudderingly recalled her grandmother's prediction of "battle, murder, and sudden death." The host was certainly the living image of a murderer in a sensational drama she had lately seen, and his little Indian wife looked as if she supped on blood. But there was one among the party of Englishmen who attracted her attention from the first.

"What a handsome man," she thought. "I am sure he must be somebody of importance; perhaps he is a nobleman traveling incognito. Oh, how the girls would envy me, if I could write home and tell them I had traveled with a real live lord!"

The face opposite would have been noticeable anywhere; and, amid such rude surroundings, its extreme refinement was rendered more conspicuous. The features were of the Italian type, and the strong manly face was clean-shaven save for a very slight dark mustache, which did not conceal the firm yet sensitive mouth.

As Bessie wondered to whom this ideal beauty might belong, a pair of grave dark eyes met hers in a glance of kindly interest.

"I was wrong," she said to herself. "He is a young clergyman, traveling for his health. He looks just as Savonarola must have done when he was young—he has that same devout uplifted expression! I wonder if he can be going to Fort Logan?"

He evidently was; for, when the stage drove up to the door, he took a bag and clerical looking coat on his arm and stepped out on the little platform.

Bessie could scarcely believe the evidence of her senses.

"Call that rickety wagon a stage-coach?" she exclaimed. "Why, it would not hold together two miles!"

Into it, in spite of her fears, she had to go. The place of honor—the seat by the driver—was given to her, and into this seat she was fastened by an enormous strap which recalled the days of her perambulator. Following the advice of the captain, she exchanged her smart traveling-hat for a Tam O'Shanter, covered by a thick veil. It needed but a few minutes' driving over the alkali plains to convince her of the wisdom of her act. The hot air burned and tanned with every breath, and the horrible swaying of the vehicle made any other kind of headgear a means of torture.

Like all of his class, the driver was a "character." He had the history of the country at his tongue's end, and glibly spun yarn after yarn.

Jumping, plunging, almost rolling over precipices, the stage dashed wildly on. Fervently Bessie wished that the Jehu would stop talking and attend to his horses, but all in vain; above the creaking of the wheels and the snap of the whip, the loquacious tide flowed on its unceasing flow.

"Had she heerd about the robbers that was working along the line? Day before yesterday, Jim Slater was shot by one of the gang, and his mail stole; and a man to Crazy Woman had his money up thet he—Jehu—would die in his boots 'fore the week was out."

Then followed a minute account of several murders and subsequent lynchings, blood-curdling in the extreme.

How it happened, Bessie never knew; perhaps, in the interest of his narration, Jehu loosened his hold on the reins, but in a moment the horses gave a sudden leap to one side, the stage turned over, and the passengers, bag and baggage, were scattered over the road. Fortunately, no one was injured except "Savonarola," as Bessie called the young clergyman. His face was cut and bruised, and, even after the rest of the party had re-entered the wagon, and with true Western grit dismissed the accident as too trifling for notice, he appeared nervous and ill. Bessie looked at him compassionately. How pale he was!

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"I wish I could do something for him," she thought.

As if in answer to her kindly impulse, the recollection of Susan's bag flashed into her mind.

It was the work of few moments to unstrap her valise from its place on the roof of the stage. Timidly she offered her services as nurse to the youthful "Savonarola," and was surprised and touched by the expression of intense gratitude on the sufferer's face. Gently she wiped away the bits of gravel which adhered to the bruised forehead. Then, mentally blessing Susan's forethought, she applied Pond's Extract and some sticking-plaster, binding over all the soft piece of old linen. She instructed the gentleman also in the use of the menthol pencil, and in less than an hour the lines of pain relaxed and the white face of the patient gained a touch of color.

The night closed in with a heavy storm. The accident had caused a delay of nearly two hours, and it would be nine o'clock at least before the next station could be reached.

Slowly the horses picked their way along. The lantern swinging from the axle-tree threw but a faint gleam across the inky blackness. It only needed that a single hoof should slip, and they would be hurled down ravines thousands of feet in depth. Still the driver talked on with undiminished energy.

"Good night for the mail-robbers," he said, cheerfully. "Them fellers has eyes like cats, and is covered with ears! Like as not they know the paymaster's bag's on behind."

"And my gold beads," said Bessie, anxiously; "do you think they would be mean enough to take them?"

"Beg pardon," said a low voice almost in Bessie's ear; "what are those treasures you speak of?"

Recognizing her patient in the inquirer and glad of any sympathizing listener, Bessie told the story of the lovely necklace, her grandmother's parting gift.

Scarcely had the last word left her lips, when the night seemed alive with flashing lights, yells, and pistol-shots. Instantly the bits of the horses were seized and the stage surrounded by a crowd of white-masked men. Jehu was dragged from his seat, and his hands were tied with pieces of the reins, and Bessie found herself emphatically deposited in a mud-puddle.

In less time than it takes to tell the story, the baggage was ransacked, the Government mail captured, the traces cut, and the horses sent wildly rushing down toward Crazy Woman. Then, with a mocking yell, the robbers disappeared in the darkness.

"Where is Bessie?" cried an agonized voice; and Captain Gray rushed frantically about, looking for his little charge.

A cry from one of the soldiers chilled his blood.

"Here she is, captain—bleeding to death."

Tenderly they raised the slight form. The dim light of the lantern shone on the pretty white face, down which a crimson tide was slowly flowing.

"Hit in the head, I reckon, sir; but I can't seem to find the bullet."

The blue eyes opened and the lips parted. The captain bent closer; perhaps he might be able to take a last word to the broken-hearted father.

"What is it, Bessie?"

"My beads!" she murmured, faintly. "I saw them take my beads!"

"Never mind your finery, child; tell me where you are hurt."

"Nowhere; I was only faint. See how my Tam O'Shanter has stained my dress."

"Worsted blood, by jingo!" yelled Jehu.

After piling the remnants of the baggage in the stage, the little party set out for the next station. What a walk that was!

About midnight, the welcome lights of the station pierced the darkness. The old adobe house was soon astir, and everything that rough good-nature could suggest was done for Bessie's comfort.

About a month after her arrival at the post, the courier one morning brought her a parcel addressed in an unfamiliar hand. Opening it, she found a silver box of Mexican workmanship, and in it a menthol pencil, her string of beads, and a tiny note:

"Will you accept this slight appreciation of your kindness from one to whom kindness has been long unknown?"

To this day, Bessie cannot believe that her ideal clergyman, "Savonarola," whose head she had bathed and dressed, was the leader of the robbers—the daring Jesse James, for years the terror of the West.

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ALL ABOUT MISS LINGARD.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

HY have I never married? That is a nice question to ask a woman past forty, who is never taken by strangers for more than thirty. Nobody but a story-writer would have the assurance to put such an inquiry, nor even he unless he were among the worst of that abandoned class.

Oh, you need not attempt to smooth matters by saying that everybody knows I chose spinsterhood voluntarily—that I have had more offers of marriage, first and last, than any other woman in the county. Of course, I know I own that doubtfully fortunate reputation; there is quite a battalion of men, each of whom public opinion obstinately asserts has in turn ranked among my disappointed suitors. Most of the accused remain my very good friends, in spite of this attempt on the part of my neighbors to disturb our pleasant relations by those disagreeable reports.

The generality do not deny the truth of the statement? Well, I suppose they perceived the uselessness of doing so, profiting by the example of those who did try to clear themselves from the charge. The more those rebellious under the accusation denied its having any foundation, the more tenaciously did the gossips cling to their credence; and, when I joined in the denial, it was by some mysterious process of reasoning considered the most convincing proof that the men had been my victims. The only wise men were those who put the allegation aside with a smile or a sigh, or said boldly: "She was worth liking." Sometimes it was admitted that in their cases there might be a doubt.

I need not put all these supposed suitors in the past tense? Can I deny that the same things are said to-day? I know they are; it is ridiculous—worse, because it makes some of the girls hate me, and I like girls. People say to them, whenever a new man presents himself: "Oh, you will have to wait till he has graduated from Miss Lingard's school."

It has become a kind of mania with my acquaintances, to insist that I have had more proposals of marriage than any woman in the State; so they go on piling up the fancied evidence. I suppose my first wrinkles or a few gray hairs will stop the nonsense—actually, sometimes I wish they would come and fulfill their mission. I know that sounds an unnatural wish on the part of any woman; but I make it very sincerely every now and then, when I hear of some fresh tale which may be the means of annoying some man that I like—or worse, some girl I want him to like.

Dear me! in that last sentence, I hit, without meaning to, on what I might call the key-note of my life; I have three minds to go on now and set the whole thing clear. I am sure you will make a story out of the confession—you would not spare your own grandmother, if you could produce anything readable by publishing the most cherished secret of her soul; but I shall tell you, all the same. My friends and enemies, neighbors and strangers, have discussed me for years at their own sweet will, and now I will take the liberty of gossiping about Miss Lingard in my turn.

I must begin by putting your question in another form and answering it myself. How many offers of marriage have I had? I never had one—never really half a one; never in my life. This is the exact truth. Now, don't irritate me by looking unbelief; you know my word is to be depended on, even if I am a—no: I mean, even if my father was a man; and, anyway, I mean to convince you beyond the shadow of a doubt.

It sounds odd enough, for a woman who it is confidently asserted might have been almost Mrs. Anybody she pleased, to affirm solemnly that no man ever asked her to marry him; but so it is, and this is the way it happened:

I began my career where most spinsters end theirs: I was a go-between—a gooseberry—from the time I got old enough to undertake that useful rôle, which shares

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the fate of most useful things and is cordially detested by my sex in general.

I was born to act the part—there can be no doubt about it; in other matters, I am an ordinary person enough, but in that line I possess a positive genius. Why, I began when I was barely thirteen, by being the sole confidante of two of my cousins, whose love-making was frowned on by their respective families and the wide circle of relations into the bargain. I proposed an elopement to them; I planned the whole affair and carried it out successfully, in spite of their nearly ruining the crisis by their clumsiness in following my directions.

Now, after this start in life, you can easily understand I could not shut my eyes to the fact that destiny had made my chief duty clear. I frankly own, however, that, while regarding the plainly predestined task with complacency, even enthusiasm, I did not contemplate allowing it to interfere with my personal future.

The last of my bevy of sisters married before I was quite eighteen, and that threw my widowed father and myself still more together; I was his pet, and I idolized him. My grandmother decided that I must "come out in society"; so we gave a great ball, at which I was duly presented to a great many people who knew me already, and I floated up at once to the highest tide of success—was pronounced the feature of the season.

Of course, I enjoyed my triumph—perhaps, too, in a multitude of admirers there was safety; still, when Roger Esbourne dawned on my horizon, I confess to having been startled by finding myself wondering whether he could be the realization of the ideal man.

He was past thirty, very handsome, very clever, with a charm of manner that I have rarely seen equaled. From the first, he devoted himself to me; before long, other men in my train began to look black at him—it became plain to me that outsiders thought the affair was growing serious, on his part at least. I refused to question myself; I just drifted along—the whole thing was like a pleasant dream, somehow.

My cousin Eugenia Grant came to visit us; she was about five-and-twenty, with a fine figure and a classical face, though looking somewhat older than her age. I indulged in a theory that some romance in Eugenia's life had not ended happily.

I was delighted to find that my cousin and Mr. Esbourne were already acquainted, though it appeared they had not met for a good while. At first, it seemed to me that Eugenia did not particularly fancy him; but, when I asked her point-blank, she said there was no reason why she should not—he had every personal and mental gift in his favor, and she knew, besides, that he was the soul of uprightness and honor.

I have not time to make a long story out of this incident; I must get at the consummation. The weeks flew by; I had begun to feel that it was not bold or unmaidenly on my part to admit that Mr. Esbourne was greatly attracted toward me— Oh, well, I said I would be truthful: I saw he meant to propose—what would my answer be?

Fate settled that matter. One evening, I received a note from him, asking if he could see me the next day. That very night, I surprised Eugenia Grant's secret, for I had been right in my supposition that she had one. She possessed great self-control, but she betrayed herself; and, when a sudden suspicion struck me as to the hero of her dream, she fell into the little plot I laid, and everything became clear to my startled mind.

This is what I did: Roger Esbourne called the next day, and I went downstairs to meet him, with both hands stretched out and my very sweetest smile of welcome. Before he could speak, this was what I said:

"I know your errand as well as if you had put it into words. I can tell you, too, that it will be successful—you do not need me as an intermediary. Oh, I have seen for some time where your heart had gone. Now, there is no reason why you should not learn that you have nothing to fear. Eugenia cares for you; she doesn't know that I know it, and you must not let her. But she does care—she has, during all these years of separation."

Just then, the door opened and Eugenia appeared—not in the least suspecting that she would find Mr. Esbourne there.

"Come in," I cried, as she was about to withdraw; "I was going to send for you.

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Here is a petitioner—but I'll let him present his plea himself."

Then off I ran. How did I feel? Glad to have Eugenia happy; not quite able to decide whether or not I had any personal regret. When I returned, the matter was settled. I never knew what explanation Mr. Esbourne contrived, if any; at all events, he asked her to marry him, and of course she consented.

The marriage proved happy, but would you believe it? That ungrateful man hates me to this day.

Before spring, I bestowed a nice young fellow—Martin Moreland—on a very nice girl, a great friend of mine—Alice Ryland. You see, the Grant and Esbourne affair had been a proof so convincing of the sort of work fate meant me to do, that I began to feel the responsibility of my mission: to feel, also, that it would be culpable wickedness to neglect any opportunity of fulfilling it.

Martin was such a likable man, I hated to give him up; still, after the idea struck me, I could not rest till I brought him and Alice together.

I seized my chance one night at a ball, when Martin and I were promenading in the pauses of a waltz, and he began to wax a bit sentimental, saying that I knew very well where his heart was.

"You are right," said I; "I do know, but you do not. Your fancy—mark the word!—your fancy is dazzled a little by me, because I am new, showy—oh, the fashion! But your heart is safe in Alice Ryland's keeping, and it could not be in better hands. See, there is Alice now—how lovely she looks in white!"

Well, you know, men cannot think very rapidly. Martin was quite bewildered by the torrent of eloquent explanation which I poured out in an impressive fashion. Then I whisked him off across the room, and, before he had got his breath back enough to speak, we were standing beside Alice.

Well, that matter came to a prosperous termination before many months, and the pair have always been my firm friends. Alice says that Martin adores me to this day, and that she would get a divorce from him if ever he changed. Now, compare her with Roger Esbourne, and blush for your sex!

I don't want to bore you to death with my private matrimonial-bureau successes, for their name really became legion in time. A good many women discovered the truth and trusted me accordingly, but no man ever perceived the real state of the case.

The years flew on. It is only the cases which seem noteworthy that I am trying to recall; most of them were commonplace enough, because most men are so horribly commonplace. Flatter a man's vanity or pamper his stomach, and you can usually wheedle him into doing what you want, provided you have wit enough to convince him it is his own idea, his own will, and that all your talk is only an elaboration of a wish or scheme which originated in his magnificent mind.

About the most high-handed scheme I ever undertook was with Boyce Pentland. A dreamy poetical fellow Boyce was, who had lived unmarried till he reached thirty-eight because he had not found what he called "the realization of his ideal." The summer he met me, he thought he had discovered her; but I knew better—I knew his ideal could not be realized, and that he would be disappointed if she could. What he needed was a pretty, dainty, graceful creature, with a fund of hopefulness to counteract his melancholy; a woman with an unalterable sweetness of temper and a great capacity for adoring "her lord and master"; a woman who liked poetry, when it was read to her by a man—could thoroughly appreciate the beautiful, when clearly pointed out—in short, what I call a receptive nature. Now, I am not any more receptive than a Hindoo idol; but I knew who was: pretty May Thorman, who spent that year with papa and me—one of the most charming young widows imaginable. One difficulty loomed in the foreground: Boyce Pentland had a dread of widows; but of course that was mere folly, and it was my duty to overcome the weakness for him.

Boyce took to writing verses and sentimental scraps of prose, and laying them in any book that he happened to see me reading when he entered the snuggery—a place to which only our intimates were admitted. He did this several times. I gave the next book I began—I remember it was "The Idyls of the King"—to Mrs. Thorman, and she wrote her name in her delicate chirography at the top of the fly-leaf.

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The next day, there were some verses left in the volume; I put it over on May's table. She perceived the verses; while she read them, I watched her from behind my embroidery-frame. I saw that she looked pleased, a little fluttered, then a look of disappointment came into her face. She crossed the room and laid the book and the verses before me.

"These were meant for you, I know," she said, with a faint sigh.

"I don't know how you make that out," I replied: "it is your book, and he put them in it: the inference is, they were meant for the owner."

"Nonsense; he did not notice the name—he saw you reading it. Now, Martha, the man is crazy over you."

"Not a bit of it," I replied; "he is looking for his ideal—prove that you are its realization. The verses are lovely; you must answer them. When he finds who it is writes the pretty things, he will care about the writer—that's plain."

"I can't write verses," she objected.

"But you can translate them," said I. "Now, you understand Spanish thoroughly: wait till I hunt up some poetry."

Well, we found a suitable poem; she did translate it, and managed very nice rhymes. The song was about finding a mysterious flower between the pages of a book. We left the sheet unfolded in the volume of "Idyls." Of course, Boyce read the lines when he came in; I watched him do it from the next room—I am not above peeping, when there is a laudable motive for the undignified action.

This was the beginning of quite a series of poems and prose meanderings, which grew more and more tender; and Boyce thought I wrote the stuff, and began to wax so foolish that I was troubled how I should get out of my difficulty; luckily, he showed the way. He sent me a sealed envelope, one day; I opened it, and out dropped a note addressed to "Lenore"—a name which had been used several times in the different poems he and May had exchanged. Of course, I did not look at the note. May was out; I laid the billet in her table-drawer. When I glanced in there again, it was gone. Boyce called, toward evening; I had meant to be invisible, but he met me face to face. He turned red and he turned white, and looked as silly as a man usually does when he is about to utter a declaration; but he looked resolute, all the same.

"Did you get my note?" he asked, bluntly.

"I got the one for 'Lenore,' which you inclosed to me," said I, "and I put it in her table-drawer. Why didn't you do it yourself? You have put plenty of other papers there."

"Whose—what—why, that table—I thought—why, you—"

I interrupted his dazed attempts at questions, pointed in my turn at the table toward which he was pointing, and said:

"That is May Thorman's table—May is 'Lenore.' Oh, you see I know a little about the secret, though not much; for May is very close. She writes charming verses, and she has the loveliest nature in the world. I am glad you are in earnest at last, and—"

"She wrote—why, you—"

"Of course she wrote; who else would?" I broke in. "You wrote to her—put verses in her books—"

"You know for whom I meant them," he cried.

"Of course I do," said I, "and so does she. To tell you the truth, Boyce Pentland, if I had not been sure you were a man of honor and would not encourage hopes just to please your vanity, I should have stopped the thing. My little May is too dear, too sweet, too pure a flower, to be trifled with; but I knew I could trust you. I know, too, you have discovered where your heart is, and I congratulate you!"

Papa and a friend came in at the moment; Boyce Pentland took that opportunity to retreat. He did look very funny; a man always does, when he has been utterly dazed without any warning. But I had struck the right key: Boyce was a man of honor, in spite of his writing verses and being a sentimentalist; he had a horror of coquetry and an exaggerated sense of duty. I felt sure everything would end right.

He disappeared for ten days; when he came back, I had gone to Avon to visit a friend, and May was taking care of papa. Well, I staid away till a letter from the little widow informed me that she was engaged to Boyce Pentland.

They made a very happy couple, as married people go. May was genuinely grateful

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to him for marrying her; Boyce liked being adored, and she never interfered with his little Platonic flirtations and occasional searchings after the realization of his ideal.

I reached thirty, and then time flew faster than ever; and, before I could believe it, I was thirtyfive! I published the fact that I was an old maid, but perhaps just for this reason nobody would pay any attention thereto. Never mind finishing your sentence—I have heard all that nonsense so often about looking like a girl! Anyhow, I was thirtyfive, and I thought there would be an end to the folly of men's losing their heads over me; but there was not. Why, I married off three of my admirers that very year! Most of the matches arranged at my bureau turned out very well, nor did I often find much difficulty in persuading my swains to turn down the road in which I wished them to walk.

Occasionally, amusing things would happen; I remember one incident too good to keep back, though the joke is against myself. Howard Lasley was very much in love with me at one time—a nice fellow in many ways, but preposterously vain, rather shallow, and a little vindictive. Unfortunately, I could hit on no young woman to distract his attention, and the fatal day arrived when I saw that he meant to rush desperately on his fate.

Knowing what a blow a refusal would be to his inordinate vanity, I tried my best to spare him; but begin his set speech he would! He had almost got the dreadful question out: if I had only waited a little—he was terribly prolix—I should have had a bona-fide offer of marriage to chronicle, but I could not bear to witness his mortification. I was so eager that my usual tact deserted me; before I could get a suitable sentence straight, I blurted out:

"Please don't say another word; I never mean to marry."

Poor Howard turned scarlet, then white, then he flew into a cold rage. He glared at me like a fiend, sneered like Mephistopheles, and, unlike most people, instead of losing his wits through rage, he found new ones.

"It is very kind of you to give me your confidence," said he, "and I appreciate it highly. If meant for a warning, though, it was wasted, as I assure you I had no intention of asking you to marry me."

Up he got and off he went, and I laughed till I cried over my own discomfiture.

Howard told the story, and then I told it too; the consequence was, nobody ever believed either of us.

Papa will be coming back, so I must cut my gossip short.

What has happened lately? Oh, I have two ventures on hand, but they are both plain sailing—though one of the men will be greatly astonished; however, he will thank me some day, I am convinced of that.

One other incident—one in which I put more feeling than usual? Come, don't beat about the bush! You want to find out whether I have been in love. Several times, and never—never, really! I must believe this, and so must you, else how account for the fact that I am about as far from being a discontented, disappointed woman as anybody in your list of acquaintances?

Well, let me see, then, where there came a case which for a while I could persuade myself might—yes, ought to have a different ending from the rest of similar episodes.

Could tell if I pleased? I am not sure of that. I have shown you, by telling about Roger Esbourne, ever so far back in my career, that I was trying to be truthful.

After him? A romance? Why, I hardly think there was one, unless the affair of two years ago, with Laughton Grey—but no; common sense, rather than romance, influenced me then.

Before Roger, then? Nonsense! I was barely eighteen when he "crossed my path," as the novels say. Oh, of course, poor Jack Haversham had been madder than a March hare about me, from my days of wearing short frocks; but Jack was a cousin—anyway, he had to go out to Australia before I met Esbourne, and—

How did Jack's romance end? Why, he married, two years after he went to Australia. That's a disappointment to you—spoils the romance you had begun to scent in the air, eh? After all, there was a sort of romance connected with Jack; but it blossomed long afterward—at the time Laughton Grey was devoted to me. The two episodes are mixed up; indeed, the finale to that with Grey was brought about by Jack Haversham's thrusting himself into the foreground after all that long period of silence and absence in the antip-

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odes, so I may as well tell you both stories by way of a conclusion.

Two years ago, papa and I spent the winter in Washington; everybody made much of us, and we had a delightful sojourn. One of the most prominent figures in the Senate was Laughton Grey: the youngest Conscript Father in the list—the most brilliant, too. He had brought forward and carried an important measure in the face of terrible opposition; had bearded public opinion; had heard the entire press howling at his heels and had come off victorious, with his former enemies transformed into allies. He was a charming man; not only clever and cultured, but a conventional gentleman by birth, breeding, and association. From the first, he showed me such marked attention that I was the envy of all the unmarried women in Washington; and I liked him, too. Even papa was softened by his exquisite deference, perhaps dazzled by the future widely prophesied as within his grasp; anyway, even papa as good as admitted that, if I offered Laughton Grey to him as a future son-in-law, he should not frown too forbiddingly.

As the weeks grew into months and spring approached, and a crisis which I saw was inevitable approached too, I found myself more unable to judge calmly of my own feelings than I had been in many years in the face of such a state of affairs. I admired and respected the man; his personality was agreeable to me, his society a pleasure. Then, too, in a way, I am ambitious; but my ambition is of a vicarious turn, which the career of a man like him would gratify. He could at once, if he chose, go to France as minister; he let me into that secret because he knew I liked Paris and a diplomatic position. There was every probability, as there still is, that he might at no distant period become a candidate for the highest position in the land, and—well, I candidly admit that I know of no woman who I think would grace the White House better than my modest self.

I endured the torments of indecision, a new experience. One day, I was almost resolved to answer in the affirmative; the next, my queer old dread of fetters would rise again, and I was all at sea. Finally, I decided to leave the catastrophe to fate; if he asked me to marry him—or when he did—I must reply as I might feel impelled, inspired, to do at the moment.

The time came; one evening, I received a note begging for an interview. "I have an important question to ask you," he wrote; "I cannot leave it longer unasked. I think you must know what the question is—must know, too, that my future happiness depends on your answer."

I shall remember every word of that note as long as I live; it was not an offer of marriage, but it was the nearest any man ever got, even poor Howard Lasley, to making me one. There followed a good deal of pleasant flattery: talk about my mental gifts, my rare charm of manner—all old, several of the statements mistakes, too; but somehow the incense was sweeter to my senses than when other men had offered it.

Now, an odd thing happened just there. I read that letter, thought long over it, went to bed and to sleep, and—dreamed all night long of Jack Haversham: would wake, sleep again, and go on with my dream. Jack was in trouble somewhere, and I the cause; how, I did not know. I was trying to reach his side, and I could not; yet I alone could save him. I was lost in forests; I roamed about strange cities; I was shut up in terrible old houses, often near enough to his voice, to catch his earnest appeals, but unable ever to escape or to reach my journey's goal.

Toward daylight, I got out of bed, turned up the gas, and tore in fragments the note I had written telling Mr. Grey at what hour I would see him. I put off the interview, and gave as a reason the necessity for going to New York on important business. I started early in the morning, having invented a plausible excuse for my father, and remained absent for three days.

You will not suppose I had been regretting Jack Haversham during two decades: I had woven a childish dream about him, but nothing more; though occasionally, as the years went on, I would tell myself in my whimsical fashion that Jack had deprived me of a husband by marrying the rich girl in Australia.

The evening before I returned to Washington, a letter reached me from the banker's; I had ordered my personal correspondence sent up to my aunt's house while

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I was in town. I had not seen Jack Haversham's handwriting three times in twenty years; but I recognized it as soon as I glanced at the envelope. Jack had never written to me since his marriage; yet somehow, when the letter came, I felt that I had been expecting it.

What do you think Jack wrote? Why, his wife was dead—had been for several months; he was coming to America. Did I know why he had never come before? Because he could not meet me! He had gone away loving me; desperation at being confidently written to by a relative that I was engaged had caused his hasty ill-advised marriage. After the lapse of all these years, his love was as fresh and strong as ever; and now he was coming back, he was certain I did not need to be told why.

Jack, poor dear old Jack! How those eager hurried pages brought up our childhood and early youth! I had not really loved him—did not now, of course; but—well, I must return to Washington: I must keep my appointment with Mr. Grey.

As the hour for the interview approached, I shrank more and more from the thought of meeting him; yet he was a king among men, and the position he could offer me was the realization of my ideal. Oh, I wanted to say "yes" to the question I knew he meant to ask, but I knew that I could not. I am unable to analyze the varied feelings which held possession of me. I was not influenced by downright love for Jack Haversham; yet to disappoint poor Jack, after his long journey, seemed unnatural. Then, too, it seemed disloyal to say "yes" to Laughton Grey; for my woman's intuition warned me that he was influenced by genuine love—a love which merited something better in return than admiration, respect, and—the gratifying of ambition.

I could not risk the interview; I sat down and wrote to him my own story, apparently quite unconscious that he had meant to propose to me. I told him that Jack Haversham was coming back, and would arrive soon after his inexplicably delayed letter. If he asked me to be his wife, I could not refuse. I had lived very comfortably without my cousin during all these years, and could continue so to do, no doubt; but that childish dream had always possessed its charm—besides, it seemed too hard that poor Jack should be disappointed again.

The very next day, news came that the Australian steamer had been wrecked off the Sandwich Islands; among the list of the drowned was Jack Haversham's name.

My dear old Jack! He had gone down to his rest at the bottom of the ocean, loving me to the end. Whether I had really loved him or not, it seemed only fitting that I should pay his memory the tribute of remaining single.

Oh, there is papa's step in the hall! What happened? Why, papa and I sailed for Europe within three days. When we reached London, I found a telegram that had been forwarded from New York. A little blunder had occurred: Jack Haversham was not drowned, as reported, but—he was married! An Australian widow who made the voyage on the same steamer had called with him on the head American missionary at Honolulu, and—she married him before they left the house.

Mr. Grey? Oh, Mr. Grey has been for more than a year in Europe, on some secret mission of importance; he is coming home—he wrote me so, the other day; will arrive very soon—

Oh, here is papa! I am sure you are glad, because it puts an end to my long talk.

DEATH'S NIRVANA.

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

FIRST place, O death! kind, gracious, sweet,
  I give to you. Why do men shrink from you—
  The perfect thing, the thing forever true?
What peace shall be my own when our lips meet
In one calm kiss, where hearts forget to beat!
  Yours is no cruel shape, O death, my new
  Last love! A woman's eyes of heaven's own blue,
A woman's pity for man's wandering feet
  Are yours; and, when against your still white breast
Your tender arms shall lay my weary head
  And hold me close in sweetest of all rest,
Ah! then, dear death, I shall be loved and dead!
  I shall forget life's grim and stinging jest
  In your Nirvana, last of all and best!

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BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

THE gates of glory ope at last,
And summer's exile now is past;
Her reign she cometh to assume,
The queen of beauty and of bloom:
For, when she treads the meadow fair,
Each footprint leaves a blossom there.

On silver wings agleam with light
From some enchanted region bright,
She comes, our natures to beguile
With fragrance sweet and sunny smile;
For all the world is blithe and gay
While summer lingers on the way.

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MADGE WILMERDALE'S DOUBLE.

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

THIS is in the nature of a personal explanation. A long time ago, I wrote a story which met with a certain degree of success; my friends and the reading public who greeted that so kindly have often asked why my pen has since been silent, and to them I make this confession—that the success of that story was equivocal. There was an under side to it, and an aftermath, and lines written between the lines, and parts of it were written with invisible but indelible characters on the tablets of my heart.

Have you ever written a story? But of course you have—everyone has, nowadays; so you know, each of you, the swelling of the mind, gestant with great thoughts—how certain you were, when you began, that you had something to say, and how feeble our poor vehicle of expression seemed before the importance of it. Then, when finally written out in our common every-day phraseology, that glimmering of doubt: perhaps it was not the very first time that the same thing had been said; perhaps—but perish the thought!—it has been even better said before. Never mind. Though a poor thing, it is thine own now, and none else will ever know how you yearn over that bantling of your brain.

Thus with my story, as I thought it and planned it. Then, when circumstances compelled the changing of it all—but I anticipate.

My most intimate friend at that time was Fred Phillips, a young physician of much talent but few patients. That is how my desk happened to be in his office, and how I chanced to allow him to work out some of the minor details of my story.

In the beginning, I had determined that my work should be of the realistic school. So, in order that all my portraiture should be true to life, after the heroine was fashioned "fair and so slenderly," Fred's professional knowledge was availed of to carry her through a long and interesting illness, and at the last allow her to die in a rational and logical manner.

"I do not quite like the idea," he had said. "I see enough of that sort of thing"—the fact was, Fred's patients did die, mostly—"and I would much rather show how our art can be employed in assisting nature at the last ditch."

"No, that won't do; this is to be a model of realism, and I don't want any fiction in it, except so much as is necessary to carry the idea," I replied.

Somehow, Fred did not seem pleased with my answer; but, after a while, he said:

"All right; I will do the best I can for you. I won't draw a case from real life—from my own practice"—poor boy, he had none to draw from—"for that would be unprofessional; but I will diagnose a case as it might be, and kill the patient off in a manner with which no one can find fault."

I did not like his flippancy of tone very well; but I knew Fred could be of real use to me if he would, so I overlooked it.

My story was published, as you doubtless recollect, in the "Family Omnibus," as a serial. After a couple of instalments had been issued, I discovered certain inaccuracies and crudities which led to my withdrawing the latter half of the MS. for more complete revision. This I kept by me until each successive portion was called for, in order to give it the most elaborate polish possible. The publication had finally reached that point where, after sundry convalescences and relapses, it could be clearly seen that the heroine was on the final down-grade.

On the evening of the day upon which the instalment appeared that settled this, Fred came into the office in a state of great excitement. Thinking it possible that he had been called to attend a patient, I congratulated him upon his change of luck and

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quoted a certain proverb to the effect that "patient waiters, etc."

"Hang your proverbs!" he cried, rudely interrupting before I had finished. "This matter concerns yourself as well as me. You must change that infernal story."

"Change our story?" I asked, in astonishment. I was careful to call it "our" story before Fred, as he had once or twice shown some sensitiveness regarding his position as co-author, although, as I have explained, he was concerned only with a minor detail.

"Our story?" he retorted. "I wash my hands of it. I shall be lucky if I can undo the harm that you have already done by it."

Harm? That pure innocent story, written with the very loftiest of motives, doing harm? It was as wholesome in tone as any combination of words that could possibly be formed. It could not harm even the most unsophisticated of novel-readers. I began to wonder if Fred's mind were not unsettled by his long waiting for the practice that never came. Yet I was too incensed to waste much sympathy on him.

"Will you be good enough to explain?" I asked, icily. "That is, provided you are sane enough to know what you are talking about." I did not like the adjective he had applied to my story, and wished to show him that he had offended me.

"Sane?" he answered. "I am sane enough now. I wish I had been as much so when you persuaded me to join in your devilish plot."

"See here, sir!" I exclaimed, rising. "If you choose to apply such terms directly to me, do so, and I will resent them as becomes a man. As long as you apply them merely to a thing, albeit that is something of my own creation, I can only leave you to mutter your imprecations to yourself." With that, I prepared to leave the room.

Fred rose and followed me, laying his hand detainingly upon my arm.

"We must not quarrel, old fellow," he said, with some show of contrition. "I did not mean to use big words, but this matter is of the utmost importance; we must work together in it."

His manner impressed me with the genuineness of his own emotions, if not with the importance of his case, whatever that might prove to be; so I sat down again and made ready to listen to him.

He took a chair opposite, with his arms spread out on the table between us, as if mutely imploring my aid and forbearance. After a moment's silence, which he evidently thought to make impressive, he began:

"She is the most beautiful creature!"

"Who is the most beautiful creature?" I asked, impatiently, as he came to a full stop.

"Ah! I forget. You don't know her. Madge Wilmerdale."

Madge Wilmerdale! I fairly sprang from my chair in amazement. Clearly, the fellow was crazy. Madge Wilmerdale was the name of my heroine. It flashed upon me that the glorious creation of my imagination had in some curious manner become endowed, to him, with a corporeal being. How grand yet how sad a testimony to the skill with which I had wrought! I gazed upon my friend with eyes moist with sympathy for his misfortune, while yet my heart bounded with exaltation. Fred glanced up and divined the meaning of my look.

"Pshaw!" he exclaimed, pettishly. "Don't stare at me that way. I don't mean your pen-and-ink Madge, but the real flesh-and-blood one."

Poor boy! he really believed in her. I would humor his hallucination, and thus gain time to determine what was best to do.

"Is there a flesh-and-blood one?" I asked, feigning amazement as best I could.

"Yes; but I can't say how long there will be, if this goes on."

"Can't say how long there will be?" I echoed.

"Man alive!" he cried, excitedly, "can't you do something besides repeat my words? Yes—I don't know how long there will be, if this goes on."

"If what goes on?" I asked, with a show of submission.

"That —— story!"

"But what can I do about it?"

"Burn the —— thing." Evidently it was difficult for Fred to control his adjectives.

"Why?" I kept on with my questions, as I could see no other way in which to get at the desired information.

"Because you are killing the real Madge with your outrageous details of the approaching death of the fictitious one."

Really, I thought, his hallucination is wonderfully complete; but I answered:

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"Oh! you are giving me too much credit. I may say, with becoming modesty, that I know the story is a strong one; but that it can excite such emotions as will endanger life—"

"Emotions be hanged! Miss Wilmerdale is impressed with the belief that this story is drawn from life. The diagnosis that I was fool enough to invent for you happens to be exactly the same as that made in her own case. In watching the progress of the story, she fancies that she sees her own fate foreshadowed. It is a pathological curiosity—or would be, if it were not so wretchedly sad—that her condition grows better or worse in exact correspondence with that of the fictitious Madge."

Fred said all this with such quiet seriousness that I began to doubt the correctness of my first suspicions. Could it be that he had accidentally run across such a curious parallel?

"How did you happen to become cognizant of this precious analogy?" I asked.

"I was summoned by Mrs. Wilmerdale this morning, to consult regarding her daughter's condition. She had already been to the editor of the 'Omnibus,' to discover the address of the author of the story. Denman refused to give that without your authority; but, knowing our relations, he advised her to consult me. I found that the daughter is firmly convinced that, whatever the fate of your Madge shall be, hers will be the same. I have pledged myself that the closing chapters find the heroine restored to health. You must help me make that pledge good."

After all, then, Fred was not crazy—only Quixotic. I was glad to know that, but of course my story could not be mutilated just for a girl's whim.

"It is all nonsense," I said, "to talk about changing the entire plot just to humor a sick girl's fancy."

"It is not a mere fancy. I have long been satisfied that the mental condition often exerts a vast influence over the physical condition of a patient. Of course, I have not told Miss Wilmerdale that the death of this fictitious Madge is already arranged; but I have said to her mother that, if I found it to be so, it should be changed."

"It strikes me," I answered, warmly, "that you have taken an unwarranted liberty in doing so. Even though the story is having this effect upon one susceptible reader, of which I am not wholly sure, I cannot see that I am responsible."

"Then you refuse to do anything? You will risk becoming a murderer for the sake of your own petty ambition?" Fred was losing his temper again.

"I have not said that; but I want time to investigate."

"There is no time to lose. The next number of the 'Omnibus' will be issued day after to-morrow. If you do not agree to change the story, I must take the other alternative and enjoin its further publication."

Now I knew that Fred was just foolish and hot-headed enough to take such a step as that, so I began to use diplomacy.

"Well, I will see Denman to-night and consult with him about the matter. I will make no promise yet; but, if the MS. can be altered without too much labor, and it seem worth while—"

But the matter-of-fact editor put the affair in a new light.

"Says he will serve an injunction, does he? That would be the very best thing that could happen, for us. Of course, the injunction would not hold; it might cause a delay of a few weeks before we could resume publication of the story. If it did, I should report the matter fully in our columns and comment on it editorially. When we resumed the thing, it would sell like wild-fire."

After a moment, he continued: "I think, Mr. Morton, we had better get the MS. all ready to issue in book-form. Write a new preface, and we will put it on the market the day we print the last instalment. Such an opportunity must not be neglected. This affair is going to be a huge advertisement for you and for the 'Omnibus.'"

He rubbed his hands gleefully at the thought of the shekels that would soon be flowing through them.

I left the editorial room in a most uncertain frame of mind. I could not well afford to lose this chance for literary fame and fortune. I knew only too well how difficult it was to strike the tide at its flood, and had been working a long while to get my foot firmly on even the lowest round of the ladder. Now that I found myself ready to climb, must I kick the ladder from under me?

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Just then, a brilliant thought struck me. From Denman, I had learned Mrs. Wilmerdale's address. I would call upon her.

I found her, with her daughter, occupying a handsome flat in the upper part of the city. My card requested that I might see Mrs. Wilmerdale alone. I did not care to reveal myself to the living Madge until I had resolved upon my line of action.

A graceful pretty little old lady came forward to welcome me, asking, with an air that betrayed little interest, to what she was indebted for the honor of my visit. But the lack of interest in voice and manner vanished completely when I made myself known.

"Ah, sir, you are so good to come!" she said. "Dr. Phillips told us that he would use his influence. I know you have come to give us some hope."

I might have yielded at once, if it had not been for that unfortunate reference to Phillips. I had not yet forgiven him for his high-handed interference, so, man-like, I retaliated upon this woman.

"I don't know, Mrs. Wilmerdale. You have asked something that is very difficult. If none of the story had been printed, it would be very different; and, you know, I have not any evidence that the matter is so important as you seem—"

"Ah!" she interrupted, "you have not yet seen Madge. But you will see her? Then you will know." She clasped her hands appealingly before me, as if I held the balance of life and death.

And so I saw Madge Wilmerdale.

If ever, in all this world, a young girl—but what is the use of repeating? You remember, in my other story, the description of the other Madge as she was upon her eighteenth birthday? Well, here was the creature of my fancy—the real rivaling the ideal.

At that moment, I felt some genuine respect for the genius that had enabled me to limn so perfect a portrait from the mere filaments of my brain. But, on the instant, I was stricken to the heart that it should have been so true; for here was not only the perfect physical beauty that I had portrayed, and the beauty of soul as well showing through those blue soul's-windows, but here too were that hectic flush and the sharp quick cough that were the precursors of the inevitable end when this beauty must perish and be as dust.

When we were again alone, I turned to Mrs. Wilmerdale.

"Is there no hope?" I asked.

"No one can help her but you, Mr. Morton. The physician can do nothing further."

The answer brought me back to myself.

"You fully believe, then, that she will follow the course of the other—the fictitious Miss Wilmerdale?"

"As surely as night follows day."

"Then I can make but one answer. All that lies in my power shall be done. But—may I ask a favor, Mrs. Wilmerdale?"

"You cannot ask any that I shall not grant joyfully, if you do this thing."

"Then may I read the conclusion of my story to your daughter in advance of its publication?" The lady gave me a quick look—I fancied, to see if she could discover my purpose and if she might trust me—and nodded her assent.

That night, I worked hard. I cut and hewed and hacked at that story. I ransacked Fred's library to make myself more familiar with the pathology of the dread disease. In an hour, my heroine was convalescing—on paper. By daybreak, she was well.

I was asleep on the office lounge when Fred came in and wakened me.

"So you have changed your mind," he said, sneeringly. "I was up there last night, after you left. You were easily converted."

"Who would not be, at sight of that glorious creature?" I retorted.

"You have been at work already," he said, glancing about at my disordered papers.

"Yes; I am going up this afternoon to read the MS. to them."

"Don't you think I had better go over it first, and see that you maintain some semblance of logic? You will have the critics down on you, if you are not careful."

"That for the critics now!" I replied, snapping my fingers.

"Well, as Miss Wilmerdale's physician, I warn you to be careful. Any undue excitement, sudden or false hopes held out, might prove very disastrous."

This was a change of tune, but I said nothing. It was part of my plan to be careful. I had as good an excuse now as had red for being admitted to the society of the Wilmerdales, and I did not propose

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to throw away my season-ticket for a single entertainment.

That afternoon, I took with me a single chapter of the revised MS.

Madge was half reclining upon an easy lounge as I entered, and received me languidly.

"Your mother tells me," I began, "that you are good enough to be interested in the story that I am publishing in the 'Omnibus,' and I have thought it might amuse you to hear a portion of it in advance of publication; especially as my heroine has borrowed your name."

"You are the author, then, of 'A Morbid Presentiment'?" she asked, sadly. "I would indeed be glad to hear the rest of the story, if I may. Because," she added, in a lower tone, that her mother might not hear, "because I doubt if I shall be able to read the finish, when it is published."

I sat beside her for half an hour and read, and, when I had finished, there was a new light in her face. I fancied it was the light of renewed hope.

"Will your heroine live or die, Mr. Morton?" she asked.

"I wish I could tell you," I answered. "An author is sometimes as much in doubt as anyone, regarding the future of his characters. But, while there is life, there is hope," I added, lightly, "and because she is your namesake, Miss Wilmerdale, I hope her story may have a happy ending."

"I hope so too," she said, with a most pathetic eagerness.

I controlled myself, and did not allow the story to progress too rapidly. At the end of a month, I went to her with the last chapters. Both the real and the fictitious Madge had improved wonderfully in that time, and the real one met me at the door with a light step and a merry laugh. Fred Phillips was there too, and he came forward and nodded to me more pleasantly than had lately been his habit. He was a frequent visitor at the house, keeping up the pretense of medical counsel; but it happened that we rarely met there.

He asked permission to remain and hear the final chapters read, and, while I was not glad to have him, I could not well refuse.

With my little audience of Madge, Fred, and Mrs. Wilmerdale, I read to the close. When I had finished, all joined in congratulating me, and Madge, with moist eyes, especially thanked me for what I had done for her. There was never any direct allusion between us as to just what that was, but of course it was perfectly understood.

I had meant to ask Madge a question at the close. That was, what reward should my heroine give to the man who had saved her life? I thought that I might perhaps make another chapter to the story, if her answer suited me. But, with the others about, of course I could not ask it.

Mrs. Wilmerdale seemed to divine the situation, and put the question for me.

"Marry him, to be sure," spoke up Fred, before anyone else could reply.

Surprised at finding an ally in such an unexpected quarter, I turned to thank him with a look, at the same time putting out a hand toward Madge to draw her to me, determined to tell her now, even before them all, how much I loved her.

Somehow, Fred seemed to guess my intention; he put himself between us and looked up at me laughingly.

"She has already consented," he said. "Congratulate us, Bob: we have been engaged for an hour."

I presume the result was wholly logical; at least, both Fred and Madge often assure me that it was, and that I am "hoist by my own petard"; for my own story says it was the talented young physician who saved Madge Wilmerdale's life.

And so I say that my story had an equivocal success; for, though it has run through many editions, it lost me a wife. I am yet unmarried, and I have written nothing since.

FROM ABOVE.

BY WALTER HOLDEN.

EVERY noble tendency,
Every blessing worth our strife,
Faith and hope and charity,
All that cometh from above—
But reflections of His life,
Revelations of His love.

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BEAUTY AND UGLINESS.

BY EUGENE DAVIS.

S it possible to define what female beauty really is? I hardly think so; for opinions on the subject differ as widely as the poles.

There are critics who consider a Grecian face the perfection of beauty; there are others who find such a countenance lacking in a few of the essential qualities that go to make up that characteristic. Beauty may, in certain cases, be the outcome of enthusiasm. A man, for instance, who loves his ugly wife, sometimes looks on her as a handsome woman. In certain countries, that which is not common is judged beautiful. Thus a golden-tressed white-skinned nymph strikes the fancy and admiration of people in Italy more than the dark-eyed dark-haired dames of whom there are enough and to spare down in that peninsula. In the same way, an Italian peasant or a Creole might in Germany or in England be considered prettier than the average Gretchen or British blonde. There is an old aphorism to the effect that there is no disputing about tastes; and, as there are as many colors and forms as there are tastes, we may find ourselves in a very labyrinth of incertitude in attempting to define what beauty really is.

Venus, in the age of mythology, was universally regarded—so the classics say—as a unique incarnation of the beautiful. Cleopatra enjoyed the same reputation among mortal queens, although she ran an appalling risk of being ugly; for, as some wag said, speaking of Marc Antony's sweetheart, if her nose had been only half an inch shorter, the whole history of the world might have been revolutionized. It is, however, an indisputable though not a generally known fact, that many of those historic dames whom former generations voted beauties had certain defects in face or physique which would have rendered them rather plain-looking in the eyes of the connoisseurs of to-day.

A stroll through the picture-gallery of the Grandes Amoureuses in Versailles might well puzzle the visitor as to the exact nature of the beauty which was so much admired by the kings and magnates of France in the past. Diana de Poitiers had very uneven shoulders, although the artist, Primatrice, sought—not, however, with much success—to minimize their irregularity in her portrait. Mademoiselle de la Vallière was lame of one foot. Madame d'Hondetôt and Mademoiselle de Lespinasse, of whom Jean Jacques Rousseau and D'Alembert wrote so gushingly, were both pock-marked! Mademoiselle Volland, who was credited by one of the poets of the age with having "an eagle's soul in the frame of a gazelle," was at the time wrinkled and parchment-skinned.

I have before me, as I write this article, the letters of several ladies who have been good enough to give their opinions on the respective merits or demerits of beauty and ugliness. One fair correspondent writes: "It is pure nonsense to say that beauty has any demerits or disadvantages whatsoever. Beauty is, from a worldly point of view, woman's sole treasure and happiness here below. It is that characteristic in her in which she glories, and thanks to which she is admired by men and hated and detested by women." An elderly spinster writes: "A beautiful woman is in the majority of cases a waxen doll, a Dead-Sea apple, fair to the rind but rotten at the core, a being who has either never had any brains or whose original dose of intelligence has been quite used up by the maudlin sentimentalities of gallants. An ugly woman may not generally be a favorite of the other sex, but she is invariably the favorite of her own; her circle of lady friends always compliment her on the taste of her coiffure and the elegance of her toilette."

A somewhat faded piece of female anatomy has it that a handsome woman is the giddiest and most ridiculous of creatures. "She smiles in order to let everybody see that she has pearly teeth; she laughs in order to show

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that the teeth are small and regular; she looks into your eyes in order to permit you to contemplate the bewitching depths of hers. In all her attitudes in society, she imagines herself the centre of every circle and the object of every admiring regard. She may be an ornament, but she is never of any use."

"A woman of talent, sir," writes a blue-stocking, "a woman of talent, who pens sonnets like Petrarch, and romantic idyls like George Sand, can never be considered ugly, though she has false teeth, wears an old-fashioned wig, and sea-green spectacles!"

Some fair critics venture the opinion that there are no ugly women at all in existence, those known as such being ladies "whose external charms remain unrevealed." According to other authorities, intelligence is more than an antidote to ugliness. A poetical damsel observes: "Ugliness is the calm light of dawn or twilight; beauty is the dazzling radiance of a summer's noon-day sun!" Another fair one says: "The face is the mirror of the soul. Those only are ugly who are so inwardly. The reflecting rays of the heart beautify the countenance and imprint the seal of goodness on the lips." A woman "who is not ashamed to be considered ugly" quotes Balzac's aphorism: "Beauty attracts, wit charms, but goodness alone retains." "Beauty, like ugliness," adds this dame, "is effaced by habit and home life. The husband of the handsomest woman soon wearies of her external charms. The evil spell of beauty has caused more crimes and commotions than any other quality."

Women have peculiar ideas on the subject of beauty and ugliness in man. One lady quotes a classic axiom to the effect that, while beauty may be a virtue in woman, the ugliest of men have always been the favorites of the gods. "It is quite natural for men to be ugly," observes another, somewhat maliciously. "Man is always handsome in a woman's eyes," writes a third. "A rough-and-ready soldier, with no pretensions to good looks," writes a fourth, "who has risked death on behalf of fatherland, would in the twinkling of an eye capture a woman's heart that might be besieged in vain for years by the most Adonis-like of mashers."

In support of this theory, one may instance Victor Emmanuel, who was almost as ugly and repulsive as Hugo's Quasimodo; but his gallant feats on the battle-field endeared him to the fair sex, over whose affections he reigned as triumphantly as did Launcelot du Lac himself. The great French tribune, Mirabeau, was the antithesis of Narcissus. He had a very roughly-hewn countenance deeply marked by small-pox, and yet was the idol of high-born dames and damsels.

On the other hand, women have an intuitive dislike of, or rather contempt for, the fops and dudes of fashionable life. These severe judges can cultivate the charms of effeminacy in their own persons, but they justly despise effeminacy in a sex whose first and chief claim on their regard is manliness.

The story is told of a dashing Spanish señorita, who was wheedled into a marriage with one of the leading dandies of Madrid. He was a brainless creature, although possessing features of classic contour and remarkable comeliness. The marriage turned out an unfortunate one; but, fortunately for her, it was only of a few months' duration, as her spouse succumbed to an attack of pneumonia. Shortly after his death, she fell deeply in love with a man far below her in station, a tall well-knit Hercules, who, besides being a hunchback, had a face as ugly as sin. When her legal term of mourning ended, the widow threw off her weeds and wedded this monster. The strangest part of the story is that she was very happy in her second union, and bore her plebeian husband no less than six pledges of her affection, in the persons of youngsters endowed with their father's strength and their mother's beauty.

On the whole, the field of discussion as to the relative merits or demerits of beauty and ugliness is a vast impenetrable forest. One scarcely enters its outskirts without being confronted with the densest darkness. Under such circumstances, he is a fool who rushes in where angels fear to tread.

PROVERB.

White face and hair of gold,
False lips and bosom cold;
Brown eyes and nut-brown hair,
Warm heart and honor fair.

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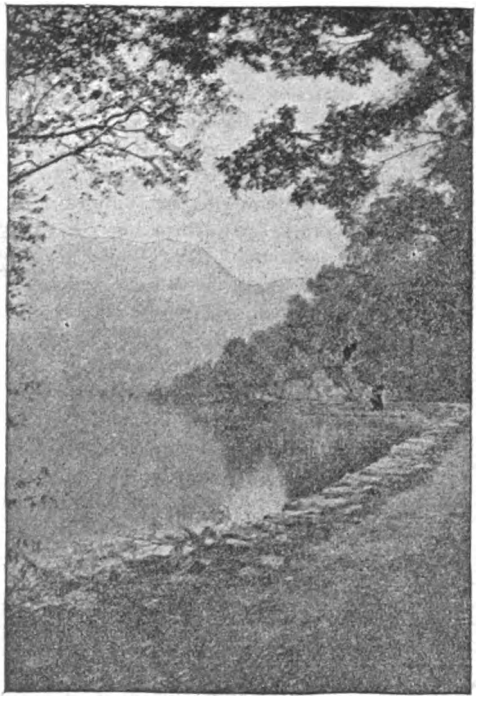
A COMPLETE CURE.

BY F. C. CREIGHTON.



EMBOSOMED in the foot-hills of the Adirondacks, Lake George lay like a silver mirror before them, the bright summer sunlight reflected in its crystal clear depths. From the shore where they stood, they could see the gleam of the finny tribe that swam on the bottom.

The "they" were two sisters, Laura and Emily Dutton. Laura was the younger, but people always spoke of her first; she was the beauty and the belle. By herself, Emily would have been considered very attractive-looking; but unfortunately she was always judged by comparison, and, by comparison with her sister, she could not help suffering.

They had arrived only the night before, and had left their aunt, who was something of an invalid, sitting on the hotel piazza, while they went to explore the beauties of the place, this being their first visit to Lake George.

"Let's hire a boat and go rowing," cried Laura. "There can certainly be no danger there."

"I hope not," answered Emily, smiling; "for your powers in that line are extremely limited: I should have to do all the pulling."

Laura pouted a little. She did not enjoy being reminded of her deficiencies; but, as her sister was her superior in everything except the so-called trivial but alas very important point of looks, it was scarcely in human nature for Emily not to remind her occasionally of that fact, though she was careful never to do it in public.

The sisters, however, agreed wonderfully, for Emily generally gave way to the younger in trifles; so they had soon procured a boat and were gliding over the shining surface of the lake. Laura played with the oars and enjoyed the pleasing delusion that she was rowing, while Emily watched her with an amused smile and really did all the work. There was only two years' difference between the pair; but, as they had no mother, the elder felt something of a protecting care over her sister.

Suddenly the blue expanse of sky clouded over and little ripples of white foam began to stir the calm waters of the lake. In a very short space of time, the peaceful surface was so rough that Emily became alarmed.

"Won't you please pull on the right oar, Laura? I want to try and land before we are upset," she cried. Then, as her sister's efforts only impeded their progress, she exclaimed: "Put down the oars, or we shall certainly be upset."

Laura obeyed, struggling with the oars in the effort to place them in the rowlocks, and just at this moment they noticed a boat coming toward them, with two young men in it.

"Can we help you?" they asked, as they approached the young ladies.

"Oh, yes, indeed!" answered Laura; and Emily, thinking discretion the better part of valor, accepted their assistance.

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In a few minutes, all were safely landed, and the little incident was the foundation of an intimate acquaintance; for the two young men proved to be also guests at the same hotel with the two Miss Duttons. One of the gentlemen was married; but the other —Maurice Clitheroe—was single, and fell an almost immediate victim to Miss Laura's charms.

Many and delightful were the excursions that followed—by water, in carriages, or on foot. Mr. Clitheroe's friend and his wife—Mr. and Mrs. Emmett—generally made up the party, entertaining Emily while her sister monopolized her new admirer. The elder gathered quantities of wild flowers and ornamented their rooms, filling vases, pitchers, and basins with their woodland beauty; but it was the younger who, in picturesque morning-costume and flower-trimmed hat, posed at the open window in the fresh summer mornings, for the benefit of Mr. Clitheroe—who, man like, was deluded into the belief that the beauty must be as fresh and sweet in her nature as her surroundings, not aware that the background was the work of somebody else.

One man's devotion was apt, in time, to become wearisome to Laura; and so, when some friends wrote them of the idyllic rustic existence they were leading, for ten dollars a week, at a farm-house among the Catskills,

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the spoiled young woman teased her elders into joining the party.

"I think we'd better go," agreed Emily, after some hesitation; "for, if you have no serious intentions toward Mr. Clitheroe, I'm afraid he has toward you."

"How you do put things!" cried Laura, half laughing, half annoyed.

Mr. Clitheroe, however, did exactly what might have been expected, in case Emily's solicitude for him had some foundation. He induced Mrs. Emmett to beg that he might accompany the Duttons, and it ended in the whole party leaving for the Catskills; for Laura, much to her sister's astonishment,

gave a ready consent to the request, even urging the lady to go with them.

Established at the farm-house with pleasant friends, the city people found the novelty of their existence very pleasant. They varied the ordinary amusements offered by the Catskills by playing at rustic life, and, on days not too warm, some of them might often be seen doing a little amateur hay-making.

"Since you have found a new admirer," remarked Emily, a few days after her arrival, to her sister, "Mr. Clitheroe is kind enough to bestow his society and his woes on me for consolation. He has this advantage over some of your victims: his is a 'grief that does not speak,' and therefore more endurable. He really tries to make himself agreeable."

The elder Miss Dutton was used to consoling her sister's lovers; for, being a tender-hearted young woman, she was touched by their woes, to which Laura was always perfectly indifferent. This time, however, Emily found her task more congenial than usual, and it was not without regret that she saw the beauty tire of her latest slave and turn to Mr. Clitheroe once more. That young man proved no stronger-minded than the majority of his sex, and again fell a prey to the fascinations of his fickle charmer.

After a while, the delights of rural life palled on the blasé palates of most of the party; and they decided, as a complete change, to try the sea-shore. Emily and Mr. Clitheroe confessed to a wish to stay longer; but, when the young despot who ruled her small world decreed otherwise, they of course submitted. Indeed, everyone, including even Mrs. Holmes, the girls' aunt, who seldom had an opinion of her own, was tired of the place, so the two lovers of the country were decidedly in the minority.

September found them all, with the exception of Mr. Clitheroe, enjoying the beauties of that most beautiful of months at the place of all places to enjoy them—the sea-side. That unfortunate gentleman had been called back to town by unexpected business. He hoped to return; but in the meantime Laura was not inconsolable, for at the same hotel was a rich widower who lavished all sorts of attentions upon her. He had one son, an only child, who shared his father's admiration for the "beautiful lady," and bestowed his favors with all the frankness of childhood. This was amusing for a time.

"You would make a charming step-mother, Laura," laughed Emily. "Only. I am sorry for poor Mr. Clitheroe."

"Oh, bother Mr. Clitheroe!" was the response. "I'll hand him over to you—you may have him."

"Thanks for your generosity," the elder Miss Dutton answered, dryly. "I hope the young man will be properly grateful."

Seated on the sands one day, pretending to read, but principally listening to the chatter of the little Henry, whose father had gone to order his carriage for a drive, Laura looked up, and, to her annoyance, saw Maurice

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Clitheroe approaching. He came toward her eagerly, evidently expecting as much cordiality in her reception as there had been regret in her parting.

"How unreasonable men are!" thought the young lady, as she perceived this, for she saw also that little Henry's keen eyes were watching her.

"How do you do, Mr. Clitheroe?" she said aloud. "We had quite given you up, and decided you were not coming back."

"You must have known that I would come," he answered, trying to assure himself that there was reproach in her words, as he took the somewhat languidly offered hand.

"The others have set out for a walk," explained Laura, although the young man had not gone through the formality of asking for them. "I preferred to drive."

"With papa," added Henry, and, before either of the others could say anything, "papa" himself appeared in sight.

"You must excuse me," said Laura; "if you would like to join the others, I think I can show you the direction in which they have gone."

"No, thank you. I believe I'll go up to the house and unpack. Good-morning."

He lifted his hat and walked rapidly away.

"Do you like that gentleman as well as papa?" asked little Henry, suspending his digging operations and looking inquiringly into Laura's face.

"Don't ask silly questions," responded she, trying to laugh. "I am going to meet your papa, for here comes nurse to take care of you."

Maurice Clitheroe's first impulse was to return immediately to the city. But he was a young man of considerable force of char-

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acter and strength of will, and he decided not to give up the contest so easily. Besides, pride urged him to stay. All efforts to win a smile from Laura were ineffectual, for the widower was lynx-eyed; and so, after a time, Maurice gave up the attempt and devoted himself to Emily. During the rest of September and nearly all of October, the two were constantly together; but Laura was too well used to turning her admirers over to her sister for consolation, to feel any fears as to regaining them again if she wished to do so. She was just beginning to tire of Henry and his father, and was going back to her original decision that Maurice Clitheroe was the most interesting man she had ever known, when a fearful storm and consequent change in the weather broke up the party.

The Duttons and their friends went to their home in Philadelphia, while the Emmets and Mr. Clitheroe returned to New York. The widower and his son took their departure for Baltimore, though not without a farewell interview with the younger Miss Dutton, in which that lady refused him, as she took good care to let everybody know.

Over this last event, the sisters, even in the midst of their packing, had a little quarrel.

"I hope you will tell Maurice Clitheroe what I have done," added Laura, as she finished her account of the rejection.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," answered Emily, indignantly.

"Oh, I don't mean really tell him: just let him know it."

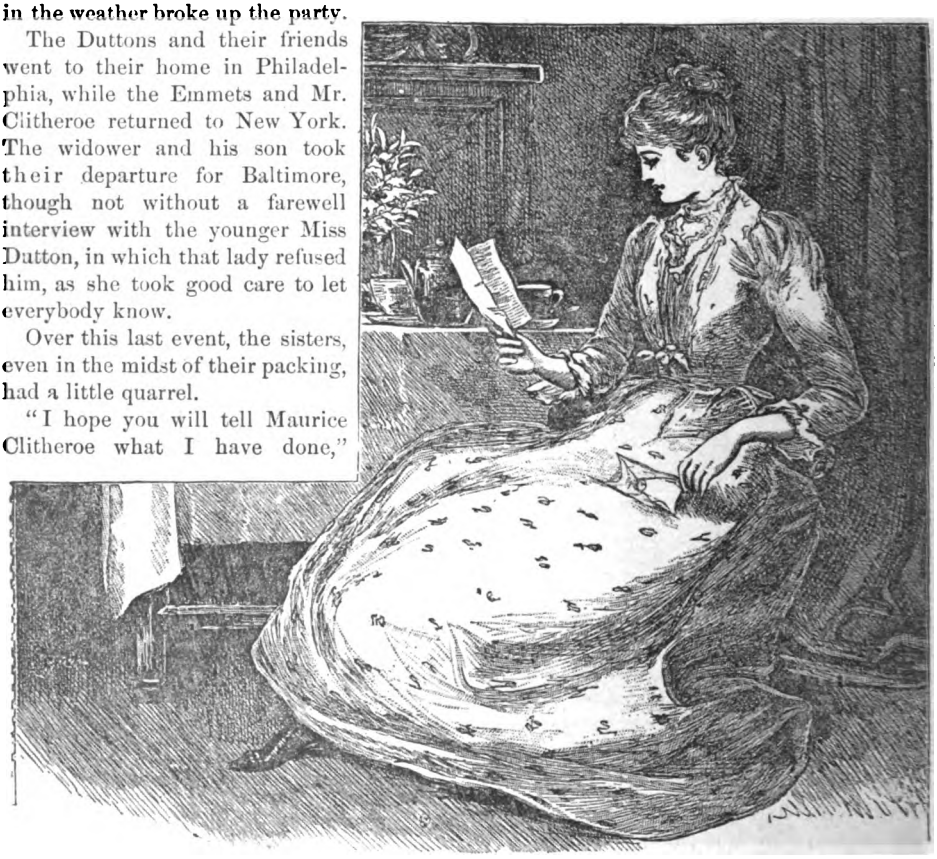
"I don't approve of treating rejected proposals as the Indians treat scalps," said Emily, coldly.

"Oh, I can guess why you don't want Mr. Clitheroe to know!" cried the younger sister, with so much meaning in her tone that she carried her point.

Miss Dutton vouchsafed no reply to this insinuation, except to remark a moment later:

"If you are anxious to publish your triumph, I will tell Mrs. Emmet; and she, of course, will make it generally known."

In the hurry of parting, Laura only had time to say a few pleasant words to Maurice; but she threw all the charm of her manner into these few words, and he murmured something about hoping to be in Philadelphia soon and seeing them.



All through the early part of the winter, however, Mr. Clitheroe gave no sign; and Laura began to realize, through her disappointment, that he had caught her fickle

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fancy more strongly than any other of her admirers.

Emily was confined to her room for several days with a severe cold. When Laura went in to see her, one morning, she found her sitting by the table on which the breakfast-things were spread, busily reading a letter.

"Good-morning! How are you?" asked Laura, gayly.

"Very much better, thank you," answered the invalid.

"I knocked, but you were so absorbed you didn't hear me. From whom is your letter? You are even neglecting your breakfast for it." Laura was not at all curious as to her sister's correspondence; but she would probably have waited for a reply, had not a glance at the clock warned her it was time to dress for her shopping expedition. "Dear me!" she exclaimed, before Emily could answer, even if she had felt so inclined, "I must rush off and get ready. Grace was to be here by eleven o'clock, and you know how punctual she is. Good-bye," and she was gone.

There was an intensely relieved expression on the elder sister's face as the younger departed.

"How shall I ever tell her?" she murmured. "How shall I ever tell her?"

But she found no opportunity of telling her; for Laura did not return till evening, and, when she came into the drawing-room, Maurice Clitheroe was sitting there, talking to Emily.

Mr. Clitheroe spent a good deal of his time in Philadelphia, throughout the winter and spring; but it was not to see her that he came, Laura realized at last. All the various arts which the beauty had employed to re-enslave her adorers failed in this case. Emily gave her sister every opportunity to renew the bondage in which she had held her admirer all the summer. Laura realized this, too; but he would not return to his old allegiance. And, to the astonishment of the younger Miss Dutton, the elder insisted on spending the summer at Lake George and the Catskills, finally stopping at the very seaside resort where Maurice had been thrown aside by Laura. For two years, he was kept on probation. Never was beauty or belle more exacting with a lover than Emily Dutton showed herself with Maurice Clitheroe; for, as she told him: "A handsome woman can afford to take some love on trust; a plain woman has to be more cautious."

"But you are not plain," he cried, indignantly.

"I am by contrast, at any rate," was the smiling answer.

However, at the end of the two years, Emily felt confident that the cure was complete, and they were married. As for Laura, a year later she accepted her faithful widower, and proved, as her sister had predicted, a charming step-mother.

THE BIRTH OF FEAR.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.

You love me, love me, love me! Yes,
  I've heard it so many times
That it seems to me as familiar, dear,
  As the old sweet mission-chimes
Or the tune that some tender mother sings
  To the worn-out nursery-rhymes.

You love me, love me! Dear, are you sure?
  Then why repeat it so oft?
I'm sure I have never doubted it once
  Nor the declaration scoffed,
Though you've sworn to it loud and passionate
  And whispered it low and soft.

Nay, never once have I doubted you, dear,
  With tears or complainings or sighs;
And, when you swear that you love me,
  With that look in your eyes,
It is not I, but your conscience, dear,
  That you satisfy with lies.

You clasp me and hold me and kiss me, dear,
  Then you look at me and say
"I love you!" But all the time, I fear,
  Your own heart answers you nay;
And now, each time that you speak, it wears
  A bit of my love away.

For, though "I love you" are tender words
  That a woman longs to hear,
They somehow lose their sweetness and strength
  If you speak them too often, dear;
And it's not what you say—it is what you do—
  That gives birth or death to fear.

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THE SISTERS' DILEMMA.

BY MISS M. L. NEAL.

THE farm-house of the McPikes possessed a great attraction for the country youths of Muddy Creek Valley. If Melissa McPike had been one-half as agreeable as Susan, her younger sister, it would have possessed two great attractions instead of one. As it was, Sue McPike had numerous admirers and suitors, while poor Lissa was generally neglected and had never been sought in marriage except on one occasion when very young, and when, with the recklessness of youth, she had let her opportunity go by. It was the opinion of the rest of the family that Lissa was too easy-going and was not "laffin' and chirruppy enough," as her mother expressed it, to be agreeable to young men; but Lissa herself could only say that somehow things were against her, and she supposed they would keep on getting worse till they got better.

Sue was very pretty; next to Sue, Lissa was the best-looking girl in the Valley, and that ought to have counted for something; but other girls were occasionally courted and married, and Lissa was twentyfive, and still, to quote her mother again, she hadn't "made her market." Now, while Lissa ought perhaps to have been uneasy on her own account, it certainly was hard that Sue should be the one to suffer most from her sister's misfortune; but such was the case: for Silas McPike and his wife were firm in the determination that their younger daughter should not marry till the oldest was provided for—a common enough view, but remarkable in this case for being clung to with very uncommon pertinacity.

It was in vain that Sue assailed her parents with prayers and complaints.

"No," said her mother; "I've seen too much o' the youngest girls marryin' first. I've known fam'lies where the oldest one was good-lookin' and smart, and, once the youngest ones got ahead of her, she was left for good; and I've known fam'lies where the oldest girl was plain and downright stupid, and, if the others was held back long enough, they all got taken fin'ly."

"I've seen the same thing," said Silas. "If once the oldest gal gets a name of not bein' wanted, she never is wanted."

"But, pa," said Sue, "I think Lissa's got that name now as much as she can possibly have it."

"No, she ain't, Sue," cried Silas, "no, she ain't. I tell you, she's got more show than she'd have if you was to leave home and comp'ny stopped comin'."

"Now, your grandmother," said Mrs. McPike, "was jest the same as me about this. Your Aunt Tilda and me would 'a' gone right on and left your Aunt Sophy. We was kep' back, jest as 'twas right and proper we should 'a' been. Your Aunt Sophy wasn't like Tilda and me. She never took to comp'ny, never had much to say, and was easy made down-hearted. Your Uncle Griggs was a widderer with eight children when she married him, and then Sophy had six of her own. I was always kinder sorry for Sophy, but she had to have somebody. Then, while I was waitin' on her, I got out with the young man I took a notion to first—you remember, you and me was jest gettin' acquainted, Silas—and then your Aunt Tilda had to be held back a year while your pa was hesitatin' about me."

"Seems as ef it runs in both sides of the fam'ly, for the youngest gals to want to go first," said Silas. "Now, there was my sisters! Your Aunt Lucy would 'a' left your Aunt Henr'etter clean out o' sight; but your grandma jest set her foot right down on it. 'No,' says she, 'Henr'etter goes first, or they both stays,' and both o' them gals was married. Henr'etter was thirtyfive, though. Some gals is awful slow ketchin' on."

"Goodness sakes, pa," wailed Sue, "you don't mean to say you'd keep me waitin' till Lissa's thirtyfive, do you?"

"I dunno, Sue," said Silas, calmly. "You stay home an' help keep things goin', an'

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maybe we can do something for Lissa afore that."

And every discussion on this subject ended in the same way.

Now, among Sue's admirers there was one, young Joe Perkins, whom she found worthiest of her regard. Joe was twentysix years old, very good-looking, and had what Sue considered very superior manners. He managed his father's farm on shares, and besides had forty acres of land and a span of horses, all his own. Sue was very proud and fond of him, and she believed he returned her feeling in an equally liberal degree. Whenever opportunity offered, they discussed Lissa's chances and their own. To Sue, a runaway match appeared better than apparently hopeless waiting; but Joe never suggested it, and Sue was a modest girl and waited for him to make advances. Once, indeed, Joe did mention it; but it was not in the way of encouraging such a venture.

"Your pa and ma are dead set against us, Sue," he said. "Of course, we could defy 'em and do as we please; but I hate to get you out with your folks. I've seen girls that was married and was out with their folks, and they was just mis'rable. Pervided we don't have to wait too long, I think we'd better wait for Lissa, and maybe it won't be such a very great while. I declare, she ain't bad. If it wasn't for you, Sue, I'd—"

"There, now, Joe!" said Sue.

There may have been a shade of policy mixed up with Joe's views on this subject; for Silas McPike was very comfortably off, and he had treated it as a matter of course that, if his daughter disobeyed him in such an important matter, he should disinherit her—a method of terrorizing in this respect that had long been in good repute on both sides of the house.

Sue was a girl of character, and she determined to rouse Lissa to a sense of her obligations.

"If you will do nothing for your own sake, Lissa," she said, "you might do something for mine."

"But what can I do?" asked Lissa, helplessly. "I may get married any day. Nobody knows what will happen."

"'Happen'!" cried Sue, scornfully. "The idea of waiting for it to 'happen'!"

Then she wrote out a list of the eligible young men of their acquaintance and begged her sister to make a choice.

"You haven't said anything about Joe Perkins," said Lissa, with something like a pout.

"Well, I suppose you know you can't have him. Do be sensible, Lissa. Here's Ben Hight and Halsey Powers. Settle on one of them."

"I don't know which of them thinks the most of me," said Lissa.

"I guess there ain't much difference on that point," said Sue, rather dryly; "but I think, perhaps, Halsey is the easiest led. Now, you've just got to be entertaining and nice. He'll be here to-morrow night, and I'll see that he don't get any chance to talk to me."

The next night came, and with it Halsey Powers and a number of other young people. In the parlor was a cabinet organ which had helped out many an evening's entertainment. Lissa always played and Sue led the singing, the latter standing with her little brown hands clasped over her apron, her pretty head thrown back, while, as there were not enough books to go round, Joe Perkins and some other infatuated youth together held a book in front of her, standing so that they could conveniently glance at the book or at Sue, as it became necessary. But, on this occasion, Sue took her place at the organ, calling on Halsey Powers to share his book with Lissa; and, when Joe Perkins and Ben Hight attempted to sing from the one on the instrument, she ordered them away, saying that it was as much as she could do to play anyhow, without anybody looking over her shoulder. But even Joe was heard to say that Sue's playing was of a kind to set him crazy; and it may have been owing to the uncertainties of the organ or to a feeling of dissatisfaction with Sue's conduct generally, but, when the organist glanced over her shoulder at the commencement of the second song, she found that all, excepting Joe and Lissa, were not singing, and song-books had become so plentiful that Lissa might have had two or three to herself if she had wanted them. Sue abandoned the organ, and for the rest of the evening was perversely silent and gloomy, while Lissa did all she could to be agreeable. It was her hands that distributed apples and pop-corn, and her suggestions that were followed in regard to jests and games.

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But, though this line of conduct was pursued for several weeks, it seemed to make no sort of difference to the young men, who were determined to admire Sue. Many a night did that young woman sit by the fire, which flushed her cheeks a beautiful red, her pretty lips in a pout, and her idle hands in her lap, while Halsey Powers or Ben Hight vainly gazed at her and tried to lead her back to her former graciousness and merriment. To Lissa, they must and did talk; but it was plain that one little word or smile which Sue bestowed by accident at rare intervals counted for more with them than all Lissa's best-directed efforts. Then Sue resorted to more severe measures.

"May I ask, Mr. Powers," she said, very stiffly, one day, when she met that unfortunate youth and he attempted to detain her in conversation, "may I ask what reason you have for staring so hard at me?"

"I didn't know I was staring at you, Miss Sue," said Halsey.

"But you were," she retorted. "I declare, you fairly goggle at me sometimes till your eyes look as if they would start out of your head, and I fairly expect to see them do it."

"But I must look at you occasionally," pleaded Halsey, humbly; "but, since you don't like my eyes, I'll try not to do it when you're looking at me."

"Oh, Mr. Powers," said Sue, with biting sarcasm, "if that's all there is to hinder you, I'm afraid you'll be staring at me most of your time."

With Ben Hight and the rest of her admirers, excepting always Joe Perkins, Sue showed herself equally harsh. But not one of the band wavered in his devotion or in the hope that she would one day regard him with favor.

After a time, Sue became completely discouraged, and matters began to look serious even to Lissa; but, as the latter had suggested, nobody knew what might happen, and, one evening, sure enough, something unusual did happen.

Sue had retired at seven o'clock, under pretense of not feeling well, but really with the intention of reading an innocent novel which Joe had lent her, but of which, I am sorry to say, she knew her parents would disapprove. Lissa sat with her father and mother, doing some kind of fancy-work with her plump fingers. There came a knock at the front door, and Mr. McPike admitted a tall handsome young man whom he recognized, having seen him several times before, as Peter Doolittle, the new teacher of the Valley school. Silas presented Mr. Doolittle to his wife and daughter, after which events took place, best reported by Lissa, who, at half-past ten o'clock, burst in upon Sue, who had fallen asleep over her book.

"Goodness, Lissa!" cried Sue, "what's the matter? You look awful excited."

"Sue," said Lissa, "who do you suppose has been here?"

"Joe," said Sue, promptly.

"No. Mr. Doolittle, the new teacher. He came over to get acquainted."

"Oh, Lissa, did he? Tell me all about it. What is he like? Did you talk to him?"

"Well, you see, ma and me was kind of flustered at first, seeing him so unexpected; but you know what a talker pa is. Well, pa talked, and the teacher talked to him; but once in a while he'd look at me and say something, and after a while I could have talked back, but pa kept talking so much—I think pa kind of forgot about me at first. I'm bound to say it isn't often that pa does forget. After a while, ma went into the kitchen to set the bread risin', and pretty soon she called pa out and told him to set down there or go to bed and give me a show. I was real nervous for a minute, thinking the teacher might have heard; but I guess he didn't. Well, after a little, I got so I could talk to him pretty well, and we got acquainted; and, Sue, what do you think? Mr. Doolittle thinks I'm you!"

"Thinks you're me, Lissa? What on earth are you talking about?"

"It's a fact, Sue. You see, he isn't much acquainted round here; but he's heard of us, and some way he's got us mixed. I don't mean that he thinks my name is Sue and yours Lissa, but he thinks I'm the youngest and the one that gets all the notice."

"Oh, Lissa, how awful of you! You know you tried to fool him."

"No, not exactly, Sue; it's his own mistake. He says to me: 'I hear you've broken a good many hearts.' And I says: 'Oh, no, Mr. Doolittle, I've done no such thing.' And that was the truth, wasn't it? At the same time, I know he thought I didn't mean it. Then again he says: 'I'm afraid you're spoilt; the youngest daughter nearly always

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is.' And just then a piece of wood fell off the fire, nearly onto the carpet, and I hurried to pick it up, and I guess he thought I didn't notice what he said. And now, Sue, I want to tell you a plan I've got: I don't want him to find out his mistake just yet. If he gets to liking me before he knows I'm not you, perhaps he won't mind after he does find out, and will keep on liking me; and that's what I thought, the minute I see what he'd got into his head. And I want you to help me out, Sue; it'll be as good for you and Joe as for me."

"Lissa," said Sue, "say your prayers and come to bed. There may be something in it; we'll talk it over. I didn't know you could be so cute!"

Then Melissa got into bed, and the two girls laid their fair heads together on Sue's pillow and plotted against the school-teacher's peace.

"Pa has a way of letting things out," said Lissa; "but ma will look after him. And oh, Sue, I forgot the most important part of it: Mr. Doolittle is coming here to board!"

"Coming here? How did you manage that?"

"Well, he said he was awful uncomfortable down at Angier's—you know what a set they are—and I said the teacher boarded here one winter, and he said he wished he'd been teaching that winter; and after a while I made an excuse to leave the room, and went into pa and ma—they'd gone to bed by that time—and I told them all about it. They fell in with my ideas right off, and I told them I wished he could come here to board, and the sooner he came the better. Ma said she thought so too; and then pa got up and dressed and came out, o' purpose to ask him. Pa and ma are awful good, Sue."

"They mean well, Lissa. Sometimes I think they overdo things. When is Mr. Doolittle coming?"

"To-morrow morning. Isn't that splendid? We'll have him here all day Saturday and Sunday, and he won't have much chance to talk to anybody outside the family."

"And now tell me about him, Lissa—is he nice? Is he as nice as Joe?"

"Well," rejoined Lissa, hesitatingly—and who shall say whether her answer was dictated by candor or prudence?—"he is very nice and he's fine-looking, but—I don't think he's quite up to Joe."

"I didn't suppose he was," Sue avowed, confidently. "So you think, do you, that, if I keep him at a distance till he gets to liking you first, he won't mind after he finds out about us?"

"Yes, that's it. I don't believe, Sue, that I look two years older than you."

"Of course you don't; you don't worry about things the way I do. Well, I'll comb back my bangs; that'll make me look older, too, and I'll scarcely speak to him."

"That's a darling! I knew you'd help me, Sue."

"Of course I will," said Sue, graciously. "I'd do anything to help you, Lissa." And the sisters kissed each other and fell asleep in each other's arms.

The next day, the school-teacher became a member of the McPike household. Lissa smiled on him and looked her sweetest, while Sue wore her most unbecoming dress and a more unbecoming manner. It was plain to all that Mr. Doolittle was attracted to Lissa. Sue observed him furtively, and, after a while, began to speculate about him. She had long been used to frank and direct admiration, and in this instance she felt that she was being loved by proxy, as it were. The situation was new and not without its charm, and Sue felt tempted to try if her attractions would prove sufficient to offset the fact that Mr. Doolittle thought she was the unadmired and neglected one, seeing that her own reputation had apparently done so much for Lissa. After reflection, she decided, for the happiness of all, to remain faithful to her sister, and she avoided Peter Doolittle as much as possible, answering him in monosyllables whenever he ventured to address her. On his part, the teacher did not wonder that Miss Sue was unpopular; but occasionally he fancied that there was something rather nice about her and that she could be very agreeable if she chose.

"I believe, though," he thought, "that I am falling in love with that little Lissa. She's not quite the dashing style I would have expected to find, but she'll do."

Sue took her book and again went early to bed, and, when Sunday morning came, the school-teacher drove Lissa to church, where their presence created something of

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a sensation. Again, in the evening, Sue retired early, and again was roused by Lissa.

"Joe came, Sue," said Lissa, "but I thought I'd best not call you. He might have given things away somehow."

"We'll have to tell him what we're up to," said Sue. "I expect Joe felt bad because I wasn't there."

"I told him you wasn't feeling very well. He staid real late, though. I got along fine, Sue. I believe Mr. Doolittle thinks I'm just right, and I guess Mr. Joe opened his eyes a little. He sees somebody can like me, after all, and I shouldn't wonder if he tells Ben and Halsey."

Sue sat straight up in bed and stared fixedly at the opposite wall.

"What's the matter, Sue?" said Lissa.

"Nothing," said Sue, rather shortly, and lay flat down again.

"Do you know, Sue," said Lissa, "Mr. Doolittle is quite a singer—I s'pose you heard him at the organ—and he says he's going to get up a singing class, just for fun, you know, so we can all have a good time. He's going to send word to everybody to come to the school-house to-morrow night. Joe'll be sure to want you to go; but, if you'd just stay at home, Sue, it would help matters an awful sight. Will you?"

"Ye-es," said Sue, rather faintly, "I'll stay. I guess I'll send word to Joe to come and spend the evening with me."

In the morning, a note was sent by one of the school-children who passed by the McPike farm, to be left at the Perkins place. When evening came, and Lissa and Mr. Doolittle had gone, Sue made herself look as pretty as possible and waited for Joe. But she waited in vain—Joe did not put in an appearance; and at nine o'clock, weary and disappointed, Sue went to bed. She could not sleep, however, and, when Lissa came home, happy and triumphant, she found Sue still awake.

"Joe didn't come," said Sue. "Have you seen anything of him?"

"Yes," said Lissa. "Joe was at the class. He had to go after some cattle this afternoon, and, when he got back, it was too late to come here, so he came to the class to see how we were getting along; and he was late enough there, goodness knows. He told me he was real sorry you didn't come."

"Did you have a nice time?" said Sue.

"Splendid!" cried Lissa. "Mr. Doolittle had to lead the singing, but Joe was very polite—held my book and was real jolly, though he said he was awful tired."

And this, with the rest of Lissa's account, had the effect of keeping Sue awake an hour or so longer. The next day, she was dejected and abstracted. By the time Mr. Doolittle returned in the evening, her dejection had vanished; but her abstraction remained to such an extent that, meeting him suddenly, she flashed a brilliant smile at him and talked to him for several minutes, with considerable animation, before she recollected her duty to Lissa.

"Why can't she always be like that?" wondered the teacher.

On the next Thursday evening, there was to be a sociable at the minister's house, and again Lissa begged Sue to remain at home.

"If you go," she said, "they'll all be crowding round you, and I don't want the teacher to see me neglected."

"I'll stay," said Sue, "but I'll make sure of Joe this time. I'll send him word to-day, and he can lay his plans accordingly. Then I'll have a good talk with him and tell him how things are going."

But the note Sue sent her lover was rather sharp in tone, it seemed to him, and he was disappointed because she didn't want to go to the sociable.

"It's downright unreasonable," thought Joe. "I guess I'll go for a while anyhow, and then I'll ride over to Sue's."

Ben Hight, in his big sleigh, called for Lissa and Mr. Doolittle. There were other young people with them, and the sound of their laughter as they rode away caused Sue's poor little heart to sink; but she remembered Joe and bestirred herself to make a pretty toilet and other preparations for his entertainment.

At eight o'clock, Sue was sitting with her father and mother, her cheeks burning and her eyes glittering. The conviction had forced itself on her that Joe was not coming.

"He ain't, pa, I know he ain't! He's gone to the sociable."

"Maybe not, Sue," said Silas, wishing to comfort his daughter. "He may be kep' some way."

"Yes, I guess he wants to be kept. Pa, I'm going too!" Sue stood straight up, with

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a determined look. "I'm bound to see what's going on!"

"It's too late, Sue; you mustn't think o' sech a thing."

"I'm going! Get out the cutter, pa—I'm going!"

"It's awful cold, Sue," remonstrated her mother.

"I don't care. I'm going, if I have to walk!"

To tell the truth, Silas and his wife felt a certain sympathy for their youngest daughter; and they understood, too, something of the jealous fears that beset her. They were not without a feeling of curiosity, as was natural, to discover how Lissa was really getting along and what kind of an appearance she made as a possible belle; so, after some discussion, they decided to humor Sue. The mother announced her intention of going too, and, by being very expeditious, as the road was in excellent condition, not more than half an hour elapsed before they reached the parsonage.

The trio were warmly greeted by the minister and his wife, who met them in the hall. Silas explained that they had not intended to come, but Sue had taken a notion toward the last and they had thought better late than never. The noise of their entrance was drowned by the merry confusion in the parlor, and, the door being open, Silas and his wife and daughter had a full view of the company and were not themselves observed. They fixed their gaze on one group within, especially interesting. Melissa was looking her prettiest, the school-teacher bending over her chair as if calling her attention to something; Halsey Powers sat on a hassock in front of her, leaning back, his large red hands clasped over one knee and an unmistakable look of interest and admiration on his face; and—could it be Joe?—yes, Joe was sitting beside her, and they were talking and laughing together as if they had been on the best of terms all their lives.

Sue gave a little gasp, and her mother was stricken dumb. Not so Silas. With one stride, he was in the room, gazing at his elder daughter in amazement and admiration.

"Wa-al, Lissa," he said, cheerfully, "looks as ef you've ketched on!"

His wife followed quickly and gave him a nudge just below the shoulder-blade, and then the minister's wife led the three away and they divested themselves of their outer garments.

Joe was silenced at sight of Sue's indignant face, and Lissa felt decidedly upset; but Halsey Powers began to talk to her, and she recovered. After all, she had done nothing wrong. She couldn't help Joe's nonsense, and he must answer for his neglect of Sue's note—she would not. Still, it was hateful of Sue to come in on her like that, and pa had made an awful blunder; but she hoped the rest didn't understand what he meant.

When Sue came into the parlor a little later, Joe sidled up to her and began to murmur excuses. He had only intended to stay a little while—he had certainly meant to visit her that evening—he had no idea how fast time was going—and so on. Sue stopped him with a haughty gesture.

"I've done with you, Joe Perkins!" said she, and walked across the room. Then she sat down and reviewed the situation.

"Well," she thought, "I wanted to help Lissa, and I guess I've succeeded. I've helped her to the teacher and Joe and Halsey and all the rest of 'em, probably. I expect some of the mean things I've said have had some effect on them finally, though I must say they stood it for a long time. I've done a dreadful thing—I've ruined myself! Not one of them wants to say anything to me at all! I wonder if I look much put aback? It's dreadful to be left alone like this. I don't see how ever Lissa stood it so long. Oh, dear, nobody will ever like me again!" And at this point, in spite of all the pride she could muster, two big tears rose to Sue's eyes. She got up and gazed through them at an engraving on the wall. Then she became conscious that someone was beside her.

"Miss Sue," said the teacher's voice, "we are going to have some games. Will you join us?"

"No, thank you," said Sue, in a choked voice. "I don't feel just right. I—I'm sorry I came." And then the tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Miss Sue," said the teacher, "really, I—are you unhappy? Can I do anything?"

"Go away, please." And the school-teacher, not knowing what else to do, obeyed her.

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Sue let the evening pass without exerting herself to be agreeable or disagreeable. Halsey Powers and Ben Hight would have approached her, perhaps, but the expression of her face was such as to make a snubbing pretty certain. She was glad to go home; once there, she went to bed and cried bitterly. Lissa tried to reason with her; but Sue got as far away from her sister as possible, and, having cried till she could cry no more, finally fell asleep.

Joe called, the next day, and made some advances toward a reconciliation; but it led to a violent quarrel. She gave him an unqualified dismissal, and a few days later he proposed to Lissa in the face of the school-teacher's attentions, and was accepted. The father and mother gave their consent, delighted to find that Sue seemed perfectly content.

"Now, Sue," said her father, jocosely, "trot out one of the rest of 'em, and we'll have a double weddin'."

Sue smiled rather faintly, and, putting on her hat and cloak, went for a walk. The November air was bracing and the snow crisp under foot. She walked rapidly, and her cheek grew rosier and her heart lighter at every step. After all, Joe was not worth a thought, and it certainly was a mercy that Lissa was going to be married.

She had walked a mile or so, when a sudden turn in the road brought her face to face with Mr. Doolittle.

"Ah, now," he said, with amazing boldness, "you look as nature intended you should—beautiful and happy."

Sue had given him a smile, as indeed she had done quite frequently of late, and now she blushed deeply.

"You are taking a long walk," remarked the teacher.

"Yes," said Sue, "and it's getting a little late, isn't it? Perhaps I'd better turn back now." And Sue and the teacher walked homeward together.

"It's strange," thought he; "I was almost sure that I loved Miss Lissa, and now I'm wondering if it isn't Miss Sue."

Sue kept up a cheerful train of talk, and, by the time they reached the house and she had given him a parting smile and tripped lightly upstairs, it was all over with Mr. Doolittle.

When the school-teacher proposed to her, Sue gave him both her little hands.

"Peter Doolittle," said she, "the day that Joe and Lissa are married, you may ask me this. Till that day," with emotion, "let the matter rest. Why, if it was known that you like me so much, they'd come back like a flock of sheep, Joe and all, and then it would all be over with Lissa, and neither of us could ever get married in the world!"

Peter Doolittle, thinking that Miss Sue had gone crazy, took her in his arms and refused to let her go till she had explained her strange words. Sue felt a little ashamed, but she told the truth. The school-teacher laughed heartily.

"I suppose," he said, "you thought I was like a sheep too, and I don't know but that I was for a time; but you were so cross, and, after all, I have proposed to you, though I didn't know till this minute that you were the belle!"

"SLEEPING, I DREAMED."

BY INDA BARTON HAYS.

DREAMING, I float on a billowy sea
  Past the green isles and the shadowy shore,
Wrapped in the folds of life's sweet mystery,
  White-winged sails without rudder or oar;
Beautiful forms, though long in the grave,
  Gazing with eyes that nevermore weep—
Softly they beckon me over the wave,
  Beautiful phantasies born of my sleep!

Upward I soar to a heavenly crest
  Past the blue mountains and nearing the skies,
Away to the regions of infinite rest,
  Where the fountains of youth perpetually rise;
Friends of the past, ye are trooping around me;
  Scenes of my childhood, I gaze down upon ye;
Groves of magnolia and oranges' scent,
  Pictures of bliss to my sleep that are lent.

Mother and father, from over the plain
  Of boundless empyrean, have come back again;
Bending, their white hands are held out to greet me—
  O vision so fair! why, why do you leave me?
Back to the world I am coming once more,
  Back to its evils and toils as before;
Jostlings of strife and throes of dull pain
  Wake me from sleep—these visions are vain!

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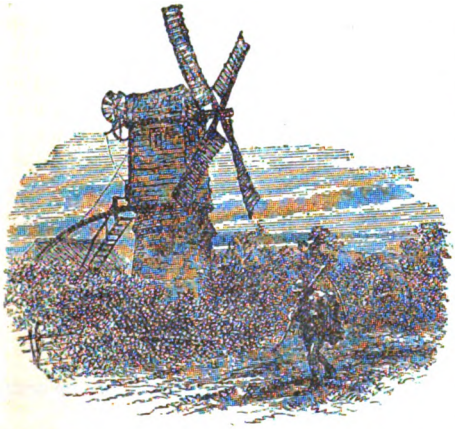
AN IMPERIAL FLOWER.

BY SARAH POWEL.



AT the close of the fifteenth century, a Carthusian Brother—a gentle-hearted dreamy man, no doubt, whose early education in Greek or Roman lore made the old poetical fables of other ages come between him and his breviary sometimes—gave a mythological origin to the tulip, much like that of the daphne of the Greeks. In each case, a young girl, pursued hither and thither by an unwelcome lover, calls at last in her distress upon her gods to protect her. The beautiful Daphne, in her attempt to escape from the pursuit of Apollo, was metamorphosed into a laurel-tree; Tulipa, a young girl of Dalmatia, was changed into the gorgeous flower which bears her name.

According to our medieval authority, "the mother of Tulipa was a nymph of the fountain Timari, and the father was Proteus, who changed his shape every moment; and, as children naturally take after them who give them a being, Tulipa's fancy ran upon a thousand varied transformations, with which she was amusing herself one day, when the god Vertumnus, after sauntering up and down the world, came at last to Illyrium, and there perceived this nymph sitting upon the brink of her mother's fountain. She was handsome, and he was charmed with her; but, when he began to offer her his tender addresses, Tulipa was so far from listening to him that she speedily took to flight. Vertumnus, fired by love—and being sensible, withal, that this nymph took great pleasure in diversity of colors—turns himself into different shapes and colors every moment; but all in vain: and the god, finding his wishes balked and his artifices ineffectual, joined to his request prayers which were equally useless. At last, finding that all his godhead could not influence the nymph,

THE TRANSFORMED NYMPH.

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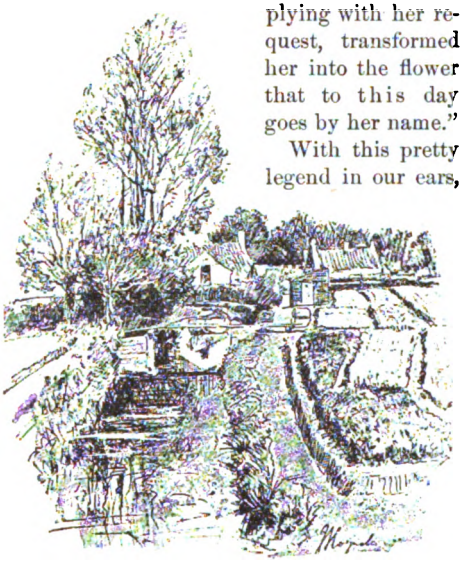
he attempted violent measures; on which, in despair, Tulipa cried out to the gods of the country for succor: and the gods, complying with her request, transformed her into the flower that to this day goes by her name."

With this pretty legend in our ears,

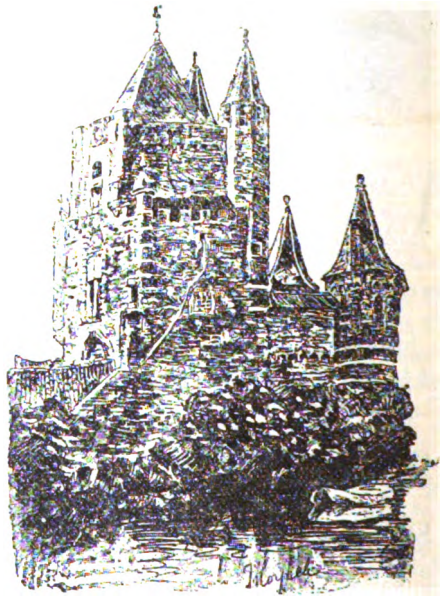


A PICTURESQUE CORNER.

and the weaving colors of the softly-stirred wind-swept fields of the flowers in our thoughts, it is difficult to come down to the prosaic truth of the barter and sale of our elusive poetical maiden. For a more matter-of-fact writer than our gentle Carthusian Brother tells us that the word "tulip" is derived from the Persian, and means "turban"; that the flower is of the lily family and came originally from the Levant.

In some parts of the East, the red variety is used to this day as a passionate expression of love, its glowing petals and black scorched centre being supposed to represent the true state of the adorer's heart.

There is still in Turkey a festival called the "Feast of Tulips," which is celebrated early in the spring, and which used to be a great occasion and observed with much pomp. At the palace of the Sultan, vast numbers of spectators assembled, and a stage was erected which was covered with the richest rugs. Large vases, filled with the most beautiful tulips to be obtained, stood everywhere; fountains of perfumed water rose and tinkled in the air; fragrant candles and colored lamps made a fairy-land; and Circassian dancing-girls kept rhythmic step to entrancing music, as they swayed with



IN HAARLEM.

AMONG THE BEDS.

languorous grace and sang of the glories of the flowers.

Such was the fabled birth, such the real origin, and such the honors paid to our imperial flower.

But now we find our flitting, elusive maiden, our Dalmatian nymph, transplanted from the gay fields and singing fountains of her native land to the lazy lagoons and sad sand-dunes of Holland.

For, three hundred years ago, a whole nation went mad over tulips. The phlegmatic Dutchman speculated as wildly in tiny bulbs weighing

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two hundred grains as we now do in mining-shares and railway-schemes.

The flower had been cultivated for a long period among the Turks, before the first bulb seen in Europe was taken from Constantinople in 1559. It was probably a present from some Eastern merchant to some wealthy burgomaster of Holland, with which country a large trade was done in the Levant.

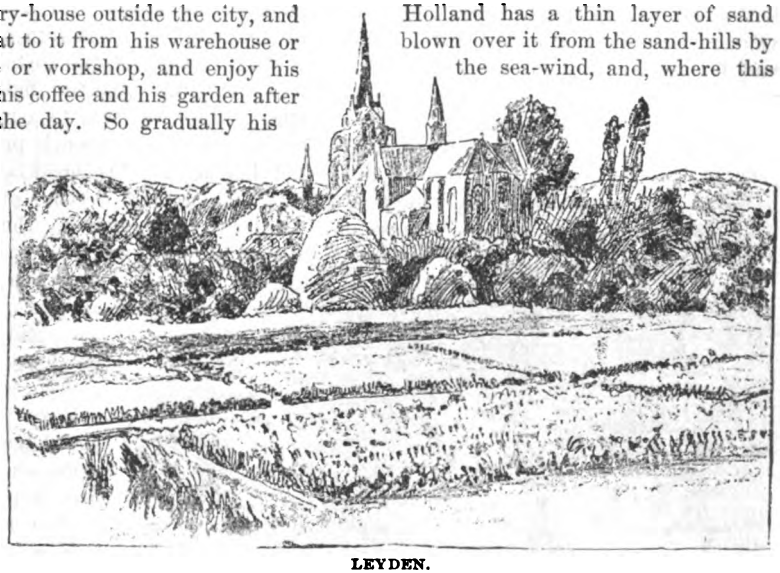
SEMPER AUGUSTUS.

In those days, there was less rush in business than there is now; the merchant had his little country-house outside the city, and he would retreat to it from his warehouse or counting-house or workshop, and enjoy his long pipe and his coffee and his garden after the labors of the day. So gradually his garden became his great recreation, and hyacinths and lilies and afterward tulips throve under his fostering care and grew to be his heart's delight.

The tulip was introduced into England from the Continent about 1580, and was sold in France a little later, where it became the fashion with the ladies of the French court, the gay cavaliers paying high prices for new varieties and combinations of colors.

But the wealthy burgomasters of Haarlem, Amsterdam, Leyden, and Alkmaar sent direct to Constantinople for their bulbs, and gave enormous prices for them. Some merchants bought forty tulips at the equivalent of ten hundred and forty dollars for each bulb.

So great was the mania for the flower that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected; butter and cheese were no longer made, for the cattle that fed on the lush pastures between the canals were sold off, farms were parted with for a few bulbs, and agriculture and fishing gave way to the planting of tulips by all the people. And the flower repaid them for the care. The peculiar soil about Haarlem, Overeen, Alkmaar, and the portion of Holland bordering on the North Sea is especially adapted to bulb-growing, as we are told "it needs a very light, dry, sandy soil for the bulb itself, and a moist one for the roots. The peaty moist soil of Western Holland has a thin layer of sand blown over it from the sand-hills by the sea-wind, and, where this layer is too thin, the necessary sand is easily added."



LEYDEN.

The best of all the bulbs was the Semper Augustus, which weighed only two hundred

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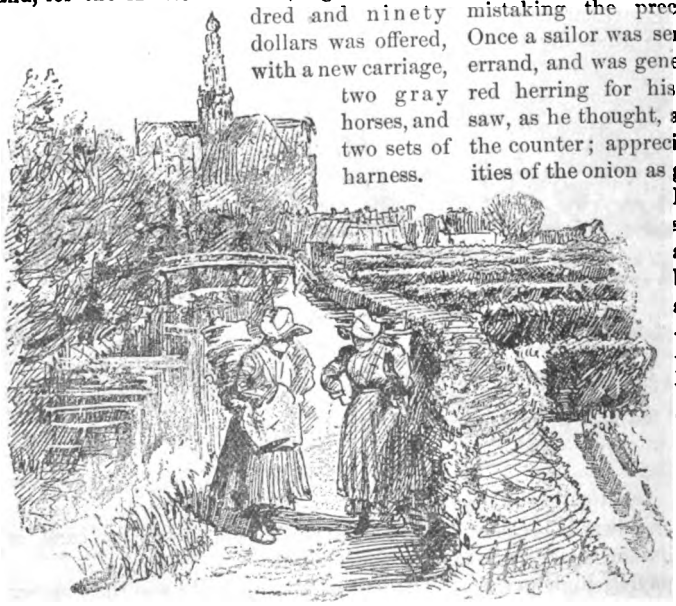
HARD AT WORK.

grains and was sold for a price equal to two thousand three hundred dollars of our money. When this variety first appeared in Holland, there were but two specimens—one in Amsterdam, and the other at Haarlem—and so great was the anxiety to obtain the bulbs that one man offered twelve acres of valuable building-land for the Haarlem bulb, and, for the Amsterdam one, eighteen hundred and ninety dollars was offered, with a new carriage, two gray horses, and two sets of harness.

In Haarlem, a stone gable inscribed with three tulips is still to be seen. The gable once decorated a house at Hoorn, called "The Three Tulips," which was said to have been sold for three tulip-bulbs in 1636. It was brought from Hoorn by one of the famous bulb-growers of Haarlem of the present day, and built into his house.

Many amusing stories are told of foreigners mistaking the precious bulbs for onions. Once a sailor was sent to a merchant on an errand, and was generously presented with a red herring for his breakfast. The sailor saw, as he thought, a small pile of onions on the counter; appreciating the pungent qualities of the onion as giving great flavor to the herring, he quickly slipped one in his pocket and went off to eat his breakfast. So precious a thing was soon missed—it was a valuable Semper Augustus variety, worth about fifteen hundred dollars. The establishment was in an uproar. Then someone remembered that he had seen the sailor's hand drawn from the counter. The merchant rushed to the vessel and



TWO TULIP GROWERS.

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found the man sitting on a coil of rope, eating his breakfast and just swallowing the last mouthful of the Semper Augustus. Upon being questioned, he earnestly denied

TAKING HIS EASE.

having stolen any bulb—he had "only taken an onion, which didn't taste much like an onion"; but there was no help for it.

The struggle to obtain rare and valuable specimens filled men's hearts with "envy, hatred, and malice." One merchant gave half his fortune for a single bulb—not for any business purpose, but to keep in his conservatory for the admiration and envy of his friends.

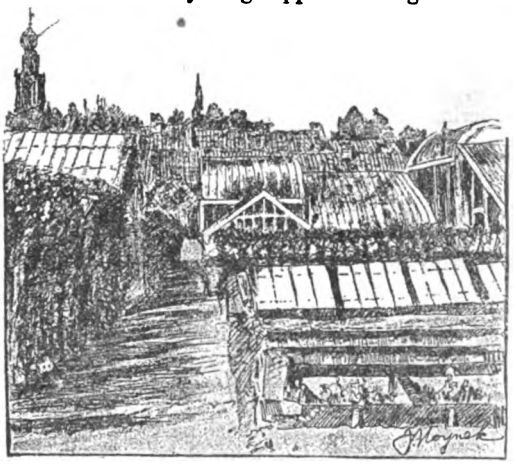
The mania caused jealousies in families, broke off betrothments, and wrecked the fortunes of many an honest burgomaster. One of Balzac's best novels is called "The Black Tulip," founded on this rage and the troubles of two lovers whose happiness was nearly wrecked by a bulb. A picture on this subject, painted by the great French artist, Gérôme, was sold for six thousand dollars a few years ago in New York.

The demand for rare specimens continued to grow for some years. Regular markets for the sale were opened on the Stock Exchanges at Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and Alkmaar. It was not for the love of the flower so much, as it was supposed that all Europe would purchase the bulbs at extravagant rates, and many Hollanders became extremely wealthy. But, as is always the case, though foreign countries bought largely, the very necessaries of life increased in proportion, and luxuries of all kinds rose with the price of the tulips.

In the villages, the tavern was the principal place of buying and selling, the negotiations always terminating with a good dinner, when large bowls and vases with the flower in full bloom were the chief decoration of the rooms and dining-tables.

All this, however, produced trouble. The prices of food, rent, and clothes went so high that even the wealthy had to succumb Soon a whisper of fraud among the speculators arose, and this produced a panic; the famous Semper Augustus could now be bought for five hundred dollars, and the common roots would not sell at all. Everybody had bulbs, and nobody had money. Many rich merchants were reduced to beggary, and in the end the commerce of the country received a shock from which it took years to recover.

But the tulip is an imperial flower, and still to some extent holds its sway. In England, the rare specimens are even yet highly valued, and it is said that in 1835 one of the Fanny Kemble varieties was sold at public auction for three hundred and eightyfive dollars. It is doubtful, however, whether anything approximating to that



AMONG THE GREEN-HOUSES.

price could be obtained for a bulb of any description now, though enormous sums are sometimes paid for rare varieties of orchids.

Holland is a rich country, and has gone

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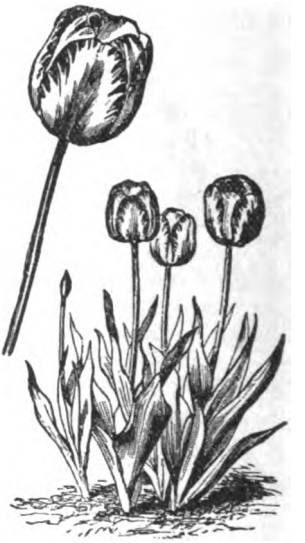
back to her trade in cheese and fish and gin; but she is famous even yet for her bulbs of all kinds. The Dutch hyacinths, amaryllis, tulips, as well as smaller bulbs, command a higher price with florists than the roots of any other country, and the low flats of Holland are brilliant with acres of tulips of every color, that are grown for market purposes.

So fortunes are still made in tulips. The grower of bulbs still takes his ease in his garden or conservatories, but with a more quiet heart, perhaps, than did the worthy burgomasters of old. Science and modern appliances have come to his aid, and he walks beside the canals, through his tulip-

THE DEMOISELLE.

fields, and superintends the planting and gathering of his bulbs with the comfortable reflection that the well-tended flower will bring him a sure return for his care, and



SINGLE TULIP.

envy and speculation have no place in his placid life.

But kindly nature makes a free gift of her beauties, also—they may be had without price. This dazzling flower is found covering the plains of Palestine, and is supposed to be the lily of the field, more gorgeous in its apparelment than Solomon in all his glory; it is a common flower at the Cape of Good Hope, and in June and July its yellow and purple blossoms may be seen brightening the sterile fields of Siberia.

A FLOWER FANTASIE.

BY KATHARINE NEWELL MELONA.

STILL, gracious madam, cherish flowers,
  True fairy friends are they,
On whom of all thy cloudless hours
  Not one is thrown away.
By them, unlike man's ruder race,
  No care conferred is spurned,
But all thy fond and fostering grace
  A thousand-fold returned.

The rose repays thee all thy smiles;
  The stainless lily rears
Dew in the chalice of its wiles
  As sparkling as thy tears.

The glances of thy azure eyes
  Not thanklessly are poured—
In the blue violet's tender dyes,
  Behold them all restored.

Yon bright carnation—once thy cheek
  Bent o'er it in the bud;
And back it gives thy blushes meek
  In one bewitching flood.
That balm has treasured all thy sighs;
  That snow-drop touched thy brow:
That not a charm of thine shall die,
  Thy painted subjects vow.

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THE MYSTERY OF DULCE DOMUM.

BY ALICE BOWMAN.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 403.

CHAPTER VII.

LOOKING back now, I distinctly recall the picture presented by that opened door. The low raftered ceiling, rough brown log walls, and raised clay hearth were features of a squatter's home, but there was something of almost barbaric splendor in the contrasting elegance of the furniture.

A luxurious bed, draped with lace and mosquito-netting, stood between two unglazed windows. The heavy wooden shutters of these windows were closed, evidently to keep out the storm-wind, and lace curtains were hung over them from protruding logs. Easy-chairs and sofa, handsome china and glass on a richly carved sideboard, a cabinet decorated with pretty bric-a-brac, books and pictures and mirrors here and there, touches of crimson in draperies and furniture—the whole formed a scene as dazzling as unexpected.

Over all fell a soft mellow light from lamps standing on a high narrow mantel.

Near the clay hearth, bright with several pots of blooming flowers, stood a crimson couch; on the couch, clad in a loose white gown, rested the little Louise.

Theodora's knight, tall and serious, stood beside the opened door, looking forth.

Quite a flood of bright light played over my sister and me, both waiting, hesitating and doubtful, before the threshold. I distinctly saw the knight, in that first moment of surprise, reach forth his hand as if to close the door; but as suddenly it fell, and the door remained opened.

"We have been lost in the woods and caught in this storm," explained Harold stepping forward. "Will you give us shelter?"

"Come in," said Theodora's knight, in a tone so peculiar that again we hesitated.

"Hello! Why, what's all this?" cried Crawford, hurrying up as we passed through the doorway. "Louise! Louise! here are the little girls thou hast desired to know," he added in French, half turning toward the low couch.

The child lifted her head and then let it fall wearily on the crimson cushion. She was not white now; her cheeks were like damask roses, and her dark eyes regarded us with languid interest.

"Sit down," said Crawford, dragging forward two light wicker-work chairs for Theodora and me; "sit down and make yourselves at home."

"Stop!" said Theodora's knight, calmly dignified and particularly addressing Harold. "Before you accept the shelter of this roof," he hesitated an instant, then added—"you ought to know that I am Ralston Forsythe."

Harold was so completely taken by surprise that he really seemed stunned and had nothing to say. I, no less surprised and moreover frightened, moved a little as if to face again the dangers of the storm; but a loud crash of thunder sent me nearer Theodora, and, as I looked on her pure uplifted face, spiritually I nestled under its protecting tenderness. That pretty flush which in moments of emotion tinged her cheeks rose there now, and her large brown eyes gazed fearlessly at Ralston Forsythe.

"I thought you must be Mr. Forsythe," she said, gently. "I don't know why, but I have thought so ever since the evening we met at the church. And," here the color deepened in her cheeks, "I am sure my father does not consider you an enemy—at least, he would do any kindness he could for you; and, if you will shelter us, he will be grateful."

"Let by-gones be by-gones," said Crawford, interposing hastily. "I propose we waive all discussion. The courts decided the suit, Forsythe, and that's enough."

"Papa," interrupted the little Louise, sitting upright and regarding us both with feverish eyes, "they are so pretty! Dost thou think their father truly stole that will? It makes

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me sad for them," and she clasped her little hands with a singularly pathetic motion.

"My father?" cried Theodora, all aghast.

"Ah, you understand French," exclaimed Crawford, no whit disturbed.

Somehow, his light tone jarred. Our father was very dear to us, and I remembered how false this Crawford had been and what he had said that morning at the spring, well knowing who we were. I was, after all, only an angered child defending a beloved absent one. I stepped forward, facing the little Louise, and exclaimed frantically in my imperfect French:

"No, no; it was your papa—he stole the will."

A faint helpless cry came from the child's lips, as she again fell back against the cushion.

"If you speak to my little daughter again, I shall carry her into the next room," said Mr. Forsythe.

There was not a tremor in the calm voice, not a tremor on the stern white face.

"Hush, Madge!" interposed Theodora, going toward the couch and laying her white hand on the little girl's forehead. "This child is ill." Then she added in French: "No, dear little one, thy father did not take the will."

"It just disappeared—sort of walked off," observed Crawford, with a sneer.

"If you mean to imply," cried Harold, who had not yet spoken and who now sternly regarded Crawford, "if you mean to imply that—"

"Harold," interrupted Theodora, "please be quiet. The child is ill. Go and see what Carleton is doing with the horses. Perhaps this gentleman will go with you."

"Joe Crawford—known on the play-bills as Burke Chandler, first gentleman villain," exclaimed Crawford, bowing with mock deference as he thus introduced himself. "At your service! Where's the lantern, Forsythe?"

But Mr. Forsythe had already come from the adjoining room, with a great horn in his hand. This he blew loudly on the front portico.

"Calling our man Friday," said Crawford, explaining, as he followed Harold.

The wind fairly wailed about the cabin.

The little Louise uttered a cry of fear.

"Do not be frightened," exclaimed Theodora, drawing her chair near the couch and talking in soft low tones. "The thunder is not loud now. Hark! rain is falling. What soft music it beats on that shingle roof! Listen!" Theodora held up her hand, and for an instant could be heard only the fall of the drops and the moan of the wind.

"But yes, it is sweet," said the child, sighing and turning toward Theodora; "only, a sick head does not allow one to enjoy anything much."

"Do you have it often?"

"Ah, no—only to-night there is a great misery all over," and here the little hands swept with graceful gesture from throat downward.

"What can I do for you? That light is too strong. Now—so—isn't that better?" asked my sister, flitting softly about the couch and arranging an impromptu screen with a tall chair and a light shawl lying near.

"Yes, yes—much better! You are very good. It has been very close, these two days. We have only been in this place but a little while; it is a pretty country, and papa found me getting strong till these warm days came."

"Did you come because you were ill, my dear?" Theodora asked.

"Well, I was not strong. You see, my mamma died, it is now two years. I did not live with my papa till after her death; and I did not ever see much of my mamma, because"—the little girl hesitated, her dark eyes sank, then, lifting them, she went on—"mamma was an actress, and she had not time for me. But I had a nurse," here the little creature's voice trembled, and the tiny slippered feet moved restlessly; "my nurse loved me as my papa loves me. She was taken, ah! so sick, one day, in the city—in New Orleans—in the house where we boarded with my papa, and they carried her to the hospital, and she died—she died there."

Here the little hands were pressed over the dark eyes.

"That was very sad," said Theodora, smoothing the child's hair with light touch. "But your papa—you have him."

"Ah, yes," Louise answered, now wiping the tears away with her fingers; "and he adores me, and I adore him. He allowed me to put on black ribbons for my dear Nanan, because it was my desire; and then

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he got Marie and Jean, and he made Marie pack all my things, and he came here to this country, and brought me with him. You see, Cousin Crawford chose this place—because it is healthy, he says; only," here the voice grew low and confidential, "I heard my papa tell Cousin Crawford that he just came here to hide—to hide from the men to whom he owes money; and I think it must be true, for he has brought, oh! boxes of his actor's clothes—velvets and laces and—"

"Never mind about Cousin Crawford," interrupted Theodora, gently.

"Well," went on Louise, "papa is not angry now. He was angry at first; he did not want to come, because—"

"Because it was near his old home," suggested Theodora.

"Yes; but, after a little, he did not care, and he came with me, and Jean and Marie too. I don't like Marie much—imagine, she cannot be to me my Nanan."

The pretty French rolled in soft clear accent.

"And what do you do, all day long?" asked Theodora, still smoothing the dark hair.

"I? Oh, I fish, I read, I walk, and my papa will do for me what I desire. I am happy, yes, except"—here the child's voice fell, and she moved nearer my sister—"except when Cousin Crawford brings men who come from the city, and they play cards sometimes all night. Ah, that makes me sad—sad! Twice they have been now, and my papa is unhappy after they are gone, and he looks—"

"He is a very good papa," interrupted Theodora, hastily.

"Ah, if you had such a papa!" cried the child.

"Why not echo the wish?" said Mr. Forsythe, who, unobserved by my sister and me, had re-entered the room.

There was a touch of defiance in the voice.

My sister had taken off her hat, and sat with her head half bent over the little Louise, her hand resting on the child's hair; but, as Mr. Forsythe spoke, the head was lifted, the hand withdrawn.

"In your love for your little daughter, you are like my father," said Theodora. "I think such a love refines and beautifies any character."

"Even one as dark as mine," added Mr. Forsythe, taking a chair on the other side of the couch.

"I said any character," answered my sister; then she asked, as if anxious to change the subject: "Where are my brother and our friend? What have they done with the horses?"

"Everybody is safe, and the horses are under the shed," responded Mr. Forsythe, somewhat impatiently. Then he turned toward Louise and asked anxiously in French: "Little daughter, art thou better?"

"Perhaps—a little, papa. Hark, how it rains! These little girls are far from home—far from thy old home, papa. It is sad for them."

Sad? I was miserably homesick, listening to that pouring deluge and thinking of the black swamp which stretched between Dulce Domum and this strange squatter-house, and I must have appeared a forlorn little figure, sitting up straight and trying not to show concern.

"Tell her to take off her hat," half whispered Louise. "She's not a good little girl, to talk as she did; but see—she is unhappy."

"Louise says you must take off your hat," said Mr. Forsythe, coming toward me and looking down with the eyes which I now recognized as like those in that portrait at Dulce Domum. "Give me your hat. Do not be troubled; such violent storms seldom last long in summer. The stars will be out before midnight." He spoke gently.

I gave him my hat, and he placed it on a table near.

As Mr. Forsythe resumed his seat, he laid his hand on the little daughter's head.

"Before the others come in," he said, addressing Theodora with a calm earnestness which made his face seem particularly attractive, "I would like to tell you it is my wife's cousin—Mr. Crawford—who thinks your father destroyed that will: destroyed it, imagining an earlier one existed which would have made your father heir to all the property. In other words, speaking more plainly, he thinks my cousin—Mr. Norman Forsythe—at one time made a will leaving everything to your father, and that he afterward revoked the will by making this new one entrusted to your father's care and by him destroyed. So he has taught my little daughter to believe, and therefore you must pardon her childish accusation."

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Theodora's face turned crimson, but she did not speak; she sat silent, drawing her blue waist-ribbon back and forth between her white fingers.

"Of what are you thinking? Why don't you speak?" he asked, impatiently.

"It is not necessary," said my sister, lifting her calm eyes. "You know that my father did not take that will." She gazed steadily at Mr. Forsythe as she spoke.

But he comprehended the unspoken words, the words struggling to escape her parted lips.

"Why not finish the sentence?" he asked, roughly. "Why not say 'for it was you who took it'?"

Theodora's eyes fell; there were tears under the dark lashes which rested on her crimsoned cheeks.

"How kindly you carry out your sermon—how frankly you appeal to the nobleness of human nature," he continued, bitterly.

"I do," said Theodora, now looking up bravely; and only I, who knew every expression of that sweet face, only I saw the tremor beneath. "One noble trait in your character, Mr. Forsythe, is love for your daughter. Tell me, with your hand on her innocent head—tell me you did not take those papers, that you know nothing about them, and I will believe you."

At this moment, Crawford, Carleton, and Harold entered from the porch. There was a deal of stamping and shaking, and several dogs, entering, barked as they were driven forth.

In the midst of the confusion, I marked Ralston Forsythe's hand fall softly and rest among the dark curls. He did not speak, but his eyes met Theodora's with a solemn glance, clear and truthful as sunlight.

What else passed between them, I do not know; for at this moment I was attracted by Harold's laugh, loud and gay, and was fairly astounded to see him familiarly talking to and fraternizing with that odious Crawford.

When I again looked toward the couch, Louise was plaintively asking:

"What are you talking of, papa? Please speak French. Ah, my head! Oh, it burns like fire!"

"Do you think she is very ill?" the father asked, anxiously, in English. "She was formerly subject to these headaches."

"She has fever," said my sister, touching the child's wrist.

Mr. Forsythe looked grave.

"Don't you think it too noisy here?" asked Theodora, for they were all talking about the storm and the log-trail.

Without saying one word, he gathered up his little daughter in his arms and bore her into the next room.

"Come with me, please," the child called to Theodora.

"Do you care if I leave you with Harold?" she asked, rising to follow.

I said no, but I looked wistfully after her as she passed into the next chamber.

And thus it happened that my sister spent nearly two hours with the sick child, not leaving her till the storm lulled and the moon came forth to light us on our long drive home.

Ah, Theodora, Theodora!

She was very quiet. Harold, too, did not speak much; but Carleton and I talked merrily, even while we jolted along through the shadows of that horrible swamp.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE clock chimed midnight as we reached home.

Poor mother we found sitting in the hall, with the servants about her. She had been miserably-anxious, and was rejoiced beyond words to see her children arrive in safety.

Then there followed a hasty recital of our adventures.

Aunt Chloe and Uncle Washington were startled indeed to learn of Ralston Forsythe's proximity.

"Mother," said Theodora, who had remained strangely silent, "mother, only think—he did not know he had a little daughter till the wife died. She must have been a wicked woman. He was very young when he married, and, though after the first year he did not live with his wife, she sent to him constantly for money. I think her extravagance helped to make him do what he ought not to have done: her extravagance and"—here Theodora hesitated, then added—"and his love for gaming."

"A terrible love, Theodora," said my mother.

"Yes, but can you not understand how love for anything wrong may be fostered by a tempter always beside you, always

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following, always putting the temptation in pleasant light?"

"Did that stern dignified man tell you all this, Theodora?" asked Carleton.

"No," answered my sister, gravely. "Louise poured out the story of her little life with the innocence of a child, and my own observation told the rest. Mother, that child is very ill; she is a peculiarly sensitive little creature, and she does not like the woman who has taken her nurse's place. She begged so earnestly, that I promised Mr. Forsythe, with your permission, to visit her. Do you think father would object?"

Mother looked troubled, gazed doubtfully into my sister's wistful face, then glanced toward Harold.

"Let her go," said my brother, quietly.

And so it was arranged, before we parted for the night, that my sister Theodora should visit the home of Ralston Forsythe.

I pinched myself, as I went upstairs, just to see whether I was really awake!

But the wonders of that wonderful night were not yet over.

I was very tired, and had just settled my head on the new pillow which Delia had that day made, when a terrible noise in the study beneath aroused us all.

"Such a house! such a house!" muttered Delia, as she hurriedly put on her dress. "Shouldn't wonder if it was haunted," I heard her grumble, as we again rushed downstairs.

I could hear a dog bark, hear loud cries of distress and shouts and calls. Such a medley of noises certainly never before had rung through those old halls. Suddenly then there followed comparative quiet.

As for the family collected, it was just a repetition of that former night, except that Carleton and Harold were not to be seen. The door of the study was closed, but I could hear Harold's voice within and could see a light shining through the key-hole.

We waited a moment, then mother knocked and called. There was a pause, then the study-door opened wide and Carleton shouted:

"Here he is! here's the ghost!"

"Here's the ghost of Dulce Domum!" cried Harold.

We all crowded forward.

Harold's face was flushed with triumph, Carleton's great watch-dog stood near, delightedly wagging his tail. On the floor beside Harold, his tow head and blue shirt streaked with soot, knelt Simpsy—a most abject and wretched boy. Only a little whimper broke from his trembling lips, and now and then he shrugged his shoulder, as if to shake off Harold's strong grasp.

"I've had this dog shut up here every night for one week," cried Harold, excitedly. "When I heard cries, I knew the ghost was caught. When I came in, the dog held him by his trousers. It's all plain now—plain as daylight. Look here!" And my brother put his fingers into his waistcoat pocket, pulled out a glass bead, and held it toward mother.

"What's plain, Harold? What do you mean?" cried mother, looking as if she thought Harold had lost his senses in delight over his capture.

"Why, isn't that like the beads the Indian gave Madge? And didn't I find it on the floor of Ralston Forsythe's wood-house, where our horses were tied?"

"But you surely don't suspect—"

"Crawford—Crawford—he's the one," interrupted Harold, impatiently; "he's at the bottom of all this trouble. As soon as I saw that bead, I turned detective and kept my eyes open. In the wood-house, there was a big box, and a piece of gold lace stuck out of one of the cracks. I lifted the lid—yes, I did, mother, and when nobody was looking—be quiet, you rascal!" this to Simpsy—"and I found on top a big silk curtain, and under that all sorts of theatrical toggery. I dug my hand down and fished up a string of beads, like Madge's, and the leg of a pair of leather trousers. That was enough for me; besides, someone was coming. I shut down the lid and determined to keep quiet until I found out everything—found out why my gentleman played Indian, and cut open our pillows, and frightened our poor baby here. You see, I thought he was rather a dashing gayly-dressed Indian, anyway—"

"Then he wasn't an Indian at all?" I interrupted, scarcely believing the evidence of my ears.

"Sorry to say you'll have to give up the rôle of heroine," responded Harold.

"But I don't understand," began mother.

"Here! stand up and talk," cried my brother, giving Simpsy's shoulder a shake.

"Don't, Harold," interposed Theodora, to

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whose heart all sorrowful creatures appealed; "you hurt him!" And she stepped forward as if to shield the culprit.

But Simpsy cowered and shrank when she approached. He had always evinced fear of Theodora; now, however, he quite writhed under her tender regards, crying:

"I didn't go fur ter kill yer mos', but yer hedn't no right ter tech them posies. They was his posies—his ez was good ter me—end yer hedn't no right ter tech 'em."

"Then it was you who threw that piece of brick," said Theodora.

But Simpsy retained a dogged silence.

"And is it you who keep the weeds from those graves and plant the flowers?"

"Answer!" cried Harold, giving another little shake.

"He was good ter me," muttered Simpsy.

"Lord er mussy! now, who'd er t'ort et? who'd er t'ort et?" exclaimed Aunt Chloe, solemnly nodding her head at Uncle Washington. "Dat chile wur sick yere w'en ole mas'r died, en' he didn't show no more feeling nur er ole tin plate."

"Poor little boy!" said Theodora, with tears in her voice.

"Well, I can't say I pity him," cried Harold; "he has made too much trouble. However, the young scoundrel was only a tool in other hands."

"In whose hands, Harold?" asked mother. "My son, do calm yourself and tell me what you mean," she continued, sinking into an arm-chair.

"Why, in Crawford's hands. Don't you see? He was afraid Mr. Norman Forsythe would leave all his property to father, and he skulked around here and found out how matters stood, and, after the way of confidence-men, met this child in the grounds and worked on his feelings and told him a deal about our father being a wicked creature trying to steal money, and—and—what else did he tell you?" asked Harold, suddenly turning on Simpsy again.

Simpsy rolled his eyes helplessly.

"Oh, you can't get away—it's no use. Go on and talk—finish your story," Harold ordered.

"End—end—he sed ez how I was er ingrate ter 'low et, end ez et was boun' ter kill him," went on Simpsy, sullenly, as if continuing an interrupted narrative.

"Well, what did you do then?"

"I was a-sleepin' in the room yender, end I clomb out the chimbly w'en night cum, end I clomb down this chimbly yere, end I done jest wot he tole me."

"Brilliant, weren't we, not to think of the chimneys?" exclaimed Harold. "Go on! You did what he told you to do. What was that?"

Simpsy writhed.

"Go on!" cried Harold, firmly.

"I tuck the big 'lope, end I tuck the papers out ez was in, end I put in wot he guv me ter put in, end he was a-waitin' by that winder yender; but I sed ez how I warn't a-goin' ter give him the papers wot I tuck, end I jest clomb up that ar chimbly end down that nex' room, end I rip a hole in the piller, end I hain't seed the piller nur the papers sence the nex' day, w'en—w'en he dided."

"And that's why he cut open our pillows? But why was this Crawford so interested?" exclaimed mother.

"Don't you see?" cried Harold. "He has always been a sort of sucker; he has always fallen back on Ralston Forsythe—has won his money from him and shared his good fortune, and perhaps at that time Ralston Forsythe owed him money, gambling-debts, and he wanted them paid."

"But when did you tell this Crawford that you had put the papers into the pillow?" asked mother.

Simpsy writhed again, rubbed his black hands up and down on his soot-stained breeches, and maintained a sullen silence.

"Answer!" Harold commanded.

Simpsy glanced toward the dog, now crouching peacefully at Carleton's feet, then muttered:

"W'en I 'eerd yer all was a-cumin', he cum one day, end—end he say ez it was all ther debble a-workin' in me, end ez I was ther one ez done it, end he say ez how yer stole ther ole house from ther kin ob him ez dided, end, ef I dars git the papers, et would be right ag'in; end I sed ez how I'd git the papers, end I clomb er tree, end, w'en I cum down ther chimbly one night, end cum inter this yere rum, a-huntin' the piller, Aunt Chloe squeeched end she say they was ghos'es in ther house, end Mister Crawford say ez et was good ter mek b'lieve ghos'es tell ther paper be foun'; end I cum

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down, ther fus' night, ter see yer all, jest ter peek, end upsot ink, end I b'en down five times, end I hain't foun' nary piller yit."

"Go on! Make a clean breast of it! What else did you do?" questioned Harold.

"End onced I tuck ther cabin key, end I clomb the tree, end clomb in ther winder, end opened ther door, ter try ther pillers in ther rum, end ther bats cum, end—end I hain't got nary piller yit."

"Was that your Mr. Crawford who waited at the window one night last week?" asked Harold.

"Et was him," said Simpsy, rubbing his hands up and down in his pockets. "He was a-cumin' in; I was ter open thet ar winder, end he was a-goin' ter be ghos'es, er rubber, er somepin, end hunt pillers—w'en yer all cum, end he runned."

"And where were you?"

Simpsy shuffled his feet and nodded toward the chimney.

"I suppose, when he found you couldn't get the right pillow, he determined to try for himself. So you told him the family would be away, and you let him come here and frighten the young ladies. By George!" added Harold, as if struck by a sudden thought, and giving several sharp shakes to the culprit, "you weren't hunting eggs for Aunt Chloe—you were eavesdropping."

"Huntin' eggs fur me? Oh, Lor'!" ejaculated Aunt Chloe, lifting her hands. "De leetle varmint!"

"Just a good name for him," said my brother.

"No, Harold, no," protested Theodora; "there is one good impulse in that poor little heart—gratitude."

"You find good impulses everywhere, Theodora," said Carleton. "I suppose you'll find something noble even in that Crawford's heart."

"Perhaps," answered my sister; "only, I don't forgive what he said about father. But I can't see why he wants those papers now."

"Humph! didn't his friend get the money? And, with that will lying around, especially if in this youngster's hands, wasn't there danger of its coming to light at any time, and so perhaps taking the money away from Ralston Forsythe? Don't you see he didn't feel safe? Perhaps, after all, father may be the rightful heir," added Harold.

"Father didn't think so," said Theodora, thoughtfully. "But why did you come to-night, Simpsy, and after that terrible storm? Tell me, poor little boy! Isn't your mother troubled about you?"

Simpsy began to whimper.

"She don't keer nothin'. I stays out nights, end ther storm ain't nothin', end—end"—here the pale-blue eyes wandered furtively about the room—"end he said ez how ther debble'd cum arter me end kill me, end he—he hed a big knife, end—end—oh, Lud! he—he'll kill me sure, ef I doesn't git them papers," and here Simpsy sobbed outright.

We all talked and comforted him, and assured him of our protection; even Harold seemed a little sorry for the child. Mother finally proposed putting him to sleep in the little chamber which he had occupied when nursed by Mr. Forsythe, and we were about again to separate for the night when Aunt Chloe suddenly exclaimed: "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" and, rushing forward like one demented, seized the red cushion of an arm-chair.

"Et's de piller! Et's de piller! Gib us er knife, Mas'r Herold—gib us er knife."

She snatched a penknife lying on the table, cut a slit in the red cushion, thrust her black hand within, and drew forth several white folded papers.

"Et wur my doin's," she went on, excitedly. "W'en I 'eerd yer was er comin', I sort er fixed up de steddy, en' I tuck de piller out er dat leetle rum, en' I kivered et fur er cushyon. Now, Mas'r Herold, jes' see ef dey's ole mas'r's papers."

They were, indeed—safe and whole, but blackened by the touch of Simpsy's sooty fingers. There was the mortgage note and the note of hand, several other documents, and with them an unsealed paper, which Harold opened to find out whether Simpsy had told truth—whether we had at last secured the missing will.

"Here it is, sure enough!" cried Harold, hastily unfolding the paper. "Why—why, here is Louise's name! I think everything was left to that little girl!"

"Then father is guardian," exclaimed Theodora. "Do you remember what he said: 'Left me in trust for another'? I am glad! I love the child—she will be another sister for us, Madge," and Theodora threw her

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arm about me as we climbed the stairs together. "Madge, I think peace has come at last to Dulce Domum."

Peace? Ah, Theodora! Theodora! If we had only known!

Next morning, Carleton and Harold drove to Ralston Forsythe's. They came back much sooner than we expected, both looking very serious.

No, they had not seen Crawford; he had suddenly gone to the city. No one knew when he would return.

Yes, they had seen Mr. Forsythe for a few moments. He had listened to a hasty recital of their story—listened in a dazed manner, for he was distracted with grief; he had not allowed them to enter the house. His little girl was very ill with scarlet fever. She had lost her nurse from the disease just a few weeks before, and Mr. Forsythe had brought her to the pine-woods to escape infection.

"He begged me to assure you," continued Harold, turning toward Theodora, "that he thought his little daughter suffered from headache—nothing more; he thought all danger was over."

All danger over? Alas! alas!

The little Louise recovered; but, one Sunday, Theodora sickened. Before the next Sabbath, she was laid on the hillside, just by the graves where she fell, that morning, with tender blossoms in her hand and bright sunlight bathing her pale face.

Time has gone very swiftly since then. Ten years have passed since that sad sweet summer, which has grown dearer and more beautiful with each season.

I look forth from the old windows of Dulce Domum.

I see Louise and Harold sauntering up the moss-hung avenue, and I know my brother has never found eyes more beautiful than the dark eyes of my adopted sister.

I see Carleton gathering roses; I know the roses are for me.

I see our father and mother sitting side by side in the old portico, and near them sits Ralston Forsythe. His face is turned toward the old church and the grave-yard, surrounded now by thick walls of Cherokee. As the light of a setting sun touches his clear profile, I note the tender thoughtful gaze, and I know that Theodora is not dead. I know that during all these years her spirit has guided heavenward the footsteps of an erring mortal. I can again see the sweet face uplifted; I can again hear the clear voice of my beloved repeating:

"Be noble; and the nobleness that lies
In other men, sleeping but never dead,
Will rise to meet thine own."

[THE END.]

A BASKET OF ROSES.

BY HARRIET FRANCENE CROCKER.

A BASKET of roses for you, sweetheart,
Glistening with the dew;
I gathered them out in the morning early,
Gathered them, love, for you.
The fairest and sweetest in all the garden
I sought with a lover's care,
And send, with a kiss on their dainty petals,
To a rose more sweet and fair.

Crimson, velvety, queenly roses,
Roses white as the snow;
Creamy-tinted and golden-hearted,
Yellow and Jacqueminot;
Sweet wild roses, fresh and simple,
With a look, dear love, like you;
Fair blush roses, daintily petaled,
Shining with drops of dew.

Take them, dearest, O take and wear them,
Wear them upon your breast;
Wear them among your golden tresses—
Grant a lover's request!
Take, I pray you, the love they carry,
Welcome it gladly, too!
Give it a place in your heart of hearts,
For I love only you!

Love, to-night, when the sunset's splendor
Flushes the golden west,
Come to me, come to me, true and tender,
With a red rose on your breast!
Come where I linger beside the river,
Watching its rhythmic flow;
Come with a rose on your heart, to tell me
The story I long to know!

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AUNT HANNAH'S RECEIPT-BOOK;

OR,

"CHOICE SECRETS MADE KNOWN."

BY LIZZIE ROBINSON.

THERE lived, during my childhood, in an old-fashioned gambrel-roofed house, far back from one of the quietest narrowest streets in a quaint sea-side city which I shall call Nearview, one of the very dearest old ladies this world has ever seen. Aunt Hannah, we called her; she was "aunt" to all the children far and near.

We lived "out on the island," on a farm, often driving into the city. We were always anxious to visit Aunt Hannah, who ever gave us a most cordial welcome. When it was winter, she drew us close to the great roaring fire piled high on the huge iron "fire-dogs" with shining brass heads; she chafed our half-frozen fingers, and, like the hospitable soul that she was, insisted upon our partaking of some refreshment before going farther: an innocent "hot drink"; sometimes biscuit warm from the bake-kettle, spread with home-made butter, accompanied by delicious honey made by Aunt Hannah's own bees, served from a white china dish in the shape of a bee-hive, which gave the honey an added charm in our childish eyes; sometimes thick slices of golden "diet-bread" formed our treat, with perhaps a tiny dish of conserve or preserve, of the preparation of which Aunt Hannah alone held the key.

The old house was always delightful. An indescribable sweet odor permeated it; when it was especially pronounced, we asked:

"What does make your house smell so nice, auntie?"

"King Edward's perfume, my dears," she would reply, making us no wiser than before.

Aunt Hannah was a most notable housewife. Everything was "spick and span" in her dwelling; her two colored maids worked with a zeal and interest not often known in these days.

But Aunt Hannah herself made with her own hands the especial dainties for which she was famous. In her still-room, she distilled and compounded many sweet and cordial waters, carefully prepared the simple herb-remedies, made the soothing salves and liniments which she gave freely to all poor sufferers, who ofttimes "rose up and called her blessed."

In the summer, we children eagerly followed her around the large and beautiful garden, happy indeed if allowed to help in gathering the leaves of the richly scented damask roses, pluck sprigs of sage, pennyroyal, thyme, spearmint, peppermint, and many other herbs with which this garden abounded.

As a signal favor, we were sometimes admitted into the sacred precincts of the still-room, where we watched with abated breath the—to us—strange and mysterious transformations taking place. In a large closet, with glass doors composed of innumerable tiny panes, were ranged rows and rows of fascinating bottles and boxes; underneath, in a darker closet, jars and pots by the score, containing—we knew not what delectable preparations.

Occasionally, when Aunt Hannah was at work in this room, we would see her go to a little chimney-closet, unlock the door, take from a shelf a very yellow old-looking book, carefully adjust her glasses, and peruse for a few moments the well-worn pages. Then, locking the book up again and replacing the key in the key-basket hanging at her side, she would turn toward us, who were watching every proceeding with curious eyes, and say, rather solemnly but with her ever sweet smile:

"That book, children, is one of my dearest possessions; it is over a hundred years old, and many of the receipts in it came from kings and queens."

Aunt Hannah has long been dead, and the old house has fallen under the vandal march of so-called "improvement." In the once lovely garden are several modern Queen Anne cottages.

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All the furniture of the home we remember so well is scattered hither and yon, and our sole tangible reminder of our dear "aunt" is the little book she conned so faithfully and prized so highly.

I will transcribe for you a few of the receipts; perhaps some of the housewives of to-day would like to try them. I myself have tried some of them, but alas! the old-time charm seems to have vanished; or is it only the taste, the enthusiasm of childhood, which have departed?

The perfumes are not like Aunt Hannah's; the "diet-bread" is only common sponge-cake now. We have no bake-kettle; and the preserves, conserves, and cordial-waters are far beyond our powers and patience. But the receipts are quaint and interesting.

King Edward's Perfume.—Take twelve spoonfuls of right red rose-water, the weight of sixpence in fine powder of sugar, and boyl it on hot embers and coals softly, and the house will smell as though it were full of roses; but you must burn the sweet cypress-wood before.

To make Jambals of Apricocks or Quinces.—Take apricocks or quinces, and coddle them tender; then take their pulp and dry it in a dish over a chafing-dish of coals, and set it on a stone for a day or two; then beat in a stone mortar, putting in as much sugar as will make a stiff paste; then colour it with saunders, cocheneel, or blew starch, and make up in what colour you please; rowl them with battle-doors into long pieces, and tye them up in knots, and so dry them.

Marigold Flowers distilled, good for the Pains of the Head.—Take marigold flowers and distill them, then take a fine cloth and wet it in the aforesaid distilled water, and so lay it to the forehead of the patient, and, being so applyed, let him sleep if he can; this, with God's help, will ease his pain.

A Cordial-Water of Sir Walter Rawleigh's.—Take a gallon of strawberries and put them into a pint of aqua vitæ; let them stand so four or five days, strain them gently out, and sweeten the water as you please with fine sugar or else with perfume.

To candy Orange-Peels after the Italian way.—Take orange-peels so often steeped in cold water as you think convenient for their bitterness, then dry them gently and candy them with some convenient syrup made with sugar; some that are more grown take away that spongious white under the yellow peels, others do both together.

The virtues: They corroborate the stomach and heart, as do:

Conserve of Violets, the Italian way.—Take the leaves of blue violets separated from their stalks and greens, beat them very well in a stone mortar with twice their weight in sugar, and reserve them for your use in a glass vessel.

To make Lemon-Water.—Take twelve of the fairest lemons, slice them and put them into two pints of white wine, and put to them: cinnamon, two drams; gallingale, two drams; of rose-leaves, borage, and bugloss, flowers of each, one handful; of yellow saunders, one dram. Steep all these together twelve hours, then distill them gently in a glass still until you have distilled one pint and a half of the water, and then add to it three ounces of sugar, one grain of ambergreece, and you will have a most pleasing cleaning cordial-water.

To make Excellent Perfumes.—Take a quarter of a pound of rose-leaves cut clean from the whites, stamp them very small, put to them a good spoonful of damask-rose water, so let them stand close-stopped all night; then take one ounce and a quarter of benjamin finely beaten, and also searsed (if you will), twenty grains of civet, and ten grains of musk; mingle these with the roses, beating them well together, then make it up in little cakes between rose-leaves, and dry between sheets of paper.

To make Orange-Cakes.—Take oranges and pare them as thin as you can, then take out the meats clean and put them in water; let them lye about an hour, shift the water, and boyl them very tender in three or four waters, then put them up and dry them on a cloth; mince them as small as you can, then put them in a dish and squeeze all the juyce of the meat into them, and let them stand till the next day; take, to every pound of these, a pound and a quarter of double-refined sugar; boyl it, with a spoonful of water at the bottom to keep it from burning, till it be sugar again; then put in your oranges and let them stand and dry on the fire, but not boyl; then put them on glass plates and put them in a stove. The next day, make them into cakes, and so dry them as fast as you can.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a simple and stylish gown, of marine-blue serge, trimmed with a polka-dotted China silk in blue and white. A wide

No. 1. No. 2.

border of the figured material finishes the edge of the skirt. The cuffs and rolling collar, the waistband and hanging pocket, are all of the figured material. As seen in the illustration, the skirt is slightly draped in front, and the surplice waist fastens over on the left side. Plain and figured challis, sateen, or China silk will make up stylishly after this model. Hat of fancy straw in

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dark-blue, trimmed with some of the dotted silk and two white wings. Eight yards of double-fold serge and four yards of dotted China silk will be required.

No. 2—Shows a figured challis, with a fern-like pattern in old-rose on a black ground. The skirt is slightly draped high up the front, straight and rather long in the back. The bodice is made with a full vest of the same, over which the jacket-bodice opens. Full sleeves, into deep cuffs of plaited ribbon four inches wide. A two-inch wide ribbon to match finishes the cuffs, the waist, and the collar, as seen in the illustration. Twelve to fourteen yards of challis will be required. This model will serve for a gingham or sateen.

No. 3—Is a dressy gown for a summer

No. 3.

watering-place, made of figured white gauze, with a mauve flouncing of embroidered gauze trimming the bottom of the skirt. A large bow of mauve ribbon at the back heads the plaits of the semi-trained skirt. The bodice is trimmed with a frilling to match the

No. 4.

flounce on the skirt, and it is arranged around the neck and down the front of the waist like a jabot. Full puffed sleeves, finished on the back seam with small bows of ribbon, like the back of the waist. This gown can be made of figured muslin, with embroidered flouncing in white nainsook,

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or this style will be suitable for any of the pretty figured organdies, trimming the flounce with several rows of narrow ribbon. Hat of rice straw, set off with mauve feathers. Eight to ten yards of material will be required.

No. 4—Shows quite a new model for a sea-side gown. The material employed is of the wash-flannel, has a plaited side where the blue skirt opens. The pretty hat is of rice straw, trimmed with blue ribbon and ostrich-tips. Eight yards of blue flannel and six yards of stripe will be required.

No. 5—Is a croquet or sea-side costume. The gown is made with a crossed bodice, short puffed sleeves, and straight skirt.

No. 5. No. 6.

dark-blue flannel or serge, with a pin-striped wash-flannel in white and blue for the underskirt, blouse-vest, and sleeves. The edge of the skirt has a narrow bias band all around, headed by a fine black worsted braid. The same edges the jacket and jacket-sleeves. A deep sailor-collar, trimmed with a bias band of the striped flannel, is tied in front with a wide blue ribbon. The underskirt, Dotted flannel is the best material, but wash-calico or zephyr gingham may be used. Two rows of washing-galloon edge the front of the skirt and cross the under-vest and the under-sleeves, which are of white zephyr. Hat in fancy straw, trimmed to match the dress.

No. 6—Is a child's frock, with loose blouse and skirt in electric-blue delaine, with rows and tabs in worsted braid. Hat in black

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net, edged with chenille balls and decorated on top with a large muslin bow.

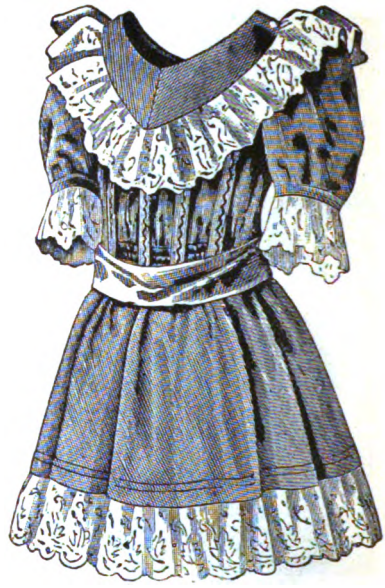
No. 7—Shows a suit in wash-flannel for a little boy of three to four years. Kilted skirt and blouse-waist, with wide sailor-collar. Tam O'Shanter cap, made of the same material.

No. 8—Is a dress for a child of four years. It is made of wash-silk and trimmed with

No. 7.

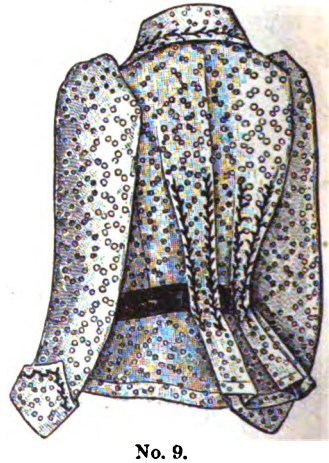
wide ruffles of fine embroidery. The plaits in the bodice, back and front, are feather-stitched in silk to match. Pale-colored cashmeres are also much used for these little dresses.

No. 9.—Morning-jacket for a young girl of thirteen to fifteen years. Most useful for



No. 8.

cool mornings at sea-side or mountains. A dotted or striped wash-flannel, with velvet belt or ribbon waistband. The plaits, back and front, are feather-stitched in silk to match.



No. 9.

PEACOCK, IN EMBROIDERY.

On the Supplement, we give a beautiful design of a peacock, to be done in outline or in Kensington-stitch; the original of the one given was done in the long Kensington-stitch, in the varied colors of the peacock's tail, the body in very dark-green. It was on one end of a curtain, but can be utilized for many purposes.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

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GIRL'S REEFER JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a girl's reefer jacket. It is cut to fit a girl of eight years, and is intended for sea-side wear. The pattern consists of four pieces:

1. Half of Front.
2. Half of Back.
3. Sleeve, Upper and Under Side.
4. Collar and Revers.

The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The jacket can be made in either navy-blue cloth or serge, or in biscuit-colored cloth for smarter occasions. The lining may be in either shot silk or farmer's-satin, the former preferable for the present season.

PORTIERE FOR A DOOR.

This illustration shows a simple and effective way of draping a door that is not in use, to open on the draped door. Canton flannel, velours, chenille, or even cretonne will serve for the drapery; but the soft velours drape best. A heavy cord is all, beside, that is needed.

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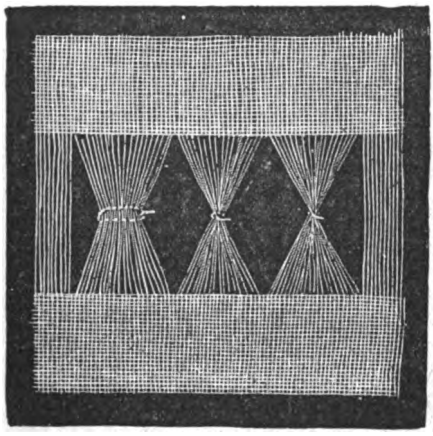
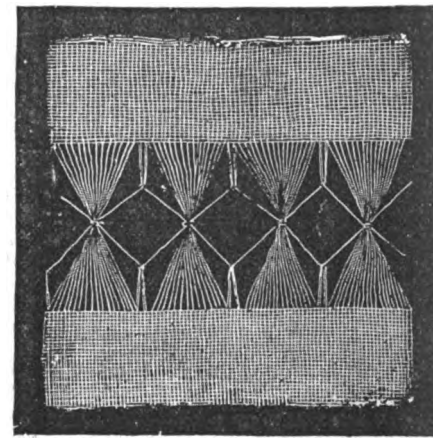
TWO DESIGNS FOR DRAWN-WORK.



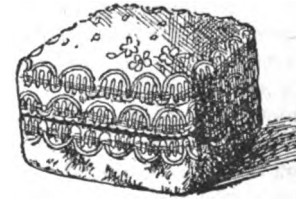
No. 1 shows the knotting of clusters. Draw the horizontal threads, divide the straight ones in groups, each being knotted separately with a buttonhole-stitch, after having been encircled with a row of darning-stitches, as seen in the illustration.



No. 2 shows sheafs and diamonds. The sheaf-like clusters are similar to those in No. 1, but in this instance they are each separated by two threads which are deftly detached and tied in the shape of a diamond —see illustration.

TRINKET-BOX.

An empty paper box, either square or round, would answer well for the purpose. Embellish the outside with a piece of brocade in Pompadour design, finished with gold gimp, or else cover the box with plain satin in any pretty self-color, and paint in water-colors some small sprays of violets, daisies, or forget-me-nots, and finish with the gold gimp. The inside is lined with quilted satin, with sachet-powder sprinkled upon the cotton.



SACHET.

BY MRS. A. E. ROANE.

In the front of the number will be found a pretty design for a sachet. It is made of two lengths of satin ribbon, pink and olive, fifteen inches long and four inches wide. Embroider a spray of flowers on each —the pink end of one side, the olive end of the other—put the strips together, sew all around except about two inches near the middle, which must be left open in order to fill the ends. This forms a long bag, which should be moderately supplied with perfumed cotton. After closing the open part, fold over, according to the illustration, with the pink and shorter end uppermost, the olive and longer end showing underneath. Gather loosely two and a half inches from the top of the fold, and tie with a loose bow of picot-edged olive ribbon, one and a half inches wide. Finish the ends with the little metal ornaments that are now so much used for fancy-work and you will have an exceedingly novel and dainty sachet.

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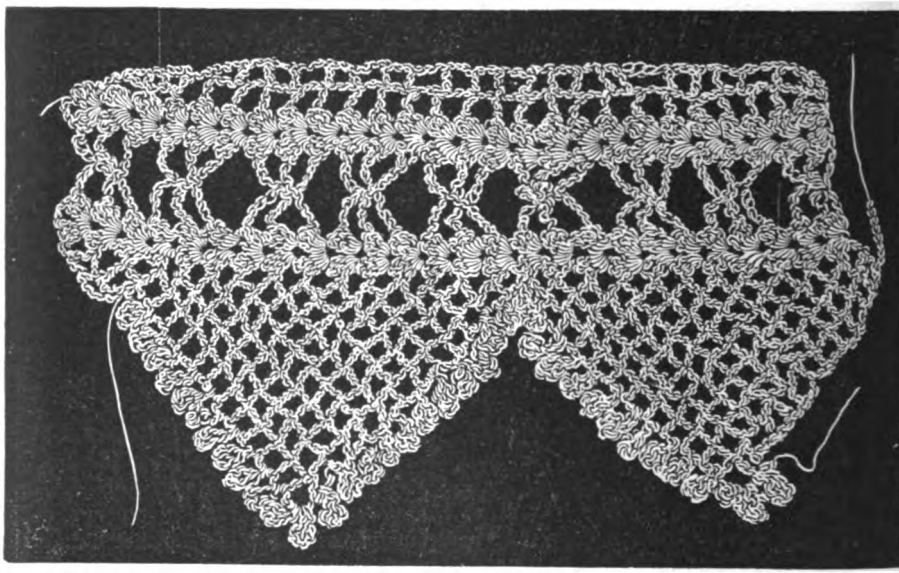
VANDYKE EDGING.



Materials: thread No. 30.

First row: Ch. thirty, one dc. in sixth stitch of ch.; ch. two, three dc. in eighth stitch; ch. two, three dc. in same place; ch. eight, three dc. in ninth stitch from shell; ch. two, three dc. same place; ch. two, one dc. in eleventh stitch; ch. two, one dc. in thirteenth stitch; ch. five, turn.

Second row: Three open, shell in shell; ch. eight, shell in shell; two open, ch. five, turn.

Third row: Two open, shell in shell; ch. four sc. in centre of first eight ch.· ch. four; shell in shell; ch. two, four open; ch. five, turn.

Fourth row: Five open, shell in shell; ch. eight, shell in shell; two open, turn.

Fifth row: Two open, shell in shell; eight ch., shell in shell; six open, turn.

Sixth row: Seven open, shell in shell; ch. four, catch the two eight ch. together, same as before; ch. four, shell in shell; two open, turn.

Seventh row: Two open, shell in shell; ch. eight, shell in shell; eight open, turn. Always make ch. five, in turning.

Eighth row: Nine open, shell in shell· ch. eight, shell in shell; two open, turn.

Ninth row: Two open, shell in shell; ch. four, one sc. in centre of lower eight ch.; ch. four, shell in shell; ten open, turn.

Tenth row: Eleven open, shell in shell; ch. eight, shell in shell; two open, turn.

Eleventh row: Two open, shell in shell; eight ch., shell in shell; twelve open, turn.

Twelfth row: Thirteen open, shell in shell; four ch., one sc. in lower eight ch.; ch. four, shell in shell; two open. Repeat from beginning.

The scallops are made as follows: Fasten thread at top of point, ch. three, three dc. in second stitch of ch., one sc. in next loop. Repeat all round, making a double scallop at the point.

SCROLL PATTERN FOR EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING.

We give also, on the Supplement, a design for a scroll pattern with palm-leaves; the open space is intended for initials, a name, or a date. To look well the scroll should be done in either black or gray, and the palms in green.

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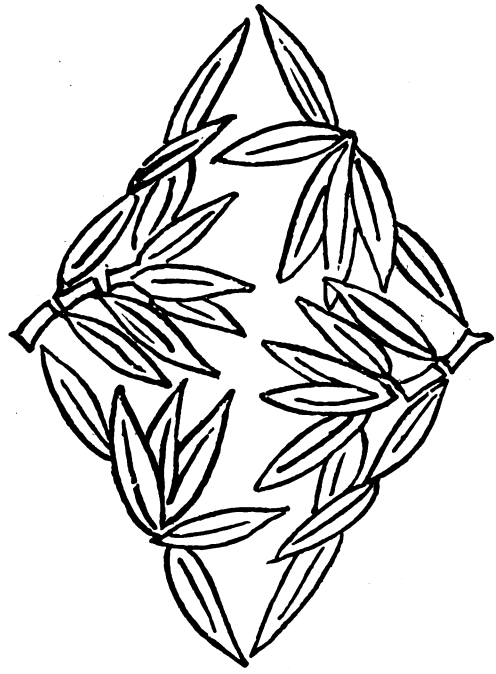
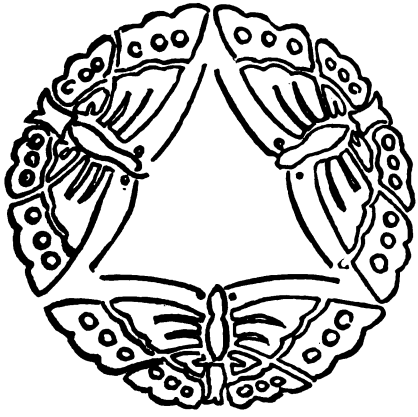
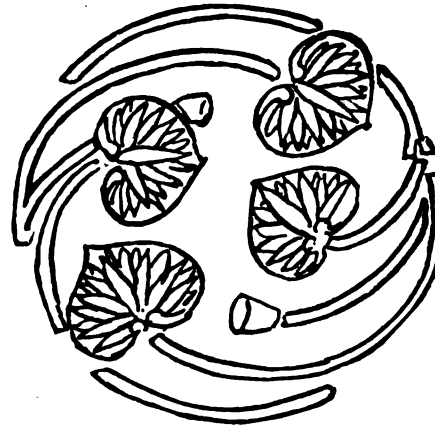
DESIGNS FOR DOYLIES.







These designs are to be done in outline, in filoselle wash-silks, for doylies. White, pale-green, and yellow are the most fashionable colors now in use for dinner-service of all kinds of embroidery, but of course others can be substituted.

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DOYLY OR CROWN OF SMOKING-CAP.

We give here a design for the crown of a smoking-cap, to be done in braiding; or the same pattern may be used for the centre of a doyly, done in outline-stitch.

BAG FOR SOILED HANDKERCHIEFS.

This useful bag is made of linen, and a simple pattern in cross-stitch worked on it, in red or blue French working-cottons. It draws with a fine linen tape and is easily laundried.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

WHAT WILL COME NEXT.—Our new volume will begin with July, and its varied contents may be taken as a sample of the feast of good things which each successive number will offer.

"*Here and There in Switzerland,*" by Olney Towne, will be found a paper of rare interest, describing scenes not usually visited by the hurried traveler, and rendered still more attractive by a series of admirable illustrations.

"*Held Up at San Angelo,*" by Howard Seely, we consider the most thrilling and dramatic short story that we have ever read from the pen of this brilliant writer.

"*That Unprincipled Anne Cathcart,*" by Robert C. V. Meyers, both in the dainty finish of story and illustrations, will rank among our gems for the year.

"*Madame Tallien*" will be the subject of Miss Virginia G. Sully's second paper on the Women of the French Revolution, and will be found fully equal to the one on Madame de Lafayette, which has attracted such general commendation.

Minna Irving will contribute an exquisite poem, fitly illustrated.

"*Hints to Home-Makers,*" by Minnie E. Kenny, will give clear directions for the decoration of curtains, pillows, and the like, and Mrs. Hooper's Paris letter the freshest information in regard to midsummer costumes.

"*Our Donkey*" is the title which little Totty Towersby has given to her adventures in England and France, and both sketch and pictures will perfectly fascinate the children.

In the course of the volume, we shall give illustrated sketches for the girls and boys of a larger growth, as an earnest of the increased attention we propose to pay to their tastes during the coming year. Since it has pleased the press and the public to give us the name of "The Family Magazine," we must see to it that each member of the household, from children to grandparents, finds due heed given to his or her individual needs.

AS A FRIEND.—The Worcester (Mass.) Daily Times says: "This year is the 50th year of 'Peterson's Magazine.' As a family visitor, it is welcomed in many homes and has had its part in the foundation of many a mind and life. It is among the leaders to-day as a literary periodical, fashion director, a champion in home-decoration, and a friend with which to pass many pleasant hours."

DRESS-MAKING FOR STOUT FIGURES.—One rule must never be forgotten: It is necessary that all lines should run downward; perpendicular lines must be preferred to horizontal ones. Hip-trimmings must be avoided; but a box-plait at the side, or rather below the side piece at the back of the bodice, will take away from the size, and breaks the line where the back begins. The basque should be long, without any appearance of drapery. A Princesse cut of gown, skillfully managed, is to be recommended, and, in planning any skirt, care must be taken to avoid dividing the width of the skirt into visible portions by the trimming. Never should a short-waisted bodice be adopted; the waist should be as long as possible. Revers and brace-like additions on the bodice take from the width. When necks are short, the sleeves should not be too high on the shoulders, nor indeed should any more trimming there than can possibly be avoided be introduced, and high-shouldered capes of every kind are to be tabooed. Sleeves of different material from the bodice greatly reduce the apparent size of the wearer. Plain materials may be made to have the diminishing effect of perpendicular stripes by introducing close-set rows of braid on the front breadth; and side trimmings of the kind in panels, when judiciously placed, also tend to reduce the size.

A FAVORITE VINE of mine, and one which I could not well spare from my garden, is the adlumia, sometimes called Alleghany vine. The beautiful foliage is just the thing to use with other flowers. It is a biennial; the first year, it does not grow very tall, but the foliage then is most perfect, and I cut freely from mine. The second year, it grows tall and bears little pink-and-white flowers, which are not very important. It then seeds freely and dies. It is well to treat it as an annual for the first two years, and then you may have the low plants and the climbers each year; after this, they will seed themselves without further trouble on your part. Many extra little plants will be springing up where they will not be wanted, so you can make your friends and neighbors happy by giving them of your superfluity; they require care in transplanting, however.

BAD TEMPER.—Beware, girls, of a bad temper. There is no obstacle to advancement or happiness so great as an undisciplined temper—a temper subject to pique or uncertainty.

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"PLOUGHING FOR LUCK."—The beautiful engraving in the front of this number illustrates a pretty superstition still prevalent in certain portions of the Tyrol. When a farmer buys a bit of land, the first time he prepares it for sowing, the plough-handles are intrusted to a child who has never before held them. The ceremony is supposed to bring good luck to the crop of the opening as well as of every future season, and in some districts the peasants would regard the omission of the custom as an actual braving of Providence.

FASHION IN LOUIS XV'S REIGN.—Dress was in the zenith of its splendor. Hoops were worn; ribbons, satins, brocade, laces, plumes, powder, and patches. The embroideries on women's gowns were magnificent; the waists were long and pointed—the bodices open in front and laced across. Long jackets, à la polonaise, were bordered with fur and accompanied by large hats. Fans were round, covered with feathers, and hung from the girdle. Gloves were long and buttonless; shoes had pointed toes and high heels.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Heredity, Health, and Personal Beauty. By John V. Shoemaker, M.D. Philadelphia: F. A. Davis.—A much-needed book, even in this day, when such attention is paid to physical culture of the higher sort as has never been the case since the palmy days of ancient Greece. Beginning with two most instructive and interesting chapters on "Man's Spiritual and Physical Place in Nature," the author considers in turn the different organs of the body, with their capacities and requirements. He gives the clearest possible directions for the care of that complicated structure, the human frame. From the treatment of hands and feet to the weightiest of all considerations—digestion and circulation—nothing is omitted, and the vital point so often neglected—measures for the prevention of disease—has a prominent place. The long and varied list of recipes and prescriptions for cosmetics, soaps, and medicinal remedies is valuable in the extreme; the author's name is a warrant for their trustworthiness.

The Daughter. Her Health, Education, and Wedlock. By William Capp, M.D. Philadelphia and London: F. A. Davis.—The title of this book explains its purport and scope; but the volume must be read in order to discover in how attractive a manner the author has presented all sides of a subject of paramount importance. No woman can be blind to the duty she owes to her child, and the youngest and most ignorant mother cannot rise from a perusal of this volume without having gained a store of practical knowledge which will enable her to carry it out, while the most experienced parent will find suggestions and information which will widen her horizon and offer valuable assistance in meeting the requirements of this freshened sense of responsibility.

Atman; The Documents in a Strange Case. By Francis Howard Williams. New York: Cassell Publishing Co.—This is an exceedingly clever novel, good in style and fairly unique in handling and plot. About a story interesting enough in itself to enchain the reader's attention, Mr. Williams has woven the web of a daring fancy connected with the Buddhistic conception of the soul, which adds a charm of speculative mystery that is fascinating in the extreme. The author is especially happy in his ability to render his characters living and vivid by a few masterly touches, and the volume abounds in picturesque portraitures.

Bertha's Baby. By Gustave Droz. Phila.: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the most delightful tales we know among those which make a hero of that always important personage, the baby. There is no more admirable French writer than Gustave Droz, and his books are always pure in expression and thought. He has never written anything which can surpass this sketch in keenness of wit, quaintness of humor, and touchingness of pathos. The publishers have shown excellent taste in adding the volume to their twentyfive-cent series.

The Yellow Ribbon Speaker. Compiled by Rev. Anna H. Shaw, A. S. Blackwell, and Lucy E. Anthony. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is a capital selection for recitations and readings in prose and verse, which will be found well adapted for public entertainments and reading-clubs, as well as for use in schools. The collection covers a wide range of subjects, all bearing in some way on the subject of "Equal Rights," but all possessing general interest and great literary merit, being chosen from among the gems of some of our most brilliant writers.

The Lawrence Reader. By Edwin Gordon Lawrence. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a thoroughly comprehensive system of elocution, with clear and simple instructions and exercises for the cultivation and strengthening of the voice and the correct use of gesture and dramatic action. It is the work of a practical elocutionist, and ought to be studied by every teacher of voice-culture and every person intending to appear on the lecture-platform or the stage.

Two English Girls. By Mabel Hart. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The scene of this pretty story is laid in Florence, and the descriptions of the City of Flowers are remarkably faithful. The two English heroines are both charming—in many ways, very like the British idea of the typical American girl. The Italian characters are well drawn, and the book is evidently the production of a person familiar with Florentine artist-life.

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If She Will, She Will. By Mary A. Denison. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A very good story—the best the author has given us in a long while, if indeed it may not be considered her most successful effort. It is not exactly sensational, though full of exciting incidents which are skillfully managed. The characterization is careful and distinct, the plot is well worked out, and the book has the great merit of ending well.

The Buckeye Hawkeye Schoolmaster. By One of the Teachers. Chicago: W. W. Knowles & Co.—This is not only an entertaining sketch, but one which it will do people good to read. The entire atmosphere of the book is healthful and elevating, and the pictures of life among the Rocky Mountains and other regions still new to the generality of the denizens of the East are as true to nature as they are fresh and interesting.

Her Playthings, Men. By Mabel Esmonde Cahill. New York: Worthington Co.—A very original novel, containing here and there incidents which bear the stamp of having been taken from life. It is a genuine love-story, with many effective situations. The author shows also a thorough acquaintance with out-of-door sports, and there is a description of a horse-race worthy of Hawley Smart.

Mrs. Mayburn's Twins. By John Habberton. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This story is fully equal to "Helen's Babies," and is a delightful mixture of rollicking fun and tender pathos. The book has been included in the publishers' twentyfive-cent series.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

"SAVE MONEY ON BICYCLES."—One of the oldest and most successful bicycle houses in the country is that of A. W. Gump & Co., Dayton, Ohio. They commenced handling bicycles in 1880, and by persistent and skillful advertising, backed up by fair and honest dealings, they have gained for themselves an enviable reputation second to none in their line of trade. They have every facility for shipping to any part of the continent, and can always secure the best rates for their customers.

WE are pleased to note the great success that is resulting from the years of study and experiment the Vose & Sons Piano Co. have given to the construction of their instruments. It is not surprising, however, as such pianos as they are manufacturing are bound to make friends and find purchasers. We wish them continued prosperity.

LOOKING BACK.—Never be sorry for any generous thing that you ever did, even if it had not the effect you wished. Never be sorry that you were magnanimous, even if the recipient of your generosity proved unworthy.

THE old and popular Neave's food, for infants, invalids, and old people was first placed before the public in the year 1828, and has steadily grown in favor with families, physicians and nurses.

It is rich in bone-forming and flesh-producing elements and promotes a healthy action of the bowels.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crême Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* Pfrs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

THE world-wide reputation of N. K. Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger is a phenomenon of the century.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

WELL-TRIED RECEIPTS.

Potato Balls, Duchesses.—Take half a dozen potatoes, boil them, pass them through a sieve, and work into them in a bowl one gill of cream and the yokes of three eggs; add pepper, salt, and nutmeg to taste, and some parsley finely chopped. When they are well mixed and smooth, take them up by tablespoonfuls, roll each in a ball, flatten it, and flour it slightly. Lay them all in a sauté-pan, with plenty of butter melted, and cook them slowly. Turn them over when one side is done, and serve hot as soon as both sides are colored.

Omelet.—Allow one egg for each person—two eggs make a small omelet. Beat the eggs well till light, season with pepper and salt and a spoonful of finely chopped chives or shallot and parsley; put a little butter in a pan, and, when it is melted and hot, put in the eggs, etc., and fry. When the under side is colored and the top is about the consistency of scrambled eggs, slip it out of the pan into a hot dish, fold it over, and serve at once.

Corn-flour Cheese-Cakes.—To one pint of milk and one ounce of corn-flour, add four well-beaten eggs and a quarter of a pound of sugar. Put these in an enameled saucepan on the fire, and bring it up to boiling-point. Flavor with essence of lemon. Line some patty-pans with puff-paste, pour in the above custard, dust sugar over them, and bake.

Loaf-Cake.—Five cupfuls of light dough, four and a half cupfuls of sugar, two and a half cupfuls of butter, and four eggs. Cream the butter and sugar together and add the eggs, then mix with the dough; add any kind of spices and fruit to taste; put in a mold, and set it to rise for a short time, and then bake like bread.

Mashed Potatoes.—Boil a quantity of potatoes and pass them through a sieve; put them into

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a saucepan, with a good lump of butter, and salt to taste; add a little milk, and work them well with a spoon on a slow fire for some minutes, adding small quantities of milk as it is required, until they get of the desired consistency.

Scalloped Eggs.—Boil three or four eggs hard. When cold, remove shells and chop the eggs roughly; have ready a small teacupful of mashed potatoes, another of rice; mix all together, add capers, a little melted butter, pepper, and salt, put into scallop-shells with breadcrumb on top, and bake a pale-brown.

Sugar-Cakes.—One and a half pounds of butter, three pounds of brown sugar, cream them together, eight eggs beaten light, one teaspoonful of soda; mix in the flour two teaspoonfuls of cream of tartar; mix with enough flour to roll out; one nutmeg.

Broiled Fillets of Chickey.—Remove the bone from the breast and thighs. Rub the meat with butter; season, and cover with fine cracker-dust. Broil about ten minutes.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BUFF PLAID FOULARD. The skirt is plain and made straightwise of the material. The bodice and cuffs are cut bias, while the large sleeves are made of plain buff foulard. Waistband and collar of buff embroidery. Large straw hat, trimmed with white foulard and a dove.

FIG. II.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF MASTIC-COLORED CHINA SILK, figured with pink roses. The bottom is finished with a quilling of rose-colored silk. The bodice, which is cut low, is worn over a yoke of white embroidery and is trimmed with three frills of pink silk. Waistband with long ends of pink ribbon. A frill of pink silk around the throat. Straw hat, trimmed with pink bows.

FIG. III.—DRESS, OF DULL-GREEN PLAIDED GRENADINE. The skirt is made bias and slightly draped at top under a belt of green velvet. The bodice, which is slightly full in front, opens over a small piece of white embroidery, and the lower long sleeves are of the same material. The full upper part of the sleeves is of the grenadine. Hat of coarse straw, trimmed with poppies.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAYISH-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with four rows of braid. The front of the bodice, the collar, and the sleeves are striped with the braiding. Blue velvet pointed waistband. Hat of yellow straw, trimmed with blue rosette and feather.

FIG. V.—DRESS, OF PINK CHINA SILK, spotted with black. The skirt is trimmed on the left side with two bands of black satin ribbon, which terminate in large bows at the bottom of the skirt; one band comes from the side seam under the right arm. The slightly full bodice is ornamented with black lace, one piece coming from the left arm to the waist; the rest forming a full collar and jabot. The sleeves have cuffs of black satin and lace. Hat of black lace, trimmed with loops of pink ribbon.

FIG. VI.—FLORAL TOQUE, OF FANCY STRAW. In our model, the crown is dispensed with, and the toque forms only a diadem, in the centre of which is placed a wreath of small velvet pansies, which taper toward the back and form an aigrette in front.

FIG. VII.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED INDIA SILK, striped with maroon. The bodice, cut with an oval opening, is bordered with a gimp edging and closed invisibly on the sides. There is a basque with tabs at the back. From the arm-seams is a maroon silk sash, which is fastened on the left side. Cuffs and neck-band of maroon velvet. The guimpe is of rather thick gauze, made on a thin foundation. Straw hat, faced with maroon velvet and trimmed with gauze and fancy feathers.

FIG. VIII.—PLASTRON, OF JET, trimmed with a jet fringe.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE OR WALKING DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE GINGHAM. The skirt is plain in front, with full plaited back. The new style of basque is gathered to the slightly pointed bodice. The waist is a little full and trimmed, like the basque and collar, with a narrow gimp. Long high sleeves.

FIG. X.—LAWN-TENNIS DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE SERGE. The blouse-waist is of cream-colored tennis-flannel, with a deep square collar at the back. The sash, with fringed ends, is of dark-blue surah.

FIG. XI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DULL TERRA-COTTA NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is bordered with a plaid, cut on the bias, and the sleeves and plaited ruffle at the waist are of the same material. Black straw hat, with yellow roses.

FIG. XII.—LAWN-TENNIS DRESS, front view of FIG. X. The blouse has a wide rolling collar and a band of the cream-colored flannel at the waist. Dark-blue velvet edges the collar and cuffs. On the broad panel at the side of the skirt is a pointed pocket for holding the balls; this pocket has a racquet embroidered on it. Cap of cream-colored tennis-cloth.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GREEN STRIPED ZEPHYR-CLOTH. The skirt is bordered with a band of the material, headed with a narrow green-and-gold braid. The bodice, which is made double-breasted, is edged with the two braids and trimmed on the left side by two rows of buttons. High sleeves, ornamented by two rows of green buttons. Straw hat, trimmed with a gay striped scarf and flowers.

FIG. XIV.—SLEEVE FOR A GRENADINE DRESS with a brocade trimming on the lower part of the arm.

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FIG. XV.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF LILAC-AND-WHITE STRIPED GAUZE. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a straight ruffle, headed by a narrow shell quilling. The back breadths are plain, and paniers of the material meet at the back. The full bodice, Marie de Medici collar, and sleeves are trimmed with white lace and lilac velvet ribbon.

FIG. XVI.—HAT, OF FANCY STRAW, trimmed with an upstanding bow of lace, brightened up with a large pink rose and foliage.

FIG. XVII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE SURAH SILK. The skirt is trimmed with a festooned flounce of the surah. The bodice, which opens V-shape back and front, is quite full where it crosses from the shoulders to the arm-seams. Full puffed sleeves.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In June, there is little that is quite new to chronicle of the fashions. But we are glad to say that a slight reaction has set in with regard to the length of skirts for street-use, and that the very newest ones are somewhat shorter than those worn in the spring and winter, though there is much room yet left before they will be quite satisfactory. It is to be hoped that by the autumn the walking-skirts will quite clear the ground.

Trains for the house are very generally worn; and a train for the present style should always be narrow, whatever its length. The make of dresses still aims at making the figure look as tall and slim as possible; so skirts are as tight round the figure as possible, having the plaited or gathered part at the back put into as small a space as possible. Some skirts are slightly draped in front, especially for stout figures, which look much better when the form is not too clearly defined; but the fullness must be very slight.

The Princesse style, where the bodice and skirt are cut in one piece, is fashionable again; the skirt-breadths can be gored, and in this way will not cling so closely around the figure as other plain and tight skirts do.

Straight pieces, braid, embroidery, and ruffles are all used to finish the bottom of skirts.

Wider flounces, of either the material of the dress or of muslin or lace, may also be used as trimming.

Bodices are of all styles, to suit the fancies of all wearers; it is only needful to have them cut so as to give length and slimness to the figure, and yet to have them appear to fit it too closely.

Sleeves are made high at the shoulders, long over the hand, and, from the elbow up, quite loose.

Jackets for summer wear are of the lightest kind of lady's-cloth, and do not fit the figure too closely. Capes of various kinds are very popular for summer wear; they give all the warmth usually required, and are easily put on and off.

Bonnets are nearly all small, of the toque shape, with narrow strings coming from the back.

Hats are either quite small or of medium size; the very large ones, though seen, are not so popular, as they are unbecoming. But no shape is perfectly straight—it is pinched and punched in all directions, according to taste. Some of the curves are only in front, whilst others are all around the head and rest gracefully on the hair at the back.

Fancy buttons are again coming into favor; they are not so necessarily used, but, as they are generally large, they are employed for decorative purposes. Old Wedgwood buttons, Dresden china ones, quaint silver ones, picked up in Norway or the Tyrol, are all fashionable; and these rare ornaments will doubtless soon be imitated and comparatively less expensive. The revival of the Louis jackets, which used to be decorated with large buttons, has caused this revival.

Lace is much worn, and fortunate is the woman who has a store of it. It is used for flouncings and trimmings, and even the old-fashioned capes are adapted to the present fashion.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The favorite as well as the newest wrap of the season is the Henri III cloak, or rather mantle, since it does not descend more than a quarter of a yard below the wearer's waist. Care must be taken not to have it made too long, as in that case it loses its distinctive style as a reproduction of the graceful little cloaks of the epoch, which were worn by gentlemen as well as by ladies, only in the former case they were worn over the left shoulder and not as a regular wrap. Queen Margaret of Italy was the first to appear in the new mantle, of which Worth sent her two at the beginning of the season. She had one of them on at the opening of Parliament. Jackets are not nearly so popular this spring, and with reason, as they are too tight-fitting and too difficult to cast aside to be very practical for mid-season wear. Very handsome and elaborately trimmed shoulder-capes are shown amongst the dressy wraps of the hour.

In the way of dresses, skirts have now reached the utmost limits of scantiness permitted by the wearer's convenience. Some are made almost absolutely tight-fitting, being perfectly plain in front and at the sides, and with only a few gathers at the back. For street-wear, the skirts of outdoor costumes are now made short enough to clear the ground. Those for carriage-wear and for formal visitings and receptions are still made to trail.

The deep basque-corsage has been revived, to the great content of stout ladies who never did and never will look well in round waists. The basque is not made plain, but is usually in the Louis Treize style; that is to say, cut in

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large squares all around, the openings between the squares reaching to the waist. These squares produce a very pretty effect, falling over the close-fitting skirt, to which they lend a needed relief from excess of simplicity and scantiness. The sleeves, to carry out the design, must be puffed high upon the shoulders. Evening-dresses in this style are composed of plain heavy satin or peau-de-soie, but for demi-toilette they are more effective in two materials.

I was recently shown a very stylish and tasteful walking-dress, with the skirt in marine-blue satin figured with rosette-shaped spots in crimson velvet. This skirt was made narrow and plain and was bordered with a wide band of marine-blue cashmere, headed with a small cord in crimson silk. The corsage was a deep basque made of blue cashmere and cut in squares around the edge, after the fashion that I have just described. These squares were edged all around with crimson silk cord. The sleeves, puffed high on the shoulders, were in the velvet-figured satin from shoulder to elbow, and were finished with deep cuffs, or rather half coat-sleeves, in cashmere, buttoned at the wrist. In front, the upper division of the corsage was in velvet-figured satin, laid in plaits at either side just below the shoulders, and forming a narrow vest, over which the cashmere fronts meet at the waist, being outlined throughout with crimson silk cord. A dress in that style affords an excellent opportunity of utilizing one in handsome silk that has been laid aside because the waist is worn out or defaced. If the wearer of one of these Louis Treize toilettes is slender, a girdle in folds of the silk skirt-material forms a becoming addition to the dress.

Morning-gowns, or rather afternoon tea-gowns, are dressier and more elaborate than ever. The two latest styles are the "Roxana" and the "Anne of Austria." The former is an Oriental robe in rich brocaded silk, made with very wide half-long sleeves and falling back from an under-dress in fine lace and transparent muslin made up over pale-pink silk. The "Anne of Austria" is composed of pale-gray peau-de-soie or very fine cashmere, with a plaited corsage finished at the throat with the immense pointed collar of the period, which falls over the shoulders, and terminating at the waist with a pointed girdle in gold passementerie set with imitation precious stones. The plain half-long skirt is bordered at the hem with a narrow band in gold embroidery, and opens up the front over an under-width in plain white satin. Worth has just made, for the Queen Regent of Spain, a tea-gown in pale-heliotrope crape, the corsage fulled into a yoke striped with gold braid, and the skirt cut open up the front to show an under-width of white satin. A narrow pattern in gold braiding borders the crape skirt at the hem.

One of the most popular trimmings of the season consists of large oval ornaments in cut jet, which are sewed all over some styles of the Henri Trois mantles, and especially those in cloth, either in black or gray or terra-cotta red. They look unpleasantly like black beetles, which they resemble strongly in size and shape, but are otherwise handsome and effective, and are employed on hats and bonnets as well as upon wraps.

A new and very pretty form of passementerie is in the shape of a row of star-shaped flowers woven in shaded floss-silks, and each flower having an imitation precious stone at the heart. It comes in all colors and is very elegant. White laces of all kinds, the real as well as the machine-made, will be worn in profusion during the coming summer.

In jewelry, solitaire diamond ear-rings or those of single pearls are less in favor than emeralds or rubies or pearls surrounded with diamonds. Bracelets are no longer fashionable except for full dress, and no really elegant Parisienne wears bangles any longer over her gloves in the street. The extra length now attained by the fashionable sleeve may account for the suppression of this once popular ornament. Small brooches in all sorts of fantastic shapes, such as quivers or keys or branches of fruit or rows of birds, are extensively worn, and bow-knots of diamonds are used to confine clusters of feathers in the hair for evening toilette.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—BOY'S SUIT, OF STRIPED SUMMER-CLOTH. The knickerbockers are comfortably loose. The coat loose and long, with ample pockets. Jockey-cap of cloth, of a color to correspond with the suit.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF BLUE SATEEN, SPOTTED WITH OLIVE-GREEN. The skirt is made with tucks and edged with Hamburg embroidery. The waist is gathered beneath the belt, and shirred into a yoke; around the armholes is placed embroidery which extends across the back like a very short jacket. Embroidery at the neck and on the cuffs.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF RED-AND-GRAY GINGHAM. The full skirt is edged with a broad band of embroidery, the gray ground being woven in red colored figures. A loose sash of the gingham ties at the side below the blouse-waist, revers edged with embroidery meet at the waist in front, and cover the top of the loose sleeves; they come to a point at the back.

FIG. IV.—CHIP HAT, the crown covered with white mull and trimmed with small white ostrich-feathers.

FIG. V.—STRAW HAT, trimmed with neuds of black velvet ribbon and a bunch of flowers.

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MOTHER'S DARLING

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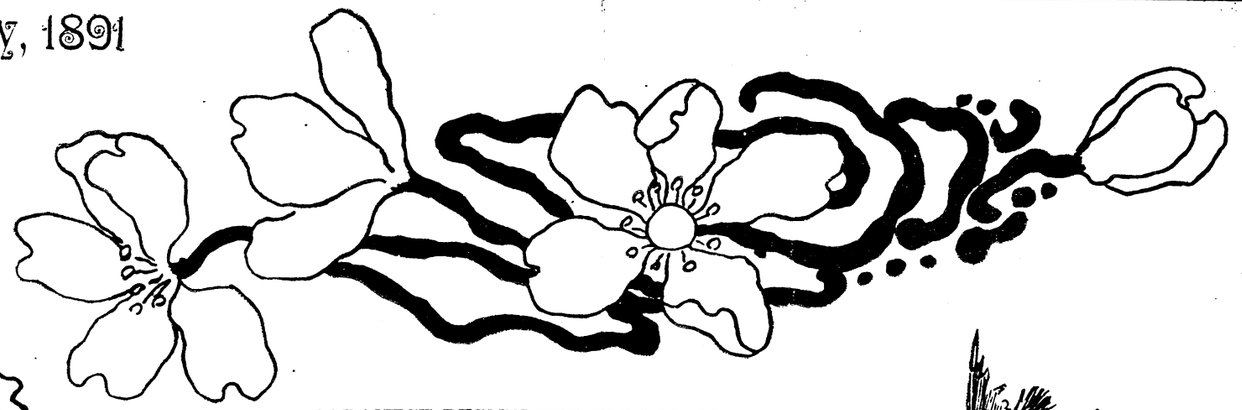

JAPANESE DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY.

NARCISSUS DESIGN FOR SIDEBOARD CLOTH.

CUPID STRINGING HIS BOW.

THE OLD, OLD STORY.

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A SUMMER VACATION.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. C. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1891. No. 1.

HERE AND THERE IN SWITZERLAND.

BY OLNEY TOWNE.

THE BOUQUETIN.

FOR a fortnight, we had been making our headquarters at Zermatt, on the outskirts of the Monte Rosa district. The little hamlet lies nestled in an emerald valley bordered by pine-tree covered slopes, above which shines the stretch of mighty glaciers, overlooked by sentinel mountains. On the left rises the Breithorn, while to the right the Matterhorn lifts its mighty pyramid of everlasting rock.

Even the glaciers of the Bernese Oberland, although presenting a greater variety, cannot equal those of Zermatt in magnificence. I can recall no spot where one seems to penetrate so deeply into the very heart of the mysterious Alpine realm. Even at noonday, the shadows of the two mountains are cast like gigantic palls across the awful whiteness of the eternal snows; the pine boughs wave like spectral hands, and the intense stillness fills the mind with such awe that the traveler feels as if he had passed the confines of the world of mortals and reached the inmost sanctuary of the Spirit of the Alps.

Ice-fields and snow-capped peaks stretch in a vast panorama as far as the eye can reach; two huge spurs of Monte Rosa jut out to the north between the twin valleys of Zermatt and Saas, and, with the Rothhorn and Weisshorn looming in the middle distance, form a group than which even the great central chain of Swiss mountains has nothing grander to offer, while closer still towers the Matterhorn, always, whichever way one turns, the most prominent and imposing feature in the wonderful landscape.

Zermatt is a convenient spot from which to undertake numerous noteworthy excursions, the ascent of Monte Rosa included, although I am forced to confess that this crowning feat is one I have never attempted. While stopping at Zermatt, however, we made almost the circuit of the base in an expedition which took four days to accomplish—four days never to be forgotten.

Mounted on stout mules and accompanied by trusty guides, our party of six set out, one glorious morning, along the route which leads to Macugnaga, a parish situated on the edge of the Italian frontier. The village lies in the hollow of a majestic amphitheatre of snow-clad mountains, and from thence one has an uninterrupted view of all the four peaks of Monte Rosa.

From Macugnaga, two routes presented themselves; and, as that over the Turlo Pass, though safer, was not specially interesting, we chose the one which led across the Col della Loccie: for, though difficult and fatiguing, we were fair mountaineers

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and could trust perfectly to the knowledge and discretion of our guides.

We were nearly nine hours in reaching the village of Alagna—a pretty spot, frequented by Italians as a summer resort; but the fatigue and even danger of the journey were more than compensated for by the marvelous glaciers and cataracts we beheld and the awe-inspiring views which met us at every turn.

A MARRIAGE CROWN.

From Alagna, we took a pretty bridle-path that seemed very easy traveling after the experience of the former day, and crossed a pass to visit Gressoney, diverging from the main route to climb a mountain from whose summit we had a grand sight of Monte Rosa, looking very close, while in the distance were visible Mont Blanc and the long sweep of the Graian Alps.

Gressoney la Trinité is a quaint world-lost hamlet, possessing a still smaller namesake not very far off, to which the cognomen of St. Jean has been added. Both villages can boast comfortable inns, and we found friends established at each place, so that our intended halt grew into a stay of a week.

About half-way between the two hamlets, a charming German family known to one of our party owned a summer residence, and to their genial hospitality our sojourn owed much of its pleasure. The exterior of the house looked an odd combination of chalet and castle-like towers, and at the side was a pretty garden laid out in the Italian style, with wide alleys, fountains, and geometrical plots of flowers. The view from every window was exquisite—a perfect mosaic of moor and meadow, of homesteads and rocks, intersected by the silver thread of the river Lys.

A possession of which the owner was justly proud was a herd of half-tamed chamois and bouquetins or steinbocks—the only time I ever saw any successful attempt made at taming the wild beautiful creatures. The bouquetins are not natives of the Monte Rosa district, and these had been imported from the Cogne among the Graian Alps. They resemble, of course, their relative, the chamois, but are much thicker in leg, neck, and shoulder. They are sturdy stately animals, varying in hue from dark-brown to mouse-color, and armed with formidable knobbed horns often over two feet long, that bend backward in a scimitar-like curve.

The chamois were rather gentler than their cousins; indeed, several of them would occasionally take salt from the hand of one of us strangers, if standing near their favorite keeper; but the bouquetins would hear of no friendly advances. There were two magnificent bucks in particular, who used to watch us with fierce restless eyes and displayed an utter contempt for our advances which was fairly humiliating.

The daughter of the German gentleman's head farmer was a great favorite with the entire herd; even the pair of untamable bucks yielded to her magnetism, and no prettier sight could be imagined than that graceful handsome girl in her red-and-black gown, with the sleek dark creatures crowding about her, disputing for the salt she held out

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She was married during our stay in the valley, and, as she was a favorite throughout the region, her nuptials were on a very grand scale for that neighborhood, and very quaint and interesting many of the ceremonies were. Her bridegroom was a tall stalwart chamois-hunter, with a good record and evidently as much under her spell as were the steinbocks.

One of our party made a sketch of the young woman in her odd bridal crown, whose pattern has been used by every bride in the district from time immemorial. It was a remarkable structure of silk and lace, studded with silver ornaments and decorated with long streamers, and its quaintness lent a new charm to the fair face beneath.

When we could bring ourselves to forsake the delightful place, we returned to Zermatt by a route which passed through the Val de Lys, and an enchanting journey it proved. As we wound along, sun-kissed woods closed steeply in behind us, while dark forests stretched down in front. Looking up the valley, one could see the hills shrink back to make room for a mighty cliff on the opposite side of the stream. Here sunshine laughed, there shadow frowned; then came a confusion of crags, cascades, and black ravines; and beyond, where giant mountains were dimly discernible through overhanging mist at the head of the vale, one could catch the blue-white glitter of a far-spreading glacier.

AT THE HEAD OF THE VAL DE LYS.

A fortnight later, with a party diminished to three, I visited the Rhone glacier, which is easily accessible by carriage from Brieg, on the Simplon route

Within this century, the glacier has greatly diminished; but it is still a majestic spec-

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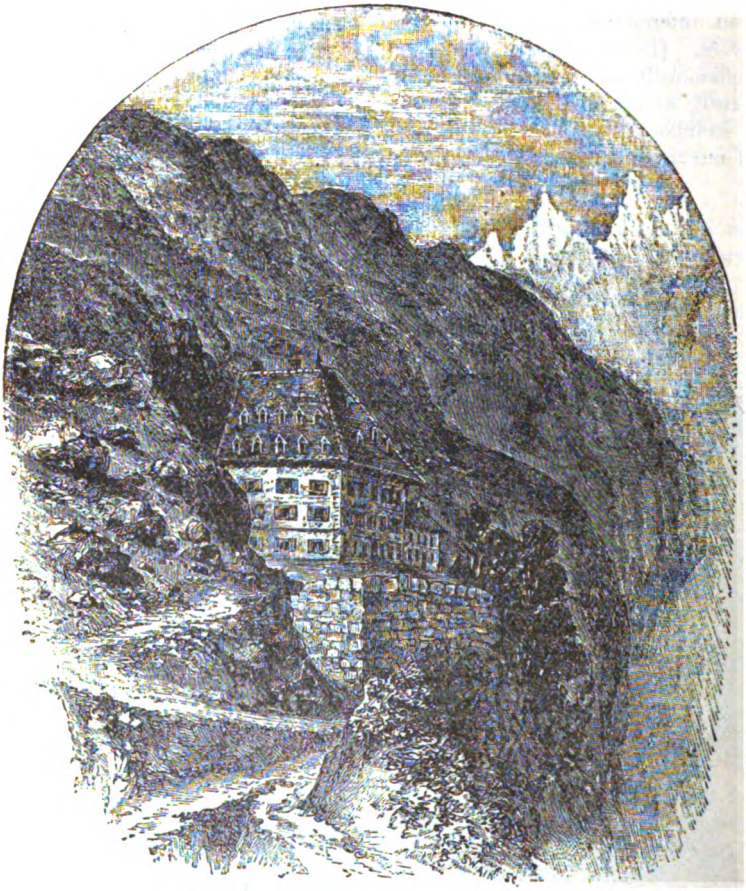
tacle, and gaining an added interest from the fact that out of its depths issues the Rhone —unless, as many wise men now declare, the river has its rise in some warm springs that bubble up in the neighborhood. In whichever spot it is born, the baby Rhone rapidly acquires size and strength, dashes down through a rocky ravine, and widens out below in a broad extent of pasture-lands, hemmed in by lofty mountains and studded with pretty villages and quaint farm-houses.

We journeyed through the valley and traversed various passes till we reached the Eggishorn, the loftiest peak of the ridge which separates the Rhone district from the Aletsch glacier region. For a week, we stopped at the hotel perched against the side of the mountain and built on stone terraces which look strong enough to resist the force of storm or avalanche for centuries to come.

A wonderful place, that hotel, from which to watch sunrises, sunsets, and mist-storms. We achieved the ascent of the Eggishorn one bright day, and were well repaid for the fatigue. Above the hotel, the bridle-path turned to the right and wound up, up, in a series of rather dizzying zigzags, the outlook from each successive turn growing finer and more extended.



AT EGGISHORN.

We were somewhat over two hours in reaching the summit, from whence there burst on us a superb view of the Bernese and Valdasian Alps. Immediately below lay a dark-green glacier; further on, that of the Aletsch, the largest among the Alps; while two others, scarcely less extensive, stretched further away to the right and left. The mountain-peaks in sight were almost countless; and away, away, leagues below, we could trace the greater portion of the

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entire Simplon Pass. Far and near, all about, we surveyed the noblest Alpine peaks, while in the dim distance towered the white brow of Mont Blanc.

Close at hand and most beautiful from its proximity, out from the glacier at its base rose the glittering mass of the Jungfrau, her tall sisters, with lovely Aletschin in the van, grouped a little further aloof. During our entire stay at the hotel, the Jungfrau formed a fascinating and ever changing study. One hour, not a cloud, not a wreath of mist even, would rest on it, from foot to summit; the next, a fog-storm would surge up from the Rhone valley and blot the entire mountain from sight for a while, only to be succeeded by a sudden river of sunshine that would burst the dark wall of mist asunder and deluge the scene with overpowering brightness.

A marked contrast to the desert grandeur of that region was presented by the beauty and magnificence of the scenery about Lucerne, the very gem of all the beautiful lakes of Switzerland. Four famous forest cantons bound the famous sheet, which forms an almost perfect cross, some three-and-twenty miles in length.

Setting forth in the steamboat from the town of Lucerne, the imagination cannot picture a more lovely summer day's journey than the passage of the lake, though the traveler who has only a limited time at his disposal must be filled with regret that he cannot tarry indefinitely at each of the inviting villages he passes; and, if he has only leisure to halt for a day at two or three of them in turn, must find it difficult to make a choice, so numerous and varied are the attractive nooks between which he must choose.

OUT FOR A RAMBLE.

As the boat glides away from the pier of

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Lucerne, he is first struck by the imposing picturesqueness of the town, with its strong towers and battlements. Presently, as he looks about, he sees the Rigi rising to the left, Mount Pilatus to the right, with dark peaks frowning in front and beyond, an ever widening view of distant ranges and solitary crags, the Jungfrau conspicuous among them all.

When the place is reached where the arms of the cross stretch out, the panorama is very striking, and Mount Pilate is seen to the greatest advantage. Its barren peaks, nearly always enveloped in clouds, glower grimly on the smiling landscape beneath, and bring out in brighter relief the aspect of the Rigi on the opposite bank, the lower slopes of which are covered with gardens, fruit-trees, and dwellings, while even the upper steeps are gay with leafy woods and green pastures.

There is not a village in which one does not long to rest at least for a few days. Wäggis, nestled among blooming gardens, looks wonderfully inviting and merits its name of the garden of Lucerne. It was formerly the halting-point for persons intending to ascend the Rigi; but, since the building of the railway up the mountain, Vitznaar is the landing-place, and is also worth visiting for its own sake.

Further along on the opposite bank peeps out the pretty village of Gersau, spread over

ABOVE SCHWYTS.

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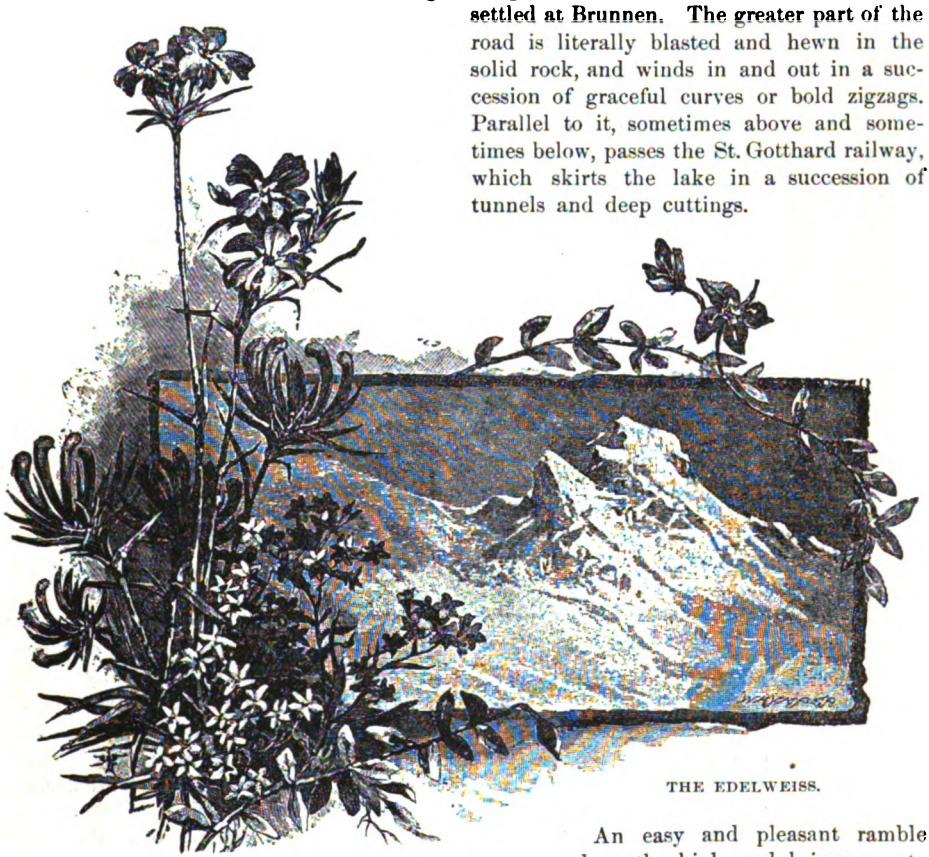
a fertile strip of land which remained an independent canton as late as 1817, when it was joined to the large canton of Schwyz. The hamlet is embowered in orchards; and the quaint cottages, with their broad eaves and odd chimneys, are scattered from the bank far up on the hillside.

So the boat floats on, winding from shore to shore to touch at the landings on either side, and each one possesses some special charm in the matter of rustic dwellings, unique view, historic interest, or poetic legend carefully garnered in books of travels and guide-books, as well as in the memories of the inhabitants.

At last, the town of Brunnen is reached, and no more delightful spot for a month's summer sojourn could be discovered.

The heights at whose base the place is situated afford a fine view of the two arms of the lake and admirably display its cruciform shape. Here begins the south arm, to which has been given the name of the Lake of Uri. The mountains rise more abruptly and the blue expanse begins to grow narrower, while through the gorges one catches sight of distant snow-clad peaks—about which, one hour, the sunshine plays dazzlingly, and, the next, wreaths of mist shut out the bright glow.

A wonderfully constructed road called the Axenstrasse, which runs from Gersau to Fluellen, at the end of this branch, affords delightful drives and walks, to a person settled at Brunnen. The greater part of the road is literally blasted and hewn in the solid rock, and winds in and out in a succession of graceful curves or bold zigzags. Parallel to it, sometimes above and sometimes below, passes the St. Gotthard railway, which skirts the lake in a succession of tunnels and deep cuttings.



THE EDELWEISS.

An easy and pleasant ramble along the high-road brings one to a ledge of rock at the foot of a cliff called the Axenberg, where, under the shadow of lofty trees and almost touched by the waters of the lake, stands the chapel of William Tell—erected, according to tradition, on the very spot where the Swiss liberator sprang out of the tyrant Gessler's boat. While standing in the romance-haunted spot, the pilgrim rejects with indignant scorn the verdict of this iconoclastic generation, which cruelly relegates Tell to the domain of myths. The traveler vows that the creed of his childhood

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shall remain undisturbed: he will not only regard William as a real living hero, but every detail in his career, especially the feat of shooting the apple off his son's head, shall be real too.

In the middle of the summer, Brunnen, like all favorite resorts in the Alpine land, is apt to be overcrowded with strangers. Especially will the flocks of American and English tourists who are "doing" Switzerland in the space of a week vex and harrow up the soul of the leisurely traveler. In order to hurry, it seems necessary for the "tourist" representatives of these two countries to make a great bustle and to talk at the tops of their voices; and, as they never leave mountain nook or brook unvisited, and explore a town with praiseworthy but annoying conscientiousness, one meets or hears them at every turn.

People established at such a place for the season always resent the intrusion of these birds of passage; a very absurd and selfish resentment, of course, but quite apparent, nevertheless—just as one notices the passengers in a street-car or omnibus, on a rainy day, glare at a new-comer as if he or she were unwarrantably intruding.

Another prominent class, at least during three separate seasons I have spent in Brunnen, were the young couples who were evidently engaged, or, if not, were evidently on the high-road to becoming so.

If these youthful creatures belonged to the Teutonic or Latin races, the different pairs were always guarded by some vigilant duenna; but the American couples and their English cousins went straying about at their own sweet wills, regardless of chaperons or etiquette. If the "established resident" frowned at the tourist, these young Romeos and their Juliets frowned as darkly at the resident—and looked deeply injured, into the bargain.

One could not enter the most secluded nook without stumbling over at least a brace of lovers, and a witty lady seriously offended various youths and maidens by declaring aloud at the hotel dinner-table that she was so tired of being made to feel every pretty place she reached was owned and possessed by cooing sparrows that she proposed henceforth to fire off a revolver or beat a pair of cymbals before venturing into any secluded spot, from the grotto to Tell's chapel.

The canton of Schwyz is full of corners interesting to visit, and the traveler should not omit a trip to Einsiedeln, a celebrated place for pious pilgrimages.

The pilgrims to the shrine never number less than a hundred and fifty thousand during a summer. The foundations of the chapel were laid in 1294, and a wonder-working image of the Virgin rendered its monastery so rich and important that to this day Roman Catholics style the abbot "The Prince of Einsiedeln."

From the village, a good pedestrian can enjoy a charming excursion back to Brunnen, by traversing the Hocken Pass, provided the weather be fine. To get caught among the mountains in a rain or mist storm would prove an experience more exciting than agreeable. The first part of the route is without shade and the scenery somewhat monotonous; but, after the steep log-path over the Hocken is reached, the way, though steep and difficult, broadens and increases in interest. At length, a little inn is reached, and, just beyond, a point from whence unfolds a panorama which neither pen nor pencil can fitly portray.

From the heap of jagged rocks, one looks down on the village of Schwyts; beyond, stretch the lakes of Lucerne and Lowerz, with lofty mountains beetling between, and still loftier ranges shutting in the scene leagues and leagues away.

One Fourth of July, a party of us were stopping at the inn, and a couple of patriotic Americans celebrated the day by planting the Stars and Stripes on the very highest point, rather to the indignation of some English and Germans who were stopping there also, though the Swiss peasants saluted it with vociferous applause.

The more one strays about the various Alpine retreats, the greater grows their fascination; and each new place, for the time, bears off the palm, in the wanderer's estimation.

Persons who visit Switzerland only between the middle of July and September lose many of the finest effects of scenery, and, above all, miss seeing the vegetation in its full beauty. For expeditions among the higher Alps, of course August is the favorable season; but, in the neighborhood of the lakes, June is a charming month, and only then does one see the full variety of Alpine flowers in perfection.

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A DEAD LETTER.

BY ELIZABETH G. ROBERTS.

THE fire-light dances and waves its orange streamers and holds high jubilee in the tall old-fashioned Franklin stove, the delight of Matilda Dever's comfort-loving heart. The parlor is very bright and cheery, as everything in Matilda's neighborhood is wont to be. The dark-red curtains are partly drawn, not quite excluding the rich autumn gloaming; a big deer-hound lies on the rug; a white-globed lamp burns on the square carved table.

The light sparkles on Miss Dever's lilac silk gown and gleams on the masses of gold-brown hair just threaded with gray over the temples.

She is a very young-looking woman, for her fifty years; the rich color glows in her cheeks as brightly as a winter sunset; her brown eyes are bright and merry; only the lips, firm and tender, show signs of past sorrow in their set lines.

A woman in whose nature imagination and practicality are blended. She has managed an extensive farm during the twenty years that have passed since her father's death—managed it with a success which his earnest but ill-directed efforts never attained. She cannot remember her mother; and, since her father died, she has lived on at The Birches, with faithful Abigail to help with household duties, and many or few "hands" on the farm, as the season's work might require.

It has not been a solitary life, for the neighbors are of sociable disposition, and kinsfolk are thickly scattered through the country. She is a fairly well-educated woman, having spent a large part of her girlhood at a good school, and her taste for reading carries her over many hours that might otherwise be sad and lonely.

She has been to a wedding-party to-day, at a neighboring farm, and, since her return late in the afternoon, has felt a strange reluctance to take off the festive garments and settle down to ordinary life.

She refuses her tea, rises suddenly, goes upstairs, and wanders restlessly about. At last, in her aimless searching, she comes on an old brass-bound box, which she has not seen for years. It brings back hosts of sad and merry memories, for her dolls' things are packed away in it, and it seems to her as if the ghost of her childhood is buried there—a gentle ghost, though, and one she need not fear.

She takes off the faded cover almost reverently, and, finding the box locked, procures a hammer from her tool-chest and breaks the lock. Here she looks to find the old doll-dresses, for she remembers well with what layers of cedar and lumps of camphor they were protected, on that seventeenth birthday when she folded and put away these treasures of her childhood.

But the first object that meets her eyes is a blue satin quilted bag with blue ribbon strings. She seizes it with a little cry, then hangs it over her arm as she carried it thirty years ago, and goes down to the parlor again. Abigail, disturbed in spirit by her mistress's unusual behavior, has wheeled the big chair and the square table invitingly near the fire, and then, when she hears her approaching, flees to the kitchen to concoct something in the way of supper, wherewith to tempt her dear "Miss Tildy's" appetite.

Matilda sits down in the arm-chair and gazes fixedly into the cheery fire.

Thoughts, memories, dreams! They have been surging up so fast, from the moment her hands touched that blue faded satin, that she has a strangely unsteady feeling, as if being borne away on a flood of tumultuous emotions she has thought forever past.

Lear, the great deer-hound, looks up uneasily and lays his chin on her foot. With a sensation of having been brought back from a great distance, Matilda bends and

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strokes his head; and Lear, relieved in his mind, goes snugly to sleep again.

Thoughts, memories, dreams! They will not leave her. She has tried to forget; during all these years, she has tried to forget! She has lived a busy helpful life; she has been apparently happier than many a woman richer in home-love and home-ties. Well-to-do farmers have sought her hand, and found themselves met by a hasty rejection and a promise of friendship fulfilled with the loyal frank comradeship supposed by some to be possible only to a man. Women have found her sympathy warm and ready on every subject but love; at the mention of that, they have always seen her harden at once—but whether from lack or superabundance of feeling, none has ever been able to decide.

Sitting by the fire, this autumn evening, the long-ignored tenderness of her womanhood asserts itself. Her cheeks flush, her eyes fill with tears.

"I will remember," she says at last, unconsciously speaking aloud; "I will remember!"

How many visions crowd about her! Dear faces, long passed from her sight, seem to smile at her and whisper old sweet words of household love. Scenes of her happy youth come back as if they were re-lived before her, and the voices of loved companions call through the silent room. Snatches of the old songs haunt her, and the fragrance of the hawthorn lane, filled with the echoes of girlish voices and the charm of summer dusk, is sweet to her senses.

Then one evening seems to stand out clearly from all the others—the last evening that she wore the satin bag.

She is at Lawyer Bassett's party again, she and the two young cousins paying her a visit at the farm. She can see them now so clearly: Hilda, with her long yellow curls and sad blue eyes, and laughing light-hearted Marjorie, to whom the world is a happy joke. She has been dead these many years, poor little Marjorie, and sad enough before she died.

And Philip Grail is leading Matilda again through the mazes of Sir Roger de Coverley. She can feel the clasp of his hand as they go gayly down the long room. She can see the eager light in his brown eyes, the tenderness in his smile, as he looks down at her from his height of six feet two.

Her muslin gown is blue, Philip's favorite color, and he picked the hawthorn sprays which she wears in her hair.

But Philip is going away, day after to-morrow, to help an uncle who owns a great cattle-ranch out West, and everyone seems to have something to say to him; so the two never have a moment alone together. Now he is asking if he may see her home—as if he hadn't seen her home from every party for over a year! Then she has thrown a little blue wrap over her head and shoulders, put her gloves in the blue satin bag and hung it over her arm, and is waiting impatiently for Marjorie to don her cloak.

They go downstairs in a flock; she sees Philip near the door, but, before she reaches him, Joe Morehouse steps forward and asks if he "may have the pleasure of escorting" her. And she knows Philip is frowning, and gives Joe a bewitching smile as she refuses. It is so silly of Philip to be cross because she danced four times with Joe, who has just come home from college and is so full of fun.

But, when Joe comes after them, with Marjorie and Hilda, and joins in their conversation, Matilda begins to think him a very stupid boy. Philip grows silent, but she talks and laughs more than is her custom; she will not let him see how sorry she is that he is going away.

Ah, how lovely the night is; the fields are flooded with silver moonlight, the drooping sprays of the elms are like misty fountains.

Then they are at the door; the girls will not go in without her, Joe will not leave till Philip does.

And Philip lives some miles away—she may not see him to-morrow; surely he will not go without some word of regret and—and friendship.

But yes! There is only a long clasp of her hand, a whisper that she does not half hear, but thinks she catches the word "to-morrow," and Philip and Joe go down the path together.

Then the three girls go up softly to Hilda's quaint chintz-curtained room. How pretty it is, with its alcoves and deep windows, its bright painted walls and polished mahogany furniture.

The younger girls are full of spirits and ready for an hour's talk. Marjorie spies a box, with a pattern in shining brass nails on the top, and wants to know what is in it. So

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Matilda gets the key and lets her look for herself. It proves to be only dolls' clothes; but Marjorie inspects them with interest, while Matilda wearily throws aside her finery and leaves it to put away in the morning. She goes to sleep with the girls' voices sounding in her ears. Presently they pile the things back in the box, lock and put it away, and all is still.

In the morning, when she puts away her dress, the satin bag is missing. She does not look very carefully, for Uncle Jim comes to take Hilda and Marjorie home, and the bag is quite forgotten in the excitement of parting.

Afternoon, and no sign of Philip. Perhaps she was mistaken in that whisper: perhaps that was his farewell, and she may not see him any more.

Her mother, with a mother's magic sympathy, sees that something is wrong, and says gently:

"You'd better go for a stroll, dearie, this lovely afternoon; you're not fit for anything, after your late hours."

So she gets her hat and walks away, taking the direction in which Philip would come—if he came. She goes on and on till she has nearly reached the hawthorn lane. It is almost tea-time; he cannot be coming now. Wounded pride and keen disappointment bring the tears to her eyes. She brushes them hastily away.

There are footsteps behind her, and in another moment Joe, flushed with haste and triumphant at having overtaken her, is at her side. In terror lest he may perceive that she has been crying, she greets him merrily and appears unusually pleased with his company.

They pass along the lane, walking slowly, Joe with his most devoted air filling her hands with flowers and begging for one in his coat. She pins a little bunch on for him, and, just as she turns away, sees Philip at the further end of the lane, looking at them grimly. She bows and smiles a little stiffly, feeling uncertain whether he is coming to see her or not. And he lifts his hat gravely, hesitates a moment, and walks away.

Oh, if she might but call to him as her heart calls; if he might but hear the cry of her heart as she stands, straight and proud and pale, looking after him!

She does not remember much about the walk home, except that she is quiet, and Joe is very kind and says something about seeing her soon again. She is very full of merriment at tea, and keeps all the children laughing, though her father's eyes have a questioning look that disturbs her glee a little.

And, the next day, Philip goes away.

And this blue faded bag, found to-day in the little box so long forgotten, has brought back the old days, the dear dead days, to confront her with tidings of love that could not die.

Mechanically, she empties its contents in her lap.

A knot of ribbon fallen from her shoulder and put here for safety, a pair of crumpled gloves, a yellow handkerchief, and—what is this folded paper? Some old letter, perhaps; but she has few correspondents in these days. She unfolds it, and her hands shake as she recognizes the faded writing. Leaning nearer to the lamp, she reads the words written more than thirty years ago:

"DEAREST TILLY: You must know that I love you, though I have never told you so. I never could: the words seemed driven away by your bright eyes and merry laugh. But I do, Tilly, with all my heart; and, if you will wait for me, I'll work hard to make you a home, and work will be pleasure for your sake. If you love me even just a little, meet me in the hawthorn lane to-morrow at four, and give me your promise.

"Faithfully yours, PHILIP."

If she love him just a little!

Oh, Philip! Philip! If you could see her now—you, who left her in a fit of jealous anger and wounded dignity—you, who married a rich heartless woman and scorned yourself that you could not forget Matilda Dever's warm blithe heart: whose love would you think had been best and truest—hers or yours—in the dear old days?

Her head is buried in her hands; great sobs shake her from head to foot; the pent-up anguish of love and longing, unsealed by the boyish words of her lost lover, bursts forth unchecked, and the barrier of years and separation is as nothing in the tempest of her grief.

The clock ticks on; an hour passes, she leans back in her chair, worn out with weeping, her hands clasped tightly as she wonders,

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wonders, what Philip's life has been during all these years.

Abigail comes in, on her way to bed, a candle in one hand, a newspaper and a plate of thin bread and butter in the other.

Her reproachful glance turns to one of the greatest astonishment as she sees that her mistress has been crying.

"Dear land, Miss Tilly, are you sick, or what are troublin' you? Let me get you a cup of pepper tea, and you'll be better in no time, and go to bed, like a good girl, dear."

Matilda laughs her old hearty laugh, at the mention of Abigail's universal remedy; but she declines both it and the bread and butter.

"Thank you, Abigail," she says, gently; "I am not ill, and I really don't want anything. I've been looking over some old things this evening, and they brought back my young days too vividly. Don't worry about me, but go to bed, like a good soul. Good-night."

The tone means dismissal, but Abigail lingers and hesitates.

"Mr. Parker—he were here this evenin'; he's—he's awful lonely, poor old feller, since his brother married."

Here Abigail waits, as if for a reply or a question; but Miss Tilly sits looking into the fire with most unusual obtuseness, so the maid continues:

"He brought this 'ere paper to show you. He said he thought as how Mr. Grail were a friend of yours when he were a boy, and he thought you might like to see the notice. But maybe you better not read it to-night."

Matilda's eyes are attentive enough now. She takes the paper hastily.

"Good-night, Abigail. Thank you very much. Don't wait any longer."

Abigail goes out with a disapproving shake of the head, and Matilda turns to the paper. It is a Chicago weekly, with one sentence marked in red pencil:

"On the 2d inst., at his residence on —— Street, Philip Grail, in the fiftythird year of his age. New Brunswick (Canada) papers please copy."

For a moment, a great exultation sweeps across her soul. He is hers again! He is hers! He crowned her with the first strong love of his youth—he is hers now by the right of that first holy love. He is hers by the mighty love she has borne him so long, by the sure knowledge she feels that none could love him better, by the claim of her deathless patience, by her life of faith to a lost hope.

Then the lonely human longing comes over her again, unavailing regret, turbulent sorrow, pity for him and for herself.

The fire flickers, fades, and dies; still the fires of love and memory burn fiercely in the heart of the lonely watcher, and all her life since he left her seems naught to be remembered, and the days when he was near her are as if they belonged to the present.

Philip! Philip! In the noisy Western city, your widow plans her mourning and the shape of her dainty caps; and, in a far New Brunswick farm-house, the gray dawn brings sleep to a weary woman who has watched and wept the long night through for your dear sake. And lo! her hair is white from the sorrow of her vigil, and the tears are undried on the wan cheeks that were yesterday so bright. But a smile curves her firm lips, a restfully sweet expression has replaced the old brightness that was sometimes almost hard.

For she knows now that Philip loved her, and she believes that some day they shall meet in that home, longed for of all men, where sorrow and parting cannot come.

A HISTORY.

BY FLORENCE R. BACON.

I HOLD a scroll upon my knee
Wonderingly,
The history of the great world's part—
A woman's heart.

Backward and forward I must read,
And what the meed?
Little the meed, and less the gain,
Knowledge, pain;

Wakened chords and a grander theme;
A broken dream;
A broader life, yet a heavier heart,
Its greater part.

Still, through all the weight and woe
Doth gleam and glow,
Like jeweled threads, gift from above,
The love of love.

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A LADY OF LABOR.

BY MISS KENT.

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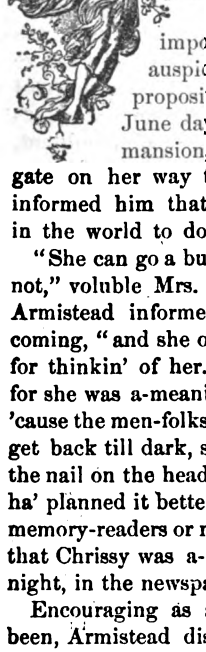
CHAPTER V.



ARMISTEAD called very soon again at the Milnes farm, and this time he came in a handsome turn-out with a high-stepping silken-coated steed, and asked Christabel to drive with him.

It would have seemed impossible to hit on a more auspicious occasion to make the proposition; for it was a lovely June day, and the mistress of the mansion, whom he had met at the gate on her way to visit a neighbor, had informed him that Christabel had nothing in the world to do.

"She can go a buggy-riding jest as well as not," voluble Mrs. Milnes had added, when Armistead informed her of his reason for coming, "and she ought to be obliged to you for thinkin' of her. She's all dressed, too; for she was a-meanin' to walk to the village, 'cause the men-folks is away to-day and won't get back till dark, so you see you've jest hit the nail on the head this time. You couldn't ha' planned it better if ye'd ben one of them memory-readers or mind-readers or somethin' that Chrissy was a-readin' to me about, last night, in the newspaper."

Encouraging as all this information had been, Armistead discovered that good Mrs. Milnes had reckoned without taking into account her young friend's proclivity toward inexplicable vagaries and caprices. Christabel received him pleasantly enough, but evinced no special cordiality; and, when he made his errand known, she declined the invitation politely but with decision.

Armistead looked deeply disappointed, and felt more disappointed even than he looked. But it was not in his nature easily to relinquish any purpose, and he had set his heart on the drive.

"It is such a beautiful afternoon—the very perfection of June weather," he pleaded.

Christabel assented to this declaration, though there was a contumacious expression in her eyes which warned him that she would have denied it if she could, and indeed she followed her assent by a few words of disparagement.

"It's rather too warm, though, for comfort."

"Why, the air is delightful," Armistead said.

A soft zephyr at this instant floated across the piazza in which they were standing, bearing the odor of blossoms and delicious wood-scents, and offered a proof so convincing of the truth of the young man's statement that Christabel hastened to say:

"I meant the sun—the air is pleasant, but the sun is rather hot."

"Indeed, no! See those lovely fleecy clouds that go floating over him every few minutes, and cast such long cool shadows," Armistead persisted.

Christabel's eyes followed the sweep of his hand; she could not deny the presence of the clouds or the shadows, so she only said:

"It's hot whenever the sun comes out, and he does that every few minutes."

"But my carriage has a top; I can put it up," said Armistead, half vexed, yet forced to laugh.

"It won't be necessary," returned Christabel. "I am very much obliged to you for the invitation, but I have told you I can't go."

"You haven't a thing to do!" he cried.

"Indeed! You speak with great certainty," she said; "may I ask how you happen to know?"

"Because I met Mrs. Milnes at the gate, and she told me so," he cried, triumphantly.

"She meant, probably, that I had nothing to do about the house or for her," said Christabel; "but sometimes, like other people, I have things to do for myself."

"You were only going to the village," he rejoined. "I am quoting Mrs. Milnes again."

"I don't mean to go to the village, in

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spite of that," said Christabel, laughing, but evidently in earnest.

"You are not going to the village and you won't drive?" said Armistead, in a querying tone.

"Thanks—no."

"And yet you like driving."

"Sometimes."

"Yes," said Armistead, reproachfully, "you don't refuse when a great river calls for you. I wish that I had been named 'Pison' or 'Hiddekel.'"

Christabel laughed; she knew he alluded to the fact that Euphrates Wood—the young man who had addressed her on the day of the trial—had been taking her about a good deal of late.

"Either name would be very attractive, I am sure," she said.

"You would go with me then, wouldn't you?" asked Armistead.

"I might," Christabel admitted; "especially if you were engaged to a volcano, as Euphrates is."

It was Armistead's turn to laugh.

"Is he, really?"

"Yes, really. To Etna — Armstrong," Christabel explained. "They do not want their engagement known, so Etna turns him over to me occasionally. We three have known each other all our lives, and have always been friends."

"Well," cried Armistead, "when rivers run up-hill, overcoming even mountains, nothing should be impossible to man. This confession is the most encouraging thing I have heard from you, and I need encouragement."

Christabel blushed, and was angry with herself for blushing. Her vexation did not lessen the crimson glow—rather increased it, indeed—and the consciousness of this fact trebled her annoyance and rendered her still more obdurate. So Armistead coaxed in vain, and finally departed, wearing a face suggestive of the words of a fellow-sufferer:

"She hath grown cold whose kindness won me to her.
Wherefore is this?
Wishing them more, I find her favors fewer.
What is amiss?"

From the beginning of their acquaintance, she had resolved that she would not let Armistead make love to her; but she had not reckoned on his personal influence as an obstacle to be overcome in carrying out this resolution. She now realized, with surprise and vexation, that it had become such. She discovered, too, that she sympathized with him, and shrank, more than she ever had in any similar case, from inflicting the mortification of a repulse.

"Because he is handsome," she thought, "and well dressed, and flatters me cleverly, I must needs begin to feel sorry for him—to believe all that he says—

"'To blush with delight when he gives me a smile,
And tremble with fear at his frown.'"

She repeated the sentimental quotation aloud, on purpose to irritate herself, and succeeded in her design, though the application of the lines to her own case was an absurd exaggeration. Christabel's nature held nothing akin to that of the sentimental heroine of the poem; but she wanted to rouse her own pride to the point militant, and this extreme way of viewing the circumstances helped her to do it.

CHAPTER VI.

THE rebuff he had received might have discouraged a less determined wooer; but Armistead claimed kinship with that Armistead who kept the flag "still there," and had no idea of giving in.

The very next Sunday found him participating in the exercises of the district Sunday-school in which Christabel was a teacher.

When the lessons were over and the scholars dismissed, he asked Miss Lyndon to accept his company home. She refused curtly, without even offering the slightest excuse, and walked away with the first of her rural admirers who presented himself.

She supposed that, after a repulse so public, Armistead would cease to visit her; but he appeared at the house within two days, looking handsomer and more resolute than ever.

Feminine intuition warned Christabel that an offer was hovering about her. "The pair of mittens" had not been accepted; she would be obliged to deal with him without gloves.

But she kept Cleveland, Mrs. Milnes's youngest child, in the parlor, petting and playing with him in her most affectionate fashion. The ungrateful infant, however, soon gave her cause to regret this rash proceeding. The boy got off her lap, went over

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to Armistead, and leaned against his knee, gazing intently into the gentleman's unsympathetic face.

"Kistabel's got a picture of you," he said.

"I think you are mistaken about that," Armistead replied, carelessly.

Christabel felt her cheeks turn crimson; but, before she could interfere to prevent further indiscretion on the part of her small tormentor, he exclaimed belligerently:

"She has, too! Haven't you, Kis?"

Christabel longed to smother the child; but, since this could not be done, she managed to turn her blushing face so that it was out of Armistead's range of vision as she said:

"You don't know one picture from another, Cleveland; that is what deceives you."

"I do, too!" exclaimed the child, indignation at this unjust charge rendering him obstinate. "I'm going to ask ma."

"Never mind," said Christabel.

But he paid no attention—ran into the adjoining room and to the foot of the stairs, bawling:

"Ma! I say, ma!"

"What?" responded his mother, from the room above.

Christabel sprang up to shut the door; but Armistead, quicker than she, got in the way and made a face of mock suffering as the door slammed against him.

Cleveland eyed them both with grave surprise.

"You Cleve!" shouted Mrs. Milnes, "what do you want?"

Cleveland lifted his voice again:

"Ain't Kis got a picture of Lee?"

"Yes, she has, an' you know it. Now, you go on away and let ma get to sleep, else it'll be the worse for you when I come down."

Cleveland smiled triumphantly and scampered away. Christabel would have got to him and stopped his mouth sooner, but Armistead had kept his stand between her and the door. As the child disappeared, she went back to her seat and Armistead followed.

"How did you get the picture?" he demanded, seating himself opposite and quite close.

Christabel laughed. She leaned back in her chair and bit her lip.

"I came by it honestly," she said, at length.

"You look awfully guilty," he rejoined, gravely shaking his head. "If you weren't so, I should have one of you. 'Fair exchange is no robbery.'"

"There is no robbery in the case," said Christabel.

"But you don't account for having it," he replied.

"That is very easy to do, however," said Christabel. "The photograph was given to me by a lady who adored the original, and unreasonably expected others to do likewise."

Armistead remained silent, looking profoundly puzzled.

Christabel, dimpling, wondered if he were mentally reviewing some list of ladies with whom he had exchanged photographs, and thought: "No doubt he has, with scores."

"A young lady?" he asked, suddenly.

"Would any but a very young lady be so foolish?" she retorted, with a sarcastic smile.

"You needn't be quite so hard on a fellow," he cried, keeping perfectly good-natured under her raillery. "Tell me who gave you the picture."

"There is no necessity, that I can see," she said, provokingly.

"Well, I can find out from Mrs. Milnes," he rejoined.

"No, you can't," said Christabel, laughing outright. "She thinks you gave it to me, though I assured her positively that you did not."

"How long have you had it?" he asked, magesterially, giving her a searching glance.

"Too long!" she replied, in a mock dolorous tone, while the dimples about her mouth grew more numerous and more delicious.

"Then give it back to me," he suggested.

"Oh, I cannot," she said, struggling hard to look serious. "I keep it in remembrance of one who 'loved not wisely, but too well.'"

"The mischief you do!" cried Armistead, laughing. "Let me see the thing, at least!"

"Oh, no; that might tell the whole melancholy tale, which must not be told."

"Lee!" said Cleveland, from the piazza, "the photogro is in her writing-desk!"

Armistead jumped up and hurried toward the table on which the desk stood, for Christabel had been writing when he entered.

In vain she forbade him to open the desk, and tried to get hold of it.

"I won't read your love-letters," he said,

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keeping her away with one hand, while with the other he rapidly turned over the papers.

"You have no right to touch my things!" she cried, trying in vain to make her voice sound indignant.

"No; but I have a right to my own photograph," he replied, laughing.

"It isn't yours—it is mine! It was given to me!"

"It belonged to me originally," he said, "and I never gave any person permission to give it to you; therefore it is contraband property, and I have a right to seize it wherever it is to be found."

"That's not logic," she replied; "and, if it is law, it is a very poor one."

"Ah!" Armistead exclaimed, without heeding her protest. "Here it is!"

With a triumphant laugh, he held up the photograph, turning the face toward the discomfited Christabel. His eye was caught by some lines and a date written on the back in a woman's hand. With an exclamation of surprise, Armistead stood still, studying the words on the card, while Christabel retreated to her chair and began winding up a ball of worsted that had fallen from the table.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was a moment's silence in the room; Christabel could hear her heart beat, so oddly fluttered and breathless did she feel. Then Armistead moved a little nearer, and their glances met.

"It is my aunt's writing," he said, with strong emphasis on the verb. "I couldn't believe my own eyes, at first."

"Disappointed, aren't you?" said Christabel, laughing, though chagrined and dreading further discoveries.

"And it was my aunt gave you this?" he continued.

"Yes, it was," replied Christabel, shortly.

"Why did you never tell me that you knew her?" Armistead asked.

"Didn't I?" Christabel queried, as if trying to remember.

"You know very well you never did," he said. "When was it?"

"Oh, I worked for her two years—the happiest two years of my life," Christabel explained, a sudden eagerness ringing through her voice; for it was a pleasure to be able at last to talk of the woman she loved so dearly.

"Two years?" echoed Armistead, wonderingly.

"Mrs. Monette was so good to me!" pursued Christabel. "She taught me music, gave me the freedom of her library—oh! I can't begin to tell the extent of her kindness."

"You might have told me before," he said, reproachfully. His voice and manner warned Christabel that she was treading on unsafe ground; she hastened to get back to raillery and jesting.

"But, nearly perfect as she was, Mrs. Monette had one fault: she would make eyesight a burden by hanging pictures of you everywhere."

"Oh!" interpolated Armistead.

"Yes, indeed!" continued Christabel. "She had them in all the seven stages, save one. There was bald-headed babyhood, in an open-work frock tied over the dimpled shoulders with satin ribbon; arrogant adolescence, in an elegant quilted dressing-gown; mustachioed manhood, wearing the 'pale cast of thought.' I regret to say the series always reminded one that 'ill weeds grow apace.'"

Her raillery was exercised in vain—awakened memory showed in Armistead's eyes; a smile, exasperating to Christabel from its very tenderness, touched his lips.

"Aunt Ellen thought all the world of you, too," he said; "I had quite forgotten the fact, but she wrote to me about you."

"What did she write?" Christabel asked, blushing deeply. "It's no matter, though," she added, quickly; but he chose to tell.

"She wished that I could see you," Armistead rejoined; "she declared that to see you was to love you, and love but you forever, and some similar facts."

"'Facts' which you, of course, took the liberty of doubting," said Christabel, laughing lightly.

Armistead gazed hard at her; she met his gaze with one as steady, though her color rose again. She looked very lovely, with that deep rose-pink in her cheeks, her large eyes alight, her pretty mouth smiling proudly.

"I take the liberty of doubting that you knew what I thought," he observed, but face and voice betrayed a certain sudden discomposure.

"Confess!" said Christabel. "Did you not write back something like this: 'Dear

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aunt—I know that a good servant is a rare bird in our country; but your raptures over Miss L—— make me fear that the "neat-handed Phyllis" has been putting potions in your tea, thereby biasing your usually just judgment.'"

Armistead laughed, but there was a shade of embarrassment on his features.

"I don't remember what I wrote," he said, trying to speak carelessly: "any nonsensical jest that happened to come into my head, I dare say."

Christabel went to the table and took from her desk an envelope, long sealed, saying:

"Happily, I'm able to refresh your memory. Here is a copy of your reply. Mrs. Monette put your letter into the wrong envelope by mistake, and gave it to me to read, supposing it to be one from her daughter."

"Oh!" Armistead ejaculated, involuntarily.

"She used to give me yours to read, sometimes," Christabel went on, pitilessly; "so I did not perceive the blunder until I had read this. Of course, I never let Mrs. Monette know that she had made the mistake."

Dismay overspread Armistead's face, but he silently took the envelope which Christabel offered him and broke the seal.

This was what the unfortunate young man read—a terrible proof of the old Latin proverb that written words remain: "As for your scheme of having me marry your present lady of labor, aunt, it is a fearfully incongruous one. Can't you look a little higher than the kitchen, in choosing a bride for your 'favorite nephew'? Even a country school-mistress—prim, precise, and pedantic—would suit me better than a hired girl. If you want me to marry, hunt me up a lady with soft white hands like your own, and a mind accustomed to rise above the drudgery of existence. I wouldn't have you rob any knight of labor of his proper mate on my account."

Pleasant, for a proud-spirited pretty girl to come under the lash of such words as these!

Armistead's face burned under Christabel's demure glance. She looked uncommonly sweet and gentle, for a woman scorned—her manner gave her unhappy admirer a gleam of comfort.

"These senseless words," he said, tearing the sheet, "were written five years ago, when I was an empty-headed boy just out of college—and out too early."

He gazed anxiously at Christabel, who was arranging fallen rose-leaves in a pattern on the table.

"Five years are not so very long," was all she said.

"Miss Lyndon," Armistead exclaimed, growing pale, "you know that I love you!"

"And you know that I haven't desired any such 'amende honorable,'" returned Christabel, quickly. "I showed you the letter in the hope of avoiding the compliment you have just paid me."

"You despise me so that you don't want me to say I love you?" he demanded.

"Oh, I leave despising to my betters," said Christabel, with a fine show of humility which was inexpressibly exasperating.

"If you had judged me solely by that contemptible letter," said Armistead, "you wouldn't have tolerated me as a friend even."

"Haven't I tried by every means in a girl's power to—"

She left her sentence unfinished.

"To get rid of me?" suggested Armistead, bitterly. "You hate me, then? All my trying to win your love has been in vain?"

Christabel's cheeks showed a sudden scarlet; her glance covered him with disdain.

"I suppose, Mr. Armistead," she said, in her lowest tone, "that you think a gentleman could not refuse to try to marry me without incurring my hatred. Such a humiliating view of my conduct is just what I might have expected from you."

"I meant despise," declared the unlucky Armistead, aghast at his blunder.

"No, you said what you thought. You have always in reality regarded me from your pride of caste, always measured my mind by the menial employment by which I live. I don't care for that, but I abhor pretense!"

"Miss Lyndon," urged the unhappy lover, "have I ever said a word to you that did not show respect and love?"

"You have said a great many words I didn't want to hear," retorted Christabel. "Is it because I am a hired girl and an orphan that you persist in attentions which you know I don't desire?"

"Well, I haven't deserved that, I am

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sure," cried Armistead, fuming, as he took up his hat.

"Oh, blame me for it all," returned Christabel, with a girlish pettishness oddly at variance with her late self-contained manner.

Armistead went away, furious and unutterably miserable; Christabel, conscious of having been hasty, unreasonable, and unjust, would have taken a good cry, but for her troublesome pride, which was always leading her into error and then refusing her the relief of her repentance. She would not cry, and she assured herself that she felt glad the dilemma had at length come to an end.

CHAPTER VIII.

About a week later, Christabel received a letter which this same troublesome pride caused her to hesitate a long while before opening. The superscription of this epistle was in Armistead's hand.

"I ought to send it back unopened," thought Christabel. "But then he will think me sore over that other letter!"

It is a poor pride that won't work both ways, especially when one's curiosity is roused. So Christabel opened the envelope. She found no love-letter. Armistead wrote to inform her that a mining company was desirous of leasing or purchasing eighty acres of land which she owned and which had been hitherto worthless to her, as it was unfit for farming. Armistead warned her not to sell at a low figure; advising her, rather, to lease the tract, and giving her the most explicit advice as to the terms which would best serve her interests.

Christabel felt deeply the obligation under which this communication placed her. Had it not been for Armistead's kind thoughtfulness, the company might have bought her little inheritance for a mere song; she would not have dreamed of the profit which a good lease might secure to her. But oh, to be forced to accept this help from the man she had treated with such harshness! It was a piece of humble-pie such as Christabel had never before eaten, even in her ten years of servitude. Following the advice and instructions in this letter might result in making her independently rich; no brother or father could have looked more thoughtfully after her future.

She would be obliged to write to him! What should she say?

"How I wish that I had shown more sense when he was last here," she thought, in despair of ever getting a note written to Armistead which would be neither ungratefully cold nor mercenarily warm.

She finally wrote meekly that she was infinitely obliged to Mr. Armistead, and should gladly avail herself of his advice.

The transaction proved successful beyond Christabel's wildest hopes. The company were astounded to find Miss Lyndon so well informed as to her own interests.

As soon as they had secured the lease, they began work on her land. Armistead became the head of the company, and Christabel had the painful pleasure of perceiving that for her sake he was pushing the work of development as rapidly as possible; nothing else could explain his almost constant presence at the "diggings," his unsparing expenditure for their maintenance. He already owned large shares in mines which yielded certain and heavy royalties, and he had never supervised them personally.

Christabel had fairly to live on humble-pie during that season, though Armistead never forced the unpalatable diet on her; he kept away from the house, and the two rarely saw each other.

"If he had been in earnest, he could very easily have made this mining a pretext for coming back," Christabel thought. "Though, after what I said—"

She flushed and sighed, then added:

"I suppose he has gone back to his original opinion respecting hired girls; I don't blame him."

So Christabel grew more and more unhappy, in spite of the fact that lead was struck on the Wahoo Diggings in such paying quantities as brought her royalties up to a hundred dollars a week.

She made her home with Mrs. Milnes—"no more a servant, nor yet a child"; but she was alone in the world, and the good couple were fond of her.

With a sense of the irony of fate, Christabel watched her hands grow white and soft under the effect of that excellent cosmetic, idleness. She read much, worked at her music—a piano having been the first luxury to which she treated herself—and kept constantly occupied; but her restlessness increased, and each day seemed sadder

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than its predecessor—verily, the vanity of riches had been speedily brought home to her.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE afternoon, a party of acquaintances called at the house, to ask her to do the honors of the "diggings" for them.

Christabel put on the very prettiest new dress and hat and gloves that her new and abundant wardrobe could furnish; she meant, if possible, to see Armistead and to take advantage of the opportunity to express her sense of the obligation which weighed so heavily on her mind.

However, when they arrived at the mine, Armistead was nowhere visible. After looking at the immense engine and the various other appliances, Christabel's party went to inspect a shaft where mineral had been lately struck. Other visitors were there; among them, a hardware dealer from the city. He was looking down into the shaft.

"What's Lee Armistead doing down there?" he asked. "He doesn't work in the diggings, does he?"

"No," replied one of the miners. "Pete here wus below, but he got sick and had to come up a spell. The boss went down to look at the rock, an' took a notion to fill the tub hisself."

"Are there damps in the shaft?" Christabel asked, suddenly filled with fear.

"No, ma'am," said the miner named Pete. "'Twusn't damps that made me sick. I've been agerin'—wus agerin' before I come here."

Christabel thought the dark, wet, smoky shaft a poor resort for an ague patient.

"Hoist!" cried Armistead, from below.

The man at the windlass drew up the heavy tub filled with rock and ore. As it came swinging to a level with the landing-platform, the hardware man, eager to assist, seized hold of it, but, being as ignorant as he was officious, caught, instead of the handle, the "lazy-pin" which fastened the rope to the tub. The pin came out.

"Look out!" yelled all the miners, in accents of horror.

Christabel uttered a heart-rending cry, as the tub flew down the shaft with lightning-like rapidity.

Christabel did not faint; unconsciousness would have been a blessing in that moment of unspeakable agony, but she never did faint.

"What in thunder are you about, up there?" cried Armistead, from below, in a voice filled with the liveliest resentment.

Then the chilled current of Christabel's life recommenced to flow; sick with emotion, she sank down on a pile of rock.

The miners asked Armistead if he were hurt.

"No," came the reply; "but by George! that isn't the fault of someone up there."

Excited explanations and congratulations were shouted down to him, and the unhappy hardware man, white and limp as a rag from fright at his own thoughtless deed, was the object of intense indignation.

Armistead had fortunately been already "looking out," as the tub went up. He had heard the voices of strangers around the shaft, and had stood back against the side of it, trying to discover if Christabel were really one of the visitors. When he saw the tub start on its downward course, he shrank as close as he could to the wall—taking up, he afterward said, no more room than a shadow might have required. So the only damage done by the falling tub was the splintering of the tools on the bottom of the shaft—a piece of destruction which the hardware man was the very one to repair.

"Why don't you come up?" called the men.

"Send the pin down, and I'll send this tub up first," said Armistead.

This was more than Christabel could bear. She went to the shaft and looked over the edge.

"Mr. Armistead!" she called.

Her voice was faint, but a very slight sound of that voice sufficed to attract Armistead's attention. He glanced up quickly and took off his hat.

"You there, Miss Lyndon?"

His face showed pale, down in the gloom of the shaft.

"I wish you would come up first," said Christabel.

Armistead put his foot in the rope and gave the signal to hoist; in a few instants, he stood on level ground.

"Must do whatever the mistress of the mine orders," he said, gayly, coming over to Christabel, who was standing back from the shaft. Then, struck by the pallor of her face, he added:

"It is too bad that you should have had such a fright."

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"Purty nigh skeered her to death," said an old miner. "The other gells didn't ketch on time enough to holler, but she did."

Christabel had seen enough of the mines to last her the rest of her life.

"I will take you home in my buggy, if you will allow me, Miss Lyndon," said Armistead; "you don't look fit to walk."

Christabel meekly accepted his offer; her pride had had a dreadful fall—it went down with that tub!

She and Armistead were soon driving away from the scene of her torture. He was very devoted, and Christabel took courage to scold him.

"Why were you down there, anyhow?" she asked, reproachfully. "There was no need of it."

"I went down to examine the rocks," said Armistead.

Christabel remained silent for a time. She had something to ask, but she was horribly ashamed to betray the feeling which would not let her repress the request.

"I wish you wouldn't go down into the shafts," she said, timidly. Then, with sudden resolution, she added: "Promise me that you won't, hereafter."

"Why, there's no more danger for me than for anyone else," returned Armistead, looking keenly at her.

She flushed hotly under his gaze.

"Don't you care anything for your own life?" she inquired.

"Why should I, since it isn't to be a happy one?" he rejoined.

"Why shouldn't it be happy?" Christabel questioned, in a very low tone.

"That is a pretty question from you!" he cried. "Since you don't know, though, I'll tell you: Because the girl I love won't be my wife!"

Christabel suddenly became interested in the view from her side of the carriage—which view consisted of a dense wall of black-jack trees.

"If you really love me," she said, "you ought to grant the only thing I've ever asked of you."

"I'm almost discouraged trying to prove my love for you," replied Armistead.

"You think that you have done enough for me?" she questioned. "It is true, I do owe you everything; but this is the only thing I've ever asked you to do for me."

"If I promise you to keep out of the mines, will you promise to marry me?" cried Armistead.

"Yes," Christabel whispered; and, after that, the horse had pretty much his own way along that stumpy road.

[THE END]

HER LIFE.

BY CLARA B. HEATH.

'Twas like a gentle purling stream,
That started fair
With sunny sky and southern breeze,
And shady overarching trees,
And flowery banks, where came the bees
To banquet there.

As years went by, it slowly gained
A broader flow.
Sometimes 'twixt giant rocks it ran,
Sometimes 'twas hid from sky and sun
By vapory clouds both wild and dun,
That hovered low.

God gave it her, else had it seemed
A useless thing.
At times, its bed was almost dry;
Anon, I may not tell you why
It seemed to flow impetuously
As mountain spring.

Sometimes, each side a desert waste
Spread far and wide;
Enlivened not by blossoms gay,
The sandy plains, so bare and gray,
Stretched out for miles and miles away
On either side.

Again, it flowed so deep and still,
Its strength seemed gone;
Then, as a torrent makes its way
Above the rocks that darkened lay
Along its path, 'mid showers of spray
It bounded on.

The good it did—if good there was—
By God was blessed;
His purposes we may not know—
Our eyes are darkened here below;
He bids our life-streams ebb or flow,
As seemeth best.

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BASCOMB'S HIRED MAN.

BY JAMES K. REEVE.

FARMER BASCOMB'S home was as pleasant and comfortable as any in the county. He owned broad and fertile fields, sleek cattle, good horses, and fat hogs. He had "money at interest," and his place was guiltless of mortgage.

His wife was not of the type of hard-working and poorly nourished women that one sees too often on our farms, but was a woman who carried a sound mind in a sound body.

Susie Bascomb, the only daughter, was just what one might have expected to find in such a home: a bright, pretty, healthy girl.

All this thought Jed Redburn, and much more with it, as he saw Susie come out in the early morning to gather some blossoms from the cherry-trees. Susie was particularly fond of blossoms for decorating the house and the table and even her own sweet self, and paid little attention to her father's good-natured injunction that "she mustn't spoil the whole fruit-crop." There would be blossoms enough after her small needs were satisfied, and "the fruit would be all the better for this thinning," she said.

Jed Redburn was the hired man. In the winter, he taught the district school and helped Farmer Bascomb with the "chores." In the summer, he worked on the farm. And, if he did know Latin, and maybe Greek, and could teach the higher mathematics, Farmer Bascomb vowed he had yet to find the "hand" that could keep up with Jed in the mowing, in cradling grain, in husking corn, or in any operation of the farm where strength or dexterity was required.

And so, because Bascomb was loath to part with Jed, or because Jed was loath to part with Bascomb or with Mrs. Bascomb or maybe with pretty Susie Bascomb, it had happened that Jed had staid at the farm, season after season and year after year, until he was as much a fixture as anyone about it.

As Susie came out, this fair April morning, to gather the cherry-blossoms, Jed was coming from the barn, with two brimming buckets of milk. He had, as usual when he was working about the cattle, a wisp of clover hay in his mouth. It was not mere habit, as with most farming-men who chew straws, but because he liked the sweet taste and fragrant smell of the hay, and he said he fancied the cattle liked him better when they saw him eating some of their favorite fodder. But, aside from the wisp of hay and the coarse boots with trousers tucked inside and the coarse cotton shirt with sleeves rolled back to the elbows, there was not much of the ordinary "hired man" look about Jed. He was a big fellow, tall and well made, with a clear light skin, blue eyes, and curly hair.

When he saw Susie coming down the path that led to the orchard, Jed looked down at his own heavy boots, wet with dew from the grass, and then at Susie's lightly shod feet.

"Better wait awhile for the blossoms this morning, Susie. By and by, when the sun is higher, the grass won't be so wet."

"But I can't wait, Jed. The blossoms are never so sweet as just now, when the dew is on them as well as on the grass."

"Then I suppose I must get them for you," said Jed, putting down his buckets, "for go into the orchard with that foot-gear is one of the things you mustn't do."

"I don't like to be told what I mustn't do," answered the girl, with more imperativeness in her manner than in the words or the tone. "I am not a child any longer, Jed; I am eighteen to-day. And you must not get the blossoms, either; I want to gather them myself. I can reach them from that tree by the fence, without getting in the grass."

"And so you are eighteen," said Jed, walking along beside her in spite of the slight protest. "I suppose, then, you do feel quite grown-up this morning. And I am thirty; does that seem so very old to you?"

"Not so very old—for a man," answered the girl, a little doubtfully.

They had come to the orchard by this, but the path did not lead directly to the tree

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upon whose blossoms the girl had set her heart. Before she had time to test whether the grass was wet or not, Jed had put his strong hands firmly about her waist, and, with two long strides and a half-toss, had poised Miss Susie upon the top rail of the fence, with her head well up among the blossoming branches, which bathed hair and face with their fragrant dewiness.

"Jed! why do you treat me this way? Didn't I tell you that I am not a child now?" There was genuine vexation in her tone, and she stamped her foot indignantly, nearly losing her balance thereby. "Take me down at once, sir; I don't like it up here—it's too wet!" And she tried to push away the blossoms that were kissing cheeks and lips and brow.

"I'm ever so sorry," said Jed; but his laughing eyes belied the words. "But never mind; get the blossoms, and we will finish the quarrel when you are on terra-firma."

"There! don't go to quoting Latin to me, at this time in the morning and here in the orchard. Save that for the school-room, Mr. School-master."

Then the laughter went out of Jed's face, and his face grew sober. He knew Susie never used that name unless she was genuinely vexed with him, and he was sorry enough if that were so. Jed had been waiting for this eighteenth birthday, to ask Susie a question. He had promised Farmer Bascomb and good Mrs. Bascomb that he would not ask it, nor give any hint of it, till now; and then to have her vexed with him on this day, of all days! It was too bad.

Jed helped the girl down very gently and went back and took up his milking-buckets. As he went on with his work, he thought very hard and chewed away at his wisp of clover very steadily. He did not want to delude himself with any false hopes, nor to trouble Susie with any useless questions. He wondered how much she did think of him, and in what way. They had been under the same roof so long, almost like brother and sister; probably she had never thought of him at all, in the way he wanted.

Susie Bascomb did not want for admirers—as indeed what pretty girl ever did, in a country where beaux were plenty? Among them all was one that Jed especially disliked; this was John Ryder, the clerk in the bank at Bridgeton, the village where Bascomb did his trading.

Ryder was about Jed's age, but almost his exact opposite: a dark, quiet, smooth-mannered fellow, with carefully brushed hair and waxed mustache. Jed had disliked him from the first time he had seen him walking along the streets of Bridgeton, twirling his cane with one hand and his mustache with the other.

So it was wormwood to Jed to see this fellow drive up the road to Farmer Bascomb's, on the evening of this fair April day. He had come to ask Susie to drive with him, and she was going. Jed had kept out of the girl's way all day; but he had thought he should ask her this evening to walk down the path with him again, to where the cherry-trees made the air heavy with their fragrance, and there he would ask the question that had been ready upon his lips so long.

Jed watched the young couple with a heavy heart, as they drove away. Ryder had a neat team, with shining harness and a light open buggy. "The fellow knows good horses," thought Jed. But "the fellow" himself looked very much out of place, in Jed's eyes, with his dark sinister face and dandified airs, in contrast with the pretty girl beside him.

Jed felt the need of action when he had watched them out of sight, and, going to the stable, threw the saddle upon his own fine black mare—the one he had bought to give to Susie, so soon as he should have a right to give her anything—and rode away in the direction of Bridgeton. He had no particular reason for taking this road, but he did not want to go in the direction the others had taken. He rode fast, for he wanted good sharp exercise, and so found himself riding down the little street of Bridgeton before it was fairly dark. There seemed to be some unusual commotion in the village, and, as Jed came to the bank, he found a group of excited men before it. He stopped at the edge of the throng, and, bending down, laid his hand upon the shoulder of a man he knew.

"What's the matter, Wilson?"

"Bank's been robbed," was the laconic answer.

"When and how?" asked Jed.

"Since it was shut this afternoon; some fellow's just walked off with the cash."

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Jed tied his mare to a post near by, and elbowed his way through the throng to the door of the bank. Inside were the president, the constable of the village, and a half-dozen of the more important members of the community; all were in that state of mental and physical collapse that is apt to overtake people when they are confronted by any unusual calamity.

Jed went inside the bank, and, as the constable was nearest him, tapped that official on the shoulder. In some mysterious way, Jed had already come to think that this matter was of special importance to him.

"Tell me about it," he said.

"Well, there ain't much to tell. The bank's been robbed of every last bit of cash—that is, except some coppers and silver stuff that I s'pose was too much trouble to carry away."

"But when?"

"Since it was shut. Mr. Allen, the president, and Jack Ryder left it together. The safe was locked and the money in it. About half an hour ago, Mr. Allen happened to come in for something, and found the door open and the money gone."

"Where's Ryder?"

"Went off driving—with some gal, I reckon—just as Allen came down."

"Whom do they suspect?"

"Well, no one, as I know; some other fellow must have got keys someway, and got in. Allen says the combination lock on the safe was pretty rickety, and 'most anyone could open it that understood 'em."

Jed drew the constable's arm through his own firm one, and led him out from the bank and beyond the crowd.

"Why don't you go after Ryder?"

"What for? He don't know anything about it."

A great fear was growing in Jed's breast, and a belief in a danger so near and so great to one he loved that he could hardly find voice for his words.

"I tell you, he's got the money, and he's running away with it now. Don't be a fool, but keep still, get your horse and some pistols, and come with me."

Jed's manner impressed the slow-witted official, and he slowly yielded to the other's impetuosity.

"I don't know but you're making a fool of me, but I'll resk it, Jed."

As Jed took the turn from the village that led toward Farmer Bascomb's, the constable stopped.

"Ryder's gone the other way," he said.

"Keep still and ride fast. I saw him on this road," returned Jed.

As they passed the house, they found Farmer Bascomb just mounting his horse. Good Mrs. Bascomb came running out, in an agony of tears.

"Oh, Jed! she's gone, she's gone! I found a letter; she's gone with that man!"

"Yes, I know," was the answer. "We'll catch them before they get to the road." And the blue eyes flashed fire.

The three men rode silently on into the night—silently except for the clattering of their horses' hoofs on the road.

They were almost at the railway-station when Farmer Bascomb saw something ahead that made him put the whip again to his already tired horse. Jed rode close beside him, and in a moment the officer was left behind. Another moment, and Susie gave a little scream as Jed plunged past her and laid his strong hand upon one horse's bit, while her father at the same instant let Ryder feel the weight of his hand.

It was a long time before Susie Bascomb was again the merry bright-eyed girl that she had been before. Hiding her head upon her mother's shoulder, she made a full confession of her fault: that she had known well they wanted her to marry Jed, but that she had been ambitious to become something more than the wife of a mere "hired man" and a country school-master, and so she had listened to Ryder and gone away with him. Of course, she knew nothing of his crime. He had said she should be the wife of a rich man; that was all.

By the advice of Farmer Bascomb, Jed took the vacant position in the bank, which Mr. Allen at once offered him, and in due time began his courtship over again; and, as young hearts soon conquer sorrow, on her nineteenth birthday Susie said "yes" to Jed's question, and with a very pretty show of penitence said, "if only Jed would forgive her and take her as she was, she would try and be a very good wife indeed."

As for Ryder, the money having been all found in the valise, Mr. Allen at Jed's request let the fellow go free, on condition that he should leave the country.

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AN OUTCAST OF THE PLAINS.

BY HOWARD SEELY, AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A DAPHNE OF THE FOOT-HILLS," "A RANCHMAN'S STORIES."

I NEVER liked him. Yet he was certainly a tall handsome fellow enough, as he rode up to the ranch one summer evening. We had just finished shearing, and were about to break camp for a period of several months. For the past fortnight, we had been a very jolly but hard-working company, numbering altogether some eighteen able-bodied men. The year's harvest was complete. The woolly fleeces had all been counted, rolled, and packed in great sacks in our new corral; and the poor sheep, shorn of their heavy coats and gashed here and there by careless clippers, were as wretched-looking objects as you might wish to see. It was left to pay off the men, transport the wool-cargo to Abilene for the Northern market, and then settle down to comparative ease and comfort during the coming summer. Under the circumstances, we were a happy and light-hearted crowd.

I had been looking forward to days of blissful idleness. Somebody must be left behind to look after the ranch, and I had gladly volunteered. The rest were all going on to the wool-depot, to indulge in the various dissipations of the frontier season. Our sheep, numbering some four thousand ewes, had been divided into two great flocks and were to be herded "in lone camp" by shepherds to the north and south of the ranch proper. My comrades thought I would have a lonely time of it, and were beginning to condole with me in advance. But I was inwardly exultant. I promised myself hours of ease and abundant culture. I remembered there was a set of Macaulay's "Essays" in the ranch library, imported by some studious Scotch emigrant, and I had secretly vowed to read these volumes carefully from beginning to end—and dazzle the rest of my kind, as a natural result. I held a copy of Boyd's "Milton" and Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy" in reserve. Certainly there were rare times ahead.

As a matter of fact, I think I was beginning, about this time, to get enough of the sheep-business. I had "weighed it in the balance and found it wanting" in many things. Wanting in comfort, companionship, and pecuniary emolument. To the ambitious and romantic youth of this land, now in schools and colleges, who are cherishing a golden dream of a future pastoral life on the wild frontier, I address these words of experience: Stay where you are! The life of a frontier shepherd is the most hideously tedious thing in the whole creation of dullness: solitary imprisonment would make a white mark on it. The average shepherd is as stupid as the sheep he herds, and, if he was not when he began, he is bound to become so. If a man has a spoonful of brains or a spark of ambition, and he is compelled to associate in lone camp, week after week, with these bleating idiots, he will either go mad or shoot himself eventually. And, could the average criminal, for whom the gallows, the guillotine, and the electric chair have no terrors, be compelled to accept as alternative a life-sentence of sheep-herding on the bald prairie, there would be a speedy end to our carnival of crime, provided the poor wretch could make his misery known. It is an unmitigated terror. Without a house to sleep in, camping on the bare ground in weather that would make a Dakota blizzard ambitious, often obliged to be out all night when the storm or a coyote scatters his flock, and never able to take off his shoes or clothes for months at a time, with no society save the sheep he is herding, a herder's lot is indeed far from "a happy one." Language will not even graze the skin of the subject.

Under the circumstances, it will be under-

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stood that I marveled greatly when this tall good-looking fellow rode up to the ranch, that summer evening, and, in hesitating tones and with a singularly timid manner, inquired if we did not wish to engage a shepherd for the summer months. For he was manifestly a cow-boy, clad in leathern leggings and well mounted; and knowing, as I did, that the man had led hitherto a life of wild unfettered freedom, I could not have been more surprised if he had requested a commitment to Sing Sing instead.

I never knew why Frank took it into his head to engage him; we certainly were not in need of help. But, after a few moments' conversation, during which it seemed to me that our foreman was more interested in scanning the new arrival's horse than his own qualifications, he told him to unsaddle the animal, hopple him, and consider himself part of the ranch outfit.

Then trouble began at once. That very night, the stranger got into a row with one of the shearers over a game of "monte" —a game in which the latter lost his temper, his wages, and his coat-tails. After a few moments of furious combat, the unfortunate knight of the shears was led away, breathless and bleeding. Frank realized that, by virtue of the new arrangement, he had unquestionably caught a Tartar; and I, that this interesting importation was to be my nearest neighbor for the next six weeks.

However, the reflection did not disquiet me. I knew that the quarrelsome gentleman was intended to take charge of a herd of vexatious yearlings that were reasonably calculated to perplex the patience of Job, and that he was to be relegated to a certain lonely camp I myself had good reason to remember, situated about six miles below us, by the side of a little water-hole. Here he would have ample leisure to speculate upon the beneficent influence of solitude and to reform his wayward temper. I would not be disturbed by his presence or requested to play cards with him in the interval. Frank merely requested that I should ride down to see him once a week, take him salt and bacon at stated intervals, and exercise a general superintendence over his movements.

"But," said Frank, with the sly wink of experience, "if those yearlings don't make him hump himself, I miss my guess. When I took a turn at 'em, a mad dog was an archangel to 'em."

I never heard him complain of them. We broke camp the following day, the stranger departed for the lower camp, and I was left alone in my glory. My own recollections of those yearlings were certainly similar to Frank's. I had put in a good month with them, and never really knew how I survived it. I remembered that they used to keep me awake most of the night, by bleating and stampeding; that they made it a point to get up at sunrise, each sheep unfolding himself after the general manner of a four-bladed penknife, and hardly giving me time to swallow my coffee before they compelled me to unlimber and follow in their footsteps; that they were as obstinate and unmanageable as Government mules, and seemed to walk for the mere sake of walking, from sunrise to sunset, and apparently with no purpose of grazing; and that, if a moonlight night intervened, they evinced a disposition to continue their peripatetics far into the small hours, by a species of somnambulism with which I had no sympathy. I certainly, in view of my own experience, counted on having a quiet laugh at the stranger's expense as I watched his efforts to herd these notorious yearlings in future.

But I had reckoned without my host. After a few days of solitude and Macaulay—during which, I am sorry to say, I became only partially acquainted with his masterly portrait of Frederick the Great—I saddled Oscar, tied up some bacon and flour in an old sack behind my saddle, and paid the handsome fellow a visit.

As I drew near his lonely tent, I was impressed with the loveliness of his surroundings. It was a glorious day—one of those intervals of calm, of sunlight, of ecstasy that visit the great prairies of the Southwest, when the amity of earth and air and sky sheds a benison upon the beholder, and it seems boon enough to breathe the vital air and acknowledge that you live. Far up in the dazzling blue vault above me, I could see great unknown birds drifting on outspread pinions, with an apparent joy in their aerial evolutions. The scizzor-tail flycatcher steeped his lavender plumes in the sunlight of every mesquite-top, lording it over the landscape or piloting a slow flight

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with the pompous stateliness of a frontier bird-of-paradise. Every shade-bush through which I rode discharged some limping jack-rabbit, which scuttled away blinking and grotesque under exaggerated ears. And the mock-birds chattered from every tree, singing, mimicking, and serenading their dusky sweethearts in utter derision of their feathered "half-mourning."

"Surely," said I, "this orderly quiet flock, grazing beyond with all the composure of old wethers, cannot be the ill-behaved yearlings which gave me so much trouble!"

But they were. As I rode toward the stranger, I was amazed at the skill which had wrought such a sudden transformation. He was sitting alone on the prairie, at some distance from his herd, in a half-weary dejected attitude. His back was toward me, and his bowed head, apparently contemplative of nothing but his booted feet, was oblivious of everything around him. I had observed, in my first intercourse with this man, a singular reluctance to look me in the eye, which impressed me unfavorably; and now, as I approached him without his knowledge, I was curious to see how he would demean himself. To my amazement, he sprang suddenly to his feet with a wild startled look, and faced me with the frightened ferocity of some hunted thing. His hand stole quickly to his belt, in which his great revolvers were conspicuous. But, immediately recognizing me, his dark eyes sought his feet again, with a furtive suggestiveness that was hardly reassuring. I dismounted and tethered my horse, which immediately began to graze.

What was the meaning of this? There seemed some mystery about it. I complimented him upon the conduct of his sheep, at which he seemed pleased, but betrayed a general reticence which seemed inexplicable. He volunteered the remark that he had lost his horse and had been prevented by his duties from going in search of him; the horse had broken his hopples and gotten away in the night. I remembered that it was a fine animal, and sympathized with him in this. The man shrugged his shoulders and said nothing. The right wing of the flock had been straying somewhat during our conversation, and he sent his dog Beulah over a neighboring divide to recover them. They soon came flying back in what seemed unnecessary consternation, but the faithful collie delayed her return. When at length she did come back, it was with her tail between her legs and a generally abject manner that surprised me. I examined her closely and saw that she was bleeding badly from a deep gash in her side. This put us both in motion, and we made a hurried trip over the neighboring divide.

The cause of the dog's condition was instantly apparent. A large wolf, of the variety known as "loafer," had killed a sheep and was regaling himself on it, having dragged the carcass to what he deemed a sufficiently remote distance. He must have been half starved; for the old fellow did not run, but stood his ground bravely as we approached, and turned upon us so fiercely and with a visage so besmeared with blood that he was a sight to make the boldest quail. The dog had accompanied us and whimpered pitifully, with the instinct of one who longed for the fight, but knew that discretion was the better part of valor.

I was amazed at the coolness of the shepherd. At sight of the "loafer," he immediately drew a six-shooter and advanced upon him boldly. The wolf, a big old rascal, with his shaggy brindled back arched like a hyena and clashing his teeth together like a mowing-knife, stood at bay over the dead sheep. The man raised his weapon with all the sang-froid of a marksman in a shooting-gallery; he did not stop walking, nor did he seem to me to direct his aim at any vital part, but, with the manner of a man shooting chestnut-burs from a tree, he went round the animal, literally knocking the legs from under him.

At the first shot, the wolf raised himself on his hind quarters, biting his smitten fore-foot with a viciousness that was dreadful to witness; but, the next instant, he toppled over with a broken thigh. Not until the "loafer" was a helpless cripple, did it please the marksman to cut short his misery.

If this was an exhibition of prowess with the pistol, it was all very skillful and admirable; but somehow the exhibition left an impression upon me of needless cruelty, that I afterward remembered. Still, I felt that I was in the presence of a coolly desperate man whom it would be well to propitiate; and, acting from sudden impulse, as a man sometimes will, I told him that I would pass the

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night with him, and, the following morning, give him the opportunity he needed of going in search of his horse, by taking charge of his flock for him. He assented, but with no apparent sense of gratitude; and I was half inclined to take myself to task for my compliance.

We had a quiet evening, during which, whether owing to the exhilarating quality of some excellent camp coffee and a hot supper of biscuit and bacon which he cooked for me over the mesquite fire, this lonely taciturn individual developed some talent for society and conversation. His talk ran, for the most part, on cow-boy scrapes and wanderings. He was quite enthusiastic in his description of a circus he had attended, and told me, with a minuteness of detail that made it evident he thought I had no knowledge of such matters, how successful he had been in riding a trick mule around the sawdust arena.

"He throwed everybody thet tried," he said, his dark face lighting up exultingly, "but I sot and stuck to him like I was glued thar!"

It was late when we "made down," and, for the greater part of the night, I lay by the side of my strange bed-fellow in his narrow tent, listening to his labored breathing and speculating what queer companions the frontier makes for us. Here I was, sleeping alongside of an individual who, for aught I knew of his former life, might be the veriest cut-throat that ever whetted steel; yet I could not have been more intimate with him, had I known him a lifetime.

But it is not for the frontiersman to philosophize. In spite of the restless movements of my companion, who developed a disposition to kick and "toss cover" toward morning, it was dawn before I knew it, and I was forced to tumble out. The man—I must still persist in calling him that, for he had resisted all my efforts, the evening before, to betray his identity—had kindled the fire, boiled the coffee, and baked the biscuit before he called me. I found him dressed and girded for his journey.

"I reckon thet critter of mine hez most likely drifted south," he said, quietly. "And, ef you feel like lettin' me hev yer own pony, I kin natchally rope him afore night. You might herd south with them thar sheep, anyways, and mebbe by noon ye'll find me kemin' back."

I assented. Not being enamored of sheep-herding, I was desirous of doing anything to make my term of service as short as possible. I spent an irritating and exhausting day, during which I vied with Job and Jeremiah in anathematizing the evil fate that my foolishness had brought upon me. My sheep acted for all the world as if the very devils that beset the porkers of Gadara had suddenly invaded them. My dog, in her crippled condition, was of little assistance, and I was kept running and cursing from morning till night. About noon, when the stubborn brutes took it into their heads to make some pretense of "shading," I fell in with a singular party of men that were evidently journeying on some mysterious errand.

There were ten of them, and they seemed, in their nondescript get-up, to be an improvised party of "rangers and regulators." The spokesman of the party, whom I took to be their leader, was a small black-eyed man, all energy and nerves, clad in brown ducking and hip-boots. He carried a Winchester across his knees. Some of the men had shot-guns of heavy calibre, and all wore revolvers or bowie-knives. They were a wild disheveled party, fierce-mustached and full-bearded, from the tall fellow with monstrous red side-whiskers to the horseman whose nose seemed to have been obliterated by a bullet and who even then bore witness to a recent struggle by the bloody rag which he had tied about his head.

The leader gave me a quick look as he rode up, and, throwing the reins on the neck of his sweating horse, expectorated on his stirrup-leather before addressing me.

"I reckon ye hain't seen no tall good-looking chap, mounted on a quick-steppin' bay with a blazed face, anywhere round this kentry fur a week back," he said, after apparent deliberation.

That was a very fair running description of our shepherd, but something in the manner of the man and the bearing of his companions made me suspicious that their errand was not a peaceful one. I therefore told him a direct falsehood, with an innocence of manner that would have filled Ananias with envy. I said there had been no strangers on our range for a month back.

"Powerful strange!" remarked the black-eyed man, with a glance at red-whiskers and

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throwing one leg across the pommel of his saddle. "Powerful cu-ree-us! We've tracked thet buzzard to Menardville, and there he seems to hev dived plumb inter the yearth. Thet natchally gits me!"

He produced a large tin pocket-flask and apparently sought inspiration in his quandary by a lengthy pull at its contents. When he had finished, he tossed it carelessly to red-whiskers, who followed suit and passed it to the man who had lost his proboscis.

Red-whiskers now rode up and joined the discussion.

"Ye hain't seen no hangdog-lookin' cuss?" he broke in, "a feller thet kinder reminds ye of a coyote, who seems to hev an objection to lookin' ye in the face, and acts like his liver wasn't on speakin' terms with him?"

I exhibited the same unfamiliarity with this other portrait.

"Wal," said the first speaker, "miracles hev certingly come on the yearth agin! I've lived here in Texas nigh onto fifty year, and I never seen the like of thet. Adios!"

And, slipping his foot back into the stirrup, he gave his jaded animal a blow with his quirt, and the whole cavalcade were soon in motion, single-footing it away to the southward.

About night-fall, as I was penning my troublesome charges—and they had taken it into their heads, like a flock of young lambs, to have a frolic around the outside of the sheep-pen—my absent shepherd returned, mounted upon his own missing pony and leading my own horse in leash. He looked worn and tired and was covered with dust and brambles. After supper, he pulled out of his waistcoat pocket the handsomest set of rattlesnake rattles I ever remember to have seen.

"You was sayin' last night ye wanted to git a-holt of some rattles fur to hev sot in silver, fur a shawl-pin fur thet Northern sweetheart of yours. How will them do?"

I took them eagerly. There were nineteen rattles and a button, and they were perfect specimens. Not a rattle had been crushed in the removal.

"That's a prize worth having!" I exclaimed, as I reflected what a superb piece of jewelry Tiffany could make of them after an original pattern.

The man nodded.

"He was a big feller," he said, "and I never see a rattler quite so savagerus, and no mistake! Thet Oscar of yours rid plumb over him and didn't seem to mind him any more than a dead stick. He's a peart hoss, but a curious cuss; and some day, ef he don't pick up them stiff legs o' his'n, he'll hev suthin' a-hangin' onto one of 'em thet he won't be likely to furgit."

"You had a party of friends looking for you while you were gone," said I, suddenly.

It was an unexpected shot, and I regretted the remark a moment later; but I felt that I ought to warn him.

"A-lookin' fur me?" inquired the man. He had grown a sudden and ghastly white. "What did they want with me?"

"You've got me now," I replied; "but I might as well say that I didn't at all like the look of them. They seemed to me to be rather a hard lot, and I had no compunction in telling them that there was no one corresponding to their description of you in the neighborhood. They went away apparently satisfied."

I could see that the intelligence worried him, and soon I endeavored to turn his mind to other subjects, but with little success. The man sat sullenly, like one dazed, by the side of the camp-fire until a late hour.

He slept ill. I knew it by his fevered tossing to and fro and the inarticulate murmurs that fell from him. I was up betimes and drinking my coffee when he joined me.

"Which way do you herd to-day?" I inquired, cheerfully.

"South."

"Wouldn't it be as well to keep to the north?"

"No."

I watched the hurrying bleating flock stream from the pen-gap and spread out duskily upon the plain. Then, bidding him a pleasant "Adios!" I put spurs to Oscar and hurried back to the ranch.

I would willingly have remained with him, but I thought of the buck herd. I had been away already two nights, and I remembered that these faithful old fellows were imprisoned in their brush pen without water. I had left them too long already, and I trembled for the most valuable part of the herd.

I found the sedate patriarchs of the flock solacing their hunger on an old haystack that filled one end of their quarters, and regarding their imprisonment with a patient gravity that increased my respect.

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If the female sheep is to be reckoned among the silliest and most exasperating of dumb brutes, these characteristics are certainly not to be extended to the male animal. The buck is a respectable and wise quadruped. He is compelled by modern sheep-farmers to the solitary life of his own pen, except at certain seasons, and deports himself at all times with dignity and decorum. His "amour propre" is remarkable, and his general motto "e pluribus unum." He permits no discord in his ranks—his general theory being to keep together; and, as under these circumstances no coyote dare attack him, his sagacity is apparent. A tractable, sensible, and altogether admirable quadruped is the merino buck.

I stood leaning over the gate of the pen, watching the venerable sires as they filed slowly out. In a live-oak near by, a mocking-bird had built its nest and was voicing its joy in a wild medley of early morning music. After a brief battle, in consequence of a difference of opinion as to whether the best pasturage lay up or down the creek, the old fellows decided on the latter, moved off in a solid body, and I repaired to the ranch and took up my Macaulay.

But I found it impossible to read. My mind kept reverting to the lonely man far below me, and to his strange demeanor after my intelligence of yesterday. I began to fear there was some mischief afoot. The day dragged slowly away. The warm sunbeams basked lazily on the southward wall of the adobe ranch. The prairie-dogs barked shrilly in the still air. A chaparral cock so far forgot himself as to cross the threshold of my bed-chamber and peep within, apparently in the hope of finding a stray scorpion or centipede that would tempt his jaded appetite. And at one time I raised my eyes from my book and saw a young deer trot prettily down to the neighboring creek and slake its thirst, at a distance of a dozen yards. My rifle hung in a rack at my side, but I did not disturb it. I let the poor creature go on its way, although there was no fresh meat in the larder. Evidently I was not up to the mark, that afternoon.

When night set in, I was still less at ease. I regretted then that I had not penned the bucks early in the afternoon and ridden down to lone camp, to pass the night with the solitary shepherd. He would have been glad of my society, I knew. After trying to while the hours away by playing with a pet lizard and a horned toad which I kept in an old segar-box and fed on flies, I went early to bed, in an effort to forget my disquietude. Miss Emma, a black cat of which I was very fond, curled herself up beside me, in an effort to be sociable which I appreciated.

I was aroused from a heavy nightmarish slumber by a terrific crash in my bed-room, and for a few moments lay perfectly still in the black darkness, unable to realize what had happened. After a little, I heard a shrill squeak and the quick patter of tiny feet, that made me surmise that Miss Emma was doing some night-prowling, and, in her eager pursuit of mice, had upset a gun that stood in the corner. As I lay quiet, the long howling of some coyotes on a distant hill made me think it must be near morning, and I began to wonder whether it would be worth while to go to sleep again, under the circumstances. A gray streak in the east decided me, and I sat up and rubbed my eyes. What was that? A shot? It certainly sounded like it. Perhaps somebody was taking a crack at those marauding coyotes. I listened and groped my way to the door, which I flung open to be more certain.

The ranch poultry were already astir and were flying down from their various roosts in the neighboring live-oaks. They made such a clatter that I could hear nothing else, and I began dressing sleepily. I had just drawn on my boots when sounds that seemed unusual came to me on the rising wind. I ran out-of doors and looked off down the valley.

The vast level prairie lay as quiet as the grave, in the gray light. The east burned with fiery gold, and a faint blush of rose was sympathetically kindled along the western horizon. A few jack-rabbits, magnified by the morning mists to giant proportions, were seeking the neighboring creek, to slake their thirst after the night's dissipations; but nothing else was to be seen.

Nothing? Yes, there was some sort of a commotion at the other end of the valley. I ran out a few yards from the ranch, so as to get a clearer view, sending the frightened jacks scampering to every point of the compass at the sudden apparition of my presence. I could descry several mounted figures riding rapidly to and fro and apparently gesticulat-

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ing wildly, as if in great excitement. That was all.

I went back to the ranch, pondering the situation slowly. I let out the bucks, built a fire, boiled my coffee, and ate my solitary breakfast. Then, saddling Oscar, I buckled on my six-shooters and rode southward at a hard gallop. All the way down the valley, in spite of the exhilaration of my morning ride, in spite of the glad weather, the blithe caroling of the birds, the billows of perfume through which I rode to my goal, I had an overpowering sense of dread and disaster that I could not dispel. And I realized, in propriâ personâ, the truth of Horace's couplet:

> "Black care sits by him on the bark,
> Behind him on the steed."

As I drew near the lone camp, I received the first verification of my forebodings, in the fact that the sheep were still bleating in their pen, although the sun was easily two hours high. This was unjustifiable laziness in any shepherd. The tent, too, appeared to have been ruthlessly disturbed. The man was remarkable for keeping an orderly camp. But now pots and kettles were lying about, the tent-fly flapped in the wind, and the relaxed cords of the canvas quarters lent a desolate air to the whole encampment. I was at a loss to account for all this.

Suddenly a sight met my eyes which brought the truth home to me in all its dreadful realism. Something ominous, black, and silent, swinging idly to and fro from a live-oak limb, came between me and the blue sky. It was the shepherd. A small piece of board, evidently broken from his camp-chest, was suspended from his neck by a bit of string. This rude placard was inscribed in chalk with still ruder characters. I spurred Oscar beneath the tree and read this fateful notice:

> ZEB YOUNGER—HOSS-THIEF!
> TAKE WARNIN'!!

The fiat of Judge Lynch had gone forth. The mystery of the man's demeanor was at an end.

THE EMPTY SLEEVE.

BY EDWIN S. HOPKINS.

As out of the meadow the lark took wing,
  The girl by a strange unrest was stirred
To dip her pail in the bubbling spring,
  Though her heart was sick with hope deferred.

Against the bole of a spreading beech
  She leaned, in youth's unconscious grace,
And pressed her lips to a lover's speech
  Her trembling fingers scarce could trace.

The letters were blurred and scarred with age
  By winters of snow and summers of rain,
But never was written a holier page
  By winters of sorrow and summers of pain.

With hands on his shoulder folded tight,
  She watched him carve with his saber keen,
And read, while the tear-drops dimmed her sight,
  "When the war is over, I'll come—Eugene."

And there was the date—was it '61?
  Apples and cherries were all in bloom.
She saw him shoulder his heavy gun
  And march away in the solemn gloom.

Thrice since then had the cherry bloomed
  And the hills been crowned with a lurid red,
And over the valleys the cannon boomed
  Till the waves of war washed up the dead.

The cloud passed over them, speeding south,
  Sweeping with besom of smoke and flame.
Never, by letter or word of mouth,
  Unto her ever a whisper came.

But the summer day grew hot and still,
  The path to the house was long and steep;
She dipped her pail in the bubbling rill—
  'Tis a woman's fate, to work and weep.

She stopped at the knotty beech again
  To rest and linger a breathing-spell,
Sighing for only "what might have been,"
  When over her pathway a shadow fell.

Shading her eyes with a trembling palm,
  She caught her breath in her glad dismay;
She knew, in spite of that soldierly calm,
  That face of bronze and that suit of gray.

Her eyes met his, and with cheeks aglow
  Their tears into solemn joy were wed;
For the kindly care of a Northern foe
  Bade the yawning grave give up its dead.

With his good right arm he held her close,
  And she for joy could scarcely grieve;
Though, her hands on his shoulder folded thus,
  Her tears dropped down on his empty sleeve.

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THE BROOK'S STORY.

BY MINNA IRVING.

THE bees were on the blossomed spray,
The mated doves were cooing,
When to the knotted trysting-tree
Jack Hartford came a-wooing.

'Twas there I waited every day
Through all the summer weather,
While at my feet the amber brook
And sunbeams danced together.

And every day he came to me,
A true and faithful lover;
Though oft he lingered on the way
Wild roses to discover.

Oh, happy days when we were young!
On yonder hill he's sleeping,
And by the brook to-day, alas!
A lonely tryst I'm keeping.

For still I love the stream that flows
Between the wilding roses,
Its every bubble in a flower
Of memory uncloses.

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WOMEN OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MADAME TALLIEN.

COMPILED BY VIRGINIA G. SULLY.

THERE are few women whose lives and destinies are as full of contrast and adventure as that of Madame Tallien. Daughter of a rich merchant of Bayonne—who removed to Madrid and there became banker, count, and minister—she was three times married: to a marquis of the French court, to a member of the Convention, and to a great Belgian nobleman.

As a young girl, she charmed the Parisian aslons in the last days of the monarchy; as Marquise de Fontenay, she gathered around her all that was most brilliant in French society; when she became the wife of a regicide, she made speeches in the clubs and appeared at Bordeaux as a sort of Goddess of Liberty; after the fall of Robespierre, she revived the reign of pleasure and luxury; under the Directory, she was the idol of the "merveilleux" and the "incroyables"; then, after these days of storms, struggles, and triumphs, she is transformed as Princesse de Chimay into a quiet, pensive, subdued woman, in whom we find few traces of the brilliant and imperious Citoyenne Tallien.

Teresa Cabarrus was born at Saragossa, in 1775. Her childhood was spent partly in Madrid and partly in the domain of Caravenchal, which afterward belonged to the Countess of Montijo, mother of the Empress Eugénie. She was sent to Paris to finish her education, and placed by her father under the care of his friend, M. de Boisgeloup.

From her first appearance in French society, she charmed everyone by her grace and beauty. She was very beautiful, with raven-black hair, dark lustrous eyes, and brilliant complexion. When only sixteen years old, she married the Marquis de Fontenay, who was many years older than herself, and the fascinating marquise began her brilliant career as a woman of the world. This was the golden age of the Revolution, a period of wonderful animation and brilliancy in the Parisian salons. These bright dreams were destined to know a terrible awakening.

Toward the end of 1793, Madame de Fontenay and her husband quitted Paris, to seek refuge in Spain; but, at the moment of embarkation, they were arrested and thrown into prison in Bordeaux. This city was then under the rule of Jean Lambert Tallien, a man of low origin, who had been successively editor of two violent revolutionary journals and member of the Convention, who had taken an active part in the disturbances of the 10th of August and the massacres of September; he had been sent to Bordeaux to exterminate Girondists and

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Royalists. The guillotine was set up in front of his house, and from his windows he would watch the executions with fiendish satisfaction.

Madame de Fontenay had never seen Tallien, though she knew him well enough by name. She wrote to him, entreating him to grant her an interview. "She was one of those women," says Lamartine, "whose charms are all-powerful, and of whom nature makes use, as in the case of Cleopatra and Theodora, to subdue the men who have subdued the world, and to tyrannize over the souls of tyrants."

In the beginning of the interview, Madame de Fontenay knelt at Tallien's feet, bathed in tears; but, against such weapons, experience had rendered him proof. It was only when she tried her numberless arts of seduction that he relented. He left the prison desperately in love and with the determination to snatch this marvelous beauty not only from prison, but from her husband, and to make this marquise, this aristocrat, the ornament of republican victories; such was the project of the fiery proconsul, before whom all trembled.

The Marquis de Fontenay was compelled to flee to Spain, while for Madame de Fontenay there remained no alternative but Tallien or death; she preferred Tallien. Years afterward, she wrote, in speaking of this part of her life: "When one is in a shipwreck one cannot stop to abuse the plank one takes." Doubtless she beheld, in the sanguinary proconsul, a "planche de salut" to which she must cling or drown.

The beautiful marquise learned her new rôle with surprising facility. A complete transformation was wrought as by magic in the language, manners, and dress of the "grande dame." Sometimes she drove out in a splendid equipage, wearing with infinite grace the Greek chlaymis; sometimes in a magnificent triumphal car, dazzling in her youthful beauty—on her head the "bonnet rouge," and a pike in her hand; she appeared at the theatre with Tallien, attired as the Goddess of Liberty.

We must do her the justice to say that she exercised her influence to soften the terrors of Tallien's rule, and that she was the means of rescuing many victims from the guillotine. These instances of clemency, being reported to Robespierre, aroused his distrust, and Tallien was summoned to Paris, where Teresa Cabarrus followed him.

Although Tallien was permitted to preside in the Convention during the month of March, 1794, Robespierre had determined upon his destruction. The storm began by striking Teresa Cabarrus; she was arrested on the 22d of May, 1794, and thrown into the prison of La Force. She occupied the same room with eight other women of all ranks At this fearful moment, she showed presence of mind, courage, and even gayety; by her energy and fortitude, she strengthened the hearts of her companions. Such instances of heroism were not rare at that time. The atmosphere of the Revolution produced a sort of fever which braved all perils, and contempt of death was in the air.

Thanks to the good-will of her jailers, Teresa found means to write to Tallien and to receive his replies. He hired a lodging near the prison, in order to communicate with her; but this seems to have been discovered, for she was removed to another prison, the Carmes, and closely watched. Among her companions here was Josephine Beauharnais, afterward Empress.

But Tallien tried in vain to secure her release; the fatal moment drew near. On the morning of the 7th Thermidor, the jailer said to Citoyenne Cabarrus that she need not make up her bed that evening. It was then that she wrote Tallien the justly celebrated letter: "The chief of police has just quitted the prison; he came to tell me that to-morrow I must appear before the tribunal —that is, that I am to ascend the scaffold. All this is very unlike a dream I had last night. I dreamed that Robespierre was no more—that all the prisons were thrown open; but, thanks to your signal cowardice, there will soon be found not a man in France to realize my dream."

It was doubtless this laconic missive that augmented Tallien's courage and gave him strength for the supreme effort. He understood that the only means of saving the woman he loved and of saving himself was to destroy Robespierre.

The memorable 9th Thermidor was the most dramatic of all the sittings of the Convention. The deputies had been crowding in the hall from early morning, and the excitement was intense. Tallien stood at one of the doors, encouraged his colleagues,

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and cried out when St. Just advanced to the tribune: "This is the moment—let us enter!" Then followed the memorable scene: the anxiety of the men who were playing for their lives, the emotion of the spectators of this combat for life and death, the silence which was the precursor of the storm, the threatening discourse of St. Just, Tallien's reply, the hesitation of the deputies, their applause at first timid, then enthusiastic as Tallien cried: "I demand that the veil be torn away," when, in the midst of shouts of wrath and vengeance, he pronounced the words that killed Robespierre: "I have seen this new Cromwell assembling his army, and I have armed myself with a dagger to plunge into his heart, if the Convention have not the courage to condemn him to death." As he spoke, he drew a real dagger from his bosom and brandished it before the eyes of the assembly. Robespierre's fate was sealed.

Teresa Cabarrus came out of prison on the 12th Thermidor—20th of July, 1794. She had been there two months and eight days. It was then that she married Tallien and opened her celebrated salon. Tallien was at this time one of the most conspicuous men in Paris, and his wife dreamed for a moment of repairing all the evils of the Revolution. But neither husband nor wife was fitted for so lofty a rôle. Still, what lends a sympathetic charm to Madame Tallien is the fact that she tried hard to revive the old French urbanity and grace. Such a task seemed impossible. Never were there so many violent differences of political opinion, quarrels, and bickerings. Everybody talked politics, and all disputed at the top of their voices. Arts were proscribed, and wealth was afraid to show itself. The theatres were closed, the actors in prison.

One might have thought that society, purified by so much suffering, was about to be regenerated; but it was not so. The past was so terrible, the future so uncertain, that France sought forgetfulness before everything. New fashions appeared; the most extravagant modes were adopted. Women attired themselves after a pseudo-classical fashion: the hair was cut short, and bound with a fillet; their necks and arms were bare; their short-waisted gowns fell in clinging folds, revealing plainly the shape of the limbs they covered; on their feet were sandals instead of shoes. As for the young men, the jeunesse dorée, as Fréron called them, nothing could be more ludicrous than their foppishness. They wore high coat-collars of green or black, like the Chouans; their chins were buried in voluminous cravats of white lawn; they paraded the streets with their huge canes loaded with lead, had pitched battles with the Jacobins, and shouted the "Reveil du peuple."

This was the epoch of Madame Tallien's most brilliant triumphs. She lived in a small but charming little house facing the Seine and half hidden in a mass of lilacs and poplars. She had that desire to please, the gracious manner and even temper which seem to characterize those natures born to charm. It was her boast that she brought together in her salon the most opposite types—the terrorists, the muscadins, the Jacobins, and the émigrés. We can imagine her, with her beautiful black hair and brilliant eyes and her mobile fascinating face, with gracious words for all, and winning even her mortal enemies by her enchantments. She accomplished wonders, but her success was not complete. While she strove to reanimate the taste for luxury and elegance, many causes for discontent were troubling this society which had suffered such a rude upheaval. Paper money was reduced to a tenth of its nominal value. Famine reigned in Paris. Starving women besieged the doors of the bakers' shops, uttering cries of rage and hunger. The fêtes of Madame Tallien were in shocking contrast to this sombre picture. She was accused of prolonging the misfortunes of the people and of protecting aristocrats. Tallien was obliged to defend her publicly.

But Tallien's day, politically speaking, was nearly over, and his wife found herself involved in the cloud of deserved obloquy which overtook him. Her title of "Notre-Dame de Thermidor," of which she was not a little proud—since it had been bestowed in grateful recognition of the part she played in the overthrow of Robespierre and the Reign of Terror—was taken from her, and she heard herself called "Notre-Dame de Septembre," a cruel and undeserved thrust which wounded her deeply. Society frowned upon her, partly on account of the laxity of her moral conduct, but principally because she bore the name of Tallien, though in his crimes she had no share.

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The part assigned to Tallien under the Directory was very insignificant, although he strove to gain a more important place. Madame Tallien was one of the most brilliant ornaments of the fêtes of the Directory, and she carried into the salons of the Luxembourg all the captivating graces that had made her triumphs under the Republic. She found plenty of adorers in the mixed society of the Directory: young generals whose elevation had been the work of two years, manufacturers who had grown rich by speculation, émigrés eager to ingratiate themselves with the new rulers, women wearing the Greek costume of the year 400 B.C.—it is difficult to form any idea of the confusion that reigned at this time in French society.

In 1798, when Napoleon was about to set out on his expedition to Egypt, Tallien was permitted to make one of a number of savants accompanying the expedition. He remained in Egypt three years. Although Bonaparte was under many obligations to Tallien, he showed him scant favor, and in 1801 he was dismissed. The vessel in which he sailed was taken by an English privateer in mid-ocean and brought to England. He came to London, where the Whig party received him with a perfect ovation. But this was the last echo of Tallien's popularity; he returned to Paris to find himself forgotten by the public, while his wife received him with great coldness. "Is it my fault," she wrote, "that M. Tallien would go to Egypt, when his duty should have detained him in Paris?"

This state of things soon led to a divorce. Madame Tallien offered a pension to the husband she was about to repudiate. He refused this singular proposition; but how was he to live? The proud republican was penniless. Fortunately, M. de Talleyrand befriended him and finally procured for the man who had been at twentyfive the president of the Convention, who had overthrown Robespierre, the post of consul at Alicante.

A short time after her divorce, Madame Tallien married the Comte de Caraman, who afterward succeeded to the titles and estates of his uncle, Philippe d'Alsace, Prince de Chimay. Madame Tallien, in becoming Princesse de Chimay, entered into another phase of existence. During the last half of her life, from 1805 to 1835, she devoted herself to the care of her family. Her one desire seemed to be that, as far as she was concerned, the past might be buried in oblivion; what she now desired above all else was the consideration and dignity of the domestic fireside, a tranquil and honored position in Belgian society.

But the aristocracy of Brussels was implacable in its prejudice against the woman who had borne the name of Tallien. King William refused to receive her at court, and the position of the Prince de Chimay, who was chamberlain and member of the first chamber of the States-General, rendered this exclusion all the more painful. She tried to console herself by cultivating the arts. She invited to the Château de Chimay artists, musicians, and literary men.

During the closing years of her life, the Princesse de Chimay was a confirmed invalid. Her home-life was peaceful and retired. At the time of her death, in 1835, her name was almost forgotten in Paris. Her death was as peaceful as her early life had been stormy. Surrounded by the affectionate cares of her family and the consolations of religion, she died at Chimay on January 15th, 1835. A little while before she expired, she called her children and servants together and prayed for forgiveness for all the faults of her youth. "What a romance my life has been!" she wrote to M. de Pougens. "I can scarcely believe it myself. There are days when I fancy I have seen a comedy played, such as used to be announced in the theatres on the boulevards in Paris—'M. Robespierre chez la Citoyenne Tallien.' When I lay on my pallet in prison, expecting to mount the scaffold in twentyfour hours, I still slept and dreamed, so completely could youth forget that terrible morrow. That morrow was the 9th Thermidor, the proudest day of my life, since on that day it was by my little hand that the guillotine was overthrown."

ONE HOUR.

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim—
One crowded hour of glorious strife
Is worth an age without a name.

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MARIA SPICER'S CENSUS-RETURNS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

YE see, I had warnin' of that senses-taker's comin', so he didn't find me onperpaired. Becky Dixon, she see it in the paper, and she told me about it.

"They call it takin' yer senses," says she, "but it's only goin' round and pryin' into things that ain't nobody's bizness but yer own. It's a male man that is a-comin', and he gits paid two dollars a day and ixpenses, and he'll airn his money when he gits any infirmation out of me!" says she; "for I'm jest a-goin' to shet my door and keep it fastened rite along, till I hear that he's been and gone!"

Now, ye see, I ain't afeerd of any live man-critter! I hain't never had one of my own, and I don't want one; if I had, I might have had him long ago. It's as much as I can do to support myself.

I've got a farm here on Bare Ridge, and I keep a few hens and a cow, and raise some vegetables; but, what with the caterpillers and the 'tater-bugs and the wet weather and the taxes and the hired man, I can't but jest manage to git along, and, if I had a husband throwed in, to make and mend and contrive for, I should give up the ship.

The senses-taker come bright and airly, one Sotterday mornin', jest as I had got my hands into the flour, a-mixin' up my pie-crust. He walked rite in past me without waitin' to say "by your leave," and he sot down in the rockin'-cheer where the grocer had jest put down a four-pound bag of granulated sugar, and I had throwed my apron over it when I went to the door. Busted the bag, and let that 'ere sugar out all over creation—and wasted it, too; and, since there has been so many trusts and tariffs onto sugar, the price has riz so much that I don't put but half a spoonful into my coffee, where I used to put in two.

The senses-man paid no attention to the sugar. He took his lead-pencil down from its roostin'-place over his ear, rubbed his nose, and began to fire off questions at me as fast as he could talk.

"Your name, ma'am, if you please," says he, perpairin' for to write in his book. "Your age last birthday? Married or single? How many children? Black or white? Any deaf and dumb? Any idiots? Any lunatics? Any chronic—"

"For the land's sake!" says I, managin' to stick in my oar, "I'm an old maid; and what should I be wantin, nigger lunatic children for, I should like to know? I should think you had lost yer wits, if you ever had any to lose, and I should think you had better—"

"Where was your father born?" says he, without having the manners to let me finish my speech. "Was he colored or white?"

I jest screeched; but he didn't pay no heed, and on he went, full gallop:

"Was he native or furrin?"

"Oh!" says I, a-gaspin' for breath.

"Did he ever steal anything?" says he, afore I could speak; and that last tech jest struck me dumb with wroth that the minister couldn't have said nothin' agin. I ain't sure I didn't shake my fist at him, but the feller didn't mind.

"Wus you, or wus any of your family, ever in jail?" he asks, as cool as a cowcumber, and looking at me as if he expected me to say "yes"!

I give another sort of strangled screech; but he went right on, faster and faster, and, if you'll believe it, he says, says he:

"Are your teeth natural or false? How many cows have ye? How many hosses? Any swine? Any hay? Does farming pay? Any mortgage on your farm?"

Jest then he stopped to breathe, and by this time I had got myself recovered up till I was able to assert myself a leetle, and out at him I blurted:

"It's none of your bizness whether I've got any teeth or not!" says I, "and my hens and pigs is all paid for, and they've been taxed once this year, and I'll be hanged if I'll pay any more tax on 'em! And you'd better be a-movin' along, for I want to mix up that 'ere pie-crust afore the oven gits cold."

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"One hundred dollars fine for refusin' to answer questions," says he. "Have you a dog? How many pounds of butter did you make last year? How much milk sold? Is your husband deaf? Any of your children near-sighted? Is marriage a failure? Have you ever had the mumps? Any rheumatism or heart-disease or liver-complaint or brain-disorder or—"

"Now, stop!" says I, "and git breath, and let me talk a spell. Yes, sir, I've had the rheumatism and the newrollogy and the browncretis and the sighattiky and the information on the brains and the malaria and the typhoid fever and the vertigoes in the head and the tick-dollarow and the plumbago and the spines in the back and the cholery infantum and the billyus colic and the plural pneumonia and the grips and the sick-headache and the yeller fever and chilblains and corns and biles and fellins and toothache and highdrophoby, and I've jest got the small-pox a-comin' on, and—"

That 'ere senses-feller didn't wait for any more particulars. He jest bounced up out of his cheer, grabbed his hat, and left the house, with that four pounds of sugar stickin' onto his coat-tails, and I hain't never seen him since.

That was last summer, and there hain't been nobody else round to take my senses yet.

ON THE BLUFF.

BY GERTIE VIVIAN GUERNSEY.

ABOVE the hum of the city's noise,
Its sordid cares and its narrow joys,
The bluff uprears its shaggy side
Clad in the forest's wildwood pride.
There springs the pine with its crown of green,
The flower and the berry grow unseen,
The leaves of the restless poplar toss,
The fallen hemlock is clad in moss,
And spicy and sweet on the summer air
Is the breath of sun-kissed cedar there.

Far as the roving eye can stray,
The plains of the upland stretch away—
A desert wilderness of sand
That was never meant for the toiler's hand,
A garden of nature, wild and fair,
A place to forget life's narrow care
Under the arch of the wide, wide sky,
Where the great white clouds float lazily
And the air is filled with the wildwood scent
Of flowers and bursting leaf-buds blent.

Only a waste! yet a home most dear
To the wild shy things that inhabit here:
The doe feeds free on the windy lawn,
By her side the delicate large-eyed fawn;
The squirrel sports in the solitude,
And the wood-bird nurses her tender brood;
For them, the nut and the berry grow
And the brook's bright waters gather and flow.

Thus, in His tenderness, One at least
Careth alike for man and beast;
The field where the yellow wheat-ears fill,
The river that urges the busy mill—
In His gracious sight, no dearer are they
Than the pool where the blackbirds dip and play,
Or the lonely plain, with its sense of rest,
Where the bramble shadows the ground-bird's nest,
And the idle beauty of flower and vine
Lies at the feet of the murmuring pine;
For what is vain in the sight of man
Is only a part of His perfect plan.

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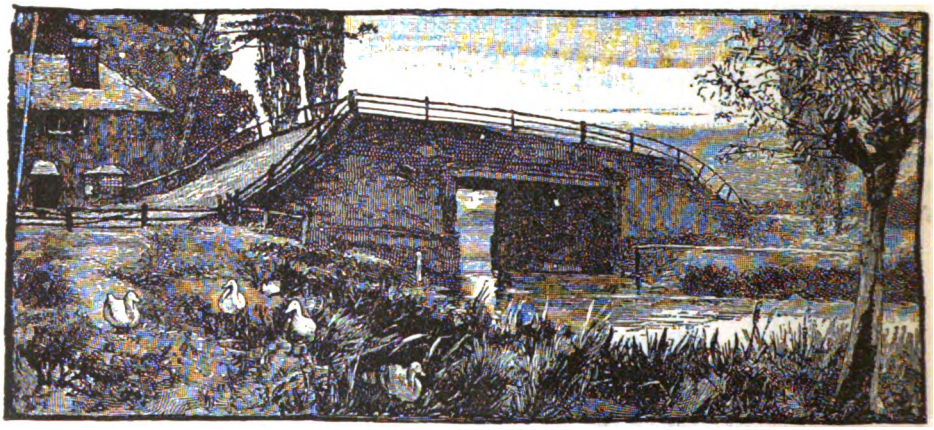
THAT UNPRINCIPLED ANNE CATHCART.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.



ANNE would have her way in this, as in all other matters.

"For a woman who has been a mother to a niece," complained Mrs. Vermilyea, "I am a martyr."

She had done the best she could; she had found the most eligible men in town, and forced them to see Anne in her more favorable lights.

Anne let the men see that she regarded them as fools, so they bowed and left her: all except Captain Sloane. Nobody had ever made Captain Sloane believe that he was regarded as a fool. He thought that Miss Cathcart was laboring under a miserable misconception, and he set about converting her to his opinion.

"The man is the worst kind of fool," decided Anne: "the persistent kind."

And daily she dreamed of that picture which caused such sad havoc to her aunt's plans. There rose before her the canvas where poor Tom Anderson had painted the place that appealed to her before all others—the old bridge that led to Warhirst, where she had lived so many orphan days with Aunt Susan Vermilyea, till the coal was found on the land her father had left her.

The thought of the picture in the exhibition brought the artist near to her thought; for, with the strokes of his brush, he had put in the sentiment with which she regarded the scene. She remembered many such a morning as the canvas spoke of: cool, with a blue that was more than a blue, the water under the bridge reflecting a perfect sky; there were the bridge-keeper's ducks in the rank grasses; there was the quaint old cottage, where she had often stopped to rest when she used to take those long quiet walks, during which she had woven the pattern of her life as she would like it to be, and all the joy that would come.

What joy had come? Riches had come; and riches had never entered the pattern of her life, as she wove it out in those old walks. All that was culminated here in the city, where she was courted, fêted, a beauty doing as her aunt thought best. Then, three months ago, when she had almost said "yes" to Captain Sloane, who really appealed to her on account of his magnificent staying-qualities, she must needs see that picture at the exhibition.

Strange as it may seem, her new life palled on her, and she was once more a careless girl in old Warhirst, dreaming her romances. She became restless and did remarkable things, such as riding out without a groom, scandalizing her aunt and causing even Captain Sloane to frown. On one of these lonely excursions, she urged her horse on to an old

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ruin in the suburbs, several miles from home, and, climbing the rickety stairs, she went out upon a stone balcony to pluck some ivy, with which the cracked walls were covered. She leaned over the balustrade and looked down thirty feet. Down there, a man was sketching. He looked up at her as she looked

down at him. He saw a vision of loveliness; she saw a fine-looking fellow in well-worn tweeds.

She knew who he was; she had inquired about the artist of the bridge-picture, and knew he was sketching thereabouts. Maybe this knowledge took her so often upon those solitary rides. At any rate, she was looking at him boldly now, if she had looked at him covertly before to-day.

Her hand trembled a little as she gathered some ivy and stuck it in the lappel of her habit, and, straightening her tall hat, she went down to him.

He was rather astounded at this; he had, of course, seen the beautiful Miss Cathcart at a distance before to-day, but he had thought her haughty, purse-proud, unapproachable. And here she was, warm of face, soft and womanly.

"I owe you something," she said at once.

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"You have painted the picture of a place that is dearer than other places to me. I am sorry it is not for sale; I should like to own it."

"It is not for sale," returned he. "It was painted under circumstances that render it impossible for me to let it go out of my hands."

These circumstances were that Mattie Trimble had been with him while he painted that picture; and she had sat beside him, singing, or wandered a little way to gather wild flowers—she whom he had asked to be his wife.

Anne Cathcart guessed at some ridiculous sentiment while he answered her. She laughed.

"It is sentiment that makes art what it is," she said. "Meissonier has little—he is merely the genius of technicality. You are a great artist."

Her voice was a little hard as she finished. She knew that he was poor, and it made her smile that he should refuse to part with a picture which might bring a considerable price.

She looked at the picture he was sketching, and she did another remarkable thing—she asked him to call on her the following evening.

"I did not know you were acquainted with the gentleman," remarked Mrs. Vermilyea, after that call.

"Then your knowledge, my dear, has received a fresh installment," returned Anne.

After that, her behavior was worse than ever. She was so excessively cheerful that her aunt took to shuddering and appealed to Captain Sloane. The captain determined that no nonsense should take Anne from him, and he went to see her so often that she felt as though she were his prisoner, and she tried to tire him with caprices.

"But I am sure she admires you," said Mrs. Vermilyea.

"I am sure she does," assented the captain. "Girls sometimes act this way when they admire men—fight their own inclinations, you know."

"Of course," gladly cried Mrs. Vermilyea. "I hated my husband when I married him; yet, when he died, I placed the handsomest monument over him I could buy."

"Madam," the captain returned, in answer to this evidence of a woman's change from dislike to adoration, "Miss Anne is extremely fond of art."

That was all, but poor Mrs. Vermilyea knew that the captain knew what she had discovered—that Anne was frequently seen with Tom Anderson, and that she never said anything about this friendship.

"But," went on Captain Sloane, magnanimously, "it is a mere fad. She conquers in high quarters, and she tries her power on the lower. It is something like going slumming, don't you know."

But how was it in those lower quarters—those slums?

Tom Anderson was inspired by her intelligence. Mattie, the little school-mistress in Warhirst, did not appreciate his art like this. Mattie was lost in admiration for him, prayed for him, looked up to him as to a god. This other woman—a mondaine, a beauty with great wealth—sought him out and talked to him and understood him.

Mattie's weekly letters grew tiresome, her gossip about her homely ways excessive. He did not go to Warhirst, as he had long ago promised he would. Instead, he wrote a rather sharp letter to Mattie, to the effect that "we poor devils must work, not loaf."

Mattie imagined him toiling over "pot-boilers," haggard and going without dinners, while she wondered, with a pucker between her eyes, how she could help him. When she was in school, she was often cross with the array of future Presidents spread before her, for she was thinking of Tom and improvising harrowing tableaux in which he was the principal figure. She always had one tableau before her—a long-gone-by Sunday morning, the week before he had begun the bridge-picture. That Sunday, he came to the rectory, where she boarded, just as she reached home from church. He stood looking at her, with his hands in his pockets, not saying a word. All at once, he threw his arms toward her. Her eyes brimming, she found herself in those arms.

"Yes, Tom," she sobbed.

And that was their wooing, after months of silent devotion. So, when she received Tom's sharp letter, she was cross with her pupils and worried.

Tom was poor! Tom was poor! That rang in her ears.

And there was Tom with congenial Anne Cathcart!

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Anne? Never had such a rest come to her; not since she had become a wealthy woman had she felt there was truth in the world till now. What if Tom were irresponsive? He feared to avow himself because of her money. Yet she could conquer him: in the matter of that picture, if she forced him to sell it, despite the sentiment he had for it, it would show that she had conquered. What romance made him keep that picture, if there were not a woman in it?

She went to a dealer and made certain arrangements. Next day, Tom had a note from the dealer, offering him three thousand dollars for the picture. Three thousand dollars! More money than he had ever seen! He knew who backed the offer, and he thought of her and not the money. It was "au revoir" to Mattie for a little while then.

Anne Cathcart loved him! The beauty, the distraction of other men!

He did not see her for several days after that offer for his picture, for Anne let him have time to think and to miss her. She understood men. Besides, she had had a scene with Mrs. Vermilyea, regarding art in general and one artist in particular. For Captain Sloane had declared that this sort of thing was going too far.

"But perhaps you do this only to tease the captain," coaxed Mrs. Vermilyea.

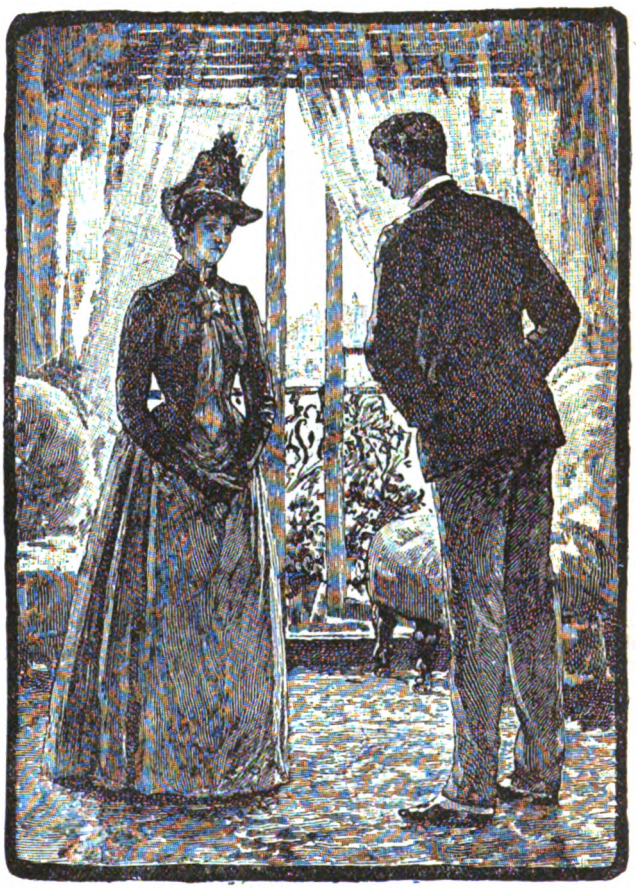
Anne's eyes grew hard. To tease the captain! No, no; she loved for the first time in her life. The sentiment in that picture of an old well-known spot, the man who had painted that picture—these had wrought the change.

"Auntie," she suddenly said, almost as though she were a child again, "you don't know how tired I am of everything but the old time. Be kind to me, dear—as kind as mother would be, if she were living."

"You silly thing," retorted Mrs. Vermilyea, "you have some of the babyish traits of your mother's family. Be more like your father and me—people of the world."

"There is a good deal in that," laughed Anne; and, passing her hand quickly across her eyes, she left the room, humming a tune. But she kept indoors and refused to see anyone, even the captain. But Mrs. Vermilyea saw him!

And then, one day, Anne went abroad alone. She went to Tom Anderson's studio.



He was not in, so she sat down to wait for him, her heart beating strangely.

There was much resolution in her face. She thought that Tom held off because of their relative positions. This should not be—does not love make all things equal?

She would this day do the greatest thing a woman could do—she would confess to a man that she loved him, and thus gain his own confession of love for her.

So she waited. She looked about her, at

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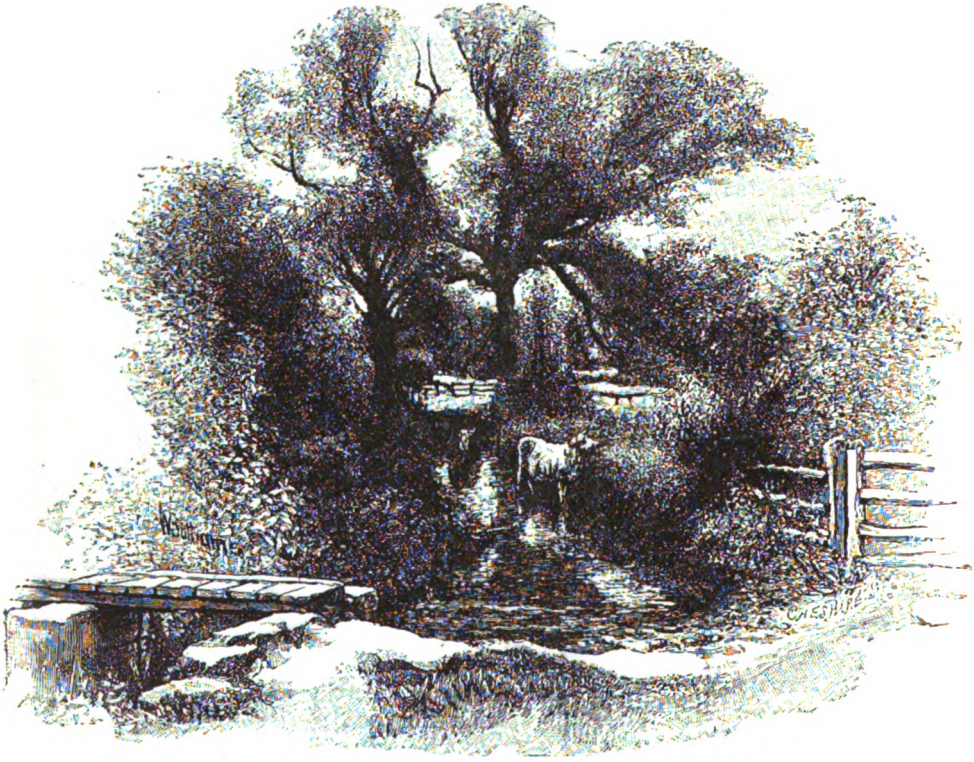
the pictures on the wall. There was a new one, a scene outside the old ruin where she had first met Tom. There was the lovely umbrage of the wood, the shady path, with the cow coming along to the lily-dappled stream. The two pictures abided with her—that of the Warhirst bridge, and this of the place where she had first met Tom. More resolute than ever was she, more loving.

She removed her hat, quite as though she were in her own home. Her face was warm, provokingly warm. A long window in the room led to a bit of garden. She went there for air, she felt so breathless.



Under a tree, there was a folded paper. She picked it up and saw her name written on it, and, beneath her name:

"Thy face is near me ever;
In every thought, I see
Thy loving eyes—"

With a gladness that would have done credit to the veriest school-girl reading the verse of a boy lover, she opened the paper to read what followed. Tom must have written that nonsense and been interrupted in it by the arrival of the letter that was folded in the sheet of paper he had scribbled on. For, almost unconsciously, with a strange bewildered feeling, Anne read a part of this letter before she knew what she was doing.

"Dear Tom," she read, "I know you will forgive me for what I have done. You wrote a little crossly—you must have money-troubles; so I have sold the jewelry mamma left me, and all my books, and send you the money. I wish it were ten times more. And I know you will accept it as though I were already your wife, will you not, dear? I always pray for you, and I know you do for me. And I know you will come to see me when you can, you famous old darling—"

Miss Cathcart knew the fact!

"I have led him away from his truth to another woman," she said. "Does he love her? Does he love me?"

She threw the letter from her, as though it had stung her.

Then she saw him coming. She read his face, and it made her heart ache; she read his heart, and he read hers. His eyes were quite radiant, though they clouded a little at sight of her.

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"It was so warm, I took off my hat," she said, confusedly.

He held out to her the check he had received from her picture-dealer.

"I am about sending this back," he said. "The man wanted to buy the picture of the Warhirst bridge, and, although I had consented to sell, I have changed my mind."

"And I know what caused that mind to change," she cried, blithely. "Even a little letter which you must have dropped, and which I found just now. Be careful in the future, Mr. Anderson, not to fold verses to one woman around the letter from another. Was it fair to write verses to me? But then, you were only jesting with me, of course, as I

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jested with you. You see, I know how well you understand me—that you know how I tried to play with you. I thought you impregnable, and I determined to conquer you—through my admiration for that picture, if in no other way. Admire my candor, as I admire your strength of character. See! there is my aunt and Captain Sloane. They have come to your studio after me—my aunt is so sorry I tried to coquette with you. Of course you know that my engagement with Captain Sloane will soon be announced?"

He looked toward the new-comers, his face crimson with indignation. Anne looked at him as his face was turned from her, and all that the picture of the bridge at Warhirst had told her was in her look for a second.

Then she stepped toward her aunt and the captain, who had war in their eyes.

"Congratulate Mr. Anderson," she said; "he will soon marry a lady from Warhirst. Now you can account for my interest in him—I always loved old Warhirst, and I felt I should like to advance the interests of anyone who cared for it as much as the artist does who painted the old bridge. But, captain, he will not sell me the picture—will not be beguiled through a picture-dealer. See what you can do with him." And she caught Captain Sloane's hand in both of hers.

Tom Anderson, to this day, considers Mrs. Sloane the most unprincipled woman he ever heard of; but he never speaks of her to his wife Mattie. Sometimes, though, as he is painting and Mattie is singing near by, he wonders if Anne ever thinks of him.

Does she?

THE LYRE.

BY JOHN B. SOULE;

On the ocean shore, by his tortoise shell,
Fast asleep, Apollo was lying;
Beguiled into dreams by the soothing spell
The winds through its tendons were sighing.

Young Love came wandering down that way,
Where the far rolling billows were shining;
In the wide world before him, what part he should play,
In his thoughts he was busy divining.

The beautiful shell he spied, and bore
To the valley where silence lingers,
And its quivering chords with delight o'er and o'er
He touched with his delicate fingers.

And, as Love's sweet voice to the listening trees
His own wild passion was telling,
It flew on the wings of a whispering breeze
To the caves where the echoes were dwelling.

When lo! to his side, from the groves and the hills,
Flocked the lovers of song swiftly winging;
And, with Pan and his pipes, from his home by the rills,
Came the daughters of Harmony singing.

They kissed the young rogue and broke into song,
With their hands all merrily clapping;
"Let Love be our leader! and the lyre belong
To the boy that is never caught napping."

So Love, wide awake, with the lyre he stole,
Fills the world with a gladness unspoken,
Imparting new life to the hearts that are whole,
And healing the hearts that are broken.

IN THE FIELDS.

BY F. B. COURSEN.

Beautiful wind coming out of the blue,
Rollicking, frolicking madly about,
You blow my hair in my eyes, and too
You are turning my book nearly inside out.

Pray, how can I read, you ungallant breeze,
If you flutter my leaves in this reckless way?
Up above, the leaves do not mind, on the trees;
Do you play, then, so rudely with them every day?

And they only laugh gayly as over you pass,
And dance up and down in the golden air,
And now at my feet you are waving the grass,
And now you are—oh, you are everywhere!

Who said you might toss right and left, as you please,
My sketches and everything else, as you do?
Yet how to be cross with you, sweet errant breeze,
Beautiful wind from out of the blue!

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THE GAP BETWEEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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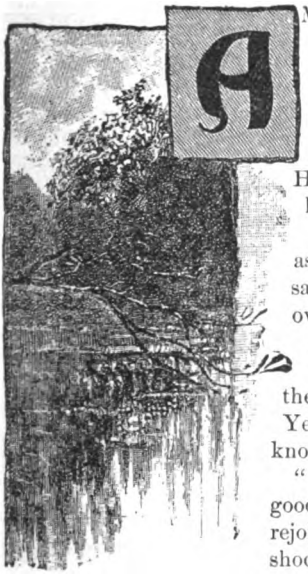
CHAPTER I.



"AMY!" my husband called, and I ran through the hall out into the veranda. He had stopped his horse before the steps, and, as I appeared, he said: "I must go over to see Mr. Slocum—the man who has the saw-mill on Yellow Creek, you know."

"Why, that is good ten miles off," rejoined I, "and a shocking road; you won't get back till long after dark."

"Luckily there's a full moon," he answered, smiling half playfully, half tenderly, at my doleful tone. "It appears the poor old fellow has met with a bad accident; he fell from his hay-loft, and they think he has broken his hip."

"I am very sorry," I said, as sympathetically as I could; then, remembering that I was behaving rather foolishly for a country doctor's wife, though I had held the position only a few weeks, I added: "I'm glad there's a moon."

My husband leaned forward, laid his hand on my shoulder, and said softly:

"And I'm glad to think I shall find my little wife to welcome me when I come—reward enough for a much harder journey than this!"

He kissed me and rode away, pausing at the gate to wave his hand and give me a parting glance.

When he was out of sight, I sat down in the porch, across which the late June afternoon sun flickered in golden arabesques, while a cardinal bird that had stopped to rest in the great catalpa tree was paying for the accommodation by a succession of his most beautiful and varied melodies.

Scarcely more than a month married to a man who had won my entire heart, it is not difficult to fancy what tender thoughts and bright anticipations filled my mind as I sat in the shadow of the trumpet vine which curtained the veranda. There was but one drawback to my perfect happiness—the estrangement from my mother, caused by marrying against her wishes. But even this trouble, much as I felt it, could not seriously mar my contentment, especially as I was hopeful that it must end before very long.

Besides the bliss of loving and being loved, my new existence offered a sense of breadth and freedom that was singularly delightful; for I had suffered much from a lack of both, through the round of my childhood and girlish years. I do not mean to complain of my mother, when I say this was owing to her; she meant to act justly, but her whole system of government had been a mistake. She was gloomy and ascetic in her views; her religion a tyrant, instead of a consoler; her chief aim in life to train me into a good upright woman—not necessarily a happy one, though: indeed, she feared it was sinful to be happy. She was so certain that no other method could accomplish the end she had in view, that question or demur on my part, any attempt at independent thought or action, she regarded as a proof of natural depravity or deliberate wickedness. From twelve to seventeen, I was sent to a boarding-school in Cincinnati, kept by a relative who held the same theories, hardened into tyranny by long years of absolute power.

When that season of discipline and study terminated, I went back to my home, a secluded spot in West Virginia. My mother

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owned a large plantation there, to which she had removed soon after her widowhood, managing it with a practical skill that roused the envious admiration of her less energetic neighbors.

At the period of which I am writing—seven years after the Civil War—there was no railway in that region. The Kanawha River intersected the broad valley which stretched between the picturesque hills, and afforded us means of intercourse with the outer world. Two steamboats ran daily up or down the stream, in a lazy sauntering fashion, putting leisurely into shore whenever anybody on either bank made signs that he wished to get aboard, send a letter or a side of bacon—the very puff of the engines sounding more like a comfortable snore than anything else.

I led a dull life, but I was not unhappy. I kept up my studies and few accomplishments, I delighted in gardening, I loved the country, and fully appreciated the beauty of the scenery by which I was surrounded. Then, too, I had one person to pet me—old Mr. Jeffreys, a distant relation of my father's, who lived on a fine place about a mile from ours. My mother was good and kind according to her rigid creed, but did not believe in petting. She kissed me if she was going from home for several days, and she kissed me when she returned; and, as I was very demonstrative by nature as well as perilously enthusiastic, I found such treatment—like existence generally—a little chilly and depressing.

This uneventful round continued until I was nearly nineteen; then an active trouble overtook me. A sect styled Old Orthodox built a chapel in the village, and James Hornby accepted a call as the pastor. He was a third cousin of my own, though I had never seen him until he came to live in our house and fulfill his new duties.

He was a man of about thirty, fine-looking in a cold severe style, well educated and intelligent, though his mind was narrow and his vigorous thinking confined to a very limited round.

I did not like him at first, and I never learned to; but, for his misfortune and mine, he fell in love with me Before he had been two months with us, he asked me to marry him; primarily with sublime masculine arrogance, later betraying an uneasy humility against which he evidently rebelled. He persisted in disregarding my distinct refusal, and my mother did the same—more thoroughly offended with me than she had ever been in my whole life.

When a despotic nature yields to the influence of another, it is usually with a completeness of surrender fairly startling; and this was my mother's case where James Hornby was concerned. He became to her an authority which could never err, a prophet whose slightest utterance was a law.

I bore an actual persecution as long as I could; then, acting on Mr. Jeffreys's advice, I declared that, unless left in peace, I should go away from home. I was left to myself after this, though during four weeks my mother never spoke to me, and James's behavior was as exasperating as hers was painful.

I passed three wretched months, but at their close a change was granted. Typhoid fever broke out in the neighborhood and became a positive epidemic. Our doctor was an elderly man, lacking strength to support the arduous duties which the wide-spread illness brought, and a young physician arrived from Cincinnati to assist him.

John Arthur was about twentynine, though looking older, with the sweetest voice and smile I think ever mortal possessed. Everybody kept well in our house, so I was able to go about among our sick neighbors, and the doctor and I were thrown so much together that we soon felt on friendly terms. More than this, he fell in love with me; and, when he avowed this, as happened before many weeks—adding, too, that he had loved me since the first hour we met—I knew that from the same moment my heart had been his.

Just as the cool autumn weather brought the blessed assurance that the fever had ended its reign, Mr. Jeffreys fell ill and died within a week. I watched day and night by his bed, and Doctor Arthur was with him every moment he could spare. We confided our secret to the dear old man, and he sent for my mother and asked her not to oppose our engagement; but even his wishes were of no avail. Her first step, after Mr. Jeffreys's death, was to forbid Doctor Arthur the house; she also forbade my speaking to him, but I told her I could not obey. James Hornby actually tried to preach against him;

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but he found that would not answer, for John's skill and kindness had gained the popularity they merited, and the whole neighborhood was delighted that he had decided to remain, for Doctor Nash meant to carry out his long-contemplated purpose of retiring from practice.

My mother held only one conversation with my lover; she stated that her property, not having come from her husband, was entirely in her own hands, and, if I married without her consent, not one penny would I ever receive. Whereat John bowed and smiled, informing her politely that he had ample means to support a wife, independent of his professional gains; and so the interview terminated.

Some weeks elapsed before I learned that Mr. Jeffreys had left a will bequeathing me his plantation and a moderate sum invested in stocks which yielded a yearly income of several hundreds, old Doctor Nash being appointed my trustee.

My relatives rendered home so exquisitely uncomfortable that I was thankful to pass a good deal of time with an invalid neighbor who needed a companion.

We waited the winter through; but neither Doctor Arthur's popularity nor my persuasions produced any effect on my mother, so I yielded to my lover's pleading wishes and we were quietly married. We made a short wedding-journey and then came back to my plantation, Rockdale, which during our absence my husband had had fitted up with a degree of elegance which rendered it quite a marvel in that neighborhood.

We called on my mother, and, though she did not notice John's hand when he held it out, volunteered no remark to him, and answered any direct question of his in a monosyllable, I felt that for her even to receive him was a great step gained. I had visited her twice since by myself, and she had greeted me in a kindly enough fashion. On the last occasion, I met my relative James Hornby, and he appeared no more unendurable than usual.

I had been thinking over these things as I sat in the veranda, and a sudden determination seized me to go again to my mother and make a direct appeal in my husband's favor.

It was Thursday, so my cousin would be absent; the opportunity seemed too precious to neglect, and within ten minutes I was on my way to the house, full of excitement and hope.

CHAPTER II.

When I entered the sitting-room, who should come forward to meet me but James himself! Unable to hide my annoyance, as soon as I had answered my mother's ceremonious greeting I said abruptly:

"Why, James, I thought this was your day for preaching at Hunter's Ford."

"I have changed to Saturday," he replied, standing before me, stiff and solemn in his black dress. "I hope you are not sorry to see me, Amy. Do not fear that I harbor harsh thoughts on account of your treatment in the past. Let me say, once for all, that I have only the most charitable feeling toward you and the man you have married."

There was ample cause for offense in this speech, but I controlled myself and said:

"James, if you really feel kindly toward us, plead with my mother to forgive me wholly and receive my husband as her son."

"My conscience would not permit," he answered, unhesitatingly. "Your mother is a Christian, and therefore nourishes no resentment; but she cannot countenance the man who induced her daughter to forget filial obedience and duty."

My mother sat in her high-backed chair, knitting diligently, and did not look up. I turned angrily from James and went toward her, saying:

"Mother, do come and see us. Only learn to know my husband and his goodness, and you cannot help admiring him, if you will do no more."

"I can make no promises, Amy," she rejoined, slowly and inflexibly. "If time should prove your husband a good man—though I fear it will teach you how willfully you have deceived yourself—I shall be ready to own him such. I think nobody ever accused me of injustice; at least, I know that nobody ever had any reason—"

"But, mother—"

"Allow your mother to finish, Amy," interposed James, exactly in the tone one would employ in addressing a heedless child.

I felt a nervous inclination to laugh, to cry, to box James Hornby's ears; but I sat still, gazing mechanically about the bare uncomfortable room, which had always been an eye-sore to my fairly tropical love of warmth and color.

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Presently my mother continued, in the same cold monotonous voice, going on with her sentence as if it had not been interrupted: "And I am ready to forgive up to seventy times seven, but I cannot forget. All I dare to hope, Amy, is that the judgment appointed for transgressors may be averted in your case. James and I ask this, night and morning; but who can tell if our petitions shall avail?"

James sighed audibly, glancing at the ceiling as if he expected to see a bit of it fall on me; and I really believe he feared it might. The man had not a taint of hypocrisy in his composition; he was horribly earnest and sincere. But his entire faith in himself and his arrogant assumption were something colossal, and seldom failed to incense me. Just now that sigh, which I knew would remind my mother of the necessity for remaining inflexible, was so exasperating that I forgot my good resolutions and exclaimed vehemently:

"James Hornby, I never had a real trouble in my life till you crossed my path."

My cousin flushed deeply at this passionate speech, but said quietly:

"That is a hard saying, Amy."

"And wickedly untrue," my mother added, with cold severity. "Shame—"

"Let her say what she has in her mind, aunt," James interposed; then he turned toward me again, saying: "I tried to please you, Amy."

"No," I answered; "you tried to mold me over to please yourself."

"I hoped to make you my wife—"

"How could you hope it?" I broke in. "From the first moment you spoke of that, I told you it could never be. How did you behave? You tormented me; yes, you made my mother do so till I should have died or gone mad if I had borne it any longer!"

"Blind! blind!" sighed my mother.

James had grown deathly white; but he looked full at me, and his voice took the ring of dogged persistence I knew so well, as he said:

"You would finally have seen what was best for both of us, if unfortunately Doctor Arthur had not intruded himself between."

"Intruded? You think Providence sent you here. I should say it sent him last autumn, when the fever raged in the neighborhood till there was scarcely a house without its sick and dying."

"And a great pity it was that Doctor Nash had to send for him," observed my mother; "a greater, that the old man retired and left him his practice."

"He has been here over nine months now," I replied, "and nobody ever grew more popular in so short a time. How could it be otherwise, when he is as kind and good as he is skilful in his profession?"

"A good man does not induce a girl to marry him against her mother's consent," James said, coldly.

"My mother had no sufficient reason to urge. The happiness of my life was concerned; a woman of twentyone has a right to decide on that," I answered.

"You scarcely knew him," my mother insisted.

"During the three months the fever lasted, I met him daily; we saw more of each other's real self than we could have done in years of ordinary acquaintance," I replied. "Mother, it was you who did not know him, because you would not; James had prejudiced you from the first."

"I am not so weak that I can be prejudiced, Amy, nor was James the person to attempt it," she said. "I objected to Doctor Arthur; I mistrusted him; my intuitions warned me that he was a dangerous man. I believe him to be skeptical—yes, atheistic—"

"If ever a human being tried to follow the golden rule, he does," I interrupted. "Mother, my intuitions were clearer than yours, and I grow prouder every day that he chose me for his wife."

I suppose my tone and look of triumph stung James terribly, for the taunt in which he indulged was foreign to his ordinary self-control.

"Doctor Arthur showed worldly wisdom, certainly," he said; "Mr. Jeffreys's heiress was a desirable match."

"Besides his profession, Doctor Arthur has property equal to mine," I rejoined; "mother, he proved this to you in the one conversation you consented to hold with him in regard to our marriage."

"This discussion is useless," she replied. "Amy, I have told you that I shall believe in your husband if time prove him worthy of trust; I can promise nothing further. Now, I wish to hear no more, Amy; you are rushing into one of your old excitements—your

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language is violent and unseemly. James, forgive her!"

"I do, freely," he replied, in his hardest voice.

CHAPTER III.

A BRIEF silence followed James's irritating speech. He walked to an open window and looked out across the orchard. I stood still, struggling against the indignation which his words and manner roused.

It was difficult to restrain the bitter expostulation and protest which rose to my lips, but I knew that to give them utterance would only strengthen my mother in her harsh judgment.

I turned from my irritated survey of James's broad shoulders, to glance toward the upright figure in the arm-chair. My mother had resumed her knitting; her face showed no trace of emotion; the lines about the mouth were set a little more firmly even than usual; the very movement of her busy fingers, everything in her countenance and attitude, warned me that to attempt further argument or persuasion would only further injure the cause I wished to plead.

I was wearied and discouraged, sorry that I had come; I appeared only to have done harm by the step from which I had hoped so much. The impulse to seek the interview had struck me so suddenly and with such force that I had felt as if obeying some mysterious inspiration which must lead to a good result, and the reaction from that brief sunshine of hope and expectation added to the keenness of my disappointment.

I was not much given to tears, but the rising lump in my throat and the hot pain back of my eyeballs were signs I knew too well to disregard. If I staid any longer, watching the pair whose very certainty that they were acting aright rendered them as deaf to appeal or proof as if they had been two stone sphinxes out on the sands of Egypt, I should inevitably break down completely, and such weakness would be worse than wasted on them. I do not mean that they were not sympathetic where suffering was concerned: James would have watched a man in illness night and day for weeks, and my mother would have taken a stranger into her house and cared for him with her own hands, if he were in physical need; but neither had the slightest sympathy with excessive emotion, no matter what its cause might be. No crisis had ever arisen, or I think ever could arise, which would not have found both prepared to meet it with composure; so of course, to them, an excitable person's bursts of anger or grief appeared childish and unnecessary.

I must go at once. I hardly dared trust my voice to speak; but silence would be construed to mean resentment against James Hornby, and rouse my mother to severer condemnation than could an actual impertinence toward herself. I must not only speak, but I must say something civil, even conciliatory, to my cousin, or risk having my husband blamed for the rapid deterioration in my temper and disposition.

"I must go home now," I managed to articulate, and there I stopped.

James did not stir; my mother did not look up. It was plain enough what both were waiting for: I must address some words to Hornby, if I expected any notice to be taken of my departure; and it behooved me to weigh my utterance well—no easy matter, considering my state of mind.

"Mother," I began again, but she remained deaf. It required a great effort to address my cousin, but there was no help for it.

"James!" I exclaimed, in desperation, and I could hear that my voice sounded positively tragic.

"What is it, Amy?" he rejoined, turning his head so that his profile—cold and regular as if cut in marble—was toward me, while his tone sounded as chill and unsympathetic as that profile looked.

Before I could respond, there came the sound of hurried feet through the hall, followed by eager voices. My mother's cook and my mulatto waitress were the speakers; both were talking at once—Ruby demanding Miss Amy in excited accents, and old Dinah replying and asking questions in the same breath.

"Whar' is she? Whar' is Miss Amy? She said she was jest gwine to run down to see her ma!" groaned Ruby. "Ain't she hyar? Now, don' tell me she ain't, else I'se gwine to give up the ghost an'—"

"Why, ya'as, ob course Miss Amy's hyar!" cried Dinah. "Don' I tell ye so, over an' over? What on yearth ails ye, Ruby?—a-flyin' in like all possessed, and nigh upsettin' me on the door-step! Ye's a'most give me the spazzums—"

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"I want Miss Amy, I tells ye!" interrupted the other. "I want Miss Amy! Why, land's sake! oh, massy me! Spazzums—shoh! I do' know whether I'se on my heels or my head, so don' you talk. An' my arm's all black and blue this minute, where she gripped it. Oh, Lord! oh!"

I had reached the door which led into the hall, and was trying to open it; but it stuck, as it had a trick of doing at times, and resisted my effort. James put me aside, and, with one vigorous pull of his strong arm, conquered the refractory lock. I hurried out, and my cousin and my mother followed.

The instant Ruby caught sight of me, she began to sob hysterically and utter incoherent ejaculations and broken sentences, while old Dinah shook her violently, as if in the hope of shaking a connected explanation out of her addled brain.

"Ruby, what is the matter?" I asked, too accustomed to her taking fright easily and taking leave of her senses temporarily to fear that anything of importance had happened to upset her wretched nerves. Usually, perfect composure and quiet firmness on my part would subdue her excitement without much difficulty. "Stop crying and tell me what ails you."

"Oh, Miss Amy! Miss Amy!" moaned the trembling creature. "She scared me so powerful! An' thar' she is in the house this minute, an'—oh, I run ebery step ob de way!"

Aunt Dinah gave her a fresh shake; but, in spite of this stimulant, poor Ruby was forced to stop speaking, choked by sobs. Her chocolate-complexion face had turned to the color of dark ashes, and her black eyes were absolutely starting out of her head; there could be no doubt as to the reality of her terror.

James pushed Dinah away, and Ruby clung frantically to his arm, gasping and moaning. I was certain now what had caused her fright, and said:

"Oh, for shame, Ruby! How silly of you to behave in this fashion, just because poor crazy Ann Linton came into the house! You know perfectly well that Ann is harmless; anyway, she hasn't as much strength as a small child—"

"No, no, Miss Amy!" broke in the girl. "'Tain't—'tain't— An' Aunt Chloe, she'd run out down to de village; and Uncle Jack, he warn't nowhar' about; an'—"

"She's done gone crazy herself, dat chile!" cried Aunt Dinah, in a tone divided between sympathy and exasperation. "Ain't yer ashamed, you Rube, to act like dis yer 'fo' ole miss and Marse James, jes' 'cause Ann Linton dropped in? Laws! she ain't no crackeder nor you, nohow!"

"'Tain't Ann Linton!" shivered Ruby. "Oh, Miss Amy, come home! come quick, fur de Lord's sake! Why, she may burn us all up, fur what I know, afo' we can get thar'! Oh, Miss Amy, come!"

"Stop this instant!" James Hornby commanded, as Ruby began to sob with renewed violence and dance about like an escaped bedlamite; and, as he spoke, he essayed Aunt Dinah's remedy. "Stop, I say!"

"Oh, Lord! oh, Lord!" sobbed Ruby; but James's shaking and stern voice produced the desired effect—she stood still.

"Now tell me who came to the house," he continued. "It wasn't Ann Linton, you say?"

"No, Marse James, no!"

"Well, who then? There is no other crazy person about—except you," said James. "Who was it?"

"Laws! I do' know, no more'n Adam, Mr. Hornby!" sighed Ruby, releasing herself from his hold. "I don't—shoh!" She sat flat down on the floor and began to wring her apron with both hands, as hard as if she had just taken it dripping wet out of the wash-tub. "I do' know; I never seed her. I—"

"Now, get your breath, Ruby, and tell me a connected story," James interrupted.

"I will—I will so; I do' want ter tell no lies—afo' de Lord, I don't!"

"Well, go on, then: what did she do—where did she come from?" James questioned.

"Oh, I was in de kitchen, washin' the plates at the sink, Miss Amy, with my back to the do', an' I didn't hear a sound. The fust thing I knowed, she was a-grippin' my arm—oh! oh!"

And, at this point, poor Ruby, frightened afresh by her own recital, sprang up with a strangled shriek, and would have darted away if James had not caught her arm again.

"She is not here," he said; "you are safe enough. Go on now, and tell the rest."

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"I 'spect she skeered the po' woman wus'n de woman skeered her!" parenthesized Dinah.

"What did she look like?" demanded James.

"Oh, I do' know, only her eyes was jes' like two coals o' fire," sobbed Ruby; "but it was what she said skeered me so. Oh, Miss Amy, she wanted to know whar' Marse Arthur was; she'd come to—to—"

"What!" thundered James Hornby, as the girl paused. "Go on, this instant!" Ruby gave a strangled shriek, but there was a power in his voice which forced her to speak. "Why did she come?"

"Oh, I couldn't make out. You'd 'a' thought she was his wife instead of Miss Amy thar', that I seed married to him with my own eyes," moaned Ruby; "anyhow, she's come to take the law of him fur sumpthin'."

"Verily, judgment cometh and tarrieth not," my cousin said slowly.

"James Hornby, you're an idiot!" I cried. "Ruby, come home this instant!"

"Don't go there, Amy—don't go!" my mother exclaimed, in mingled supplication and command.

"Why, mother," I said, "I really think you and James are as crazy as the poor soul at my house, whosoever she may be!"

Without waiting for more words, I ran out by the back door, passed through the garden, and took a path across the fields which greatly shortened the distance. Looking back presently, I saw that my mother and James were following.

I traversed the orchard and reached a side entrance of the house, waiting on the steps till the others got near; then I opened the door which gave admittance to the dining-room—I stood face to face with the stranger.

The first glance assured me that this unknown visitor was not a lunatic; but I knew that some mistake had brought her, so I felt no excitement whatever.

She was a pretty woman of about six-and-twenty, but evidently in very delicate health. The face showed education and refinement, and her appearance was that of a thorough lady.

I bowed and was about to speak, but she gave me no opportunity. She returned my salutation and said quietly, though it was plain that it cost her a great effort to do so:

"I had just made up my mind to go away before you got here; but perhaps it is better you should hear the truth at once. I am Mrs. John Arthur."

I heard my mother groan; she had reached the door just in time to catch the words. James put his arm about her, as if afraid she would faint.

I saw the two colored women behind them, reinforced by my old Chloe, peering curiously into the room. My first impulse was to ask the lady to accompany me to the parlor; but I reflected that it would be wiser to have those witnesses.

"I am Mrs. John Arthur," the stranger repeated.

"And I am Mrs. John Arthur," I answered, in a voice as quiet as hers. "From what my servant told me, you have come here under some mistake caused by our having the same name."

"I came because John Arthur is my husband and I wish to see him," she rejoined, with a stern threat in her tone, though regarding me pityingly as she spoke.

"You have made some unaccountable blunder, madam," I began; but she interrupted me quickly, pressing her hand against her bosom as if in pain.

"I have made none whatever; I knew where I was coming, I knew whom I should find. But I can't bear excitement—I have heart-trouble."

"Sit down," I urged. "My husband is not at home; but, if you like to wait—"

"Oh, yes, I will wait!" she broke in. "Is that lady your mother?"

"She is, and this gentleman is my cousin."

"My name is James Hornby; I am a minister of the Gospel," that stately personage explained, stepping forward. "I greatly fear, madam, that my unfortunate cousin does not yet comprehend the terrible importance of your errand."

"I am sorry for her—very sorry!" rejoined the visitor; "but I can't soften the blow—nobody can. She will have to hear the whole truth—I must fulfill the duty which brought me to this house."

"May I ask what that duty is?" James inquired.

"To have Doctor John Arthur, my husband, arrested for bigamy," was the unhesitating answer.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OUR DONKEY

BY TOTTY TOWERSBY.

POSTSCRIPT.—I want to say that I wrote every bit of this myself, only I asked mamma how to spell two or three of the longest words.

P. P. SCRIPT.—Whenever I write a letter, I always put my postscript at the beginning, though my cousin Willy would insist that it ought to go at the end. But I told him that it was common sense to put it where it would be seen first, because it was always very important. Besides, as I said to him, if I wasn't quite so old as he, I should hope that anybody born in America—especially a girl—ought to know more about things than a boy born in France; and there is where Willy was born, for all he talks so much about being an American citizen and says a girl can't be—which I don't believe.

Willy and I are cousins; he is eleven, and I am nine. It seems queer that we are not the same age, when our birthdays are both on the twentythird of May; but everybody except Uncle Jack always laughed so when I mentioned this that I don't talk about it any more.

Willy's papa and mamma died in Italy, and Willy lives with Uncle Jack and his sister—Aunt Sophia. They have to stay in England most of the time, and mamma and I stay with them a good deal, only this summer we came back to America, and I like it so much that I only wish Uncle Jack could bring Willy and Aunt Sophia and let us all stay here always.

This last May, Uncle Jack said he could not make up his mind what to give us children for birthday presents, and told us to think over what we would like best in the world, and, if it was anything short of a roc's egg or the new moon, we should have it. It seems queer, but having such a big choice made it very hard work to settle on anything, and Willy and I had an awful lot of trouble, and we nearly quarreled two or three times, because, you see, we thought it would be nice to have a present for us both together.

But one day, when going home from a visit where Willy had played lawn-tennis and I had got such a beautiful bunch of flowers, we saw a boy riding the funniest little brown donkey you ever set eyes on, and the same idea struck us both in a minute, and we called out: "Let's have a donkey!"

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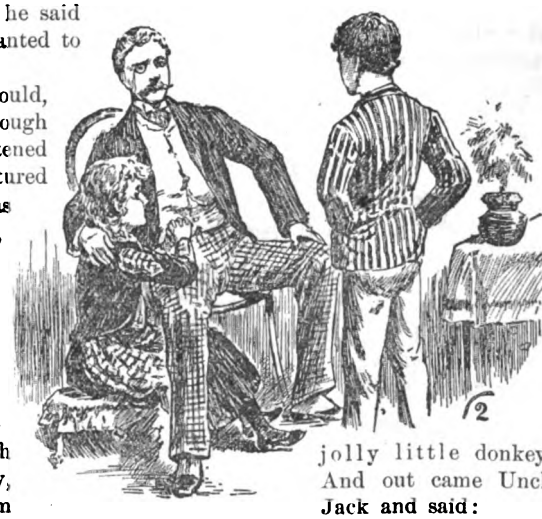
We had a talk with the boy, and he said the man that owned the donkey wanted to sell it, and told us where he lived.

So we ran home as fast as we could, and into Uncle Jack's study; and, though he was busy, he sat right down and listened to us, as he always does, as good-natured as possible. Aunt Sophia never has time when I want to talk to her, though she spoils Willy dreadfully; but, as I tell Willy, that will be all the worse for his character, and I am glad nobody spoils me. Then he always asks:

"How about Uncle Jack?"

But, as I tell him, boys never understand differences; I can see, though I can't explain exactly. Anyway, there's one thing I do think—I am very fond of Aunt Sophia; but a male uncle, somehow, is better than a female aunt—I mean, if you could only have one, and was choosing for a present. I said this to mamma once, and she told me it wasn't quite nice to say, so maybe I ought not to put it down; but afterward I heard her and Uncle Jack laughing about it, so I don't believe it is so very dreadful.

But this isn't telling about the donkey, after all. Well, the morning of our birthday, Willy and I were up bright and early, and were out on the lawn when up to the gate walked a man leading—oh, that same



jolly little donkey! And out came Uncle Jack and said:

"What do you think of your present, Midgets, and what will you call him?"

We had a great deal of trouble in finding a name. Mamma at last proposed Hawthorn, because of our getting him in May, and we all thought that a good idea.

But oh! that wicked man nearly spoiled our birthday by his shocking conduct to poor Hawthorn. I must tell about that first. Willy and I wanted to have a ride after breakfast, so Uncle Jack told the man to wait and go with us, since he was acquainted with the donkey.

"For," said Uncle Jack, "donkeys have a good deal of human nature in them; they will very often play tricks with strangers."

I told him I was sure Hawthorn wouldn't; and, anyway, he had already eaten sugar out of my hand, so we had got acquainted.

Then the man said:

"I'll warrant 'im to go as sweet as if 'e was made of sugar 'isself."

But uncle said that, all the same, the man was to keep with us, and we were to go down the lane toward the village, and he would meet us himself in an hour by the church, for he had to drive to the station about a package from London.

And oh! we hadn't more than got out of sight of the house before that dreadful man began to show his real character, and I am certain nobody could have a worse one. I was riding,

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and Willy was walking beside me, when all of a sudden Hawthorn stood stock-still and wouldn't budge an inch.

"You get up, for an ill-conditioned brute," said the man, beginning to pull at the bit enough to strangle the poor creature.

"Oh, please don't," I said, "I know

there's something hurts him; he never would behave so, if there wasn't."

"It's hobstinacy hails 'im," said the man; "he's the contrariest, sulkiest little brute on the hearth, when 'e takes it into 'is 'ead."

"Why, you told uncle he was the best-tempered donkey you ever owned," Willy reminded him.

"That ain't sayin' so much, when you hannerlyze it," said the man, and he grinned and winked disgustingly. "But I'm going to show 'im that I'm marster, if I 'ave sold 'is hugly carcass."

And, with that, he ran off to the hedge and picked up a tremendous big stick; back he came, flourishing it, and I began to cry. Then Willy just walked straight up to the dreadful wretch, with both his fists clenched, and said:

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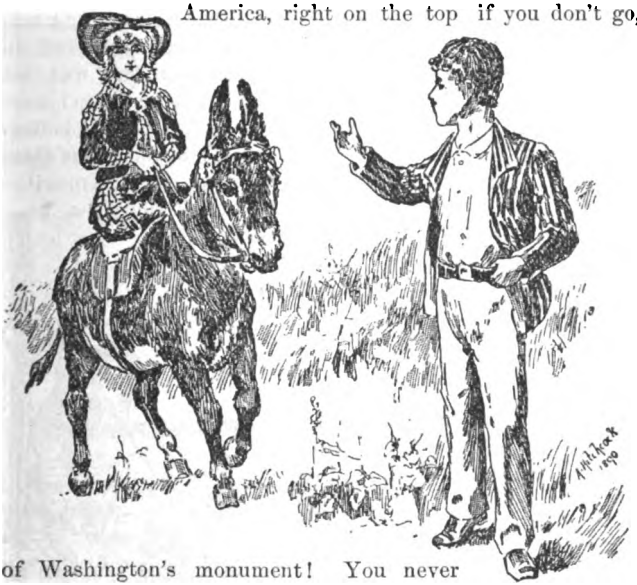
"You just touch Hawthorn, if you dare! He belongs to us, and, if you lay a finger on him, Uncle Jack will have you shut up in prison for beating our property."

I told Willy afterward that he could not have behaved better if he had been born in America, right on the top of Washington's monument! You never saw a bad man look so taken aback as that one did. He put his hand up to his chin, and he held his head down, and he looked first at Willy and then at me, for I was shaking my fist too, and he said:



"Wall, whatever sort o' little folk be ye, any'ow?"

"We're Americans," I called; "and, if you strike our donkey, the President will send a torpedo over and blow every bit of England, except Ireland, right straight out of the water."

"Wall," said the man, "then I'd better get away afore it's done—this 'ere blowin' up is enough for me. Any'ow, I only wanted you should have a good ride and l'arn to manage the beast."

"We can learn without you," said Willy, "and we don't want you a minute longer; so be off."

"And you're on our land," I added; "and, if you don't go, we'll have you arrested for trespassing."

"Merry Moses! if you two ain't ahead of any young 'uns ever I met!" grumbled the man.

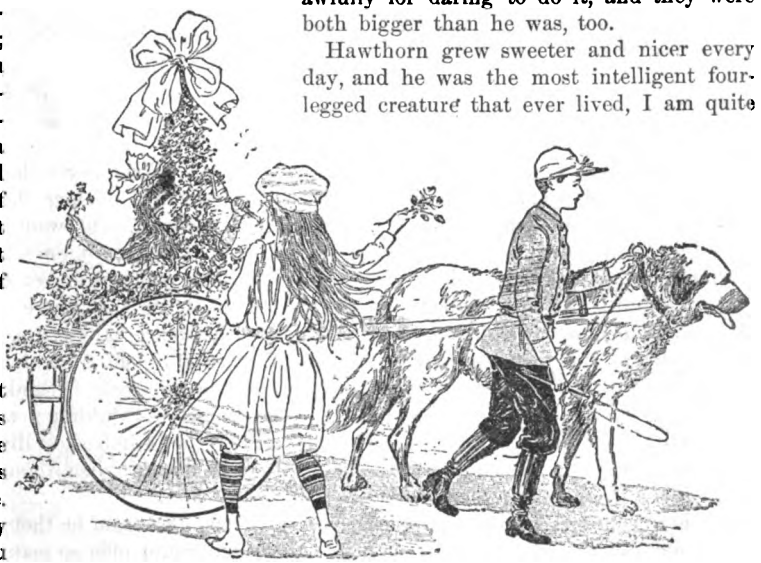
"That's 'cause we're Americans," Willy informed him.

The man stared, shook his fist at Hawthorn, lighted his pipe, and set off down the road, for we'd got to the gate by this time.

"Good-bye to the pair o' ye," he called out, "and rum 'uns ye are. Why don't you call your beast Yankee Doodle?"

Just as soon as he was gone, the donkey behaved like a perfect angel, and he always did from that time, because, as uncle said, he was a gentleman and knew how to appreciate proper treatment. Uncle always would call the dear little fellow Yankee Doodle instead of Hawthorn, and Willy and I did half the time, though Willy thrashed two English boys awfully for daring to do it, and they were both bigger than he was, too.

Hawthorn grew sweeter and nicer every day, and he was the most intelligent four-legged creature that ever lived, I am quite



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sure. He could do everything but talk, and indeed he fairly did that with his ears. Uncle Jack said he doubted if any pair of auricular appendages—I know I am spelling those long words just right, because mamma copied them out for me—ever possessed such varied and eloquent powers of expression.

He had been taught all sorts of funny tricks, too; he could go through a quadrille, and waltz on his hind legs, and, when he was in a very good mood, if I said to him: "Now, Hawthorn, sing us a little song," he would bray at the very top of his voice. Aunt Sophia said it was the awfulest noise she ever heard; but auntie never did really and truly appreciate Hawthorn, though she always talked to Willy as if she did; but I could see she only did that to please him, and I told Uncle Jack so, and he pulled my ear and laughed and said:

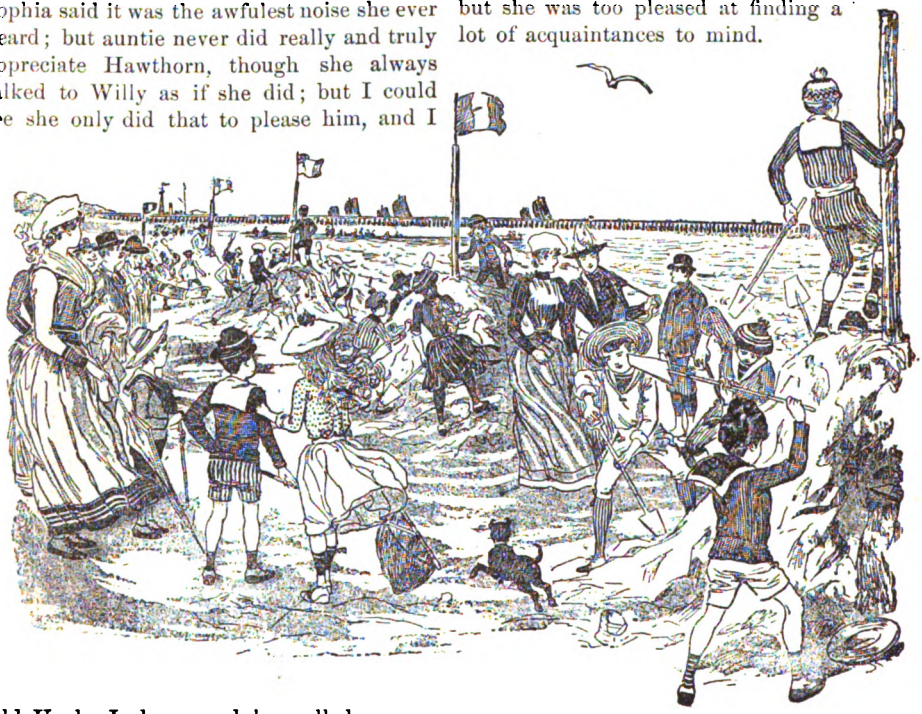
"Take care, Midget! Little pitchers with ears are trouble enough, but little pitchers who draw such fine conclusions risk getting sent away to boarding-school."

Aunt Sophia often talked about my going; but mamma and Uncle Jack held firm, though, when I am with auntie, I am always afraid she will get her own way—mamma and Uncle Jack do give in so to her.

"Anything for peace," I heard uncle say to mamma, not long before we left England; "Sophy is a good creature, but she does like to lay her feelings round for the pleasure of crying out when they get stepped on."

Still, Aunt Sophia often has good ideas, even if she has her little faults—nobody, not even Hawthorn, can be quite perfect; and, when July came, auntie had the beautifulest idea of our going over to a French watering-place for a couple of months.

I was afraid at first that we could not take Hawthorn; but Uncle Jack promised me that, whoever or whatever else was left behind, my pet should not be, only I need not say anything about it. I don't believe Aunt Sophia even knew Hawthorn was along till the morning after we got to Trouville; but she was too pleased at finding a lot of acquaintances to mind.



We went down to Southampton and got on board the big steamer that had just come from America, and went over in her to Havre, and then we only had a little bit of a railway journey to get to Trouville.

I am quite sure there isn't such a nice watering-place anywhere. Oh, what fun Willy and I had from morning till night! There were—well, I think, thousands and thousands of children; and we can both talk French—indeed, Willy speaks it easier than he does English, though he doesn't like to own that.

Uncle Jack said he thought no spot under the sun could offer so many amusements for

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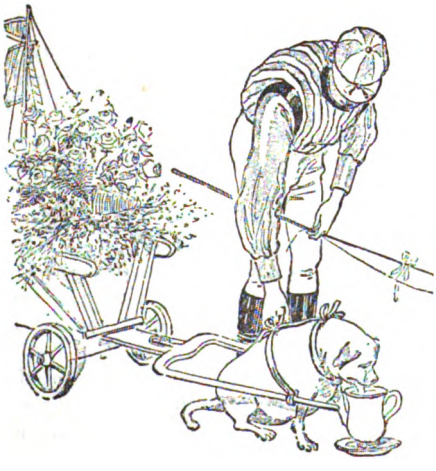
Midgets as Trouville did, and I quite agree with him. Among the delightfulest of the sports were the battles of flowers in the big public garden. There would be children in little wagons with dogs harnessed to them, and children on ponies and donkeys and on foot, and we all had great baskets of flowers that we threw at each other as we went up and down the paths in two long lines.

But I don't know but the sieges and fort-building down on the beach were even more fun. This is the way they were managed: When the tide was low, all the children would work at piling up big sand-heaps—oh, regular mountains! Of course, we could not do it all ourselves; there used to be men to help, and they would build regular forts, so strong that half a dozen boys could stand on the top of the walls. One fort would belong to the French, another to the Americans, and another to the English children; and each would have a flag-staff at the top, with a beautiful big Union Jack or Stars and Stripes or Tri-color floating over it.

What each of us wanted was to build our fort so strong that it would be able to keep up the longest when the tide began to come in. The fort whose flag-staff was the last to fall was the conqueror and won the prize, which was a purse of money. When the forts began to be built, every boy and girl that meant to help gave five or ten cents, and the money was all put in a bag and called the "stakes," and very often it was quite a lot, because the most of the grown-up folks would give too.



Then, some mornings, there was a special prize for the fort that looked the neatest and finest when they were all finished. One day, President Carnot and his wife were there, and the President was called on to decide, and he gave the prize to the American fort; and oh, weren't we Americans pleased! Then a lot of those envious English children said it was because both countries were republics; but it wasn't, I know, because, when I went with Uncle Jack to see the President, I asked him, and he laughed and said he was sorry his neighbors should accuse him of partiality, as he had tried to be quite just and impartial; and I am sure he had, for he was a very nice man and always used to stop to pat Hawthorn when he met us in the garden or down on the shore.

"He ought to know how to manage donkeys—he's had experience enough," Uncle Jack said, "and I suppose French animals are not so very different from English."

Willy thought he meant that Monsieur Carnot had had a stable once; but I knew what Uncle Jack was at! Willy is so thick-headed some times; but then, after all, it is not his fault that he wasn't born in America, so I try to keep my patience; because, as Uncle Jack says, it isn't fair to blame anybody for a misfortune, but it's very aggravating.

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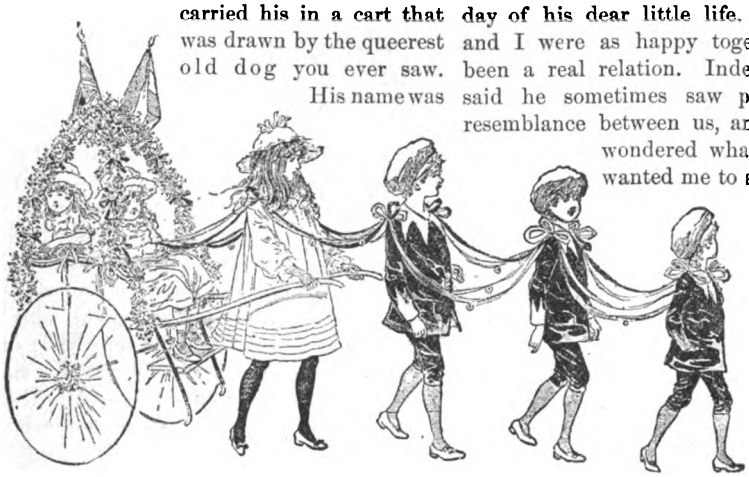
There were plenty of donkeys at Trouville—I mean, four-legged fellows; but there was not one that could compare with Hawthorn in looks or intelligence. Nobody enjoyed the flower-battles more than he did, and Uncle Jack had a picture of us three taken one morning, just as we were starting out for the garden. I think it is the best portrait we ever got of Hawthorn, only Willy was so dreadfully anxious to show his own new suit that he took up more room than he ought. It's of no use to talk: even the best of boys are very wearing—Uncle Jack says so.

The men used to go about, the days of the flower-carnivals, as we called them, selling flowers; and there was one nice man who carried his in a cart that was drawn by the queerest old dog you ever saw. His name was Egypt, and his master was very good to him, and, when Egypt wanted a drink, would always fetch it to him in a big wide jar with two ears.



Sometimes Willy and I and a couple of boys that lived in the cottage next to ours would harness ourselves up as horses and take two pretty little bits of girls, that belonged to a friend of mamma's, out in a regular bower of flowers built up over their wagon. We called ourselves the American team, and everybody else called us so; but not one of those three boys was born in America, though they took good care not to tell of it. It did seem hard to be an American and to have been born in France, and I couldn't exactly understand how they could be American till Uncle Jack explained. He said their fathers' and mothers' nationality settled theirs; the fact of their having seen the light in France was just an accident, for which I ought to pity them. So I did, but my knowing the truth helped me to keep the three of them in order; and boys must be kept down a little, else there's no living with them. Whenever they displeased me, I only needed to say:

"Well, I'm glad I'm what I call myself; I'm no imitation American. I'm the genuine article, thank goodness!"

That was enough; the worst of them would get what Uncle Jack calls "conformable" in a minute.

Willy and I spent a very happy summer, and, when we went back to England, of course Hawthorn went with us. He grew handsomer and sleeker and cleverer every day of his dear little life. He and Willy and I were as happy together as if he'd been a real relation. Indeed, Uncle Jack said he sometimes saw points of family resemblance between us, and Willy always wondered what he meant and wanted me to ask; but I didn't—girls ain't so stupid as to ask questions like that!

I can't bear to tell what became of poor Hawthorn—indeed, we never knew. Early in the winter, he was stolen—taken out of his nice warm stable in the night; and, though Uncle Jack offered rewards and did everything he could, the thief did not bring our treasure.

Mamma and Uncle Jack were always good and tried their best to console us. They wanted to buy us another donkey; but neither Willy nor I could bear to think of having one take Hawthorn's place, and we were always hoping he would get away from the robbers and find his way back.

He never did, though; and, before mamma and I came over to America this spring, she bought Willy a beautiful Shetland pony.

Mamma and I are going back to England next month, to stay for a while—and I shall be glad, because I miss Uncle Jack and the others; but I still get what my nurse calls "low in my mind" when I remember that I shall not find my dear Hawthorn coming to meet me, along with the rest of the family.

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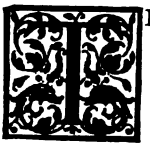
PROFESSOR BASK'S AEROLITE.

BY THOMAS FROST.



THERE is nothing particularly interesting about an aerolite. It is simply a small piece of a shattered planet, whose millions of years of wandering through solar space are at last ended by its impact upon our earth. It is usually largely composed of iron, cobalt, tin, nickel, and copper. The largest known aerolite weighs two hundred tons, the smallest a few grains."

Professor Bask, the palæographist, was the speaker; the scene was his cozy parlor. It was his sixtieth birthday, and he had invited a few of us boys—boy astronomers, boy philologists, and so forth—to be present at the reading of a remarkable paper, the preparation of which had occupied his days for the past two years. We always enjoyed these visits to the old gentleman, who was never found to be wanting on any scientific subject that might be broached.

"Have you grown tired of ancient inscriptions and gone into astronomy?" I inquired.

"On the contrary," he rejoined, "it is of an ancient 'document' that I wish to speak—deciphered by me after infinite labor; a document which will strike you with awe and wonderment, which will fascinate you as no other writing ever can; a record made myriads of ages ago, compared with which the hieroglyphics of Nineveh are absolutely insignificant; in short, a document—if I may call it such—written by the lord of a world that has been destroyed; which document fell from the skies into my orchard during a meteoric shower some years ago, buried in the heart of an aerolite!"

Not one of us jumped from his seat at this most astounding statement, for like a flash of light came the thought to each of his hearers—"much learning hath made him mad!" I shall never forget the pang of grief that shot through me as the white-haired old scientist sat there in the shadow of the lampshade, smiling at our expressions of pity.

Evidently pleased at the silence his words had produced, the professor arose, and, opening the glass door of a closet which was stuffed with curiosities, took therefrom what looked like a rusty cannon-ball about eight inches in diameter.

"This, gentlemen," he said, "is the kernel of my aerolite, which in its entirety weighed three hundred and forty pounds. The outer crust you shall see before you depart. This hollow sphere is of some very hard metal which I have not yet had an opportunity to analyze. It is in two parts, easily separable—so; although I presume that, millions of years ago, when it was constructed by the artificers of the 'Lord of Light,' as he styles himself, the two portions fitted together as tightly as the Magdeburg hemispheres.

"Inside, we find another hollow sphere, also in two sections—which, however, I had to separate by force. This second globe is made of an extremely hard greenish substance, unlike anything with which I am familiar, and which I believe to be infusible, the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe having no effect whatsoever upon it. You will observe that its diameter is a trifle less than the inside diameter of the larger globe. The space between the two surfaces was packed with a soft black powder—as a sort of cushion, I suppose.

"Within, is a third hollow sphere; but, unlike the former, it was made in one piece, and I had to cut it open. I cannot, however, for the life of me, understand how it was shaped over its valuable contents without injuring them. This globe I think we shall find to be platinum, with an admixture of some still more heat-defying mineral. It resists all the acids, and the blow-pipe fails to melt it.

"And now, gentlemen, we come to the 'message from the stars.'"

The professor took from the platinum globe a ball of what looked to us like flint, about three inches in diameter, and handed it to me. It was entirely covered with sunken characters, largely geometric.

By this time, our unbelief had vanished; the truth was recognized in a tale such as the wildest visionary dared not dream. I

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actually held in my hand the annals of a time so remote that the human brain is powerless to conceive it; a story written when the solar system was young; the handiwork of beings perhaps as superior to man as man is to the reptiles!

Little wonder that I trembled like a leaf, and that the professor had to snatch the prehistoric "letter" from me to prevent its falling upon the hearth-stone.

For a minute or two, the silence was painful. Then Wevil, the astronomer, said: "Mr. Bask, this thing is too amazing for language. Have you any idea whence your aerolite came?"

The professor smiled, and then came these startling words:

"I have deciphered, as I told you, the inscription on this stone. It is the farewell prayer of the 'Lord of Light' to the sun, and its author doubtless imagined it would reach that luminary. The 'Lord of Light' was the last monarch of that shattered planet which once rolled between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter, and this prayer was written immediately before some great comet smashed his world into those pieces which we call the asteroids."

"And how long ago should you take that to be?" asked somebody.

"The eccentric orbits of the asteroids," replied the professor, "would lead me to believe that the initial momentum received from that mighty collision has not yet been considerably overcome, and I should therefore scarcely feel justified in assigning to that 'document' a remoteness of more than one hundred million years."

Ten hundred thousand centuries!" Wevil exclaimed, in a tone that made my flesh creep.

"What indeed, by comparison, are the sculptured monoliths of Babylon, the priestly arrowheads of buried Persepolis, the royal cylinders of Nebuchadnezzar, or even the storied bricks of Babel's tower?" said the professor. "But you shall hear," he continued, "what the 'Lord of Light' had to say for himself on a day when our moon was a populous world in some system other than this, and the grain of sand on which we strut was not yet ready for life."

The professor took from the closet a large roll of penciled leaves.

"You understand, of course," he went on, selecting a sheet from the roll, "that, in order to decipher an ancient inscription, it is not essential that the language spoken by those who produced it should be known. Thus, Grotefend made his celebrated Persepolitan translation, and I have largely followed his method. But his task"—and the professor looked excusably proud—"was to a certain extent lightened by a partial knowledge of the customs ruling at that day; while the record here was made by beings as unlike us as a horse is unlike a trilobite. Some day, I hope to be able to explain to you how I translated the inscription. I will only say now that there are, of course, certain symbols which must be universal. Thus, in all picture-writings a circle is eternity, a smaller circle the sun, a still smaller one perhaps stands for a planet, a flat line might mean death, and so on."

Wiping and readjusting his glasses, Professor Bask read as follows:

> To the Great Light, from him who here is named its lord: Invading thy regions, oh Spirit, cometh one whose breath is hot with war, and the wings of thy children quake at his awful look. When first we saw him coming through thy gates, we hid us in the caves beneath the waters; but the seas boiled, and, as we lay trembling, he swelled with destruction. While thou art sleeping, grows this fiery beast.
>
> Oh Light, come forth and slay him with thy glance! His fierceness fills the firmament and shades thy glory, oh Eternal. We have bathed in the clouds, but they sweat in hot agony. Why sleepest thou so long? Hast thou too hidden in fear?
>
> Oh Light, come forth and slay him with thy glance! With a strange lightness, our limbs touch thy burning hills, and the mountain-tops are shaking. His blazing spears have filled thy valleys with the dead. Wake! oh, wake! He will rend us as the bad spirits rend the Land of Woe. [Probably a part of the planet subject to great volcanic action.]
>
> Oh Light, come forth and slay him with thy glance! Alas, thou sleepest when Time is dying. Then, craven Light, sleep—sleep on for ever!

As the professor concluded, Robson, a young fellow whose treatise on "Rocks and their Ages" has since made him famous, took the wonderful ball from the table and examined it curiously. For some minutes, we were too busy with our thoughts to find

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utterance. At length, Wevil broke the silence.

"It is the most interesting chapter since creation's morning!" he said. "The inhabitants of that unfortunate planet were indeed vastly distinct from our earth's highest forms of existence, since they could fly to the clouds or seek the sea-bottom at will. The sun's 'sleep' was due, of course, to the approaching comet's interference with the planet's axial rotation, and the huge size of the 'fiery beast' may be seen in the 'strange lightness' referred to."

Suddenly Robson's face became pale with excitement; he had been busy rubbing the stone on the sleeve of his coat. "Turn down that gas!" he almost shouted. "Here is another wonder, if I am not very much mistaken."

I lowered the light and turned to look at Robson. In the dimness, he stood at the end of the table, holding aloft the message from the dead planet, which shone with a deep orange glow. It seemed as though we looked upon the ghost of the orb which had given it birth.

"It is a diamond!" we cried, in unison.

"Yes," said Robson, "it is a diamond, and I suppose the color was fashionable a billion years ago."

"It would make several like the great Russian diamond," I exclaimed.

"These indentations," continued Robson, "will of course reduce the size materially; but it will, even then, cut into by far the finest diamond in the world."

Professor Bask hurriedly turned up the gas and snatched the stone from Robson. "Cut?" he cried, almost choking with indignation. "In the whole world, could there be found such a vandal? If I were dying of hunger, and this stone when 'cut' would purchase an empire, I would not part with it!"

"Your profession was well chosen," laughed Robson.

"And yours," returned the master of hieroglyphs; "but there is no reason why we should not make the cleansing thorough, diamond or no diamond." And, taking a match from the mantel, he made his exit through the door which opened into the laboratory.

A moment later, a frightful shriek rang on our ears, followed by a dull thud. I pity the man who hears such a cry, for it will haunt him ever after. I think, in less than a second we were all in the laboratory, standing, stooping, and kneeling around the body of the professor. We saw at a glance that he was dead!

On a bench over which he had been leaning was a heavy glass mortar, half full of a liquid which was boiling and bubbling at a lively rate.

The professor had intended to give his aerolite a bath of a certain preparation of soda, which he kept for such purposes; but, in his hurry and excitement, he had taken from the shelf the aqua-fortis instead! The fierce liquid had in an instant dissolved that which had, in interplanetary space, for untold millions of years kept inviolate the secret of the "Lord of Light."

The poor old fellow's death was due to the sudden shock consequent on his terrible blunder.

A WARNING.

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

PALEST gold of early sunrise lit the face of all the land,
Touching into life the hill-tops and the shore of glist'ning sand,
Kissing into flame the waters lapping, rippling at my feet,
Tuning all the soul of nature into harmony complete—

Kindling e'en a simple dew-drop on a tinted leaflet's breast,
Till to me it seemed a jewel from some wandering angel's crest.

Wonderingly the leaf I lifted, by poetic fancy drawn,
Bent too near—I breathed upon it, and the heavenly gem was gone!

Oh, my loved one, angel-hearted, is it strange that drop of dew
Was to me a potent warning not to bend too near to you?
One hot breath of passion's impulse, and my love would be in vain;
You would flee forever from me, in the vanished dew-drop's train!

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PALMISTRY.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

As long ago as in the days when blind Homer wandered about Greece and told his marvelous stories, we read of palmistry, the science of telling character or revealing destiny by consulting the palms of the human hands.

What was once an earnest belief is now an amusement for fanciful people, and it is quite a common habit to consult the modern prophets who gravely promise to reveal past, present, and future by that simple method.

Our grandmothers were wont secretly to repair to the haunts of gypsy fortune-tellers, and, in return for sundry coins, heard words that were "too strange not to be true," and go away with pretended indifference but secret belief.

The modern study of palmistry, aside from its use by charlatans and impostors, is decidedly interesting. That there is much truth in the generalities of the so-called science, all observant persons must admit, after even a short time given to examination of the hands of their acquaintances.

There is a general idea of what is correct in the construction of the human body; and the hand, as an extremity, may be weak or strong, sensitive or brutal, in its shape, and its expression may be as clearly read as can the lines in the face.

The square hands, with fingers that are broad and flat, belong to artisans, and the narrow pointed fingers to the artist. Even if the latter spends his life in industrial toil, his work is sure to express finer effects than do the products of the square-handed worker, provided the environment of each has allowed him liberty of action in his work.

The square hand may accomplish graceful outlines and beautiful completeness, but it will not be from a spontaneous love of such things.

There are three kinds of hands, according to the several authorities on this subject. The first, with tapering fingers, has quick sensibilities, delicate and keen perceptions; it loves poetry and art, and, under favorable surroundings, its owner will be a genuine artist and will create the very highest types.

The second kind has fingers with square ends and with but little difference in their lengths. The possessor of this hand is practical, sensible, well balanced in mind and temper, scientific in his tastes, and thorough in everything he undertakes. If such a hand belong to a woman, she will be a fine housekeeper and will have such executive power that she will know how to make her home the most attractive place on earth.

The third or spade-shaped hand has short fingers, short nails, and cushions or pads on both sides of the latter. The owner of such a hand is a person of strong likes and dislikes and quite fond of the material things of life.

Of course, education and the circumstances which surround every human being modify all these types, and there are perhaps no instances where they will be exactly in accord with their original indications. For instance, the division of the finger from joint to joint is said to have as much to do with the character as has the shape of the hand. The spade-shaped finger may belong to an artist, because the length of his fingers gives him artistic tendencies. In such a case, his taste will be material and will not tend toward the lofty and pure. One virtue may offset a defect, or a defect make a virtue valueless; so that the study of palmistry becomes quite an intricate affair.

The proportions of the divisions of the fingers must be taken into account, joint by joint. The part next the hand represents the physical; the middle part stands for the intellectual; and the end, where the nail grows, tells of the soul and its spiritual domination over the individual.

If the bone next the hand is longest, its owner prefers use to beauty, prose to poetry, the material to the imaginative; if the middle joint is longest, the man is logical and reasonable and has good common sense; if the top joint is very long, there is an excess of ideality, an emotional tendency, a religious

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enthusiasm. Of course, if these joints are evenly proportioned, it speaks well for the happiness of the fortunate possessor.

Next come the lines of the palm. The principal ones are the line of life, surrounding the base of the thumb, the line of the head, and the heart line.

The first begins near the lines that cross the hand, and, if it is deep, of good color, and extends around the base of the thumb to the wrist, long life is assured. A break in its outline means an illness. If it is short, life will end before the beginning of the second half-century. The lines on the wrist tell the years of one's life, each long line counting thirty.

The head line begins near the line of life, and traverses the palm across the centre. If deep and intersected by a small number of smaller lines, it shows a strong mind and good judgment. If very deep and extending quite across the hand, it promises not only intellect, but calculation, craft, and meanness. When short and shallow, it indicates stupidity.

The heart line passes across the palm, between the head line and base of the fingers. Its nearness or distance from the head line tells the story of head or heart control in the affairs of life. If it turns upward toward the base of the forefinger, it assures the observer that the affections are elevated in their nature. The short deep lines at the base of the little finger, when the hand is closed tight, foretell marriage or marriages.

If the heart line sends down short marks toward the head line, it tells that the owner's love is founded on respect; but, if they go upward, it will be composed of emotions and impulse. Breaks in the heart line indicate an inconstant temperament.

The thumb modifies the meaning of the other parts of the hand. If the joint next the hand is long, it will control, because it shows invention, decision, and adaptation; and the tip, if long, speaks of logic, will, and good judgment. The length of the nail-joint determines the amount of reason, and, in highly developed natures, it will shut over the fingers; while in children and weak people the thumbs close under the fingers, indicating feeble will or vitality.

Small thumbs show a poetic and imaginative nature, and tell also that the owner lives by the power of the emotions. If well formed and large, the thumb indicates a delicacy of sentiment, as well as a strong will and a well-balanced mind.

The thumb is called the "orderly" of the hand, which conveys the will of the brain to the fingers, and stands guard until the commands are obeyed.

In palmistry, both hands must be consulted. The left hand holds the signs of the intellect, heart, riches, and honors, while in the right is found the clearest prophecy as to length of days, health, and the like.

Of course, all these are to a great extent ingenious surmises; but, taken together with an observation of the temperament, stature, color of eyes, hair, and other points, they help to suggest the future of an individual.

BALLAD.

BY FLORENCE MAY ALT.

Love and Sorrow, hand in hand,
  Came to my door one day;
How could I let Love pleading stand?
  How could I say her nay?

But Sorrow shall not come, I said;
  She shall not dwell with me.
Then gay Love shook her winsome head—
  "We may not par'ed be."

Yet Love I took in brilliant guise,
  To be my very own;
And Sorrow left, with wistful eyes,
  Outside the door alone.

Too gay, too gladsome, Love I found,
  To dwell content with me;
Caged in my heart, she fluttered round
  And fretted to be free.

So from my door I raised the bar,
  And, ere it fell to place,
Pale Sorrow, silent as a star,
  Had slipped within the space.

Now Sorrow makes with me her home,
  Nor ever will depart;
Yet I am glad that she has come,
  To fill my empty heart.

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HINTS FOR HOME-MAKERS.

BY MINNIE E. KENNEY.

CERTAINLY there never was a time when lovers of beauty could have their artistic tastes gratified at so small an expenditure of means. Given a certain amount of taste, a few hints as to the best use to make of materials that are within the reach of all, fingers that can use a needle deftly, and, if need be, wield a brush with a slight degree of skill, and any home-maker can transform her little kingdom into a realm of beauty. There are so many inexpensive materials to be found which lend themselves to a variety of uses, and to which the skill of the needle-woman can give the charm of her own individuality if she is fertile in design. The homeliest fabrics are apotheosized into art draperies: denim, once known only as a fabric for men's overalls; burlap, a material for wrapping; and Bolton sheeting, woven for sheeting in the work-houses of England, have all stepped into popular favor and proved their susceptibility to the beautifying influences of the needle and the brush.

Denim deserves the palm for cheapness and adaptibility, and with but little work makes a very artistic appearance. A very pretty portière can be made of brown denim, painted in oil-colors, with long trailing sprays of Virginia creeper extending downward toward the bottom of the curtain. The dull-brown makes an effective background for the purple berries and the rich crimson of the autumn-kissed leaves, and it does not by any means require a skilled artist to make this decoration a success. You can form your own design by gathering sprays of the creeper, arranging them on your denim, and roughly tracing the outlines with pencil or brush, and anyone who has the least acquaintance with the use of a brush will find no difficulty in putting on the masses of rich color which form the leaves. The effect is very brilliant, and well repays the small amount of work which it costs.

Another equally effective hanging can be made by painting straggling branches of yellow Scotch roses on a background of blue denim. A design of oranges, either naturally arranged or conventionalized, is also very satisfactory, and these designs can be arranged by buying a perforated paper pattern and stamping different parts of it in such a way as to secure a variety of arrangements.

Small discs or crescents of plush can be arranged in groups on the denim, and couched down with gold cord or strands of prettily contrasting rope silk, and a border of plush can be added at the bottom of the curtain. A pleasing effect may be produced by scattering groups of three and five lines among the plush figures. Velveteen is a good substitute, if the plush is a more expensive decoration than is desirable.

Another pretty method of decoration is to outline a wide conventional border in linen floss at the bottom of the curtain, and, where it is not convenient to have such a design stamped, a very satisfactory home-made pattern can be suggested. Cut large comma-shaped figures from white duck, and arrange seven of these around a central disc, with the small ends in the middle. After basting them firmly in place, couch them down with white couching-cord and scatter waving lines of the cord between the figures. Red may be used in place of the white, if preferred. A very pretty and inexpensive portière may be made of a heavy quality of Turkey-red twill. A wide band of black silesia or sateen is stitched at the bottom and a little way from the top of the curtain, and discs of black, some of them darned with red, are grouped here and there, fastened by black cord, couched down with red or yellow silk.

Equally pretty is a straggling conventional design fully a yard in width, outlined in black rope silk or linen floss just above the lower band of silesia. The red and black

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give a Turkish effect to this portière, and it makes a cheery hall or sitting-room hanging at a very trifling expenditure of time and money.

Denim makes pretty and serviceable hammock-pillows. Take two squares of denim, a little smaller than the desired size of the pillow, hem them, and make eyelet-holes an inch and a half apart, just inside the pillow. On the top of the pillow-cover, outline in linen floss a pilot's-wheel or some other appropriate device, and lace the two squares of denim over a large pillow, puffed around the edges with Turkey-red twill or bright-orange silesia.

Black sateen or even silesia, outlined in red or yellow silk, also makes a very effective covering, laced with black cord over such a pillow. Of course, curled hair is the preferable filling for hammock-pillows; but, where one does not care to incur the expense, excelsior makes a very convenient though homely substitute.

Denim has been used for bed-spreads, although it is too heavy and dark a fabric to commend itself to the taste of the majority for this purpose. It is blocked off into large diamonds which are outlined with linen floss, and some conventional design is worked in each of these spaces. A wide hem, edged with heavy lace, completes the spread. Though it is not as dainty as one could wish, yet it is useful, particularly in a bedroom which is used for a sitting-room during the day, and where little children are apt to climb upon the bed. It may be worked in either red or white floss.

Burlap already decorated for hangings can be procured under the high-sounding title of Canapis, but it is so easy to decorate that almost everyone will prefer to put her own handiwork on it. The best quality of burlap should be procured, and it may be painted a cream-white, a dull-blue, or a copper-colored ground. On this ground can be painted trailing vines of morning-glories, wistaria, nasturtiums, or trumpet-flowers, or the more popular decoration of stenciling may be employed. Heraldic designs or conventional figures may be stenciled on it in dull-gold, and the veriest novice may be assured of success if this latter method of beautifying the burlap be adopted; for at any large painting-establishment stencils can be procured, with all necessary preparations, and directions given for their use.

One of the materials that is very rarely used for curtains, and yet which makes a very dainty hanging for a summer cottage, is French silesia. It can be found in the most delicate colors, and makes a drapery that is almost as handsome as silk, and far more durable. A pair of curtains of a light-olive shade were decorated with a prettily contrasting shade of old-gold plush, put on in five bands, about three inches in width, near the bottom of the curtain, and a branch of apple-blossoms extending downward from the top of the hanging. The apple-blossoms were cut from French sateen of that pattern, and fastened on to the silesia with almost invisible stitches, and at a little distance the effect was that of exquisitely fine painting. Of course, these curtains would not take the place of heavier hangings; but for summer furnishing they would be dainty and appropriate, and could be decorated in various ways, according to the taste of the designer.

Within the last year, Bolton sheeting has sprung into popular favor, and it is now very extensively used. For a long time, it was only possible to get it unbleached, and it was necessary to have it dyed if any color was desired; but now it can be procured in any shade, and is such a thoroughly satisfactory material that it well deserves its popularity. Very pretty table-spreads are made of sage-colored Bolton sheeting, with arabesque borders of linen flosses in shaded olive, yellow, and old-pink. A fringe of linen floss of all the colors used in working the design may be knotted around the edge, and makes a pleasing finish. The unbleached sheeting may be also used with good effect.

A novelty in head-rests for steamer or hammock chairs is made of Bolton sheeting. The part designed for a pillow is outlined with some simple device, and the part that falls over the back of the chair is made in the shape of a pocket or bag, which is a convenient repository into which to tuck books or small articles till needed.

Yacht-pillows of old-red or blue Bolton sheeting may be simply and daintily decorated with a netting of white cord which extends diagonally across half the cushion, leaving space for a motto to be outlined in slanting letters, which look as if they were floating.

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Bed-spreads of the unbleached Bolton sheeting are well covered with a conventional design of large leaves and flowers, which are outlined in rope silk and filled in with all manner of fancy stitches. A very pretty one was worked in delicate shades of old-rose, dull-blue, and olive. It was finished with a wide hem and a fall of heavy lace. There is a great deal of work upon these bed-spreads, but they are very rich and effective and well repay the needle-woman's hours of toil.

When used without any decoration, Bolton sheeting makes a rich and graceful hanging, and is frequently used in this way by those who lack either inclination or skill to embroider. A pair of curtains which have been greatly admired were made of a golden-olive shade of Bolton sheeting, with a broad frieze-band of unbleached sheeting embroidered with an arabesque in golden-olive silk. The sheeting was cut away inside the outlines, showing pale-blue satin laid under the cream-white frieze.

An even more effective way is to darn the frieze in old-rose silk, leaving the flowers and leaves of the design to stand out in cream-white.

If these designs are too elaborate, a pattern can simply be outlined in rope silk, or a plain frieze of unbleached or a contrasting color of Bolton sheeting added. A frieze of plush is very rich, and, if figures of plush, cut different ways of the pile so as to get a play of color, are couched down upon the sheeting with gold cord, the effect is very rich.

There is a novelty in decorations for plain portières. It consists of a heavy diamond net-work at the top, about half a yard in depth, with pendants from each part falling to the bottom of the curtain. It is made of heavy worsted cord, with three colors in each cord, which is about three-fourths of an inch in diameter. At intervals of one foot down the length of these cords are tufts of the different colors, and each cord is finished with a heavy tassel. These decorations are fifty inches wide and are very pretty over a plain portière.

A GIRL'S RIGHTS AND DUTIES.

BY AMY ROSS.

EVERY girl has a right to expect from her brothers the polite attentions which custom decrees that a gentleman should pay to a lady, and they will not think the less of her for exacting them. In return there are many small ways of rendering home attractive to them, particularly after the fatigue of a long day's work.

A good dinner, a cheery room, a bright fire, an open piano, new books and periodicals, will frequently incline a young man to remain at home after a day's work, rather than to go out seeking pleasure with boon companions. Of course, he likes to have his friends come to see him occasionally; for man, be it observed, is a social animal fond of good company, and when we discuss the ways and means of keeping him at home, we must not overlook that point. Plenty of friends and social intercourse is good for everybody, particularly for the young, who are apt to become discontented and unhappy without it.

Music is in itself a great source of attraction, and most young men are fond of it, even if they are not themselves actual performers. Therefore it is very foolish of girls to neglect this weapon in their armory, and "give up" their singing and playing the instant they leave school. If a boy wishes to learn some instrument, even the banjo or the concertina, or if he has an ambition to try what he can do with his voice, let us cork up our ears with cotton wool and disguise our feelings, rather than put obstacles in his way, unmelodious though it be. Consider that "music hath charms" for him, and that these charms may prove strong enough to keep him contentedly by the piano at home, instead of wandering away to unknown and perhaps questionable haunts.

Every girl with brothers ought to lay these golden maxims to heart, as by so doing she will add to their happiness as well as to her own. And she will thus find a mission useful enough to satisfy any woman.

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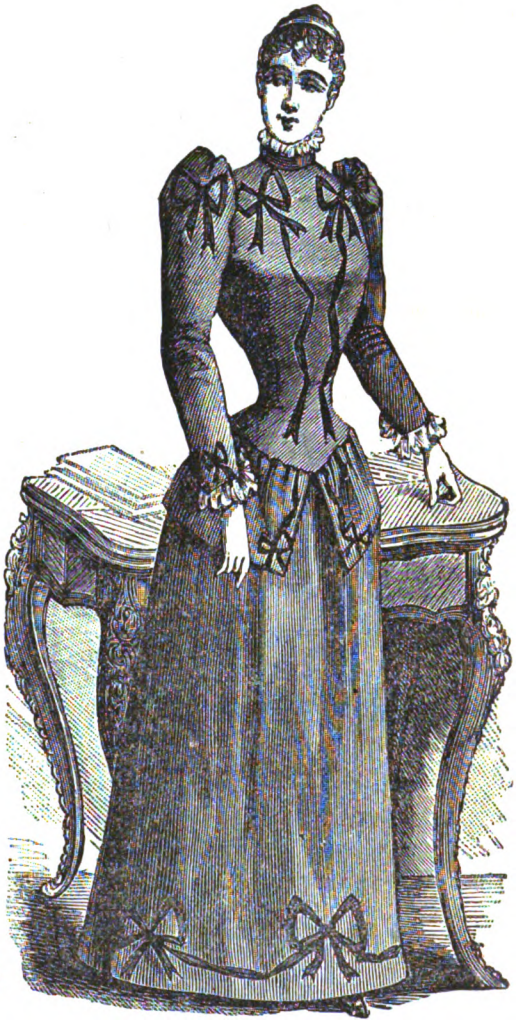
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a toilette for the street or visiting, of striped challis. The front of the skirt is cut about twelve inches below the waist-line, and the skirt-part put on slightly full as a deep flounce with a heading, as may be seen in the illustration. The bodice is full in front on to a yoke of velvet, to correspond. The back is plain and ends in a deep basque. High puffed sleeves. Velvet collar. Cuffs of embroidery. Hat of straw, trimmed with bows of velvet ribbon and flowers. Twelve to fourteen yards of challis will be required for this gown, and half a yard of velvet for yoke and collar.

No. 1.



No. 2.

No. 2—Is a house-dress, of violet and

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white striped mohair. The skirt is prettily trimmed with violet ribbon put on in

No. 3.

Louis XV bow-knots. The bodice fastens at the side, is pointed back and front, and has a ruffle basque ornamented with the

No. 4.

ribbon bow-knots. Ribbon, put on in the same style, trims the bodice and sleeves.

No. 3—Is a morning or breakfast jacket, of heliotrope surah, trimmed with soft white lace. The back and fronts are full, being laid in fine tucks down the front and over the shoulders; back to match. The basque-part is composed of two rows of lace insertion between bands of the surah. A frill of the lace finishes the edge of the basque. A band of the lace insertion trims the

No. 5.

fronts, and the lace frill finishes the neck and forms a jabot down the front. The full sleeves are gathered into deep cuffs formed of rows of insertion between the bands of surah. Ribbons are tied in front from the side seams, also at the throat.

No. 4.—Hat for a young girl, of shirred muslin or lace. This is one of the newest shapes and designs of the season. Any pretty bunch of flowers may ornament the front of the hat.

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No. 6

No. 5—Is a little girl's frock in blue linen, trimmed with a flounce of white embroidery.

No. 7.

No. 8.

Sailor collar. The edge of the sailor collar is trimmed with the embroidery to match

No. 9.

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the flounce. Hat in shirred muslin, dark-blue or white.

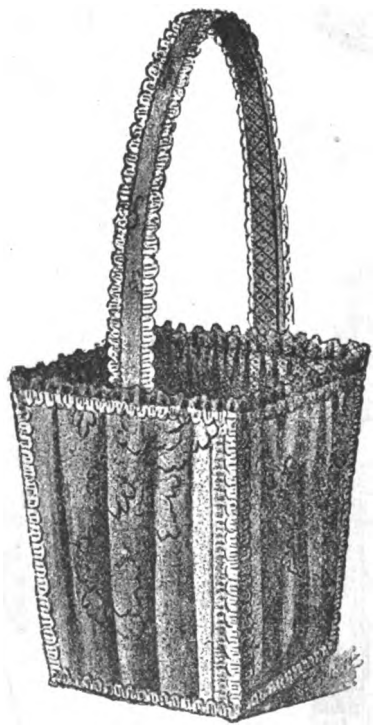
No. 6—Is a new sleeve for a woolen or wash dress. The cuff is composed of rows of fancy silk or washing-braids, as the material may demand.

No. 7—Is a plaid gingham for a young girl. The skirt is edged with Hamburg embroidery, and an insertion of the same is placed above the hem. The bodice, which is full back and front, has a small basque formed of the plaits and is worn under a leather belt. Hamburg embroidery forms collar, yoke, and cuffs.

No. 8—Is a sailor suit for a little boy, in either white duck or blue serge. The anchors, etc., are embroidered upon the skirt, collar, and sleeves, in French working-cotton or else in wash-silks.

No. 9—Is a plaid gingham dress for a little girl of six years. A gathered flounce trims the edge of the skirt and forms the square yoke. Hat of straw, trimmed with plaid and plain ribbon.

SCRAP-BASKET.



The foundation of this pretty basket is made of stiff card-board. The outside is covered with pretty flowered China silk or cretonne, and the inside with a small-figured chintz or silk corresponding with the outside. The seams are all covered with a quilled ribbon, if of silk — or a ruching of the cretonne, if the basket is covered with cretonne. The handle consists of two pieces of the card-board, each covered and put together with a gathered edge of the material put in between the two card-boards. Any shape of basket, round or square, may be covered in the same way. Small peach-baskets make a very good foundation.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR JULY.

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MORNING-BODICE: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

This style of bodice is most useful to wear at the present season of the year, as it can be made in a variety of materials and can be worn with a variety of skirts. Cream or red washing-silk, zephyr, flannelette, cashmere, serge, cambric, etc., may all be used for this bodice. The effect is much enhanced if the belt, collar, and cuffs are in velvet of a contrasting color. Our pattern consists of five pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. HALF OF SLEEVE.
4. HALF OF COLLAR.
5. HALF OF CUFF.

The notches and letters show how the pieces are joined. The bodice is full, back and front, and the double collar turns over, the straight part being sewed to the bodice. In some instances, the collar and cuffs are entirely of embroidery; and the belt is of leather, with oxydized silver buckle.

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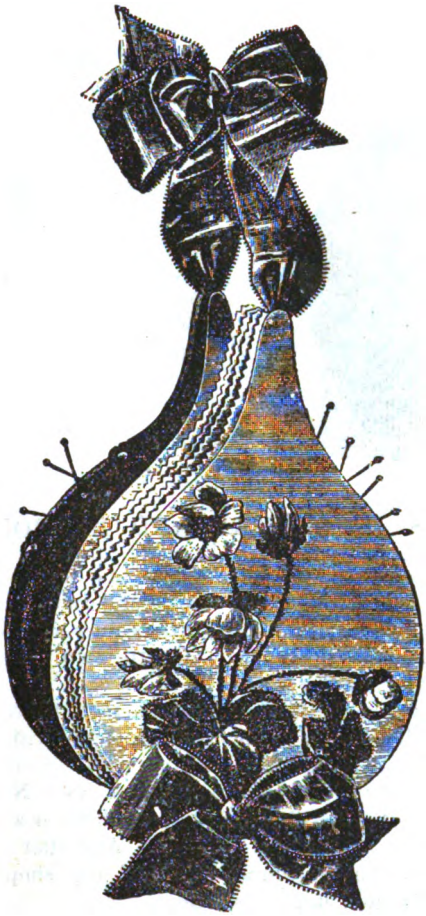
NEEDLE-BOOK AND PINCUSHION.



One of this season's pretty novelties is the very attractive combination needle-book and pincushion. Three pieces of card-board, cut in bellows-shape, form the foundation of this pretty conceit. These pieces of card-board are smoothly covered with silk, and two of them are joined to a shaped strip of velvet or plush to form the cushion, which is well stuffed with wool. To the back of the remaining section are fastened leaves of flannel or cloth, that form the book. They are cut the same shape as the card-board and notched evenly at the edges. The parts are held together at the top by ribbon gathered to them, and tied in a large bow a little above the ends, while at the bottom they may be tacked together or left free. A floral spray is either painted or embroidered on the needle-book, and a bow to match the top adorns the bottom. The colors and decoration to be used are left to the individual taste.

HEADS TO BE DONE IN OUTLINE.

On the Supplement, we give the heads, to be done in outline, of General Washington and Martha Washington. These designs are suitable for sofa-pillows or antimacassars. When well done in India ink or with fine etching-silk on satin or very fine linen, they make a beautiful ornament for a room, if simply framed.

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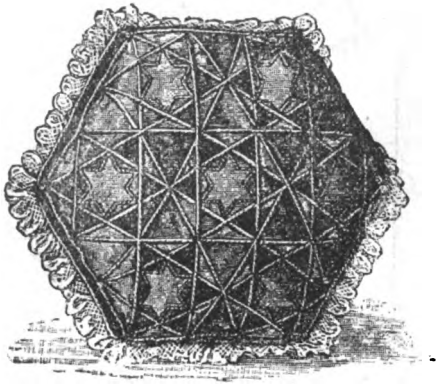
PATCHWORK PINCUSHION.



This design is composed of hexagons and triangles, the former being of blue satin, with a brocade star in the centre, while the triangles are formed of silk remnants in various shades of red and light-brown. The seams are covered with gold cord, and the cushion bordered with a strip of red velvet, to which a fringe of gold lace is attached.

DESIGNS IN OUTLINE AND EMBROIDERY.

SIDEBOARD-CLOTH.—For our colored pattern, this month, we give a beautiful design of narcissus for a sideboard-cloth. It is done on coarse linen, in outline, with either one color or with shades of green for the leaves and stems and pale-yellow for the flowers, with the centres of very pale-green; also the shading on the petals is done in the pale-green. Fringe the ends, and tie in one or two rows of knots. Either washing-silks or linen floss can be used.

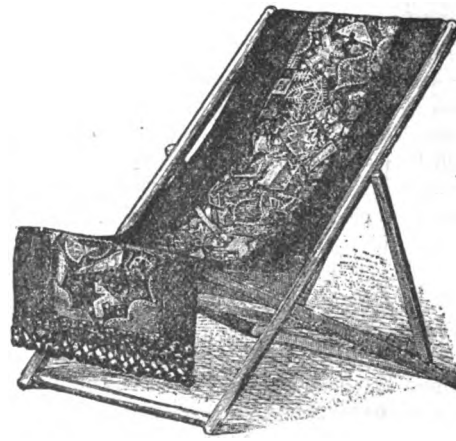
A JAPANESE DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY.—This pretty design of wild roses and stems is done in outline and Kensington-stitch, in the natural colors or else in one tone. Useful for the corner of a table-centre napkin.

CUPID AND THE OLD, OLD STORY.—These designs are in outline, with Kensington-stitch for the heavy parts, or they may be etched with a pen and India ink: for the centre of a chair-back, sofa-pillow, etc.

LETTER AND NAME FOR MARKING.—The large letter is a very effective design for towels. Any letter can be easily drawn from this, and the simple forget-me-not introduced.

CHAIR-STRIPE IN PATCHWORK.

The foundation for the appliqué patchwork in the centre is dark-olive velvet, on which silk remnants of various shapes and colors are sewed with chenille, gold thread, silk, and filoselle, in cross, buttonhole, chain, and other fancy stitches. The stripe, when done, is finished with a chenille fringe at one end, and the whole is mounted upon an extension chair.



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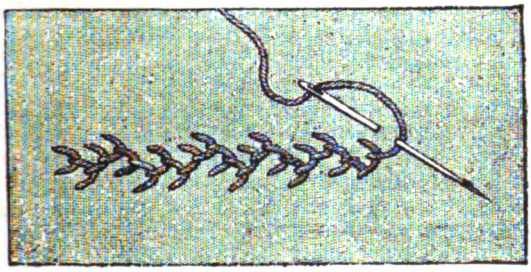
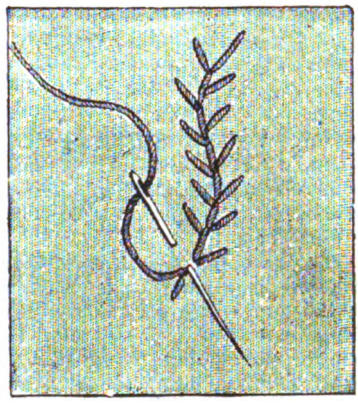
DIFFERENT STYLES OF FEATHER-STITCHING.

No. 1—Is called "point de coral," and is one of the prettiest of the feather-stitches. The illustration showing how the needle is placed gives the mode of working. These



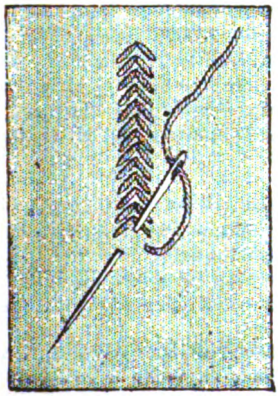
No. 1.



No. 2.

feather-stitches are universally used upon infants' clothing, both flannel and muslin, also on underwear and flannel for petticoats and jackets. On muslin, it is done in fine crochet cotton; on flannel, etc., in embroidery-silk. We give a number of different ways of working.

No. 2—Simple feather-stitch.
No. 3—Another variety.
No. 4—An edge for ruffling.
Nos. 5 and 6—To join two edges.



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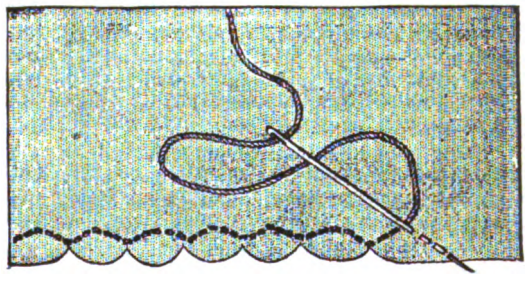

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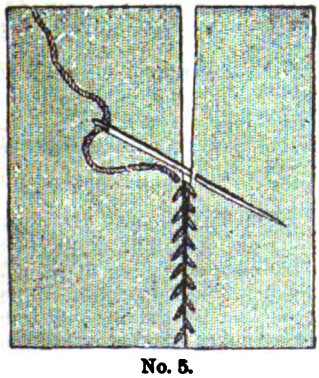

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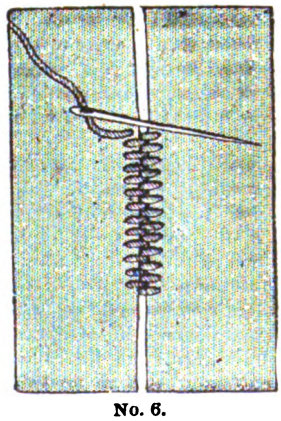

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

OUR JULY NUMBER is, we feel sure, attractive enough to serve as a favorable specimen of what may be expected of the volume it commences.

The newspapers talk so much about us that it seems unnecessary to say much about ourselves; but we are glad to chronicle the fact that, appreciative as our subscribers have always been of our efforts to please them, they have never been so liberal and so unanimous in commendation as during the present year.

The excellence of our illustrations brings special praise, and the new fashion-plate is generally declared an immense improvement. Our miscellaneous articles attract much attention and have been widely copied—a privilege we are always willing to accord, though we confess that we like to have credit given us therefor. In this new volume, the range of subjects treated in such papers will be even wider and more varied than hitherto. We have made arrangements for numerous illustrated articles of noted places in our own country, and before long we shall give some capital sketches of Florida by Frank H. Sweet, which will be accompanied by a series of admirable photogravures.

Steady progress in every department will be our constant aim, and we shall put forth every effort tostrengthen our claim to being the Model Family Magazine of America. It should be remembered by subscribers that, by doing all they can still further to increase our wide circulation, they will enable us to offer still greater and more varied attractions. We are already giving illustrations equal in number and merit to those of the highest-priced periodicals, and, besides these, we furnish each month two double fashion-sheets, profuse designs for embroidery and needle-work of all sorts, and a Supplement containing a full-sized pattern of some article of dress.

Each number contains a long list of tales, verse, miscellaneous articles, an illustrated story and poem, and two illustrated articles, together with papers of interest to every housekeeper. All this for two dollars a year, with large reductions to clubs!

Among our contributors, we count some of the best-known names in American literature, and in 1892 we shall add several others of the younger writers who have lately won a wide popularity here and abroad.

SOME TABLE-DECORATIONS.—There are few decorations for the table prettier than wild flowers arranged in China, glass, or moss. Perhaps the last arrangement, although troublesome, is the most effective. You must arrange the moss in banks along the table, and put in all sorts of grasses, such as are found in the fields in June. Between these grasses, place large white daisies, corn-flowers, sultans, and any other wild flowers you like, the daisies predominating in height and number. Clover is a pretty addition to the grass as a groundwork. To arrange a table of this sort requires much patience and lightness of fingering, as wild flowers out of water are prone to droop. If moss is used moist on the table, there must be a sheet of waterproof paper put under it, where you cannot have tins. When the autumn flowers, such as golden-rod and asters, make their appearance, a vase or bowl holding one kind of blossoms is prettier without the moss—old silver, China, or glass having the preference. Never have your table without flowers, if you can help it. The happy folk who live in the country need never be without at least a pot of growing ferns till the frost comes, and after that the holly-berry and bitter-sweet can be substituted.

THINGS WORTH KNOWING.—That a mixture of rain-water, cologne, and glycerine is excellent for roughness of the skin.

That a growing castor-oil plant will drive mosquitoes, flies, and other pests from the room in which it is set.

That pulverized camphor and lard stirred to a salve is excellent for croup or colds, applied to the throat, chest, and nose.

That you should breathe through your nose instead of your mouth, especially on passing from a warm room or hall into the damp night air.

That a simple test for the detection of lead in drinking-water is furnished by tincture of cochineal, a few drops of which will color the water blue if there is the remotest trace of lead present.

SHOT SILKS, SATINS, AND SURAHS make up into the most delightful small table-covers, sachets, wall-pockets, and portfolios. The satins decidedly look the handsomest. Fancy a gray satin table-cover, shot with pink, embroidered with apricot-tinted flowers and golden-brown stems and green leaves shading to brown.

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To Decorate Bed-Rooms.—For bed-rooms, covers, quilts, etc., are sometimes made to correspond. Say the material chosen is pale-blue linen. The bed-spread, small table-cover, toilet and wash-stand slips, mats, and splasher are all of the same, and the decoration consists of pale-yellow marguerites shaded with darker tints, but all soft and subdued. The edges may be finished off in this manner: Set five or seven rows of silk along the edge at regular intervals, like the printed lines of a sheet of music. This is done by taking a long stitch in front of the material, catching up two threads, then another long stitch. The stitch may measure about a quarter of an inch, and always the two same threads are to be taken up in every row. When these are done, make a buttonhole-stitch over the whole of the five or seven rows, just where the two threads are taken up. Now you have the rows of gold thread all buttonholed over with blue thread at regular distances.

A Taste for Reading.—One cannot help feeling sorry for girls who grow dull and bored as soon as they cease to be excited by some gay party or occupied by some projected entertainment. Life is worth little, if it must be continually fed by artificial stimulants. Resolve that you will have resources, and lay up stores for thought and memory against the days which may come—days of pain, illness, and enforced seclusion, because of weakness and advancing years—if a woman's years may be said to advance. Determine that you will be bright and pleasant, even when the beauty of youth is gone. This is one of the many reasons a taste for reading should be early acquired and persevered in. In the choice of books, however, as in the choice of friends, there is only one rule—choose the best.

"My Favorite."—A well-known literary woman writes: "'Peterson' grows steadily better, though it was always my favorite from a child."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Queer Family. By Effie W. Merriman. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—One must have a genuine interest in the little waifs of humanity, and a thorough understanding of their peculiarities, to write about them so charmingly as Mrs. Merriman does. The present story is a delightful production, at once pathetic and amusing, and so healthy in tone that no boy or girl—or grown person, either—can rise from its perusal without feeling bettered thereby. Mrs. Merriman possesses intellectual power as strong as her sympathy is warm and wide, and to these gifts she adds the rare ability of making her characters talk and act so naturally that they become real living persons not easily forgotten by those who make their acquaintance. The publishers have just issued a new edition of Mrs. Merriman's "Pards," a book whose popularity continues deservedly to increase. It is an admirable story, told in a fascinating way; and the adventures of its two little heroes, whose courage never flags under the sharpest trials, contain lessons which everybody, big or little, would do well to take to heart.

The New Era in Russia. By Charles A. de Arnaud. New York: J. S. Ogilvie.—We all agree that no person can judge a subject comprehendingly until he has studied both sides of it; and, acting on this principle, the thousands of Americans who have read the works on Russia by Stepniak and Kenyon should read "The New Era." It is clearly and forcibly written, and deals with Russian political and social questions from what to many will be an entirely new point of view. In the opinion of some of our most prominent statesmen, the author establishes his position by the strongest possible evidence, and there can be no doubt that the book will produce a profound impression in this country.

The Biography of Dio Lewis, M.D. By Mary F. Eastman. New York: Fowler & Wells.—This is a capitally written biography of a man whose career deserves chronicling, not alone for its success, but for the noble motive which animated it from first to last. For more than thirtyfive years, Dio Lewis devoted his entire energy and fine mental abilities to the reformation and advance of everything connected with medicine, hygiene, and general education. The results of his work are as wide-spread as their influence will be lasting, and his biographer has given a faithful record of his self-appointed task and brings the personality of his strongly marked character very clearly before the reader.

Looking Forward. By George Sumner Weaver, D.D. New York: Fowler & Wells.—This is a book written especially for young men, and will prove as useful as it is interesting. That important member of society, the youth of to-day, is considered from every side—mental, moral, social, and physical—in a fashion as sympathetic as it is practical. The work is full of effective points and incidents, and is written throughout with a freshness and brightness which show how completely the writer enters into the spirit of his task, to which he brings the intimate knowledge gained in a long and wide experience.

My Lady's Master. By Lady Maude Rutledge, author of "His Heart's Delight."—This volume cannot fail to prove a very popular addition to the publishers' list of twentyfive-cent novels, as it ranks among the foremost of its author's productions. This series of cheap books deserves special commendation; for not only are the works from the pens of distinguished American, English, and foreign authors, but the selection

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is made with great discernment and care, from a moral as well as a literary standpoint.

A Child of Song. By Florence May Alt. Rochester: Rodell Bros.—Numerous of the author's short lyrics are familiar to our readers, who will welcome the appearance of this dainty volume. Many of the poems are new to us, and the collection merits great praise. Miss Alt possesses a vivid imagination and much descriptive power, and, into the bargain, her verse is smooth and melodious. She is a very young poet, for whom a brilliant future may safely be presaged.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SOME wonder why Pond's Extract continues to be advertised. It is without question the most universally used remedy in the country. There are two reasons: First, because of its universal use, hosts of imitators have sprung up, who, with a usually worthless article, endeavor to gain some of the justly deserved trade of Pond's Extract, and against these imitations it is desired to caution the public. Second, because, though used universally, people might, with advantage to themselves, very much increase their use of it, should they consider how wide a range of diseases it is applicable to.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crême Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* Pfrs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

OUR readers will confer a favor, both upon ourselves and our advertisers, if, when they reply to any of the advertisements in our columns, they will kindly mention the fact that said advertisement appeared in "Peterson."

A PUNGENT, pleasant, powerful, perfect, pain preventive is N. K. Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger.

PHILOSOPHY OF WATERING OUTDOOR PLANTS.

Two acknowledged agencies in vigorous and healthy plant-growth are heat and moisture; plants growing out-of-doors must usually take the heat as they find it, and, as we cannot increase this element, our object should be not to diminish it. Moisture, on the other hand, is more under our control; but, if we exercise that control, and water our plants during dry weather in the evening, we do so at the expense of a great portion of the heat we decide to preserve. Two influences are thus brought into operation in cooling down the plants and retarding their growth, which we vainly endeavor to urge forward by moisture; these are evaporation and radiation. Evaporation is the more rapid in proportion to the dryness of the air, and therefore it is most active when the necessity for watering is the most urgent; but evaporation cannot take place without producing cold, and that cold is proportionate to the rapidity of the evaporating process. Chemistry points out the reason of this: vapor having a greater capacity for heat than water, the heat, sensible in the water, becomes latent in its vapor, and the temperature falls—additional heat, to keep up the temperature, not being quickly enough supplied by the surrounding media. What, then, is the practical effect of an evening's watering? The air is dry from the heat of the day, and evaporation goes on briskly; the temperature consequently falls, and the plants are chilled, as there are no sun's rays to communicate fresh warmth. The growth of plants thus treated is sometimes even more unsatisfactory than that of others growing in apparently arid soil, which have been allowed to take their chance. The other source of diminished temperature is radiation. Every warm body tends continually to throw off its heat to all other bodies of lower warmth, near or remote. By adopting morning waterings, there can be no doubt but that evaporation will go on much more freely; but the atmosphere is becoming warmer instead of colder, and the sun's rays exert their counteracting influence. The darkened surface of the soil—that very condition which makes the ground throw off its heat more readily during the night—causes it to imbibe the heat of the sun's rays by day with increased facility, so that we have the greatest amount of the fostering agencies of heat and moisture for successful plant-growth. Artificial waterings, to be most effective, should be copious and abundant, and applied either in early morning or during a dull day. Water that has been previously exposed to the sun's rays is always preferable to that freshly obtained from a cold tank or well, owing to the chill imparted to the circulatory fluid of the plants by the application of such low-temperatured water.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

PRESERVES AND JELLIES.

Preserved Pine-Apple.—Peel the ripe fruit, and cut into slices half an inch thick. Make a syrup with a pound of loaf-sugar and half a gill of water, let it boil five minutes, then put in the pine-apple; let it be quite covered with the syrup. Boil it gently till the fruit is soft, about twenty minutes. Put it in jars and fill up with the syrup; but, if too thin, add more sugar to the syrup only, and boil it till it is very thick; pour it hot on the fruit. Place the jars in a current of air between window and door, if

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possible. In a day or two, place circles of tissue-paper on the fruit; snip the edges of the paper to make them lie close to the sides of the jars. All preserves and jams should be kept in a current of air; they will then not mold or candy or require further tying down if tissue-paper be placed on the preserve.

Egg-Plum Preserve.—Throw the plums into a saucepan containing fast-boiling water, let them boil in it for one minute, then throw them into cold water. Then they will readily skin. To each pound of fruit, weighed after skinning, use three-quarters of a pound of loaf-sugar, first made into a syrup with a gill of water to each pound of sugar. Let the syrup boil for five minutes, then add the skinned fruit and boil twenty minutes; afterward treat them as directed for pine-apple. The stones to be left in the plums, which must be kept whole as possible.

Strawberry or Raspberry Acid.—Pour one quart of good cider vinegar over three quarts of fresh berries; allow to stand twentyfour hours, then strain off the liquor and pour it over three more quarts of fresh berries; stand for twentyfour hours more, and strain. Now add a full pint of sugar to each pint of juice; boil slowly ten minutes, skimming off the impurities that rise. Bottle when cold. For a drink, add two or three spoonfuls of the vinegar to a glass of cold water. A most acceptable, wholesome, and refreshing draught on a warm day.

Raspberry and Currant Jelly.—Put a quart of raspberries into a pint of currant-juice; let them boil slowly together until the raspberries are broken up, then strain out the fruit through a sieve. Return the juice to the preserving-kettle, boil for a quarter of an hour, and to each pint—measured before boiling—allow three-quarters of a pound of sugar. Boil gently, skimming as required, for half an hour, or until the jelly will set. If a very sweet jelly is desired, rather more sugar can be used.

Blackberry Cordial.—To two quarts of blackberries, put one pound and a half of sugar, one ounce of allspice, one half-ounce of cinnamon, one quarter-ounce of cloves (all ground), and one grated nutmeg. Boil all together slowly for ten minutes; when cool, add one pint of brandy, and cork tightly. A most effective remedy in summer ailments.

Cherry Syrup.—Take fine ripe Morella cherries, and slightly bruise them. Put them into the preserving-kettle, and let them simmer until the juice is well drawn. Then strain through a lawn sieve, lightly pressing the fruit. Put the juice back into the kettle, and finish the syrup as directed for raspberries.

Blackberry Syrup.—To one pint of blackberry-juice, put one pound of loaf-sugar, half an ounce of powdered cinnamon, quarter-ounce of mace, and a teaspoonful of cloves; boil all together for a quarter of an hour, then strain through fine muslin, and add to each pint a wineglassful of brandy.

Raspberry Jam.—Let the fruit boil for twenty minutes, skim it, then to every pound of fruit put three-quarters of a pound of sugar, and boil very gently for three-quarters of an hour, or until it drops from the spoon.

FASHIONS FOR JULY.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF LILAC GINGHAM. The plain skirt is trimmed with two rows of narrow black watered silk ribbon. The bodice has two points, both back and front, and is edged with two rows of very narrow ribbon. The sleeves are tight from the wrist to above the elbow, where they are put in quite full under a ribbon trimming. Black straw hat, trimmed with black feathers.

FIG. II.—DRESS, OF TWO SHADES OF MOSS-GREEN SATEEN, with a trimming of the gay woven border. The front is of the lightest shade of green. The straight skirt and jacket are of the darker shade. The belt, side panels, and facing of the jacket are of the gay bordering. Straw hat, trimmed with poppies.

FIG. III.—OUT-OF-DOOR DRESS, OF BLUE SUMMER SERGE. The skirt is trimmed with a broad band of white and gray bordering. The blouse bodice has a large square collar at the back, coming to a point in front, where it is finished with a blue silk tie spotted with white. Plastron and deep cuffs to the large sleeves, of the gray and white bordering. Straw hat, trimmed with bunches of wheat and black cock's-plumes.

FIG. IV.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF CORN-FLOWER BLUE INDIA SILK. The skirt is plain, opening at the left side over a plaiting of fine white muslin. The full waist opens over a plaiting of the muslin, which fastens slightly on the left side under a sash of the muslin. Wrinkled muslin cuffs to the high sleeves. White muslin hat, much ornamented with pink ribbon and roses.

FIG. V.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF WHITE EMBROIDERED MUSLIN, worn over a green slip. The scalloped bottom falls over a plaited green silk ruffle. The full bodice has a green ribbon ornament reaching up the front from the waist, and a sash tied on the left side with long ends. An embroidered ruffle forms a kind of yoke. Full sleeves, trimmed with ribbon bows. Long black kid gloves. Large hat of white muslin, trimmed with white roses and green leaves and long green gauze veil.

FIG. VI.—SEA-SIDE DRESS, OF BLUE SERGE. The skirt is edged with a band of red serge, put on with blue feather-stitch. The skirt is slightly raised on the right side. Bodice not very full, with a wide sailor-collar and blue tie. Leather belt. Sleeves loose and full above

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the elbows. Blue sailor-hat, trimmed with dark-red ribbon.

FIG. VII.—DRESS, OF ÉCRU MUSLIN, studded with pale-blue spots. The blue bouquet border is woven in the muslin. The dress is cut Princesse style, and the soft silken sash crossing the bodice and tied on the right side is of ecru and blue plaid. Straw hat, covered with ecru lace and ornamented with corn-flowers.

FIG. VIII.—MORNING-DRESS, OF GREEN AND WHITE STRIPED GINGHAM. The skirt is trimmed at the bottom with tabs composed of a woven border of the gingham. The full bodice is edged with a ruffle at the top, and the yoke and collar are of the bordering of which the trimming on the bottom of the skirt is composed. The sleeves are edged with a wide ruffle and have cuffs. Sleeves of black velvet. Waistband of black velvet. Coarse straw hat.

FIG. IX —WALKING-DRESS, OF THIN SUMMER WOOLEN, OF DELICATE FAWN-COLOR. The bottom is edged with a border woven in the material. The deep jacket opens over a waistcoat ornamented with pieces of the woven border, and the cuffs are trimmed with the same. Straw hat, ornamented with high standing bows of surah silk.

FIG. X.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF GRAY CHALLIS, dotted with violet. The bottom is edged with a woven border of light-gray, striped with violet. The bodice is made of the bordering, with a full pointed waistband of the dotted challis. Full puffs of white mull, tied across with violet ribbon, ornament the front of the bodice. Sleeves of the bias bordering to the elbow; above that, they are of the dotted challis. Hat of gray straw, trimmed with a white wing and gray ribbon.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The fashions have been so well established for so long that there is nothing really new to say about them.

Skirts for walking are still rather too lengthy for comfort, though they do not drag on the ground as they did earlier in the season.

Ruffles and flounces of various widths are used for trimming the bottom of skirts, lace being often employed for that purpose. Shell and rose quilling are also popular, as well as bands of velvet ribbon, very broad braid, and embroidery.

Bodices are made in a great variety of styles, for the loose crossed ones are still much liked; though those with basques, cut either in one piece in the length, or with an added basque, are newer. Some of the basque bodices have coat-revers or lappels from the shoulder to the bottom, and this gives added length to the appearance of the waist and is becoming to stout figures. In many cases, the dress-bodice is cut with the ordinary pointed waist back and front, and a straight plaited or gathered strip is added, which gives a basque effect, but is easily fitted. Such an added basque is seen in Fig. 9 in our June plate.

Sleeves are made quite high and full and also quite long sometimes, as in some cases they reach the knuckles. Then the sleeve is cut with a flare at the hand, and has a cuff-like appearance. This is a fashion as old as the Middle Ages, revived, and is most inconvenient. For rather dressy occasions, cuffs like those on the Louis XIV coats are worn; these are much wider than the sleeve itself, are lined with some rather stiff material, and stand away from the sleeve. Lace usually falls over the hand from such cuffs.

Jackets are not much worn at this season, as they fit too closely for comfort, though they are by no means abolished. The sleeves of these jackets must be very large, to pass over the dress-sleeve easily.

In wraps, the Henri II cape or mantle is the most popular, as it gives all the warmth usually needed and is easily adjusted; it has the pointed yoke back and front, and very high full shoulders.

Bonnets are small and frequently as flat as plates, trimmed with wreaths or bunches of flowers. Some have coronet fronts of jet, and some are ornamented with bows of wide gold braid.

Hats are of all shapes; but the most popular appear to be those with a long projecting brim, not too wide at the sides, and turned up at the back. Flowers are much used for trimming, and narrow velvet strings are often added.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CREAM-COLORED BUNTING. The skirt is edged with a border of blue bunting; and the sash, collar, bow at the neck, and cuffs are of the blue. The bodice is loose and crossed to the right side. Loose sleeves.

FIG. II.—FROCK, OF CHINTZ, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The shrimp-pink ground is studded with pompadour flowers. The skirt opens at the side over a panel of ivory-colored nun's-veiling, and has a band of black velvet ribbon down each side of the opening. The full bodice opens V-shape front and back, and is edged with black velvet ribbon, which also ornaments the neck and cuffs. Chemisette of cream-colored nun's-veiling. Straw hat, trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SAILOR-SUIT, made of blue flannel. The front of the sailor-shirt is open at the neck, fastened with a bow of blue ribbon. The collar is ornamented with white braid, and the sleeves are quite loose. Sailor straw hat.

FIG. IV.—BOY'S HAT, OF STRAW, trimmed with broad brown ribbon.

FIG. V.—GIRL'S HAT, OF WHITE DRAWN MUSLIN, trimmed with pink roses and white ribbon.

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SEEKING A GOOD INVESTMENT

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MODES PARISIENNES. PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. AUGUST, 1891.

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Fig. 1

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Fig. 6

Fig. 7

Fig. 8

Fig. 9

Fig. 10

Fig. 11

Fig. 12

Fig. 13

Fig. 14

Fig. 15

Fig. 16

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PEARL STRINGERS.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. C. PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST, 1891. No. 2.

SPOONS AND SPOON-CASES.

BY ANNIE CURD.

STATE-HOUSE BELL.

THE woman who has not yet been attacked by the mania for spoon-collecting will inevitably before long fall a victim to the prevailing and very enjoyable excitement—it is a mere question of time.

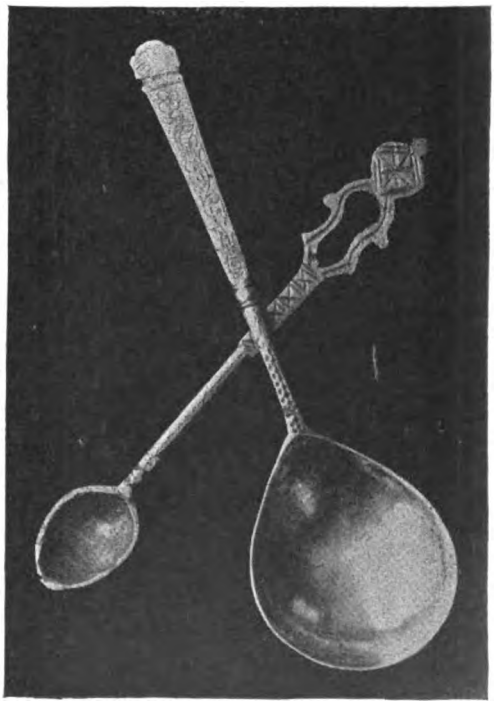
The craze has come, and has evidently "come to stay"—at least, until ladies shall stop long enough in the business of gathering in treasures to discover that they are positively overstocked with specimens of every sort and size.

Numbered "with the days that were" is the day when we most valued spoons in sets of six or twelve. At present, the widest variety of styles is demanded and earnestly sought after, and, if the places from whence they come can be as widely separated as the poles, so much the more complete is the collector's satisfaction.

Few persons go abroad nowadays without searching through the European cities for quaint and curious devices in spoons, to bring home as souvenirs of their journeyings. The shops in the Old World are full of odd patterns, characteristic of the places in which they are made.

The handle of the spoon usually forms the distinguishing feature, while on the bowl the name of the city is frequently engraved in odd lettering. For instance, we find on the novelty spoons of Ireland the shamrock or white clover, which became the national flower of the Emerald Isle when Saint Patrick, her patron saint, first explained the idea of the Trinity to his simple followers. Instead of puzzling their brains by a learned dissertation, he stooped and plucked from the green sod a shamrock with its three small leaves, and, holding it up, bade them there behold one in three.

In Scotland, the thistle of course is the emblem engraved on spoons, and in London



MOROCCO. NORWEGIAN.

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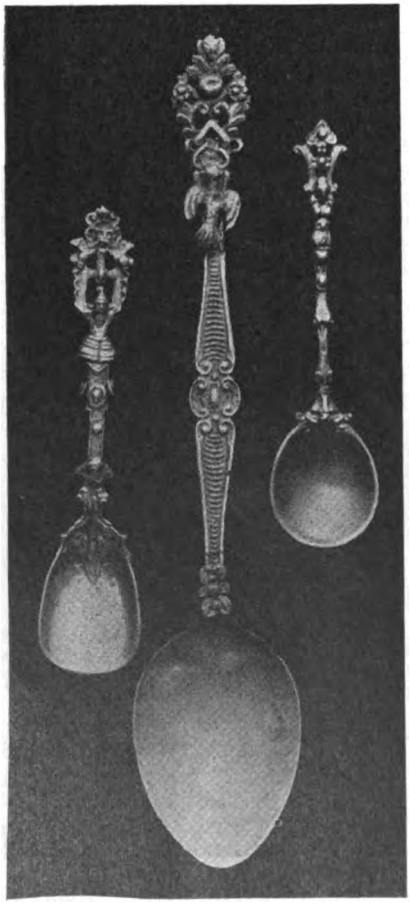
shops one finds them decorated with the rose of England.

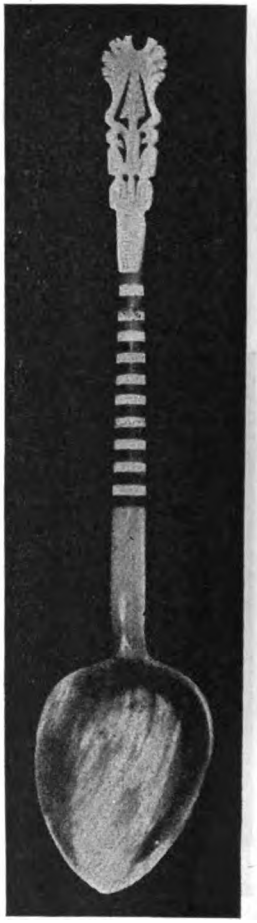
The same fashion prevails in various parts of our own country. In Washington, the design of our National Capitol is engraved on spoons of every size and shape, and thousands are carried away annually by visitors to that cosmopolitan city. In the oil regions of Pennsylvania, spoons can be obtained, bearing as their "sign manual" the derrick so familiar in that region.

The distinctive mark of the Philadelphia spoon, such as heads this article, is the famous State House bell. On the Fourth of July, 1776, when Thomas Jefferson read to the assembled multitude a document likely to remain famous while time shall last, the old bell rang out a peal whose echo, instead of dying into silence, has strengthened and deepened until it can to-day be heard from one end of the civilized world to the other.



ITALIAN. SWEDISH.

TURKISH.



TURKISH.

The question now asked on every side as to the date when spoons were invented is one that has not yet been answered, and probably never will be. History has recorded the period in which many household utensils made their appearance in a more or less finished shape, but no light can be thrown on the invention of these indispensable articles. Probably our prehistoric ancestors employed shells at first, and after that some quick-witted wild man may have conceived the idea of hollowing a bowl out of a bit of wood long enough to form a rude handle as well. Certain it is, that, both in the East and in Europe, spoons have had a place since time immemorial, and for many hundreds of years throughout Christendom the most lavish fancies of the engraver's art have been employed in their decoration.

Early in the records of Christianity in Europe, spoons became the usual present bestowed by persons at the baptism of children for whom they stood sponsors. A spoon made expressly for this purpose had on the handle the figure of one of the Apostles or Evangelists, from which custom of course comes the name "Apostle spoons." A wealthy godfather or godmother would give spoons enough to represent the entire band of Disciples, each spoon ornamented with a silver or gold effigy. Sponsors unable to treat

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their spiritual children to such expensive gifts contented themselves with offering four spoons bearing the figures of the four Gospel-writers in the order in which their names are mentioned in a child's prayer of the Middle Ages:

"Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John,
Bless the bed that I lie on."

JAPANESE.

All sorts of odd legends and proverbs grew up in those days about these most necessary articles, some of which are familiar adages even down to our generation, like the hackneyed saying in regard to a lucky man, that "he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

The mediæval credence in man's ability to hold communication with a physical realization of the spirit of evil gave rise to a terse proverb: "He hath need of a long spoon, that eateth with the devil."

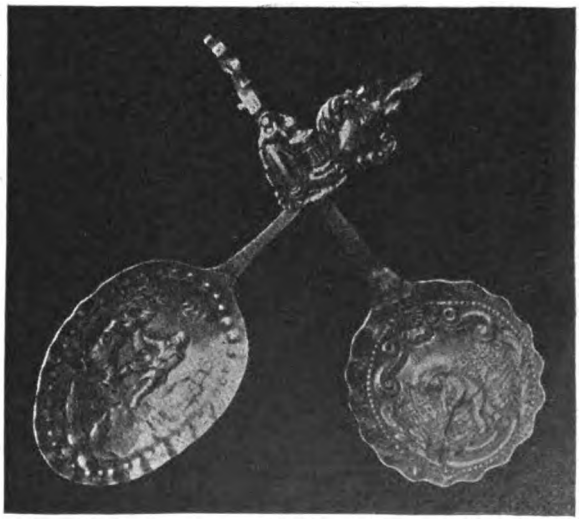
In a volume of memoirs of one of the ladies attached to the court of Anne of Austria, an incident is recorded that fits in with my subject and gives a vivid idea how completely the people of that era believed in the difference between monarchs and ordinary mortals. During one of the civil wars which desolated France during the childhood of Louis XIV and the regency of his mother, with the hated Cardinal Mazarin for her counselor, the queen and court were once obliged to flee from Paris in such hot haste that there was little time to collect clothing or household utensils. The lady writes to a friend that it would have touched her heart could she have seen how heroically Queen Anne bore her privations; she actually condescended to laugh and treat as a joke the terrible humiliation of having no gold spoon out of which to sip her chocolate—she positively used a silver one for the first time in her royal life!

In the second illustration, the artist has put together two spoons of nationalities so distant and unlike that they really make a typical representation of the diversity on which the collector most prides herself. The Norwegian spoon dates back to 1660 and is a rare specimen, highly prized by its owner; the spoon laid across it belongs to Morocco.

The Turkish spoon is very old and has on the outside of the bowl two spiral lines, which prove that it is sterling silver as indisputably as would the "Hall" mark on an English spoon. The quaint little fellow at the right is an antique Swedish production, which, though only brass, makes its possessor the envy of all her acquaintances, as that peculiar pattern is exceedingly difficult to procure, except in modern imitations. The other spoon is a production of mediæval Italy.

The second Turkish spoon is exceedingly peculiar: made of horn, with odd black bands crossing the handle, the tip of which is pearl, very elaborately carved.

To my mind, nothing can surpass in elegance and beauty the lotus-flower spoon from Japan. A leaf of the blossom forms the bowl, and the stem makes the handle;



DUTCH SUGAR SPOONS.

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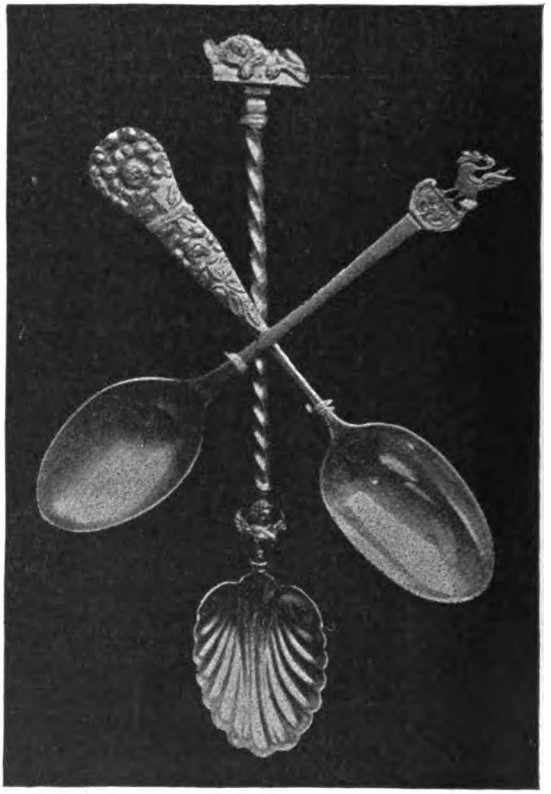
it is exquisite in form, and the engraving is most delicately done.

The two Dutch sugar-spoons are very old and quaint, but the little Chinese tea-scoop is still odder, and the Early German specimen is quite unique.

In the homes of the wealthy, the spoon of to-day assumes individuality; it is necessary to be as fastidious about its decorations for different courses as about fine china and glass. One can tell what kind of soup one may expect for dinner, by observing whether the spoon is ornamented with branches of nodding tomatoes or has for a bowl a dainty shell or an inverted turtle's back. Many odd and irregular shapes are shown, noticeably the berry-spoon fashioned like flower-petals or long slender leaves. The new ice-cream spoon is formed like a little silver shovel, sometimes etched with snow-crystals or icicles. Orange-spoons can be recognized by their peculiar form, tapering off to a narrow spade-like edge, ground sharp in order to cut the fibre of the fruit.

Among the new spoons are numbered the "bonbon," which in design are originality itself. The bowls are flat and circular, with very short stems and curiously fashioned tops, sometimes furnished with a ring.



LIVERPOOL. LUCERNE. ENGLAND.

EARLY GERMAN.

CHINESE TEA-SCOOP.

The practice of making gifts of single spoons is becoming very general at Christmas, Easter, and on birthday anniversaries, and a very sensible fashion it is, as in this way the recipient may in time become the possessor of a valuable collection at a comparatively small cost to each donor.

Handsome single tea-spoons can be bought from a dollar and a half to three or four dollars apiece, according to the pattern and weight. Two dollars will buy one of orthodox size, strong, heavy, and delicately chased.

It is unnecessary to give a description of the groups which follow, as each illustration gives the names of the spoons.

To look at this collection is, to the owner, like going over a journal of a delightful trip made to Europe last summer. Each separate spoon tells the story of some pleasant sojourn in some storied city of the Old World, and each spoon bears the heraldic device of the city or country in which it was made.

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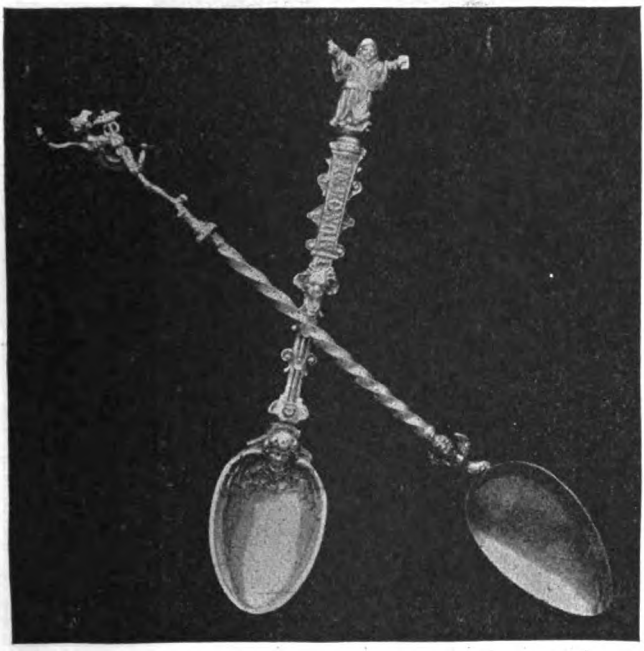
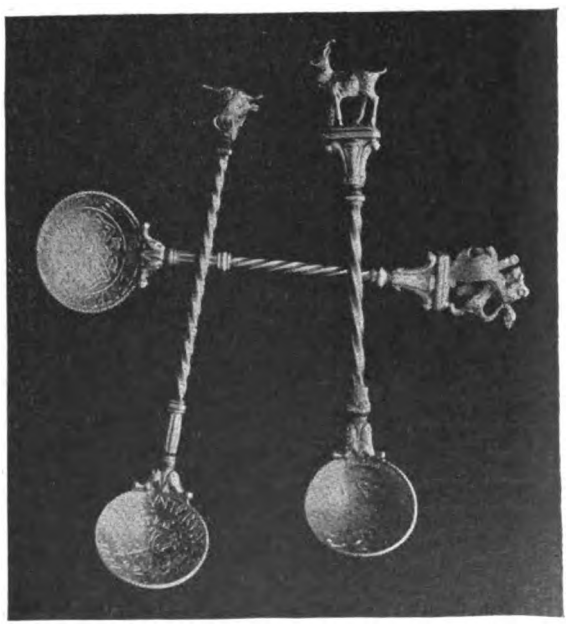


MUNICH. FLORENCE.

With the introduction of spoon giving has come the fashion of presenting a case in which to keep them. Of all materials, chamois-skin has the preference, on account of its pliability and softness. Canton flannel, however, makes an excellent substitute and is less expensive. A prominent jeweler gives it as his opinion that the unbleached canton flannel is a more desirable material than the bleached, to use for this purpose, as in the bleaching process an acid is used that has the effect of tarnishing and dulling the lustre of articles of silver. The unbleached flannel is also more desirable, as it does not show soil so soon, and the yellowish tinge is more effective than dead-white when embroidered in colors.

A wealthy lady recently ordered, from a seamstress who makes a specialty of silver cases, one dozen, to be made of canton flannel. They were made by the following pattern, and, when finished, were neat, tastful, and were made with so little ornamentation that, should they become soiled, they could be easily laundered. The braid should first be dipped into hot water, dried, and ironed, to prevent drawing on the edges when the cases are washed. To make a case to hold a half-dozen teaspoons, cut of canton flannel a piece ten by twelve inches, and slightly round the corners of one side, which should lap over to the width of three inches; cut a strip of the flannel six inches wide by twelve long, bind on the upper edge with crimson braid, if that color is liked, and stitch with silk the same color; mark this piece in six divisions or pockets, and briar-stitch between the rows after it has been stitched to the large piece; bind all around with crimson braid, and, across the flap at the top, etch, embroider, or do in cross-stitch with wash-silk or Turkey-red cotton, the initials of the owner; make three button-holes just above the binding, working them in red twist; put the buttons



URY. ZURICH. APPENINE.

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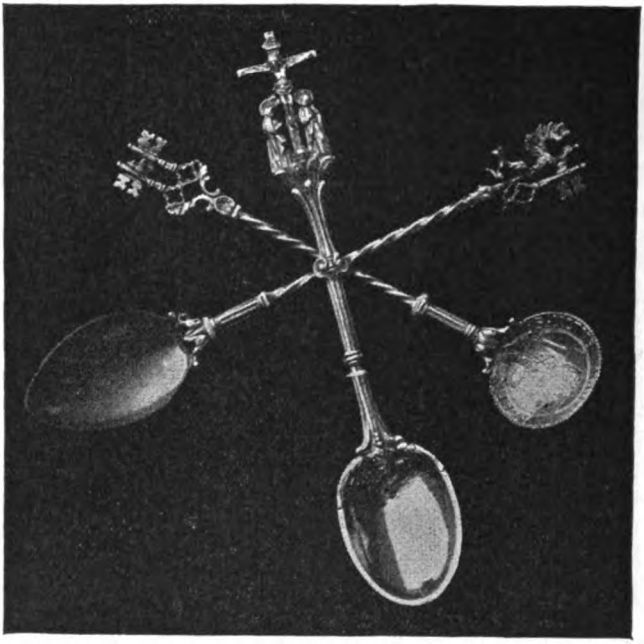

GENEVA. OBERAMMERGAU. UNTERVALDEN.

below, letting them come on the feather-stitching, or tie with tapes; in addition, sew a piece of braid a half-yard long to one side of the case, doubling it in the centre. When the case is rolled up, it can be tied with these strings.

Cases can be made for table or dessert spoons and knives by simply enlarging the dimensions given for tea-spoon cases.

A durable case, that will last nearly a lifetime without showing soil, is made of linen—the heavy brown Holland. Cut by the same directions given for canton flannel case. Line throughout with chamois-skin or canton flannel. Bind the case with braid of any desired color—seal-brown is nearly always effective on Holland linen.

NUREMBURG. APOSTLE.

The daintiest and prettiest receptacle I have ever seen for spoons was presented as a gift at Christmas, to a friend who had just returned from Europe and who had brought with her a half-dozen beautiful spoons from as many countries. Cut a piece of chamois-skin nine by twelve inches, pink the edges, and across the narrow way put two strips of chamois, pinked on each edge, an inch apart. At regular intervals, make little divisions, caught in place by bright silk twist, to hold the spoons in position. With gold, paint the names of the cities from whence they

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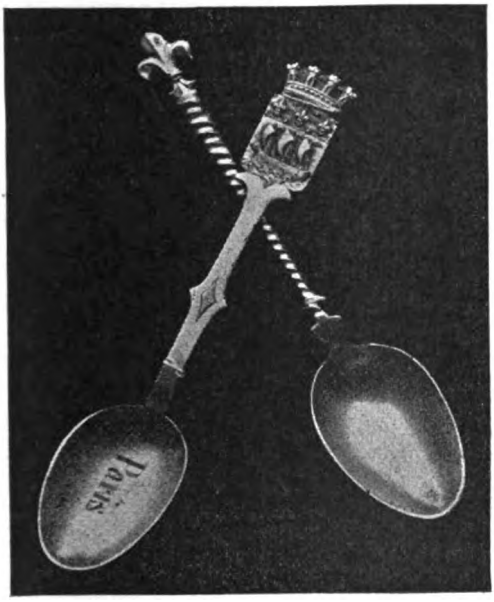

PARIS. FRANCE.

came, in fancy lettering above and below the straps, slanting them in easy graceful positions. Decorate the outside with discs, spider-webs, and irregular lines, according to the taste of the artist. Fold the case together, and, midway on each side, punch a hole with an embroidery stiletto through both thicknesses of chamois, in which run a tiny gold cord with golden tassels attached. Fold together and tie. Chamois is an excellent material because it will preserve the natural lustre and brightness of the silver, and, when made by these directions, one cannot fail to possess a lovely soft case in which to exhibit to admiring friends a choice set of souvenir spoons.

It is difficult until one has examined a receptacle of this sort to imagine how it sets off the beauty and quaintness of the treasures it is designed to hold, and the recipient of such a gift feels a new delight in her valued possessions as she carefully arrang s them in their dainty nest.

COULD YOU BUT KNOW!

BY MARIA CALLAHAN.

COULD you but know
How all my heart o'erflows with hidden passion
When near to you, when in your presence sweet,
Perhaps you'd linger for a moment with me,
Perhaps you'd stay a while your footsteps fleet,
Could you but know!

Could you but know
How hungry was my heart for one sweet whisper
That those loved lips of yours alone could speak,
Would you not say it in the tender twilight?
Would you not make a hopeless love complete
Could you but know?

And if you knew
That on two loving wistful lips were burning
Fond kisses for your asking, would you care
To bend your proud head down, and, with love's magic,
Turn into gladness all my heart's despair,
If you but knew?

Could you but know!
My darling, I am sure, beyond these shadows,
In that glad time when all sad doubts are past,
Our sorrows and our grievings hushed forever,
Then heart to heart, dear, shall we stand at last,
And you will know!

WHY?

BY KATE AULD VOORHEES.

WHY do I love the morning?
Now all is fresh and bright,
All nature is rejoicing
In the pure and new-born light.

Why do I love the noontide?
The world is all aglow,
And the busy hour of midday
We all so well may know.

Why do I love the sunset?
The sun has sunk to rest;
Soon will be fondly pillowed
My head upon thy breast.

Why do I love the twilight?
'Tis joy to see it come;
All day I'm looking forward—
The twilight brings thee home

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ONE OF LIFE'S MISTAKES.

BY IDELLA MAY SMITH.

IT was a beautiful face, with its finely cut features and delicate coloring. The eyes were dreamy and sad enough to have befitted a poetess; and the low broad forehead, from which the auburn hair swept back in rich heavy masses, betokened mental gifts of no common order.

If the countenance had a fault, it was that it looked somewhat cold and passionless; but people said its expression revealed the chief defect of Eleanor Harland's character.

A patient woman she certainly was, and had need to be, since the charge of her invalid uncle devolved almost entirely on her; for, between his natural bad temper and the irritation caused by physical suffering, he was so hard to deal with that no servant would ever remain long in attendance on him.

They had been called to a Western city this spring by business matters of importance, and, soon after their arrival, Mr. Harland had been seized with one of his bad attacks. Now that he had sufficiently recovered to sit up and even drive out, the bustle of the hotel irritated him beyond endurance, and Eleanor had been occupied this morning in a search for lodgings. Her quest had proved successful, and, while she rested after her exertions, she was trying to soothe her uncle's petulance by an account of her adventures and their fortunate ending.

"I think the rooms will please you," she said, in conclusion; "they are very pretty and comfortable. The house is in the outskirts of the town, with an immense garden, and the landlady—"

"A woman!" ejaculated Mr. Harland, a fretful-looking old gentleman lying on a sofa near the window, and groaning with the gout.

"A woman," assented his niece, and continued calmly: "She seems to be a pleasant kindly-disposed soul, though rather loquacious and given to wagging her head in a bewildering way. She is a middle-aged widow lady, has no family, and will take no other lodgers. Just now, there is a gentleman there; but he goes to-morrow. Perhaps that is to be regretted, since he appears to be a paragon, from her description. Paragons always bored me; but, as this one won't have an opportunity to do so, we needn't take him into account. She promises us plenty of quiet, and thinks there's no serious disturbing element in the neighborhood."

"I don't believe it," rejoined Mr. Harland, turning his head restlessly from side to side; "woman or no woman, I don't believe it! Never saw a woman who wouldn't lie, from a duchess to a washerwoman. They lie when the truth would serve twice as well!"

"My dear uncle," retorted Eleanor, with languid amusement, "it is the one thing in which we surpass you. But to return to our muttons: The apartments are ready for us; so, the sooner we remove, the better."

"Yes; Bedlam couldn't be worse than this place. What incessant ringing of bells, and the noise of those demoniacal young pinafores, I'd as lief—" Here he stopped and gave vent to a snort of wrath and a muttered exclamation, as the clatter of children's feet was heard on the stairs.

"You poor uncle," quoth Eleanor, "don't mind me; swear, if you want to! Profanity is no doubt a relief, and so a great preserver of the tissues."

"You may go to the dickens!" snarled Mr Harland, to whom her habitual imperturbability was sometimes an aggravation.

"Thank you; but I must protest my reluctance to anticipating a doom that fate may hold in store for me. If we must leave here," she continued, turning a cool unmoved face toward her uncle's hot indignant one, "we have ample time to change our quarters this afternoon. The people here bore the news of our speedy departure

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like Trojans; in fact, I don't think I would be putting the case too strongly if I said they received the information with unflattering gratification."

"Who cares?" Mr. Harland exclaimed, as Eleanor laughed lazily. "Yes, we'll go this afternoon."

A couple of hours later, everything was ready for their departure, and Eleanor really hoped they were going to get off without a scene of any sort; but, in the lower hall, Mr. Harland went into a spasm of such rage with a good-natured negro servant who ventured to offer some service, that Eleanor thought he would take the man by the throat.

The half-disdainful silence with which she looked on in stately immobility helped to bring Mr. Harland to his senses as no expostulations could have done, and, as the man retreated with amazing celerity, she was able to get him into the carriage without dramatic incident.

When they reached their new lodgings, he treated the kindly-faced landlady to a little volley of cynical queries and half-threats to which Miss Harland listened with mild disapproval, merely remarking in a brief aside to their new hostess:

"He is suffering so—he will be quiet as a lamb when the pain wears off."

Mrs. Walton hastened to show them to their rooms, inwardly determining that, the sooner the lamb-like era set in, the more grateful she would be. The chambers were large, airy, and well furnished; the surroundings were marked by a quiet supremely welcome after the invalid's recent experience. Certainly there was nothing to complain of, and Mr. Harland, once more settled on his sofa, seemed suddenly to come to this conclusion, as he paused in the midst of indistinct mutterings to wonder skeptically how long that state of things might be hoped to continue.

Their hostess, coming in to see that they were comfortable, took the occasion to pour into the polite Eleanor's ear her regrets regarding the early departure of the gentleman she had mentioned.

"Such a man as he is!" she said, nodding her head in admiration. "He was awfully fond of me when he was a mite of a boy," with another shake expressive of resignation, "and before I became reduced in circumstances. I do believe," she added, eagerly, as though the discovery had just burst upon her, "he's every bit as fond of me to this day. He brought his wife to see me, and a slim pretty thing she is, but not half good enough for him, as I've said time and again, and makes as much of me everyway as if I were his mother; and goodness knows I'm as fond of him as I could be of a son, if the dear Lord had seen fit to give me one."

She concluded her remarks with a pathetic shake of her head, and left the room.

When evening came, Mr. Harland dozed on his sofa, and Eleanor sat by the window, looking out across the waving tree-tops, and mentally pronounced life a burden. The world seemed so insipid, so hopelessly stupid. And she was only twentytwo! Yet, she reflected sadly, any wise person would tell her that her existence held no sorrow worthy the name—only a few pin-pricks. But these, after all, were harder to bear than dagger-thrusts; for it is not the sorrows for which our friends send sympathetic texts on black-edged paper that stab us sharpest or whose sting remains longest.

Suddenly across the silence there floated the soft guitar prelude of an old familiar song, then a full rich voice took up the air and poured out the impassioned words with marvelous sweetness and pathos.

At the first note, Mr. Harland sat upright with a snort of triumphant despair. Had he not said so? He would leave that house the next morning, and, if he stopped short of Sahara, he hoped he might be blessed!

The woman, sitting rigid in the shadow, never heeded, never heard him. The old sweet song—the dear familiar voice! To have dreamed she could forget it! Why, there was but one such in earth or heaven, and she had closed her ears, and, by her own will, thrust its melody out of her life. Now the tones held all the gladness and the anguish of the world for her—breathed the bliss of happy meetings and the agony of an eternal farewell. The walls slid back, and in their stead she saw the old fair forest-scenes where she had sat, with the fragrance of the flowers and the rippling of the waters at her feet, while the same sweet voice breathed her the passionate melody of the same sweet song.

"Oh, the mistakes of life!" she groaned, almost aloud; "shall they never be righted?"

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But the music ceased, and the white-faced listener forced herself into calmness as she spoke gentle words to the exasperated invalid and presently persuaded him to seek his bed.

It was still early. Eleanor threw a hooded mantle over her shoulders, for the nights were very cool, and went downstairs and out into the shrubberies.

She walked to and fro for a while, still haunted by those memories of the past, which the music had roused with such force that she could not so resolutely thrust them aside as she was usually able to do.

She paused by the high paling at the extremity of the grounds, gazed up at the clear sky where the crescent moon shone softly—but it gleamed pitiless and cold to her weary eyes. She glanced down on the bush-covered mound at her side—it looked like a grave: heaven and earth alike were only suggestive of sad images to her mind, in this hour of retrospection.

"The mistakes of life!" she murmured again. "No—in this world, at least, they can never be set right."

She turned with a shiver and walked slowly back to the house.

When, the next morning, at the sound of the warning-bell, Eleanor went into her uncle's room, she found him peacefully sleeping, and so descended to the breakfast-room alone.

The apartment was empty, and she seated herself at one of the long narrow windows, and remained gazing out on the street until the sound of the opening door caused her to turn her head. She rose quickly; a strange suffocated feeling oppressed her heart as her eyes met those of the gentleman who entered. Into his face sprang a look of joy, of wonder, of incredulity.

"Can it be?" he exclaimed, then stopped, holding the door awkwardly. "To meet you here, of all places!"

"How do you do, Mr. Staunton?" she returned, tranquilly, while her hand closed tightly over the back of her chair. "I am not so surprised; I heard you singing last night, and prepared myself to see you astounded this morning—if you did not hear of my presence earlier."

"I was quite unprepared," he said, with an effort to speak calmly. "Mrs. Walton, my old friend and your landlady, between the excitement of my visit and your arrival, has quite lost her head, poor soul! I've scarcely had a word with her since your arrival. I suppose you are the lodger whose advent has turned her brain?"

Eleanor nodded laughingly.

"I trust," she said, "that the good lady's state will not interfere with the breakfast-hour, whatever it be; that bell awoke hopes in my heart which I should be sorry to have crushed."

He gazed eagerly on the fair calm face, trying to silence the lines that kept ringing through his brain:

"Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null:
Dead perfection, no more."

Then he roused himself to speak.

"I think we are booked to breakfast alone this morning. Won't you sit down?" And, seating himself opposite her at the table, he tapped a small hand-bell and went on, a trifle unsteadily: "Not the first time we have breakfasted together, if"—bitterly—"if you remember."

Miss Harland tried to keep the gratitude out of her eyes as she looked at the servant who entered.

"In those Bohemian days, before you degenerated into a sober Benedick? Yes, I remember; no need to forget pleasant things."

Mr. Staunton watched the domestic out of the room, then proceeded with exaggerated cheerfulness:

"And you have forgotten all that was unpleasant about that period? How you threw me over for the colonel? By the way, that always puzzled me. Did you make a mistake in thinking your heart in his keeping, that you afterward gave him his congé also?"

"A mistake?" she echoed, absently, then recovering herself, added quickly: "Oh, no; I never felt inclined to be one of the colonel's victims, imposing as he was."

"I always thought him the obstacle. And there was no one else?"

"There was no one else," she replied, coldly, though sharing his difficulty in silencing a persistent voice which kept calling: "A mistake! a mistake!" through all the idle talk that followed.

She could not tell him the simple truth, for he was married, and her womanly dignity

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imposed silence upon her. Speaking could do no good, either; the past was dead—let it rest! The trial had been hard to bear, for she had loved this man; but her uncle, in his selfishness, had determined that she should not marry if he could prevent it. Her brother had fallen into terrible straits, and Mr. Harland made use of the power given by the necessity for his aid. He refused to assist the erring youth unless Eleanor renounced her engagement.; she had yielded to what she believed her duty, but Staunton received no inkling of the motive which actuated her.

Ah, well, that misguided brother was in his grave now; this former lover, who had suddenly started up before her like a ghost from the past, was married, and she—she had her narrow round of duties still to perform, and she had grown accustomed to pain!

So the two talked, half playfully, half cynically, with that composure which the habit of the world gives, till the meal ended, gazing wistfully at one another across the impossible gulf which must separate them for all time.

"Shall I see you at luncheon, or is it good-bye now?" Eleanor asked, as she rose from the table.

"Good-bye," he answered, extending his hand. Then he stood silent as he watched her go out of the room and pass anew out of his life.

The years have swept on, and the glamor and the freshness of youth have faded from them both. Miss Harland stands before her mirror sometimes, and, noting the silver threads in the dark tresses, tells herself unregrettingly that she is almost an old woman now. She is quite alone. Her uncle has long since found a safe refuge from the ills of lodging-houses, and the howls of dogs or the laughter of children can nevermore disturb him.

People speak of Miss Harland as a cold unloving woman, seeking no friends and fond of solitude. Occasionally she hears brief news of Mr. Staunton, and listens calmly to some old friend lamenting the failure of the fair promise of his youth; but, if her heart knows regret for this or for any other mistake of the past, her lips are silent.

WHEN HE WENT RIDING BY.

BY ANNA J. GRANNISS.

I WENT out to gather roses,
When the sun was hanging low;
And I lingered in the garden,
In the sunset's after-glow,
Watching play of light and color
On the ever changing sky—
I was standing near the roses
When he went riding by.
Red and white and yellow roses
Deck the garden wall;
Long before the summer closes,
They will fade and fall!

I stepped in among the roses,
As the twilight fell around,
And alas! some were already
Lying scattered on the ground;
And I questioned in the twilight
Why all lovely things should die?
I stepped in among the roses
After he went riding by.
Red and white and yellow roses
Deck the garden wall;
Long before the summer closes,
They will fade and fall!

I was grieving for the roses
While I twined some in my hair,
Feeling half an idle wonder
Why I had not been more fair—
Why one with a heart less tender
Should have fairer been than I;
And I hid among the roses
When they two came riding by.
Roses red and white and yellow
Budded, bloomed, and died;
When the autumn skies grow mellow,
She will be his bride!

Then I turned and left the roses,
For the dew began to fall
Lightly on the half-closed petals,
As they leaned against the wall;
And from somewhere in the gloaming
Came a night-bird's plaintive cry,
And a sigh swept through the roses
After they went riding by.
Roses red and white and yellow
Budded, bloomed, and died;
When the autumn skies grow mellow,
She will be his bride!

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THE JUDGE'S NIECE.

BY LAURENT PEMLOTT.

THE season had not opened at Clear View. It was the first of June, and the weather had not been warm enough to induce the people in the cities to abandon their comfortable homes for the raw chilly atmosphere which pervaded the summer-resorts.

Few strangers came to Clear View; year after year, the same faces were seen there, until it had become a community of friends and acquaintances. It had long been a settled thing that Judge Antwerp and his family should come, with their retinue of servants and their carriage drawn by slow stately horses. The place derived its stamina from the judge and his surroundings, while two young girls, Mary and Annabelle Grant, daughters of a worthy clergyman, were efficient, in their youth and freshness, in softening any austerity that the judge and his family might infuse. Several married women of culture and social standing brought their families of small children, and these lent a graceful domesticity to the otherwise formal place.

Before long, the old frequenters of Clear View would return, to open their eyes in wonder at a great change, and, although they might not confess it, a great improvement. Five artistic cottages, showing in their construction originality of design and fine finish of workmanship, stood in the grove, well back from the hotel. They were just finished, and the architect, Robert Brocklehurst, was well satisfied with the result.

"Now for rest and recuperation," he said, as he concluded his final inspection and put the keys in his pocket.

Anyone seeing Mr. Brocklehurst would have been impressed with the fitness of his remark. Since he had left college, several years previous, he had applied himself closely, first in acquiring architectural knowledge, then in putting it into practice; and now, at the age of thirtyone, he was an active, prosperous, eminently contented young man.

Although the years of constant application had not diminished his zest or enthusiasm, they had told upon him physically. As he sauntered back to the hotel, there was a lassitude in his bearing which was not visible before he locked the cottages. Now that his duties were put aside, he was at a loss to know what to do with himself; but the doctor had imperatively insisted on his taking a rest, and he was determined to do so, although much against his inclination.

Every morning, during the first week of his vacation, the landlord would meet him in the breakfast-room with the invariable salutation: "Good-morning, Mr. Brocklehurst; you may find Clear View dull now, but wait till the judge comes." Then he would wave his plump hand as if to say: "You don't know the judge yet, but wait!"

Robert Brocklehurst was too listless to make any inquiries regarding this influential personage, and the landlord's information always stopped with the suggestive wave of the hand.

Even the ocean, in these days, became monotonous; and, listening to its surging, and gazing across its waste of waters, Mr. Brocklehurst marveled that he ever had rejoiced in the sounds and sights that were growing so insufferably wearisome. He frequently walked along the shore, trying to rekindle his ancient enthusiasm for the sea, but in vain; he had outgrown it, and it could never again be revived. At this thought, for it was not a pleasant one, a deep wrinkle made a furrow between his dark earnest eyes, and, jumping up from his chair, he gave his trunk a vigorous kick. "I wish the confounded judge would come!" he said, fiercely.

As if in answer to his desire, there was a

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sound of wheels on the gravel road. Mr. Brocklehurst, looking from his window, saw a two-seated carriage drive deliberately up to the door. The judge had come.

The complaisant landlord was in a ferment of suppressed excitement. He skipped about in the most deferential manner, inquiring of everyone's health in general, and the judge's in particular.

A tall slim man, with a tightly closed mouth, descended, and, with a manner by which the looker-on in the window was reminded of an undertaker at a great funeral, he aided the others to alight. His wife, a dainty lady—next, the two slender maiden sisters of the judge were handed out, and the watcher perceived that firm mouths were a family inheritance.

Who was it that sprang from the vehicle before she could be assisted? She glanced directly up at Mr. Brocklehurst, and he saw that it was a striking-looking girl. Surely he was not mistaken in the flash of pleasure in her swift regard.

The young lady was Miss Kate Hamilton, a niece of Mrs. Antwerp's. Her mother had died when she was a mere child, and since that time her father had kept her in school. Most of her vacations were spent in visiting friends, consequently she had been in nearly every part of the United States; and, though she had been out of school but a year, she had seen a good deal of Europe also, as it was there that she had received the finishing touches to her education. But her father at last awakened to the fact that his daughter needed a home where she would be under womanly influence. Hence, he sent her to his wife's sister, Mrs. Antwerp.

The prospect of spending a summer at Clear View had not pleased Kate Hamilton, notwithstanding all the flattering things the judge's family had said regarding it; but her pleadings to be allowed to spend the summer at an intimate friend's had no effect, so here she was, a most incongruous adjunct to the judge's party. Robert Brocklehurst was not mistaken in thinking the sight of him had given her pleasure. When she saw him craning his neck to get a view of them, she knew he did not answer to the description of anyone her aunt had mentioned. No, there was a picturesqueness about the cravat, and an abandon in his attitude as he leaned almost out of the window to gaze at them, which marked him as a stranger among the regular habitués of Clear View.

It was now several days since the judge's arrival, and Kate Hamilton and Mr. Brocklehurst were already old friends; not in length of time, however, but in what is much more essential to friendship—mutual sympathy. The young architect initiated her into the mysteries of his profession, and she spent long hours drawing plans under his direction. If any inaccuracies crept in when she was working without his supervision, he did not dampen her fine ardor by pointing out defects. He had discovered that his fair pupil was impatient of correction, and he adroitly managed that she should remedy her own errors in her next attempt. This enabled her to see former mistakes, for she was an apt student. Once she took her instructor to task for oversight.

"Mr. Brocklehurst, you haven't been paying attention. See, I left out the most important part of this plan I made the other day."

Mr. Brocklehurst bent over and scanned the design closely.

"Ah, yes, so you did. Miss Hamilton," he said, with sudden earnestness, "you are a born architect."

The deepened tint on Miss Hamilton's cheek showed that she was not indifferent to praise, and she continued drawing with renewed energy.

"There goes the judge's carriage down the beach," remarked Mr. Brocklehurst, breaking into the busy silence, as he followed with quizzical eyes the imposing turn-out.

"Uncle and aunt take that drive every day. They say it is the best one about here. They asked me to go with them this morning, but I preferred not to."

There was the faintest flutter of gratified vanity in the architect's breast at her admission.

"It was very good of them," she added, after a few seconds had elapsed, "but driving behind uncle's horses seems so much slower than sitting still."

She did not stop in her engrossing occupation as she spoke, and Mr. Brocklehurst thought, as he watched her, that he had never seen a girl so devoid of coquetry. How sincere and earnest she was! Even her personal appearance denoted these two desirable qualities.

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Kate Hamilton had a clear pale complexion, with just the slightest warmth in the cheeks; and her eyes, gray and luminous beneath the somewhat projecting brow, gave her an intense look. There was certainly no trace of the conventional society-girl about her, Robert Brocklehurst decided, as he glanced at her thoughtful face.

Their favorite haunt, where most of these plans were drawn, was beneath a group of trees whose gnarled roots, where they projected above the ground, afforded excellent seats. From this spot, there was an extensive view of the sea.

Thus, through the lengthening June days, the young architect and the judge's niece grew to know each other as, under other circumstances, they might have failed to do in long years. They were so dependent on each other for entertainment that there was no pretense of formality, and their comradeship glided along with an ease that was surprisingly charming.

As the summer advanced, Clear View gradually filled with visitors until the hotel had its quota of old patrons and the cottages were occupied. The tranquillity of this exclusive little resort was destined to experience violent disturbances through the new element which was introduced with the inhabiting of the cottages.

Perhaps the greatest sufferer from the new order of things was Judge Antwerp. Often, when taking his constitutional drive, he was met by a youth on horseback. "Howdy, Judge?" young Fisher would shout, as he dashed past, leaving a cloud of dust behind for the stately gentleman to inhale at his leisure. Sometimes he met the frivolous Mrs. Baxter driving her brisk ponies. She invariably stared at him with her cold blue eyes, in a calmly critical way, as if wondering who and what he was. Then there was Professor John Graves, the naturalist, who, when taking his morning walk, assisted by a heavy stick, once met the judge and returned that gentleman's salutation by an absent wave of the thorny staff.

The judge, accustomed to nothing but deference in Clear View for the last twenty years, was very sensitive to this new phase in social etiquette.

There was another person much discontented by the change which the cottagers wrought, and that was Robert Brocklehurst. The entire days that he had spent in Miss Hamilton's society had vanished. Others now shared the privilege which had been for a while his own. It was almost an everyday occurrence for her to drive with Mr. Fisher. They always took a different direction from the judge's accustomed route, and on their return the warm flush on Miss Hamilton's cheek, which Robert Brocklehurst had grown to recognize as a sign of pleasure, was always there.

One evening, as Mr. Brocklehurst was sitting in a low camp-chair on the ground near the porch, a couple who had just come up from the beach took their stand above him on the veranda. He heard Miss Hamilton's voice. She was describing her journey to Clear View to her companion. She told of several schemes she formed to escape going in the carriage, and of their utter failure, adding that she had envied the servants, who were sent by rail. All this sounded decidedly confidential—in fact, too much so for good taste, in the judgment of Mr. Brocklehurst.

"It's too awful to think of, Miss Hamilton," cried Mr. Fisher. "Imagine a man with blood in his veins driving like that!"

To give emphasis to his remark, the young gentleman struck the railing so forcibly with his cane that Mr. Brocklehurst was nearly surprised into jumping up.

"My uncle has blood in his veins, but it's very blue!" Evidently it was not the first time her uncle had been discussed, for Mr. Fisher seemed to appreciate her retort.

"And that other chap you know so well—he's blue too, I imagine," remarked young Fisher.

"What other?" was Miss Hamilton's mystified rejoinder.

"Brocklehurst."

Now was the time for the gentleman in question to rise and let his tall form be seen in the clear moonlight; but he did not—he sat stiller than before, fairly holding his breath.

"Mr. Brocklehurst? He isn't blue!" she replied, emphatically.

"But rather slow," rejoined the youth.

"He isn't slow nor blue either; I can't see why you should think so, Mr. Fisher." Right here the eavesdropper breathed a sigh of relief, as if he were acquitted of some grave offense.

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"Pshaw! I've seen him drive. Don't tell me he isn't slow; you ought to see him creep."

"He can't help that; there are no fast horses here but yours."

"That's so," assented Mr. Fisher, apparently pleased by the compliment to his steeds. "Wasn't it grand this evening, over the bluff? I wish you could venture down the road on the beach."

The girl shook her head.

"Sometime when the judge is napping, you know."

Miss Hamilton persisted in refusing to take the judge's favorite drive, despite the persuasive eloquence expended by her companion.

The two on the veranda kept up a stream of talk, principally about horses, until Mr. Brocklehurst wondered what a girl of Miss Hamilton's mental calibre could find interesting in such unintellectual topics. The equestrian conversation was brought to an abrupt close by Miss Hamilton, who, looking through the parlor window, saw her relative about to leave the room.

"My uncle is coming."

Her words were distinctly heard by the listener below, yet she spoke in a suppressed whisper.

"There isn't another girl in the world I would dodge any man for, Miss Hamilton! I hate to do it, but here goes!"

Mr. Fisher threw himself over the railing and alighted almost on the architect's head.

"By Jove! you here, Brocklehurst?" was the only comment he made, as he hastened around the house and disappeared in the grove.

"Mr. Fisher is inclined to be intellectual, isn't he, Miss Hamilton?" Mr. Brocklehurst questioned, the next morning.

She did not appear to notice his covert sneer. They were strolling along the shore, and the wind had roughened the girl's hair and brightened her eyes. She was in high spirits.

"He's my ideal!" she said, waiving his question.

"Your ideal?" exclaimed her disconcerted escort.

"Yes, my ideal of a cow-boy! Do you know, as much as I have been West, I have never seen one; but I think Mr. Fisher realizes my conception. Isn't he delightful?"

"As a cow-boy, he would undoubtedly be a success," Mr. Brocklehurst rejoined.

Coming toward them in the distance was a man who walked with his head down, as if in deep meditation.

"There's Rip Van Winkle!" Miss Hamilton exclaimed, as the figure became distinguishable. "I have an appointment with him to go and see some rock specimens at Cove Point; I had forgotten it. Won't you come with us?"

If the invitation had been more cordial, he would have accepted. Evidently she did not expect him to go, and he was obliged to decline, although a jaunt of two miles to Cove Point in the breezy morning air was by no means uninviting.

"Good-morning, Professor Graves," Miss Hamilton said, when the person in the distance drew near. She spoke in a high key, as if to awaken one who slept.

"A fine morning, Katharine!" Professor Graves looked up with a start as he greeted her. It was his peculiarity to address men and women by their Christian names, and indeed it did not sound inappropriate, coming from his lips.

Without ceremony, the professor and the young lady left Mr. Brocklehurst to his own devices.

"We'll bring you some stones," was the young lady's parting salutation.

"I'd like to drop them on that old fossil's head," was the deserted gentleman's reflection.

That evening, Kate Hamilton and the professor were sitting in a corner of the porch, busily talking. Professor Graves's deep-set eyes were resting thoughtfully on the young eager face beside him, and Mr. Brocklehurst, as he passed back and forth in company with Annabelle Grant, caught glimpses of her attentive face. It reminded him of the many times he had seen that look during her enthusiasm for architecture, when she had been content to sit for hours, closely engaged in tracing systematic and inartistic designs.

Miss Grant, as she chatted by his side, little knew that her escort was all unconscious of what she was saying; his agreeable assent whenever he became aware of a rising inflection in her voice was most delusive, and she thought she had never known him to be so affable. Such terms as "protoplasm,"

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"crustacea," "animalculæ," were heard at different times when in Miss Hamilton's vicinity. To the architect's mind, there was something out of keeping in such subjects amid the leafy shadows in the moonlight. If it were necessary to talk science, astronomy would be much more pleasant.

"Don't you think Miss Hamilton rather peculiar?" inquired the voice by his side. It was another rising inflection, therefore a time for the architect's acquiescence; but the name attracted his attention, and he requested his companion to repeat her remark.

"I think 'interesting,' rather than 'peculiar,' applies to Miss Hamilton," he replied, quietly.

"Yes, but she cultivates the acquaintance of such queer people. The judge doesn't know she even speaks to that young sportsman. They say she went to Farmer Jones's with him and tried to learn to ride standing up in the saddle, and at the very first trial she fell and got that bruise on her cheek," Annabelle explained, volubly.

"I fancy that story must have become very much exaggerated. You know, there is very little resemblance between a rolling stone and a migratory piece of news." Even as he spoke, Mr. Brocklehurst remembered the mark on Miss Hamilton's cheek and wondered. "Whatever Miss Hamilton does, she is a true lady," he continued.

"So she is," responded Miss Grant; "still, I don't admire her taste. The man she is talking with now, I am actually afraid of; he mutters to himself and brandishes that stick in the most reckless manner!" The young lady gave a little affected shudder.

They were again in Miss Hamilton's neighborhood. The professor was just taking his leave.

"Good-night, Katharine," they heard him say. "I will show you those plants in the morning," and he took her hand at parting.

"Did you hear him?" whispered Miss Grant; but Mr. Brocklehurst made no comment.

"Did you and Professor Graves find the specimens you went in search of this morning?" he asked, when the professor had gone.

"Yes, and they were much more perfect than he expected to find them."

"Where are the stones you promised me?"

"There were only a few, and really I thought Professor Graves would appreciate them more than you, and I gave all I found to him," she replied, laughing.

"I am not to have even a stone, then? That's ungenerous, Miss Hamilton." Unreasonable though it may be, Mr. Brocklehurst, despite the fact that he really did not care for the specimens, was vaguely disappointed that she did not consider it worth her while to bring him any.

Between her frequent drives with Mr. Fisher and the long rambles with Professor Graves in search of nature's secrets, Miss Hamilton had very little leisure to bestow upon the architect; yet the good-fellowship which characterized the beginning of their acquaintance remained unchanged. Still, he knew her brightest moments were spent while with others. She was always in a restful, almost indolent, mood now, whenever he saw her. He missed the enthusiasm and gayety that charmed the days when she so effectually banished the solitude that shrouded Clear View. He began to think he resembled an old shoe that was discarded on gala days and only worn when the wearer put aside pride and splendor for homely comfort.

Miss Hamilton showed a disinclination to enter into any of the little excursions he might suggest in opposition to the professor's numerous invasions into the country; and, as for competing with young Fisher in his mad drives, it was out of the question, under the existing state of horse-flesh in that locality.

Circumstances and that young lady's partiality toward the Philistines, as the cottagers were privately called by the hotel guests, combined to make Mr. Brocklehurst's interviews with the judge's niece short and unsatisfactory. A strange unrest took possession of him; but, although his physical health had greatly improved, he still lingered at Clear View, with no apparent reason for remaining.

During this time, there was more strife in the bosom of the judge's family than the smooth surface revealed. There was a daily and steadily increasing difference of opinion between the judge's sisters and his wife. The former were in favor of putting a stop to Miss Hamilton's intimacy with young Fisher by informing the judge of the state of affairs; but Mrs. Antwerp, dreading a

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crisis, wished, if possible, to avert the trying ordeal by reclaiming her niece from her infatuation for the gentleman or his horses, whichever the attractive force might be.

The cause of all this anxiety went about at her own sweet will, not caring for the disturbance, but keeping well out of it.

Among the people in the hotel, various rumors of wild escapades indulged in by the judge's niece and young Fisher were afloat, though nothing definite was said. Mysterious allusions and wise shakings of the head were the transmitters of these reports. They even reached the camp of the Philistines and penetrated the consciousness of the happy and careless Mr. Fisher.

"I say, Miss Hamilton, is there anything in the wind, up at the hotel?" asked this gentleman.

As it would have been impolite and somewhat personal to tell him that he for one was in the wind, she refrained from explaining, and continued to enjoy herself, despite the storm which was gathering, ready to burst at any moment.

One evening, the hotel parlor was filled with the melody of Mary Grant's soft voice. She was singing different selections from "Martha," and Robert Brocklehurst, seated in a distant corner, was lost in a reverie which, though separated from the story of the opera, rose with it to exalted heights of rapture or sank into tenderest pathos of despair.

He was reflecting on the perversity of individual choice. The girl at the piano was gentle, accomplished, and pleasantly appreciative of attentions shown her. Why should he enjoy a few hasty meetings with a certain willful maiden so much more than the amiable chats with her? Mary Grant was true-hearted and unpretentious. There was but little resemblance between her and her supercilious sister. In beauty, if faultless outline of feature is a criterion, she far outshone Kate Hamilton; yet how much more fascinating was the play of varied expressions over one face than the sweet demure look of the other! Then he ceased to compare the two, only one remaining in his thoughts as the music went on. He had not seen Miss Hamilton since early that morning, and yet she had accepted his invitation to go out boating that afternoon. She seemed willing and even eager, and, for the first time in weeks, did not put him off by a plea of weariness or a previous engagement.

When he inquired of Mrs. Antwerp of her whereabouts, that lady stated that she was not at home. Mrs. Antwerp looked embarrassed when she informed him. Had Miss Hamilton kept out of his way purposely? He recalled her friendly smile and flush of pleasure, and it did not seem possible that she had intentionally disappointed him.

"Mr. Brocklehurst, I would like to speak with you a moment." He started at having his reverie so unceremoniously interrupted. Mrs. Antwerp stood beside him. She was evidently deeply agitated. "Not here," she said, as he rose to hand her a chair. She led the way out into the moonlight, down to the deserted beach.

"Is Mr. Fisher here?" she asked, and, though they were out of everyone's hearing, she spoke in a breathless sort of whisper.

"Oh, no," Mr. Brocklehurst answered, bewildered at the lady's unusual behavior. "I saw him get on the train, this noon."

"It is true! it is true!" Mrs. Antwerp repeated, as she tightly grasped his arm for support. She seemed utterly distracted and perfectly unconscious of where she was and to whom she was speaking. "Yes, she has gone with him—my dear sister's child!" she continued, in a stunned, dazed fashion.

"What do you mean?" demanded Mr. Brocklehurst.

His question recalled her to her present surroundings.

"What can I do? I must tell my husband!" She hastened back to the house without another word until she reached the steps, when she requested him to tell no one what had occurred.

Mr. Brocklehurst needed no further explanation. He knew Mrs. Antwerp thought her niece had eloped with young Fisher, and he remembered with a sickening dread that Mr. Fisher had taken a great amount of luggage with him.

"Off for a few weeks' change," was his reply to Mr. Brocklehurst, who asked him if he had found Clear View too slow.

Mingled with the shock that Mrs. Antwerp's disclosure gave him was the sudden knowledge that he, Robert Brocklehurst, loved Kate Hamilton—that life without her seemed worthless and void of meaning. At

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first, he refused to believe her capable of doing the thing her aunt was so sure she had done; then he thought of her independent mode of living since she was a little child, and it did not seem so improbable that she should decide her own fate, asking and wishing for no one's advice.

"All is fair in love and war" is a dangerous guide for a young girl. Perhaps she considered her aunt and uncle in the light of custodians, and considered it a highly satisfactory proceeding to deceive and elude them.

Mr. Brocklehurst retired that night not to sleep, but to be tormented by unavailing hopeless reflections. By the next morning, however, he began to think that he had been too easily convinced. It might be that Mrs. Antwerp was nervous and over-anxious and had become alarmed on slight grounds. Accordingly, he was less despondent than his pale face and sleepless night would naturally indicate, as he took his seat at the breakfast-table. He even glanced over toward the judge's table, in the hope of seeing Kate Hamilton sitting there in her accustomed place; but he was doomed to be disappointed—neither she nor her uncle was present, and Mrs. Antwerp's care-worn face and preoccupied air recalled in full force the fears which the morning light had partly dispelled.

His heart was heavy with a dull pain, as, shortly afterward, he sauntered along toward the sea, which somehow seemed to enter into all his moods. He had not gone far before he was overtaken by Mrs. Antwerp. Hardly knowing how it came about, Robert Brocklehurst found himself receiving her confidence and trying to help her with his counsel and sympathy.

It appeared that Miss Hamilton had gone to Central Station, a village twelve miles distant, ostensibly to get some writing-paper. Her aunt tried to persuade her not to take the useless journey, by offering her the use of her own plentifully supplied writing-desk; but Miss Hamilton declared that she desired larger dimensions than her aunt's dainty note-paper, and persisted in going. She assured her aunt that she would be back at noon, and, when she did not come then nor on either of the later trains, Mrs. Antwerp grew very uneasy, and had gone herself to the depot to see if her niece had come on the last train arriving from Central Station. She was not there, and the suspicion that had been lurking in her thoughts all afternoon flashed through her like an awful truth, when she found out that Mr. Fisher had also left Clear View. The judge had taken the midnight train for Boston, where it was supposed "they"—for Mrs. Antwerp already spoke of her niece in the plural number—had gone.

Listening to these details and becoming imbued with Mrs. Antwerp's unshakable belief, it would now take more encouragement than the bright morning's influence to conquer the despair which filled Robert Brocklehurst's soul.

After Mrs. Antwerp left him, he wandered about aimlessly, and at last came to the cluster of trees where he had spent so many hours with Kate Hamilton. The spot brought back the presence that would never again suffuse its radiance there. How she stood apart from all the world! He recalled their first weeks together; the rest were forgotten. The ocean in mournful undertones chimed in with his thoughts. All effort seemed vain to him; he no longer looked forward to years of activity and pleasure. What was it all worth? he asked himself. What did life amount to, at best? His imagination was crowded with images of Kate Hamilton as he had seen her at different times, always the same, yet ever changing from gay to earnest, from bright to dreamy. How little did he realize before, that she filled his life with all things desirable!

Robert Brocklehurst, lost in bitter-sweet reflections, never knew how long he sat there, unmindful of all save the dreariness that flooded his every thought.

"Ah, is that you, Mr. Brocklehurst, looking so disconsolate?" called a merry voice.

He looked up. Mary Grant was standing before him, smiling pleasantly. Acting on a sudden impulse, he rose and proposed a promenade down the beach. He shrank from seeing her in that place, thronging with precious memories.

Mrs. Antwerp received no comfort from her husband's sisters, in her trouble. Every glance they gave her and every word they uttered seemed a reproach. But she had risen to the emergency, and nothing that they looked or said could hurt her now. Her sole care was for her niece. She blamed

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herself bitterly for what had happened, but the opinion of her sisters-in-law added not one jot to the remorse she felt. She asserted herself boldly, as retiring people sometimes will on great occasions. The judge's sisters looked on her as a stranger in her unwonted aspect, and began to treat her with more consideration and less condescension. In the new dignity which came to her with the asserting of her independence, Mrs. Antwerp appeared not to notice their changed manner. She simply gave them the judge's instructions to keep silent. Mr. Brocklehurst was her only adviser and confidant. The judge's sisters, by their heartless censuring of Kate Hamilton, changed Mrs. Antwerp's intention of consulting them, and they were kept in the dark regarding the numerous messages which came from Judge Antwerp, and the mysteriously worded replies returned, in the composition of which Mr. Brocklehurst aided her, though they always contained the same disheartening information that the young lady had not returned.

In a dull languid way, Mr. Brocklehurst admired the change which he recognized in Mrs. Antwerp. Her well-bred efficient method of concealing her overwhelming anxiety saved Kate Hamilton from the merciless criticism which idle people are so tireless in showing.

Drawn together in the mutual object of shielding her niece from comment and mutual love for the girl—though of course the lady knew nothing of this latter bond of sympathy—a strong friendship sprang up between these two, whose hearts were heavy with longing.

It would not have been so lamentable if the man Kate Hamilton had chosen were in the least capable of appreciating her, Robert Brocklehurst thought. Yet, if Mr. Fisher had been the noblest man in existence, it is greatly to be doubted if he would have been much happier, of such contradictory elements are lovers made.

Mr. Brocklehurst, in the meantime, was not the only one who thought of Kate Hamilton. The third afternoon after her departure, Professor Graves made his appearance, heavily laden with large lichens that he had brought to show her. When Mr. Brocklehurst told him she had gone away to stay indefinitely, he looked dazed and stood staring at his informant in stupid surprise.

"Did you say Katharine had gone?" he exclaimed at last, with the nearest approach to energy that Mr. Brocklehurst had ever seen him display.

"Yes, she has gone," answered the architect, in as matter-of-fact a tone as he could command; "and I understand it isn't certain that she will return to Clear View this summer, though she may do so."

"If Katharine is not here, I may as well take these back."

As he walked away with his burden of excrescences, his head drooped lower than ever; and Mr. Brocklehurst, watching his retreat, thought he detected something despondent in his attitude. "He isn't so old as I supposed," he reflected. "Perhaps he too—" And he sighed pityingly.

The last day of August came, warning the pleasure-seekers at Clear View that it would soon be time to leave summer idleness and return home.

Central Station was in a hubbub of excitement over the departure of a certain young lady. She was with a small French girl, who clung to her at the last moment as if loath to bid her adieu. Gently disengaging herself from her embrace, the young lady was soon on board the train, nodding farewell right and left to the assemblage of villagers. When the place was no longer in sight, she leaned back comfortably in the seat and closed her eyes. She began to count the days of her absence from Clear View. It had been just one week, yet to her it seemed like months, so full of excitement and worry had it been.

"Clear View isn't very bad, after all," she meditated. "Poor fellow! he will not be there, but I don't think he will take it hard. He would give me a pair of grays if I would have him," her thoughts ran on. "He said they were the fastest on record, owned by a private individual." A mischievous smile curved her red lips. "And I am the first one he ever made such an offer."

Here the smile disappeared when she reflected that she would probably never see him again, and he had certainly been refreshingly amusing. "Madge said the way to manage them was to be interested in their hobbies; and I think—I almost know she was right. Hobbies are quite nice—that is,

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some of them." A bright flush suffused her face here, and she sat up and opened her eyes.

The train stopped, and, as she wended her way to the hotel, she again reflected that Clear View was not so bad, after all. She encountered no one as she went upstairs, having arrived just at the luncheon-hour.

As she entered her aunt's room, that lady was standing in the middle of the floor, with an open telegram in her hand. Her face was deadly pale and wasted as if by sickness.

"Why, Aunt Margaret, what has happened?" the girl cried, rushing toward her.

Mrs. Antwerp shrieked as if she had seen a ghost, then dropped into the nearest chair when she realized that it was really her niece.

"Oh, Kate! Kate! how could you do it?" she exclaimed, and then sank back in a fainting-fit.

Miss Hamilton was perfectly composed under these distressing circumstances. She had once had a school-mate who frequently swooned, and much practice had rendered her skillful in applying restoratives. Soon she was relieved by seeing her aunt show signs of consciousness, and she picked up the telegram, which had fallen, and commenced reading. She could make nothing of the doubtful words beyond a certainty that something terrible had befallen the family, and she waited in breathless suspense until her aunt could explain.

"Do tell me what has happened!" she implored, when that lady was able to speak.

"How could you run away and get married in that manner, Kate?" moaned Mrs. Antwerp, then stopped, choked by her sobs.

"Have you lost your senses, Aunt Margaret?" Miss Hamilton cried, in stupefied wonder.

"How could you treat us so? Your uncle feels it terribly! He is trying now to find you."

"Trying to find me? I don't understand. I didn't intend to stay so long at Central Station, but I couldn't help it." She glanced again at the telegram. "What does this mean, Aunt Margaret? Is anyone dead?" she whispered, softly.

"My poor child, you don't seem to realize what you have done. Where is he?"

"Who? Uncle?"

"Your husband, of course!" And Mrs. Antwerp tried, but unsuccessfully, to mention the name without hesitating.

Kate Hamilton stood speechless with surprise.

"Don't be so alarmed about it, dear child. We know everything, and are ready to forgive you, though the judge is very indignant with Mr. Fisher, and I can't say how he will be received. It was a strange choice for you to make, but I do hope you will always be happy, though—"

Here Miss Hamilton succeeded in finding voice, and impatiently interrupted her relative.

"Please tell me plainly what I have done! You speak of my husband, Uncle Antwerp, and Mr. Fisher. The first of these, I have never had the pleasure of meeting; my uncle, you say, is trying to find me; and Mr. Fisher is a hundred miles away by this time! Do tell me, aunt, what I am to glean from this bundle of startling facts."

"You say Mr. Fisher is a hundred miles away? Aren't you married to him, Kate Hamilton?"

"Married to Mr. Fisher?" Kate echoed, then paused for a moment to take in the import of her aunt's words. "Did you think I had eloped with him? Why, do you mean to say you did not receive my letter telling you why I was detained at Central Station?"

"My child, I have not had a line since you left. So it was all a mistake?" cried Mrs. Antwerp, a sudden peace flooding her heart. "You did write—you are not married—you are back safe? Now I can breathe again! Tell me all about it!"

She shed a few tears, but was soon composed enough to listen to her niece's explanation.

"When I got off at Central Station, I saw an old friend of mine—Mademoiselle Marceau. She had come to this country with a party of her own French people, and had got separated from them in changing cars at Central Station. Mademoiselle was surrounded by a crowd of men. She doesn't speak a word of English, and was so excited that she could only wring her hands and cry. When she saw me, she clung to my neck as if her only safety lay in keeping me as close to her as possible—she was so glad to see someone she knew. I met her in Paris last year, and we were quite friendly. She

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wouldn't let me out of her sight until her uncle came to take her away; that was this morning. We've had such work, sending detectives and others to find her uncle. All the while, he was as frantic as she. He telegraphed to officers in several large places they had passed through, to institute a search for her. They never once thought of Central Station. Oh, Aunt Margaret, it was so tiresome! I had all the responsibility, and made ever so many mistakes, trying to find her uncle; but he was discovered at last. Of course, I supposed you had my letter and would not worry," the girl concluded.

"But my not answering might have set you to thinking I had not received it—"

"Now, aunt!" broke in Kate, "when you never answer a letter if you can help it. And I was too busy to think about anything but consoling mademoiselle and hunting up her uncle."

"I don't believe you realize how much we love you, Kate. If you could have seen how troubled the judge was—we must telegraph him at once."

"I never should have dreamed of his even perceiving my absence," Kate said, frankly.

"My dear, I suppose we don't understand young people, never having had any children to bring up; but you may be sure we are both very, very fond of you, and want to make you happy!"

They had a long, long talk; aunt and niece had never before been so near each other as now, after their short separation.

Kate Hamilton dropped into a refreshing sleep with the sense of protecting affection surrounding her, that was a new and sweet sensation. Mrs. Antwerp took this occasion to seek Mr. Brocklehurst. She told him Miss Hamilton had returned, that it was all a mistake, and requested him to send the welcome tidings to her husband.

Robert Brocklehurst's pale face was fairly radiant with the sudden return of hope. It was impossible to hide the joy that her news roused in his heart. Mrs. Antwerp looked at him intently an instant, then their hands clasped warmly in mute understanding.

It was a much-elated and well-satisfied young lady who met Mr. Brocklehurst on the beach, late that afternoon. They met as friends who had been parted for a much longer time than seven days. It did not surprise Kate Hamilton that he was so openly delighted to see her. She was in a state of joyous animation, that made it seem the most natural thing for everyone to share it.

It was extremely sultry, and the sun beat fiercely down upon them; but Kate Hamilton, protected by her big hat, did not mind, and Robert Brocklehurst was blissfully unconscious that the end of his rather prominent nose was getting burned.

They strolled along in the direction of their cluster of trees. The sad undertone of the waves beside them was changed to one of joy awakening for Robert Brocklehurst. He was debating whether to tell her that he had intended to leave Clear View. Although he had no idea of going now, yet he longed inexpressibly to know how she would receive such information. At length, the longing got the mastery.

"I came to the conclusion a few days ago, Miss Hamilton, that Clear View was no place for me—that I had been here long enough, or even too long, for that matter."

She resumed her walk, determined he should not know how desolate his departure would make her. He continued to smile while she persistently studied the horizon with a look of intense yearning. Though selfish, it was absolute pleasure for him to see it.

"Several days ago, I thought of going; now I would not for worlds."

She held herself proudly, feigning not to hear his change of programme; but her heart gave a great bound of relief.

Then quickly he came nearer and bent to look into her eyes, which would not leave the distant sky.

When he again spoke, his voice was tremulous with passionate appeal.

"It remains with you, Kate, whether I go or stay."

Her whole being was in a tumult of emotion. The only thing she was sure of was that she did not wish him to leave.

"Don't go," she whispered.

He grasped her hand. "Bless you, my darling!"

The sea was now wildly jubilant. On and on they wandered, their hearts attuned to music as grand as that of the ocean. All else was forgotten in the love which brought a wondrous revelation of life's meaning and visions of a future of startling sweetness stretching out before them.

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WHAT'S IN A NAME?

BY JEAN HALIFAX.

THE library door was softly pushed ajar, and a small head cautiously reconnoitred. Nothing very frightful was hidden there, it seemed. Only a pleasant-faced young man in a big arm-chair drawn close to the grate.

"Oh!" with a breath of relief, as Tot slipped into the room and closed the door carefully behind her. "It isn't, at all! It's only you, Mr. Warren, and I see you 'most ev'ry day; and you never bite, you know."

"No, I don't bite," the visitor half-laughingly admitted. "What were you afraid of?"

"Why, you see, Mr. Warren, Horace told me there was a bear in here, that might hug folks awfully, and he said I'd better not come in. And I don't b'lieve Horace meant it, 'coz he jus' laughed and laughed, and sister Mollie jus' went for him; but she laughed a little bit, too. And you're not such a huggerer as a bear, are you, Mr. Warren, rilly true?"

"Why, no—of course not," stammered her victim, to whom the question seemed strangely embarrassing. "I—that is—isn't that your brother Horace calling you, Tottie?"

"P'raps it is!" And Tottie unsuspiciously started in such swift obedience to the supposed summons that she almost overthrew the demure young lady just entering the library.

"Oh, Mollie!" cried the child, as she clutched at the girl's dress just in time to save herself from an unpremeditated somersault. "You'll 'member, won't you?"

"Yes, yes, Tottie," Mollie answered, hastily, in evident fear of a coming revelation. "Now run on, dear." But Tottie was not one to be unceremoniously put aside. "Besides, you know, Mollie," she persisted, earnestly, "you said you'd give me ten whole centses if I'd make choc'late-drops with Horace for an hour this evening, don't you 'member?"

Mollie's face rivaled the red, red rose as she said, rather sharply for the tender sister she really was: "Go straight to the dining-room, Tottie, and see what your mother wants."

"Suz' me!" cried Tottie, as she darted away. "Does ev'rybody want me?"

There was an awkward pause for a minute, after quiet greetings had been exchanged. Ned was mentally denouncing small brothers and sisters as the worst obstacle in the way of courtship, for he had not forgotten how Tottie's still more provoking young brother had interposed at a most unlucky moment, the last visit he had made. And Mollie was inwardly hoping that Ned had not understood her ruse of obtaining an evening free from both "little pitchers."

But she need not have worried. For Ned, with masculine obtuseness, never more brilliantly or unfortunately displayed than when a man is in love, had not noticed the bribe at all.

"I've tried twice to propose to her, and those young rascals have interrupted both times," thought Ned, savagely clutching at his mustache. "If they come in to-night—" He glared threateningly at the grate.

Mollie tried to gather her scattered wits together. She had gone over to the window, drawn the curtain slightly aside, and apparently was serenely watching the effect of moonrise on the snow. In reality, she was hotly wondering if Ned had noticed.

"It seems very cold out to-night, doesn't it?" she ventured, with a quite successfully indifferent air. Surely the weather was a safe though time-worn subject.

Ned roused himself.

"Oh, yes; it is cold, that's a fact. Miss Mollie," with a sudden gleam of relief as he thought he saw a way of escape from Scylla and Charybdis, as he mentally styled the two young hopefuls, "isn't your cold so much better that you could try another sleigh-ride? It isn't too cold for a ride," he urged. "It's a perfect evening for it." He bent suddenly nearer. "I want you to myself. Please come, Mollie," softly.

Mollie's cheeks grew pink.

"I'll see what mamma thinks," she

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answered, shyly, and slipped away to consult her mother. For Mollie, in spite of her merry ways and girlish beauty, was a young home-girl, just old-fashioned enough to think that "mother knew best." She had been threatened with an attack of pneumonia after her last sleigh-ride, and had been kept closely in the house for some time.

Ned's delight shone in his face.

"Now I'll have her all to myself!" He smiled exultantly. "Not a youngster within two miles; those little wretches can't interfere again, and I'll—"

"Why, you're here still!" said a surprised voice.

Ned wheeled round with an audible groan. Tot stood in the doorway.

"Mollie's with mamma in the sitting-room, so I thought I'd entertain you," she announced, calmly.

"Entertain!" groaned poor Ned, inwardly. But he added, aloud, hastily moving toward the door: "Well, Tottie, I'm afraid I won't have time for you just now. I'm going to run down to Ericson's stables, you see, and get my horse and cutter."

"Oh, that's good!" responded Tot, promptly. "Get one like Mr. Jack Mineaux's," she advised, with an air of judicial dignity. "Mollie likes him, and you'd better get as nice things as he does."

"Mollie likes him?" faintly.

"Yes," asserted the youthful mischief-maker. "She said she loved Jack Mineaux. I heard her tell Cousin Fannie," the little gossip went on. "You don't look as if you liked Mr. Jack."

Ned's face had darkened at the name, and keen little Tottie had noticed it. The young man waited to hear no more.

"Tell your sister that—that—" He could think of no excuse. "Tell her it's too cold for a ride, after all," he finished, desperately, "and bid her good-evening for me." The door opened, and he was out in the cold moonlight. Angry, hurt, and scarcely realizing how rude he had been in leaving Mollie in such a fashion, the hot-headed young fellow made straight for his boarding-place.

"Mollie loves him!" rang through his head. He could think of nothing else. He had been jealous of Jack Mineaux for several months, and knew that Jack loved Mollie, too. Lately he had feared the dashing young Frenchman more than usual; and now to find out that Mollie loved Jack! "No wonder she has been so shy with me these last few weeks! I can't doubt it," he thought, despairingly; "that's one thing. Tot is an awful bother sometimes, but everyone says she's exact and truthful. Oh, Mollie! Mollie!" He stopped, hopeless. He could never, never say "My Mollie!"

It was nearing daylight when Ned looked up again. If Mollie could have seen the haggard face and listless figure moving slowly about the room, as Ned packed for departure, she would not have felt as hurt and angry as she did, at the unexplained abruptness of his farewell.

Ned gathered together and burned all that spoke of his lost Mollie: a few trifles—answers to invitations, flowers that she had worn, for there had been no engagement, though Ned had "thought Mollie knew," and Mollie had understood. Horace and Tottie had been the fates in the way.

With only a few words of explanation to the landlady and to his partner—Henry Sheldon—Ned was off, "for a few weeks down at sister Mary's," he said.

The days passed slowly, for the "girl he left behind him." Poor Mollie knew nothing of the cause of his departure, and wondered that he should have left in such a way. There was one, and only one, who was thoroughly glad of Ned's absence—his rival, Jack Mineaux. But when Jack, naturally supposing that Ned had been rejected and had gone away to recover from the blow, summoned courage to press his suit, he was much astonished at the young lady's decided refusal.

"Miss Mollie," he confessed, "I saw that you were friendly with Ned Warren; but what emboldened me to try to win you was that Tottie told me"—he hesitated awkwardly enough for the usually dashing fellow—"you loved me!"

Mollie's bright eyes flashed.

"A strange way of courting. You seemed very sure," she exclaimed, and the sweet voice had a sarcastic ring. "When I love a man, I'll tell him so myself, and not send anyone else to him with that information!"

She drew herself up proudly.

"Mr. Mineaux," more quietly, "I never said those words. My sister has made a mistake somehow. I thought you understood how I felt about this, long ago."

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When Jack had gone, Mollie at once sought out the little mischief.

"Why, Mollie," the child protested, when her sister had questioned her thoroughly as to her part in this matter and read her a private lecture on the subject of truth-telling, which sank deep in the little one's tender heart, in spite of her roguishness, "you did tell Cousin Fannie so. When you was up in your room, you 'member, the night you went to the 'ception, you said: 'I love Jack Mineaux.' It's perzackly what you said, Mollie."

And Tot's sweet brown eyes looked beseechingly into Mollie's, while the big tears dropped slowly and dimmed the soft but honest eyes.

"Don't you b'lieve me, Mollie?" she pleaded.

"Yes, dear, I know you thought I said it."

Suddenly a light broke in on her. She stopped rocking. "I see it all now. I was talking about roses. I had some Jacqueminot roses that night. It was those I meant. Oh! Pettikins, you've broken my heart!" she whispered, softly, and a tear fell on the child's face. Tottie had begun to cry in sympathy, but her sister rocked and petted her now till she fell asleep. Mollie thought the little one had not heard her last words, which had been wrung from her before she thought; but Tot had heard, and, though she said nothing about it, she pondered over them in her loving little heart for several days. And, as a result, the following epistle was evolved, which, though extremely shaky as to penmanship and rather phonetic as to spelling, nevertheless accomplished its mission most satisfactorily.

"Deer Mister Ned," it ran. "No buddy nose i am riting to you. Horis wil mal this. I gav him my Flag to do it. I no sum words. I can rite sum. but it was the red rose with Mister Jack Minos name and not him that Mollie said she luved. and she cride. and she sed i broke her hart.

From TOTTIE."

Ned took the next train, after he read this, home to Mollie. It was three o'clock when he reached the Mortons' home. He did not stop to ring the bell. He knew it was the hour when Mollie used to help Tottie in her music-lesson, and that they would both be in the library. And they were. Mollie's face was paler than it had been. She had not known of Tot's letter. She looked up as the door opened, and, the next thing she knew, she was locked fast in Ned's arms, and his kisses were raining on the dimpled cheeks that were by no means pale just then. Tottie stole softly away, with a tact hitherto latent. She felt she was not needed there. But neither of the lovers noticed.

"Mollie, darling," Ned whispered, softly, "nothing shall ever come between us again."

"Never," Mollie answered, with her head close to his heart.

The "course of true love" did run smoothly afterward. And, on her wedding-day, Mollie wore a bunch of Jacqueminot roses. She and Ned knew why.

OUR SUMMER BIRDS.

BY GENESEE RICHARDSON.

WHEN first along the woodland way
We saw the leaves were turning
To vivid gold, to brown and gray,
And scarlet, rich and burning;
When frost first whitened vale and hill
And fairest flowers had faded,
When first a breath of winter's chill
Our kingdom had invaded,
Across the hills, where shadows gray
And shadows pink were lying,
To sunnier climes, far, far away,
Our summer birds went flying.

When life was sad as life can be,
They came with sweeter singing,
When spring's first kiss was on the lea,
A sense of gladness bringing.
They built their nests in tall old trees;
Their calls filled each vast hollow.
Were ever days more glad than these,
When came the wren and swallow?
Once more are dusky dales about
By roving blue-birds haunted,
Once more the robin's songs ring out
Through woods that seem enchanted.

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TWO-LEAFED CLOVER.

BY MINNIE PALMER.

WHY Sibyl was shy when we met in the glade
'Mid daisies asleep in the dew,
Why lingered her feet 'neath the maple-tree's shade
Where nestled sweet violets blue,
I'll tell in a song of the valley and mead—
A song that is tender and true:
'Twas only the thought of the sweet shining leaf,
The clover-leaf hid in her shoe.

Low bent over mound softly cushioned with bloom
And fragrant with incense full rare,
Green bordered by ferns rich in feathery plume,
She sought out a bud for her hair,
And found 'midst the clover a talisman true,
Which maidens were all wont to wear—
Sweet love-charm unfailing: she placed in her shoe
Two leaves, round and glossy and fair.

Thus shyly she lingered, delaying to take
The path I besought her to tread;
Thro' moss-mantled woodland, by blue placid lake,
Near the maple-tree waiting instead;
Forewarned, if she walked at my side—a true fate,
Controlling the years as they sped,
Fettered our footsteps together to take
Life's journey, that heavenward led.

When clouds and when doubtings our wooing swept o'er,
As clouds and as doubtings will do,
When winter and coldness gave place as before
To sunlight and love that is true,
When spring-time had spangled the hillside and moor
With buttercup-blossoms anew,
Sweet Sibyl confessed to the magical power
Of the clover-leaf worn in her shoe.

Her mist-woven veil, like the foam of the sea,
Just softened the blush which shone through.
A regal white crown was her wedding-day wreath,
As close to the altar we drew.
Her soft shining robe was as pure as the light,
Her soul was as spotless and true.
Fit shield for the leaf which our destiny wrought
Was the silk of her dainty white shoe.

Clasping her hand in so tender a clasp,
I blessed every hour of the day
Which brought such a boon to my lifetime at last,
While I thanked the great God for the way
He guided the flight of some sweet singing bird
To the mound where the clover was gay,
Where it picked a green leaf from a cluster of three
And left two for Sibyl that day.

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TESTED BY TIME.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

I.

"IN the palatial ball-room of Brady's Hotel were assembled all the élite and beauty of the country for miles around, the brilliant blaze of the lamps lighting up a scene of extraordinary splendor and gayety."

This was the account which appeared in the reliable columns of the Bassett's Corners "Gazette," the single newspaper supported by that flourishing community, on the morning following the festivities so glowingly described; to which was appended the remark that "the belle of the evening was indisputably Miss Polly Brady, the only daughter of our distinguished fellow-townsman, Colonel Thomas Brady."

Whatever doubts might have been entertained by a witness of the affair as to the truth of the first of the foregoing statements, there could be no question as to the correctness of the second—Miss Polly Brady was certainly the centre of attraction to the unmarried men, on this as on every similar occasion.

In strict verity, "the palatial ball-room," occupying the entire loft of Brady's Hotel, was of a size proportionate to the actual accommodations of the house, which were much more those of a tavern than its pretentious title would seem to indicate. "The élite and beauty of the country" consisted of a great number of men in rather incongruous costumes, and a small sprinkling of ladies, mostly married and of varying social positions, if such things had been regarded in Bassett's Corners. "The brilliant blaze of the lamps," described as "lighting up the scene," was in reality the flickering light of many tallow candles in tin candlesticks nailed to the walls, augmented to an inappreciable degree by the sickly gleam of a few ineffectual lamps ranged on shelves about the room; while "the gayety" consisted chiefly in rather boisterous dancing to the accompaniment of a couple of shaky musical instruments, a fiddle and a banjo. For this ball, which was not merely a memorable event in the social history of Bassett's Corners, but also marked an era in the lives of two of its participants, took place in a little mining-village in Colorado, when the great West was yet a comparatively unexplored country and its civilization remained primitive.

Being so decidedly in the minority, the ladies did not lack for partners, and, in the intervals of the dance, the single ones were completely surrounded. The centre of the largest group was Miss Polly Brady, a sight pleasant to behold in the glow of her beauty —which would have been undeniable anywhere—and in all the freshness of her seventeen years. Colonel Brady and his wife were quite common people, but the colonel's great-grandfather had been a real Irish gentleman, who had squandered his money and emigrated to America, where he had married beneath him and been followed by a succession of degenerate descendants. No trace of this ancestry appeared in the colonel, but it was apparent in Polly, who was the image, in her delicate refined beauty, of the mother of this same Irish gentleman whom she had never seen.

Noticeable among the masculine contingent which surrounded Polly, not so much for his dress or manners as for that indefinable something which marks the gentleman born and bred, was a man of about twenty-six, who stood close to the young lady, whispering flattering things in her ear, to which she listened with rather more favor than she accorded the rest of her admirers. In fact, a sort of engagement existed between Joe Craven and the belle of Bassett's Corners. Colonel and Mrs. Brady were not only proud of their beautiful daughter, but they were ambitious for her also. When she was twelve years old, they sent her to an excellent boarding-school, where she remained until she was fifteen. This experience broadened the girl's

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horizon and altered her standards. On her return home, she was very unhappy at first, for life in the mining-village did not come up to her new ideas. After a time, however, the admiration and attention her beauty excited reconciled her in a measure to existence there, while the evident superiority of young Craven led Polly to single him out as a special object of favor. During the ensuing two years, a close friendship sprang up between the pair, which soon ripened into love. There was no acknowledged engagement, for two reasons. In the first place, Polly's parents would have objected on the ground that Joe was poor. His father having died a bankrupt, the young man had come West to seek his fortune. He edited the Bassett's Corners "Gazette," in which he catered to the tastes of the mining-community, prospecting in the intervals for gold. Besides this, Polly was too young to be insensible to the adulation she received, and was not willing entirely to relinquish it. It was not just the kind she would have chosen, for her tastes were fastidious; but it was all that offered, so she accepted it. On this account, the lovers had many quarrels.

On the evening of the ball, everything went smoothly with the pair until a handsome Spaniard came up to claim Polly's hand for the next dance. Then Joe ceased to whisper pleasant things, and his brow grew dark.

"You are not going to dance with that fellow, are you?" he asked, in an undertone.

"Why not?"

"You know the reason why."

"Because he does not please your highness?"

"He is not fit to be near you. It is bad enough to see you in the clasp of those other rough fellows, but at least—" Joe paused and added: "He has done things which could not be told in your innocent hearing."

"I dare say plenty of the society-men I should dance with in a New York ballroom are just as bad," answered Polly, in a worldly-wise tone.

"I dare say; but, at any rate, you could not know it. Civilization puts a sort of veneer over people's true characters."

"Well, I have promised, and I always keep my promises," was the reply.

The Spaniard was close to them, and Joe lost his temper.

"I forbid you!" he said, in low concentrated tones.

"You have no right to forbid me," answered Polly, haughtily; and, with a charming smile at the Spaniard, she floated away in his arms.

Now, Polly was a born dancer, and the Spaniard was the best waltzer in the room, so she enjoyed her turn very much; but, when it was over, compunctious thoughts filled her mind. She looked about for Joe, but he was nowhere to be found. Then she remembered that the next dance was promised to him, and grew angry. "He thinks he'll punish me, does he? We'll see!" So, when the recalcitrant partner did not appear and the Spaniard asked her if she were engaged, she answered "No," and, when Joe finally entered the room, the two were waltzing together gayly.

When Polly was ready to sit down again, which was not until the music had stopped, Joe had vanished.

"He has gone off in a jealous rage," thought she, not without a certain degree of satisfaction, such as the young and foolish find in proving their power, forgetting how dangerous it is. Even when he was not on hand to escort her home as usual, she felt no uneasiness, but made her triumphal return with a score of admirers.

Great was the astonishment of the town, next morning, to learn that the glowing account of the ball which appeared in the Bassett's Corners "Gazette" was not the work of its able editor, but of his assistant. Polly was setting the table for dinner, and wondering a little anxiously when Joe would present himself. The colonel entered, an expression of surprise on his broad immobile countenance.

"Did ye know Joe was goin' away t'day, Polly?" he asked.

"Going away?" echoed his daughter, too much astonished to conceal her feelings.

"Didn't he tell ye 'bout it?" queried the colonel.

"He did not," was the decided answer. "Where's he going?"

"To Californy, t' make his fortune. Ye see, he went t' the office about twelve las' night, and told Myers to run the paper while he was gone. Myers asked for an account of the ball, and he swore at thet an' tol' Myers to make up one. Then he went to

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his room an' wuz off early this mornin'. Queer he didn't say somethin' to you."

"We had quarreled," answered Polly, briefly, stooping to pick up the fork she had dropped in her first surprise.

"H'm! It's jest as well," remarked her father, a peculiar expression in his face. Polly, who had recovered control of herself, did not dispute this statement; but, in answer to her father's next question, "Where's your mom?" explained that she was upstairs, sewing.

The colonel immediately went in search of his wife, and then the young girl seized her sun-bonnet and rushed down the cañon, longing to be alone and telling herself as she went: "He will come back soon—he will come back soon!"

Two or three hours later, when Polly returned to the house, she found dinner over and her father making his preparations for a journey.

"I'm goin' to Denver," he said, in answer to the questioning look in her eyes, "on business."

"Don't ye want somethin' to eat, Polly?" asked her mother, anxiously. "I kept ye yer dinner."

"Thank you," answered Polly, trying to eat the food which had been saved for her. "When will you be back, father?"

"Very soon, very soon," answered the colonel.

During her father's absence, she wondered somewhat as to its cause; but neither her mother nor anybody else in the town seemed to be acquainted with the reason, and, as the days passed and Joe did not return, she grew more and more anxious about him. In less than a week, her father was back from Denver, with a mysterious stranger whose presence he did not explain. If Polly had not been so absorbed in thoughts of her lover, spending most of her time in the lonely cañon, her curiosity might have been aroused by the occurrences of the next few days, and the news when she heard it would not have come with such a shock of surprise.

Coming home about sunset from a long solitary ramble, she saw her father and mother standing in the doorway of the tavern.

"Polly! Polly!" they both cried, as she approached, and, taking her hands, they drew her into the house.

"Has anything happened?" she cried, looking from one to the other in amazement.

"Yes, yes," sobbed her mother, throwing herself into her daughter's arms and bursting into tears.

Her father laid his hand on her shoulder.

"They've struck gold in our cellar, Polly. We shall be rich—richer than ye've any idea of."

"A real gold-mine, do you mean?" asked Polly, in a dazed way, patting her mother's hair as she spoke.

"Yes, yes, my child," answered the colonel, excitedly, holding out his arms to her.

Gently disengaging herself from her mother's embrace, Polly hid her head on his breast. Almost the first thought that had come into her mind was: "What would Joe think?"

They talked it all over at supper, which, in their excitement, they could hardly eat; Polly did not say much, but listened to the excited outpourings of her elders. Before they went to bed, her father drew her to him and said:

"How would ye like t' leave here, and go to Chicago t' live, Polly? It's a great 'eal grander place then Denver."

For a moment, it seemed to the girl as if all places would be alike to her. Then the natural elasticity of youth asserted itself, and, with it, another thought entered her sore wounded heart: amidst new surroundings, she might learn to forget. With a quick clasp of the hands, she cried:

"Oh, let us go at once! Let us go at once!"

And so it was decided. Of course, there were preliminary arrangements to make: but there was in Denver a company anxious to purchase the colonel's claim. They paid him his royalty at once, so that in an incredibly short space of time he was ready to accompany his wife and daughter. Polly's last thought was of Joe. Should she leave a message for him on his return to Bassett's Corners? For nothing had been heard of him since his departure. Then she remembered that Myers, to whom she had thought of entrusting the message, was an aspirant for her favor—he would not aid his rival. No, fate had meant them to part. Was it forever?

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II.

THAT a year may make great changes is a truism; but its force would certainly have been recognized by any of the citizens of Bassett's Corners, could they have looked into the handsome smoking-room of Colonel Brady's magnificent residence and seen the former hotel-proprietor leaning back in an easy-chair, smoking an expensive cigar.

Scarcely more than a twelvemonth had elapsed since the lucky find which had so changed the fortunes of the family; but in the meantime they had traveled in Europe and purchased an elegant house in Chicago, while the colonel had invested the larger part of his money in a prosperous wholesale business which promised to double it. The change, so far as regarded Colonel Brady, however, was more in his surroundings than in himself. At fifty, one does not alter very greatly. He was still the same short, stout, rubicund Milesian, in spite of his irreproachable garments and a year of foreign travel. A little more pompous to his inferiors, a little slower in speech because of an effort to accommodate his language to his improved circumstances—that was about all.

If some of these same old friends could have glanced into the library, where Polly and her mother sat, they would have seen almost a complete transformation. Polly, in rose-colored cashmere trimmed with swan's-down, was simply one of the most beautiful girls that ever waited to be introduced into New York society. Young, impressible, with every natural advantage, and as fairly well educated as the majority of boarding-school graduates, a year spent in constant travel and instruction from an epitome of all the accomplishments and refinements, in the person of an expensive governess, had made the young girl more than presentable.

With Mrs. Brady, of course, the polish was much slighter and more superficial. She had endeavored to profit by daily instruction from their costly Mentor, but had naturally profited very much less than her daughter. On their return to America, the services of the governess had been dispensed with; but a long array of masters of various sorts carried on the polishing process with the destined belle, to a rather wearisome pitch.

On her husband's sudden accession to fortune, Mrs. Brady had bethought herself of a distant cousin who might be able to assist her in carrying out her ambitious designs. This lady, when quite young, had married a man of some wealth, who had since acquired a large fortune. Mrs. Haversham received her relative with great cordiality, and, on learning of the good luck which had befallen the family, offered to introduce them into good society. On seeing Polly, she had grown enthusiastic in her desire to be of assistance.

"You have a key with which to unlock all doors, in her beauty and your husband's money," Mrs. Haversham privately confided to the proud mother. "She ought to make a brilliant marriage. She is so young, I suppose there are no past entanglements to interfere?"

Then Mrs. Brady had explained how matters stood between young Craven and Polly; but Mrs. Haversham did not seem to consider the state of affairs alarming. It was she who had recommended the foreign tour and the paragon governess, even securing the latter. Their present home was largely the result of her taste and labor; and now, after they had been established in Chicago a few weeks, Polly was to make her debut in society, under Mrs. Haversham's wing.

The day which heralded that memorable event was a trying one for both Mrs. Brady and her daughter. The former, in an elegant house-dress, went about trying hard to look unconcerned; but, in spite of her efforts, an expression of anxiety would show itself on her usually expressionless countenance. Polly did credit to her recent training by the outward composure she assumed, while inwardly feeling as much excited as her mother. There was really nothing for either of them to do, except to remain serene beforehand and look well when evening came, for all the preparations for the ball were in the hands of caterer, florist, etc., under the able direction of Mrs. Haversham. These two things, however, were hardest of all to do, and neither was sorry when six o'clock struck. This of course happened some years back, before the time of five-o'clock teas, when things were done somewhat differently from what they are in society to-day.

Polly was in her own room, lying on a couch in an attitude of elegant repose, which she had acquired at expensive rates. Oddly

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enough, she was thinking of her last ball; and, as her eyes wandered to the mass of tulle and lace spread out on the bed, she pictured to herself the little girl in white muslin and blue ribbons who had thought herself so splendidly dressed. Other people had thought so, too; at least, they had thought her beautiful, and one person in particular—

Just at this moment, there was a knock at the door; and, in answer to her "Come in," Celeste, her French maid, entered.

"Here is a letter for mademoiselle," she said; and Polly took it, glancing carelessly at the superscription.

Instantly her carelessness vanished.

"You may go now, Celeste," she said, quickly. "I shall not need you any longer."

The maid glanced curiously at her mistress, as she withdrew; she had never seen the young lady exhibit so much emotion since the early days of her engagement, before Miss Brady had received the expensive training which had taught her to curb her feelings.

Left alone, Polly broke open her letter with trembling fingers and eagerly read it. It was from Joe, forwarded from the old address, to which he had written after a long silence. It had evidently wandered about a good while before it had found her, for the date was two months back; but how strange that it had found her at all!

With a sudden rush, old memories flooded the girl's heart, and she kissed the sheet and cried over it more tenderly than she would have in past days. It was an imploring passionate appeal, begging her forgiveness for his tyrannical behavior, his jealousy, and urging his great love as an excuse. He would have written sooner, he said, but he was hoping every day to make a lucky find, so that he could come home rich; but he had not done so yet.

"Instead," thought Polly, sadly, "papa has; and it has drawn us farther apart, not brought us nearer together!"

Once more, a knock at the door roused Polly to a realization of the present. It was Celeste, to tell her that dinner was served. She knew she must go down, or her father and mother would be anxious; so, concealing the letter in her bosom, she removed the traces of tears and hurried downstairs. All the while, she was thinking: "Two months! Two months! He must think I do not mean to answer!"

After dinner, there was no time left for sentimentalizing. Her mother begged that she would dress at once, and indeed Polly realized that she had better do so. She hurried upstairs before Celeste, and slipped her letter into a little box on the dressing-table. She had no particular reason to distrust her maid, but it was just as well not to let her see of what value the letter was.

The ball was a great success, but Polly was a still greater one. Everybody raved over her, and Mrs. Haversham was overjoyed at the success of her protegée. Small wonder that, in the excitement of the evening, all thoughts of the past were crowded out of the girl's mind by her present triumph; and when, worn out with excitement and fatigue, she went to her own room, she was only too glad to submit to the ministrations of her maid. Hardly had her head touched the pillow than she fell asleep, even before Celeste had left the room.

It was toward noon before Polly awoke, the next morning, and even then it was some time before her dazed and confused mind fully possessed itself. With the sense of last night's triumph still dominating her, she rose and rang for Celeste. For the moment, all her previous life had slipped away from her, and her whole existence seemed crowded into that one brief evening. Gradually, however, this mood lost its hold on her a little; but, the livelong day, she went about like one in a dream—it seemed to her, in the first flush of success, that she had realized her highest hopes. The first thing that grated on this delicious intoxication was her mother's almost unrestrained satisfaction; it seemed vulgar. Nor were Mrs. Haversham's congratulations any more welcome; they appeared incommensurate to the reality, and stung her with a sense of commonplaceness.

In this absorbed state of mind, Joe's letter had no interest for Polly; but at last her temporary delirium passed away, and things assumed their proper perspective and relations. Then she went to get her letter: the feeling slowly but surely asserting itself, in her saner mood, that we cannot cut ourselves entirely adrift from the past—that it is part of ourselves. Under the increasing dominance of this conviction, Polly

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eagerly opened the box where she thought she had placed her letter. It was gone!

"Surely I put it there!" she thought; but her recollection of that day and evening, up to her entrance into the ball-room, was very hazy, so she searched everywhere. The letter was not to be found, so she rang sharply for her maid. No, Celeste knew nothing about it—mademoiselle must have left it lying on the dressing-table, or else dropped it, and then it could have easily been lost.

Poor Polly! She did not know what to do. Perfectly aware that her mother wished to drop all the old associations, especially with such an inconvenient person as her daughter's old admirer, she decided that it would do no good to consult her. She might have lost it, and yet—

"You may go, Celeste. I have no further need of you," said Polly, recollecting the woman's presence.

Left alone, a bitter realization of the irrevocableness of things rushed over the girl, and she gave herself up to that most hopeless of all sorrow—grieving over what was at an end. The present lost all charm for her, and, with the perversity of human beings generally, the only desirable thing in the world seemed a glimpse of the past and of the one person associated with its pleasantest memories.

Polly's despair did not last very long, however. Young, beautiful, and fond of attention, she could not help delighting in the admiration which was lavished on her; and, in the intense enjoyment of the present, the past lost its hold. In the round of dissipation which followed her entrance into society, she had no time for reflection; and, when spring came, she was too tired even to think. She had received offers in plenty, but no one had in the least touched her heart. Brought up in an atmosphere of absolute freedom and unconventionality, there seemed nothing genuine or sincere about society. What there was of those qualities naturally did not seek the Brady mansion, though Polly could not help winning real liking for her own self. With the superficiality of youth, she failed to perceive this, and a little hardness began to creep over her.

When spring came, the scene of their gayeties was merely transferred to the summer-resorts of the East, of which they made the round. To a girl brought up as Polly had been, the life which she had led for nearly two years could not but prove trying; and when, in September, they found themselves at Saratoga, the young girl was so pale, thin, and listless that Mrs. Haversham became as much alarmed as the anxious parents. The physician who was called in advised two months' perfect rest in pure country air.

At this juncture, Mrs. Haversham, as usual, came to the rescue. She bethought herself of a cousin who lived in the valley of the Connecticut, and immediately wrote to her, stating the case. A kindly but business-like reply came. Mrs. Wilson would be very glad to confer a favor on her cousins, though she had not seen them for so many years, and would not object to a liberal compensation.

In less than a week, Polly was comfortably installed in the pleasant farm-house, with the quiet elderly couple, without even her maid. Mrs. Brady, after being away from her husband all summer, preferred to return to Chicago and be with him, and her daughter, not sorry to have a little taste of solitude, had begged that Celeste might accompany her mother.

At first, the stillness and loneliness were very delightful; but, after a time, Polly grew melancholy. Thoughts of the past began to assert their supremacy again, and she longed for all the things which had belonged to the old life and which did not seem to belong to this one. Wandering over the fields one day, in this half-sad, half-reckless mood, she met a stranger who inquired very respectfully if she could tell him of a boarding-place in the neighborhood. A spirit of mischief entered her, and she directed him to Mrs. Wilson's.

Returning home two or three hours later, she was astonished to learn that her cousin had been so won by the appearance and manner of the man as to consent to accommodate him, should her husband and Polly make no objections.

"His name is Edward Hastings, and he's an artist from Boston," explained Mrs. Wilson, in response to Polly's questions. "He's been spending the summer in the White Mountains, and now he wants to economize and rest awhile before going back to town and hard work. He showed me lots of letters and recommendations."

"References, you mean," amended Polly,

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smiling to herself. "I have no objections, Cousin Maria. If he is agreeable, it will be rather pleasant than otherwise."

"Indeed he is; but don't you go to turning the poor young man's head."

"Oh, I won't," laughed Polly. "But there is one thing I must insist on: You must not tell him anything about me, except that I am a city cousin making you a visit."

Mrs. Wilson, of course, agreed to this; and, as asking her husband's consent was a mere matter of form, the new inmate of the household took up his abode with them the same evening. He was a handsome man of about thirty, with very agreeable manners, and proved a desirable addition to the family. He seemed to fall a victim to Polly's charms immediately, and she found his attentions a pleasant diversion from her sad thoughts and regrets over the past. They became good friends in a shorter space of time than is possible except under the constant and unconventional intercourse which their living under the same roof brought about. Polly found the sensation of being once more admired for her own sake entirely, and not for any mere factitious surroundings, very delightful, and she yielded to her feelings with a youthful abandon the greater for the constraint which had controlled them for two years. She felt certain of the unworldliness of Hastings's admiration; for, although he had spoken very freely to her of his past life, she had been reticent about hers.

At last, he told her that he loved her, and then she fancied she saw the solution of the riddle of her life in mutual and genuine affection. Some faint disturbing memories of the past just touched her consciousness; but she really believed, as we all at times believe most strongly in delusions, that she meant it, when she said she loved him in return. Then she informed him of her true position, as a pleasant surprise. It did not seem a pleasant surprise to him.

"How can I ever face your father and ask his consent to our marriage, when I have nothing but a precarious living from my brush?" he asked, sadly, and Polly hardly knew how to answer him.

For several days, her lover was very unhappy. Finally he told her that he must leave her.

"I cannot endure it any longer, and I must not ask you to brave your father's anger by marrying me secretly or without his consent, and you know he would never give that."

Polly felt certain of this. It seemed to her then as if the only true thing in her life were slipping away. Even her father and mother had undergone the hardening change which gold has so often made, ever since the days of Midas. They cared chiefly for the things wealth could bring.

At last Polly yielded.

"I will go with you to New Haven and be married," she whispered, bursting into tears. "But may I not tell Cousin Maria?"

"We can't be sure she would not oppose us, dearest," answered the young man. "In a few hours, we will tell the whole world."

Mr. Hastings's plan was a simple one. Immediately after breakfast, they were to take the morning train for New Haven, where they could find a minister and be married at once. Then they would return and explain their absence to Mrs. Wilson before she should have a chance to be alarmed, taking the afternoon express for New York, on their way to Chicago, to break the news to Polly's parents.

"If you would rather, we will ask their consent first, and, only in the event of their refusing it, confess our marriage," Hastings said; "but that shall be as you like."

That night, Polly slept but little; and, when morning broke, she looked out at the clear bright autumn sunshine without any joy in it. But she told herself it was cowardice, feminine weakness, which conquered her love, and she dressed herself in her gray walking-dress with unwavering resolution. It was nothing unusual for her to go to New Haven, so her aunt was not surprised when she started off after breakfast, to take a little trip to that city.

Mr. Hastings strolled off in another direction, though innocent Mrs. Wilson would have suspected nothing strange if he had left the house with her young cousin. Wearing an air of determination not at all in accordance with her real feelings, Polly bought her ticket at the little station and entered the car. Hardly was she seated when she was joined by Hastings.

"Keep up your courage, dearest," he said; and, just as he spoke, the engine gave its last whistle, and they were on their way to New Haven.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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"MAMMA HETTY."

BY CARRIE BLAKE MORGAN.

"LORENA, dear, I wonder if you are aware that you are blushing divinely over that letter? Dare I confess to just the faintest bit of curiosity as to the writer?"

The young girl addressed lifted a pair of smiling dreamy dark eyes to her questioner's face.

"Am I blushing, Mamma Hetty? I am sure I don't know why; it certainly is not the letter's fault. It is from Mr. Herndon, the gentleman I have told you of, whom I met at Aunt Rachel's last winter. He writes that he is coming to this neighborhood for a few days soon, and would like to call, and—why, Mamma Hetty, you are blushing now!"

The face of the other suddenly hardened into a mask of unconcern, and, glancing quickly away, she answered with impatience:

"Nonsense, Lorena! Why should I blush, pray? Have you ever known me to do such a thing?"

"Why, really," said the young girl, "come to think of it, I don't believe I have; at least, not since the old school-days."

"Well, then, don't be fanciful; go on—you were saying that this Mr. Herndon wishes to call?"

"Yes, he requests the privilege; he is coming to stay a few days in the neighborhood It seems he has not forgotten what I told him about our dear picturesque old church, and he hopes to be able to sketch it."

"Why, that will be quite interesting for us as well as for him."

"Yes, I shall be pleased to see him; I—thought him very pleasant, the few times I saw him at Aunt Rachel's."

"And I shall like him for your sake, dear," said "Mamma Hetty," in a tone that lacked nothing in sincerity, to the unsuspecting ear of her listener. But, as she turned away and left the room, a change swept over her dark handsome face—a smiling exultant gleam that would have puzzled Lorena, had she seen it, far more than had that first unguarded blush.

The two girls—for even "Mamma Hetty" was but a girl of twentyone—bore the somewhat peculiar relationship to each other of step-mother and step-daughter, with a difference of little more than two years in their ages. They had in the past been schoolmates at a well-known New York seminary, and had graduated in the same class. They had parted at the doors of the seminary, and Lorena Bisland had gone to a fine old ancestral home on the Hudson, where a proud and loving father awaited her in widowed loneliness, and where, a few months later, she invited Hester Rawley to visit her.

None but Hester herself ever knew of the

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skill with which that invitation had been angled for, nor guessed the cut-and-dried motive that prompted the visit. The working-out of her designs was accomplished so smoothly and naturally that Lorena, though startled at first at the unexpected outcome of the visit, never suspected her friend of preconceived design. For her father's sake, December, it is well to look beneath the surface for a motive. But he died within a year after his second marriage, leaving his ample fortune equally divided between his daughter and his young wife. And the latter, now, ere the grass of a single summer had sprung and withered above him, was exulting in her freedom, thrilling at the

she yielded gracefully, taking her young step-mother into her heart and christening her, in playful tenderness, "Mamma Hetty." Neither the elderly husband nor the step-daughter was allowed a glimpse of a certain sealed page in Hester Rawley's life. Had Robert Bisland lived, he might have learned the bitter lesson that, when May weds with sound of Lawrence Herndon's name, and whispering to her own heart: "It is I, I! that he comes to seek; and she, poor unsophisticated little fool, thinks she is the magnet that draws him!"

She laughed aloud, in the privacy of her own apartment, and paced to and fro over the rich soft carpets, like some strong, beau-

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tiful, passionate animal that sees the bars of its cage melting away before its eyes. But suddenly she paused by a window and gazed outward and downward into the shrubbery of the lawn. Slowly, as she gazed, the exultant self-assurance died out of her eyes, and an uneasy expression crept in.

It was Lorena she saw, seated on a rustic garden-bench, half-veiled in foliage and evidently lost in a girlish reverie. The glorious beauty of the girl, with her blonde hai. and great brilliant dark eyes, had never struck her so forcibly before.

"If, after all, he should be coming for her!" she whispered, with set teeth. "If it should be that he does not even know I am here!" She paused, and the color died slowly out of her face. "I think—yes, I think I would kill her! He is mine; he loved me once, with a strong sweet love that surely cannot be dead. Oh, he knows that I am here—that I am free; and he is coming to woo me once again! I will believe it until he comes, and then the first look into his eyes will tell me whom he seeks—her or me. Oh, that I could be the first to meet him when he comes! Can I not invent a pretext for getting her out of the way? It ought not to be difficult, for she is a trusting simple-hearted little fool."

When, ten minutes afterward, Hester Bisland strolled across the lawn and broke in upon her step-daughter's reverie, her face held no outward trace of the passionate tumult within, and her low rich voice had in it an indescribable touch of pathos as she said:

"Tell me, dear, does your friend know of our recent bereavement?"

"Yes," said Lorena; "he alludes to it in a thoughtful delicate way, in asking permission to call."

"Ah!" was Hester's inward ejaculation; but aloud she only said: "I am glad he knows, as then he is not expecting much from us in the way of entertainment. He will write again, I suppose, to let us know when to expect him?"

"Yes, he intimates that."

But almost a week went by, and the expected communication had not reached Lorena, for the very sufficient reason that it reposed in the depths of one of "Mamma Hetty's" pockets.

"Yes, it is a little odd that he does not write," Lorena said, trying to speak carelessly and to veil the shadow of disappointment in her guileless eyes, when questioned by Hester.

"Oh, well, I suppose he has changed his

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mind about coming," said the latter, with a rather exaggerated yawn of indifference; then she added: "By the bye, dear, it is a lovely afternoon—do you mind taking a little walk for me?"

"For you? Why, no, Mamma Hetty; of course I don't mind. Where do you wish me to go?"

"Do you remember that odd beautiful moss we found in a little glen up the Merrywater, about a month ago? I want some more of that, dear, to put in my painting of wild flowers."

"I will gladly go," exclaimed Lorena, readily; "it will be a fine stroll for me."

"Go on, my sweet innocent; and oh! won't you be surprised when you return?" muttered Hester Bisland, as she watched the young girl threading her way lightly among the mossy bowlders and bushes that lined the banks of the mountain torrent.

"He will be here at three; I have barely time to dress," she said to herself, with such a smile as her step-daughter had never seen upon her lips.

Twenty minutes later, she came downstairs in a picturesque dress of black silk grenadine, with blood-red salvia-blooms at her bosom and in her dusky hair. She went out to the veranda, whence she could command a view of the highway for a mile in the direction of the station, and, seating herself, watched and waited, with beating pulses, for the coming of Lawrence Herndon.

But three o'clock came and passed—half-past three—four—and still she watched in vain. The light of anticipation died out of her eyes, the flush of inward excitement faded from her cheeks; the thought in her mind was: "It is almost time for her to return; and, even if he come now, my opportunity is lost."

She rose nervously, and, walking to the end of the veranda, scanned the zigzag path that led upward along the rugged banks of the Merrywater. Away off where the dashing little stream burst in snowy cascades from the cool shadow of the forest, she discerned the forms of two persons, a man and a woman, sitting side-by-side on a fallen log. The distance rendered the features indistinguishable; but the light dress of the woman looked like Lorena's creamy lawn, and—was there something familiar in the pose and general contour of the man's figure?

For a moment, she gazed with indrawn breath, then turned and quickly entered the house. Going to the library, she snatched a field-glass from its case upon the table, and, flinging open the shutters of a western window, brought the tell-tale instrument to bear upon the distant and unconscious pair. One long minute of breathless scrutiny, then the glass slipped from her hand to the floor, and she sank into a chair.

"It is he!" she gasped, "and he lingers there with her! Oh, fool, fool that I am, why did I send her to meet him? Did I not know that he would come like no ordinary mortal by the dusty highway, so long as he could find a foot-path by a mountain-stream? And he loiters there with her!"

Hester bowed her colorless face in her hands and trembled from head to foot, but no sob or tear escaped her. Whatever were Hester Bisland's faults, weakness was not among them; and, though she suffered in that hour as keenly as might a truer-hearted woman, she crushed back all common womanly expression of grief and looked the situation squarely in the face.

"Hester," she said, at length, addressing herself, "here is a chance for some of your skilled work; and I think you are equal to the occasion."

A smile not pleasant to see hovered about her crimson lips, as she rose and once more adjusted the glass. But she now discovered that the young couple had risen and were slowly advancing down the path. Their leisurely movements and very evident contentment in each other's society stung the watcher to the soul.

Concealed by the window-drapery, she kept the glass leveled on their faces as they drew nearer, and no glance or shade of expression escaped her.

She heard them enter the drawing-room, and listened while Lorena excused herself and went in search of her. That was the moment she was waiting for. Moving softly, she crossed the room, passed through the open doorway, and stood suddenly in Lawrence Herndon's presence, holding out her hands to him in glad welcome, with all her soul in her beautiful eyes.

He sprang up as if confronted by an apparition.

"Hester!" he exclaimed, and his astonishment was so unmistakably genuine that he

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had no need to add, as he did: "I was not aware that I should meet you here." Before she could reply, he went on, as if struck by a sudden thought: "Heavens! it cannot be that you are—are—"

"That I am Mrs. Bisland?" she interposed. "Yes, Lawrence, that is who I am."

At this instant, she caught the sound of light footsteps descending the stairs, and hastily added:

"Not a word to her about the—past, Lawrence; we are simply old friends. Promise me!"

He nodded, but not so quickly but that Lorena, entering, caught the movement and the expression of both faces. The light words on her lips died away in astonishment; she paused and looked inquiringly from one to the other.

"You see, my dear," said Hester, blandly, "you are to be saved the trouble of introducing us; Mr. Herndon and I have just discovered that we are old friends."

"Why, Mamma Hetty!" exclaimed the puzzled girl, "you have heard me speak of Mr. Herndon so often, it seems strange that you never mentioned having an old friend of that name."

"Yes," said Hester, carelessly, "it is odd that the name never struck me as being familiar."

Lorena thought it peculiar that Lawrence Herndon sat silent and constrained and made no remark about his past acquaintance with her step-mother. The girl felt the peculiarity of the whole thing, especially of that odd expression she had surprised on each face when she entered. It was a look that suggested volumes of meaning and left a disagreeable sense of concealment and mystery on her mind. This impression grew stronger with reflection, and that which was at first only surprise and perplexity deepened into a mingled feeling of suspicion, hurt pride, and wounded affection. The young step-mother, from whom she had no concealments, had practiced a seemingly needless deception on her; and Lawrence Herndon, he whom she had thought so noble and true—ah, here was the deeper hurt—had only used her friendship, her hospitality, as a stepping-stone to reach the real object of his regard.

So troubled and pained was she that she could not repress a certain degree of coldness and constraint in her manner to him, and it was a relief to her when his call ended and he went away.

When he came again on the following day, she sent her excuses to him by willing "Mamma Hetty," and, going to her own boudoir, lay down on her couch and gazed with saddened eyes through the open window, at the distant shaded banks of the Merrywater, where only yesterday she had spent so happy an hour.

But Lawrence Herndon's call that day was not of long duration, and soon Hester came and bent above her couch, her eyes shining and her manner nervous and conscious.

"Mr. Herndon is coming again to-morrow," she said, "to take me—us—with him on a sketching-expedition. Is your head any better, dear?"

Lorena did not reply; she was looking at a ring that gleamed on Hester's white hand—a ring that had been on Lawrence Herndon's finger the day before. Obeying a sudden impulse, she lifted her earnest eyes to her step-mother's face and said:

"Mamma Hetty, do you think you are acting quite frankly with me?"

Hester drew back and her countenance darkened.

"I am not aware that I am responsible to you for my actions," she responded, and then added, pettishly: "It seems to me, Lorena, it is about time for you to stop that 'Mamma Hetty' foolishness; that is all past now, and we are two girls together. Let us be Lorena and Hetty to each other, as we were at school."

"Very well," said Lorena, coldly. But, when she was alone again, she buried her face in her hands and wept, partly for her own sake and partly for the sake of the dear dead father thus soon forgotten by the young wife who had known naught but love and kindness at his hands.

She declined Hester's rather feeble invitation to make one of the sketching-party next day, leaving the latter to offer whatever excuse for her she chose; and, from her window, she saw the two depart together, with that indescribable sense of pain and oppression in her breast that, for want of a better name, we call heart-ache.

When they were gone, and the house was quiet, she went downstairs and wandered through the rooms and grounds like a spirit

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of unrest. But the sun became very warm, after a time; she grew tired, and sought the cool atmosphere of the library. Taking a book, she threw herself into a reclining wicker chair in a cozy corner shut off from the main apartment by a huge Japanese screen. Here, with the balmy breeze stealing in at an open window, and the droning hum of bees in the honeysuckles outside, she soon fell asleep.

When she awoke, some time afterward, it was with the sound of Lawrence Herndon's voice in her ears.

"Be kind enough to tell her," he was saying, "that I go back to the city this evening, and should be sorry indeed to leave without seeing her once more."

For a moment, Lorena was bewildered and did not realize whom he was addressing, or that his words referred to herself. Then she heard Hester ascending the stairs, and Lawrence Herndon came into the library and dropped, with a weary sigh, on a couch that stood just on the other side of the screen which hid her from his view. So near! She knew she must rise and come out from her retreat; but a trembling fit had seized her, and she lay still for a minute to recover her self-control, and, while she waited, Hester returned. Her first words struck Lorena with amazement, and she listened involuntarily.

"Lawrence," she said, in low sympathetic tones, "Lorena refuses to see you."

"For what reason?" he cried, springing to his feet. "What have I done, that she denies me so common a courtesy as a word of leave-taking? I cannot understand this —it is not like her."

"Lawrence," there was a world of tender reproach in the sweet treacherous voice, "Lawrence, do you care so much?"

"Care?" he echoed, with an impetuous burst of feeling that thrilled Lorena's heart. "Hester, I love her! I think you know what that word means, from me. I am not a man of shallow feeling, and— I simply will not leave this house until I have seen her and learned my fate from her lips."

"Lawrence! you can say this to me?"

The cry was like the despairing wail of a lost spirit.

"And why not to you?" he asked. "To

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whom should I say it, if not to the woman who stands to her as a second mother?"

"Lawrence, have pity! You loved me once!"

"Ah, yes," he answered, "I did; but—pardon me, Hester—you cured me thoroughly. You jilted me most heartlessly; I did not know why then, but I know now that it was for the purpose of marrying an old man and a fortune. You have the fortune now, without the encumbrance; you ought to be satisfied."

There was that in his tone which must have stung any woman's pride; but the moment had come to Hester Bisland—that moment which comes to us all, at least once in a lifetime—when love was everything, and other considerations were nothing.

"But, Lawrence," she said, standing before him with clasped hands, pleadingly, "surely the old love is not entirely dead? It will re-awaken when you know that she is lost to you! You can never win her, Lawrence; she loves another. She—"

"Is here to speak for herself, Hester!" quietly interposed Lorena, coming from behind the screen.

As Hester Bisland turned and confronted the girl, a gray pallor overspread her face, and a gleam of deadly rage and hatred flashed from her eyes; her features worked convulsively, and she gasped as if striving

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to speak—to hurl maledictions upon her innocent rival. It seemed to Lawrence Herndon that her eyes scintillated with the look of a baffled tigress ready to spring on and rend the object of her fury. Instinctively he drew nearer to Lorena with a protecting movement, and that act was the last drop in Hester's cup of bitterness. With a despairing cry, she pressed her hands to her eyes, as if to shut the lovers from her sight, and fled blindly from the room.

Lorena, ever tender-hearted, would have followed her; but Lawrence Herndon put out a detaining hand.

"One moment," he said, pleadingly. "Have you no word for me? Oh, Lorena, tell me it is not true, what she said—that you belong to another!"

"It—is not true," she faltered; and her eyes must have said more than the mere words conveyed, for his face was radiant as he gently drew her to his breast.

"But why," he questioned, presently, "have you slighted me so cruelly for two days past? I have not had a glimpse of you since that first blessed afternoon."

"I thought it was Hester you cared for," confessed Lorena. "She wears your ring, and—"

"Ah, the ring!" he interrupted. "I did not think of your noticing that. It was her ring; and I should have returned it to her long ago, had I known where to find her. I gave it to her yesterday. There was a time when I loved Hester Rawley; but, Lorena, that love, when compared with what I now feel for you, was 'as moonlight unto sunlight, and as water unto wine.' Darling, are you happy?"

"So happy that I can feel sorry for poor Hetty," she answered.

A BIRD'S SONG.

BY MARIE M. PURSEL.

CHIR-R-R-EE! Chir-r-r-ee!
High up in a cherry-tree
Swings a happy little bird.
Sweetest warbler ever heard;
Free from care forever be!
Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!

Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!
Underneath the cherry-tree
Sits a maiden with a book,
But within she scarce doth look.
Maiden fair, what troubles thee?
Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!

Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!
Who so blithe, so gay and free?
Maiden, is thy lover cold?
Woos he not so sweetly bold
As in days agone did he?
Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!

Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!
Love's the same where'er it be.
Changing in a single hour,
Thrilling in its mighty power,
Ever roving like the bee.
Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!

Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!
Maiden, let thy heart be free;
Then no care shall grieve thy breast,
Hearts at home are always blest.
Free from love, from sorrow free!
Chir-r-r-ee! Chir-r-r-ee!

VESPER-TIME.

BY LILLIAN FOSTER.

THE western sun sheds golden light
Upon the snow-capped mountain height;
While on the stilly air
Is borne, in sweetness rare,
The bell that calls to praise and prayer.

The vesper chime! How liquid sweet
Its tones within the vale's retreat,
And where above in gold,
Shining on snow-peaks cold,
The sun bids good-night to the mountains old.

Sweet vesper bell, thy echoes ring
In every heart; and song birds sing,
As from their nests they hear
Thy blessed call to prayer
Thrill through rejoicing nature far and near.

The chapel windows are aglow
With the same sun that lights the snow
Above on mountains high;
While vesper chimes slow die
From out the belfry on the evening sky.

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THE FOLK-LORE OF COLORS.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

N studying the folk-lore of different nations, we find that these curious traditions are associated not only with things, but also with their attributes or belongings.

In the childhood of the world, men found a deep significance underlying the whole of nature, and this belief on the part of our ancestors gave rise to many mythological conceptions, the meaning of which has been gradually lost.

The association of colors with certain ideas is a remarkable case of survival of some of those primitive fancies, and it is wonderful how extensive is the folk-lore which has clustered around them during the long course of centuries.

Among many tribes of savages, there is a peculiar respect paid to animals that are white. We read that, in Africa, white chickens are offered to appease the spirits of the forest, and the chiefs try to win the good-will of strangers by giving presents of white horses.

As long ago as in the time of Herodotus, we learn that Cyrus, troubled by losing a white horse in the river Gyndes, drew off the water by hundreds of channels, and declared it should not even wet a woman to the knee. The old historian also declares that a single white hair would cause the rejection of cattle brought to be offered at the shrine of Isis, in Egypt.

In Scotland, there still exists a prejudice against a white cow; and, in some of the English counties, it is considered unlucky to meet a white horse.

We have all heard of boys and girls trying to count one hundred white horses, in the hope of obtaining the love of the first person they meet after the number is completed. A white horse and a red-haired girl, too, is another of those strange fancies that seem to be so wide-spread. A great many people dislike white horses for no possible reason except some lingering superstition. A Devonshire rhyme has it thus:

"If you have a horse with four white legs,
Keep him not a day;
If you have a horse with three white legs,
Send him far away;
If you have a horse with two white legs,
Sell him to a friend;
If you have a horse with one white leg,
Keep him to the end."

In many places, it is considered bad luck to see a white mouse or a white hare or a white-breasted bird; and, in some counties of England, a white pigeon is thought to bring misfortune to the house, if it perch on the roof.

Blue is also a mystical color—probably because it is associated with the sky. It was held sacred by the Druids, and it is a remarkable fact that the devout painters always painted the Madonna as wearing blue robes, because it conveyed the idea of sorrow.

The traveler in the desert will always observe the Arabs throwing salt into the fire before they load their camels, under a belief that the bad spirits fly away in the shape of blue flames. Shakespeare alludes to this superstition when he says:

"The lights burn blue—
Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh:
Methought the souls of all I had murdered
Came to my tent!"

It was always claimed by the old-time witches that they could bring sickness and death into the house by means of a dark-blue thread.

Green is generally thought to be a magic color. It is especially unpopular for weddings, and for that an odd reason is given: Green is the color of the "little people," as the Scotch call the fairies, and they deeply resent its use by common mortals. So particular are they about this, that in Scotland they will not even have green leaves for decoration, or green vegetables, such as cabbage or celery, for the feast.

There is an old English rhyme that runs thus:

"Those dressed in blue
Have lovers true;
In green and white,
Forsaken quite."

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But poets have always delighted in the color, and, as it is associated with the freshness of spring and the tender youth of life, it cannot be very "deeply damned."

Yellow is the color of jealousy, and Shakespeare often alludes to that notion, often in an amusing way.

In China, it is the sacred color and is the favorite tint of the emperor himself. It is used when the wise men make charms, and it is an infallible specific against many diseases. A writer, speaking of the color, says: "In China, many charms are printed on yellow paper; they are pasted over the door or on the bed-curtain, or worn in the hair, or put into a bag and hung from the buttonhole, or it is burnt and the ashes mingled with tea, which is drunk as a specific against evil spirits."

Black is a doomed color among uncultured tribes. It is associated with bad luck in Scotland, and no one would willingly buy an animal of that color. It is closely connected with the freaks of witches, and in the "Arabian Nights" we read frequently of persons who are changed into black dogs or black cats or other black animals.

In the folk-lore of every nation, we find the same bad reputation attending this color, and it is easy to think why this may be true, since black has always been the type of darkness, which again always signifies evil.

On the Nile, it is said that the victim for sacrifice was always either a black bull, a black sheep, or a black chicken.

As black is the color of mourning, no doubt it has become associated with grief and trouble by the unreflecting mind.

The color of red is considered lucky in every nation the world over. It was formerly the chosen color of the great god Thor, who sent the red bolts of lightning through the black clouds to show his power over the imps of darkness. The robin was chosen by Northern people as a sacred bird, because of its red breast; the Highland women tie a red string around their cows' horns, to prevent the "evil eye," and thus among every nation red is found to be the favored color.

"In China, red is tied about the children's wrists as a safeguard against evil spirits, and red holds a prominent place in the bridal ceremonies. Red cloth is placed on the threshold over which the bride must pass, and at betrothals they are provided with four large needles and two red silk threads; two of the former, threaded with one of the threads, are stuck into each card. The red thread represents that with which the feet of all mortals are in the spirit-world tied to those who are fated to be husband and wife; in other words, we may say that it represents fate."

It is said that many tribes among the Northern people had a horror of a certain shade of red hair, and said it was because such was the color of the hair of Judas Iscariot. Red is often used in a medicinal way: thus, in small-pox, red coverings were thought to aid in bringing out the disease, and we read that the Emperor Francis I was wrapped in a red cloth when suffering from that complaint. One writer tells us that the best remedy for whooping-cough is a bit of scarlet flannel tied about the throat, and that a red string about the wrist will cure nose-bleed.

Scarlet is called the color of victory, and from that idea we have named the red star after Mars, the god of victory or war.

Purple is the color of sadness, yet some nations associate it with kingly state. We read of the "purple and fine linen," but perhaps the color there mentioned is really a rich dark-red.

The study of the folk-lore of colors is one that opens a wide field of research and might be made most delightful and interesting.

A QUESTION.

BY JEAN LA RUE BURNETT.

LOVED one, if while I gently kneel
To worship at thy shrine,
Oh, were it wrong to sing the song
That in my heart I feel,
Or lisp the passioned thought now mine?

Oh, were it wrong? But I forget!
That song will ne'er be heard.
Its melody but brings to me
The shadow of regret,
For neither song nor thought hath word.

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"THE DEATH OF HIM."

BY GENEVA MARCH.

H, Aunt Emily, that girl will be the death of me!"

The speaker, who had raised himself to a sitting position to deliver this energetic protest, sank back on his comfortable lounge with a sigh of utter exhaustion.

The room was shaded from the summer sun by window-awnings, cozily furnished, and betokened the abode of invalidism in every detail. The quiet was, however, broken by sounds from without. In an apartment not far away, a rich contralto was indulging in the most astounding gymnastics of which the human voice is capable, while quick fingering on the key-board supported the vocal acrobatic feats. What the original air might have been could only be surmised in the rapid scales, trills, cadenzas, and flourishes with which it was embellished.

Suddenly there came a sweeping rush of notes, a crash of chords, and the piano-lid fell with a bang that startled the speech above quoted from Archibald Lynne.

Aunt Emily, otherwise Mrs. George Foster, a blue-eyed widow with one idol—her nephew—sighed as she answered:

"She is a great trial, Archie; but we must endure it for a month or two."

"'Down the burn, Davy, love!'" floated in through the open window, and in a moment a tall handsome girl of seventeen came up the porch steps, having made a circuit of the house from the drawing-room.

"Dear," said Mrs. Foster, holding up a warning finger, "do try to be a little more quiet; your cousin is very nervous to-day."

"The idea of a man not twentyfour having any nerves!" returned Linnet Morris, putting aside the lace curtains to step into the room. "Poor little fellow!" she added, in a soothing tone, "did it want to be quiet?"

Archibald flushed under the keen sarcasm of the great black eyes looking down on his tall figure, but said rather fretfully:

"Persons in rugged health have no idea of the sufferings of invalidism."

"I suppose it is shockingly vulgar to have no aches or pains," was the reply; "but refined laziness was never my temptation."

"My dear," exclaimed Aunt Emily, "illness is not laziness."

"No, but—"

That was all the girl said, but again Lynne flushed under the scrutiny of the dark eyes.

A grating of wheels on the gravel and a voice calling "Linnet!" caused Miss Morris to dash through the open window again, and in a flash she was standing beside a phaeton in which was seated an elderly gentleman.

"One more drive, Linnet?" he asked.

"Wait till I get my hat, papa."

She was seated beside him a moment later, looking very grave.

"What have you been doing?" her father asked.

"Singing, in order to keep from crying. It is so hard to let you go," she said, with a quiver in her voice.

"I know it, Linnet, but it's my duty," her father rejoined; "your poor aunt is entirely alone in Nice, and someone must go to her. I will return as soon as possible. In the meantime, this is a pleasant home."

"Pleasant?" Linnet echoed, with an expressive grimace. "Papa, you are a doctor: tell me if Archie is really ill."

"Yes, and no."

"I thought as much."

"He is certainly delicate, and both his parents died very young. But, as for him, he pets his ailments, till from dwarfs they become giants. If he were a poor man, he would doubtless overcome all his weakness; as a rich one, he will probably die in a few years from sheer want of purpose and exercise. He is a dyspeptic, from lying about on beds and lounges instead of walking or riding. He takes cold by keeping himself in an artificial atmosphere all the time."

"And he has nerves!" remarked Linnet, contemptuously.

"Unfortunately he has, very sensitive

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nerves," was the grave reply, "with self-indulgence to foster all their vagaries. Understand me, dear: your cousin does suffer more than you can well realize, and he will suffer more and more because he encourages his troubles."

"He wants shaking up?"

"Yes, mentally and physically."

"One thing is certain," said Linnet: "either he or I must die before you return. I feel smothered every time I go into the sitting-room, and he groans every time I raise my voice above a whisper. It is dreadful, papa, to see him in such a state! I think he is the very handsomest man I ever saw, and he converses well, too."

"A fine fellow," the doctor replied, with a quizzical look at Linnet, which she did not observe. "But I want to talk to you now about personal matters. While I am gone—"

And the doctor began a long list of directions for his only child, whom he was leaving for the first time in her life. It was a bitter ordeal for both; but they had made duty and self-sacrifice watchwords for so long that there was no hesitation when these called for separation.

Doctor Morris's sister, recently left a widow, was ill in Nice, and her brother had been summoned to bring her home. During his absence, Aunt Emily had consented to take charge of Linnet.

It roused Archie's chivalry, the following morning, to see the still white face Linnet turned from the last look at the carriage which was taking her father to the station, on his way to New York. For a moment, the young man thought she would faint; but she rallied and said with a dreary smile:

"We were never separated before; but I promised papa not to fret, and I mean to keep my word."

"Still, in your father's profession, he must be away from home a great deal," Archie observed, sinking into a deep arm-chair.

"But he lets me help him," Linnet said, eagerly. "When I left school a year ago, he had masters for music and languages come to the house every day. The rest of the time, I have worked for papa. I have under my care a ward in the children's hospital. I sew for the patients and keep the laboratory of that ward in order."

"Keep it in order?" questioned Aunt Emily, in a tone of surprise.

"See that the medicine-bottles are always filled, bandages rolled in the drawers, lint scraped, sticking-plaster ready, the instruments at hand, and everything in order for instant use. In case of accident, life may hang on one second of promptness or delay. Papa has taught me how to act in emergencies, before physician or surgeon can be summoned."

"A female doctor!" said Archie, half sneeringly.

"No, Cousin Archie; but, I hope, an efficient nurse, and I am almost as proud of being that as I should be to gain a reputation as a good physician," she replied, quietly. "I have been taught to try to do faithfully such duty as lies at hand. We are very rich, as you know, and papa is training me to fill a useful place in the world, as far as I am capable."

"Forgive me; I was rude," the young man exclaimed, with a self-reproach he was not accustomed to show.

Linnet bowed gravely and walked out of the room, to visit certain of the village patients whom her father had left under her care. When she had gone, Archibald fell to wondering half pettishly why her words had left so sharp a sting.

Lynne was rich too, but what human being was the better for any noble use of his wealth? His home was luxurious, and the most elaborate invalid-devices were arranged in his bed-room and sitting-room; but he could find no comfort that morning. His arm-chair might have been full of thorns, for any ease he found there; his novel had lost its interest, and his usual nap refused to come at his bidding.

"Archie!" Aunt Emily cried, aghast, half an hour later, "you surely are not going out in this broiling sun!"

"Only for a walk to the village," he answered.

"But you can send Tom for anything you want," his anxious relative persisted.

"I shall not walk far," was all he said; but the mild little lady immediately gave in, when she saw that he was determined to go.

The sun was hot, and Archie was not strong, in spite of his tall figure and broad chest. Very soon he felt he must either sit or fall down, and, very pale, he entered a

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little porch and sank on a seat there. When the first dizzy sensation had passed, he became conscious of a familiar voice on the other side of the window near which he was seated.

"Remember," the voice said, and Archie wondered at its low sweet tone, "you are to make no exertion for the present. I have engaged a woman to come here and do all the work and care for you. When you are quite strong again, I will see that you have sewing to do."

"God bless you, miss! Your father and yourself are true Christians!"

A rustle at the door, and Archie saw Linnet staring at him in such utter amazement that her expression was actually ludicrous.

"I came to escort you home," he said, "and the heat was too much for me!"

He was still deadly pale. Without a word, Linnet stepped into the house and returned with her handkerchief wet with cold water to lay on his head.

"You'd better postpone your next walk till after sunset," she said, dryly; "now be good enough to wait here, and I will go for the carriage."

"No, I will walk back," Lynne persisted, and his cousin attempted no further protest. Presently the two set out on their return.

Linnet's ample sun-shade was a relief, but Archie fully justified his aunt's fears by the condition in which he entered the house. Linnet pelted him with sarcastic inquiries, all the time keeping cold water on his head and otherwise taking such precautions as seemed best in order to guard against injurious effects from the unaccustomed exposure to the sun.

"You see what a useless animal I am," Archie said to her.

"I see that you chose a wrong time to walk, after living in a cell all summer," was the reply. "This room is like a vault—I should die here!"

"But you are strong!"

"Very true; and I keep strong by activity and plenty of fresh air. If I took a drug-shop every day, I'm not sure I should live a week. 'Three times a day,'" she read, taking up one bottle. "After each meal" was the label on another. "At bed-time," a third directed.

"Don't! don't!" he pleaded.

"Do you know, Archie," she continued, mercilessly, "my whole hospital-ward does not make me so much trouble as it does aunt to keep track of that troop of bottles!"

"But I can't sleep or eat without medicine!"

"Poor fellow!"

Archie winced; Linnet had an inflection for those two words that cut him to the quick.

He saw very little of her during the next week.

Doctor Morris, rightly judging that work would prove the best cure for loneliness, had hunted up a few cases during his week's stay in the village, so that Linnet could minister to the sufferings caused by overwork and poverty. She missed her daily labors in the hospital, and so entered heart and soul into the new field of duty. The first cases led to others, and her hours at home were taken up with sewing for some of the poorer children.

It must be confessed that, in the intervals of work, she took a mischievous delight in upsetting Archie's nervous system. She sang only her most dashing bravuras at the hour for his noon-day repose. She stole bottles of tonic and filled them with molasses and water. She made bread pills and put them on the tray of dainty food especially prepared for the invalid's delicate appetite. She dropped red pepper into the cologne, pins in the lounge-pillows, and paste on the afghan. She roused Archie to energy, if only to protest that she was the plague of his life and would be "the death of him."

He tried to salve his conscience by offering his cousin money for her poor folk; but the young lady told him brusquely that she had all she wanted.

Letters from Nice informed Linnet that her aunt was far too ill to return home. The poor lady grew worse, and, at the close of two months, death ended her sufferings.

Doctor Morris hastened back to America, and, as soon as he reached New York, he sent for his daughter.

A sudden dismay seized Archie; for the first time, he realized how much sunshine Linnet would carry away with her. He studied the matter well, and, to his cousin's unbounded amazement, made her an offer of marriage.

"Thank you," she said, shortly. "I do not fancy living in a private hospital!" She

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was touched by his pained face; but she went on ruthlessly, in the hope that her words, spoken at such a moment, might have a lasting effect. "When I marry, my husband must be a man doing a man's work—not a wretched hypochondriac wearing out his life on a sofa!"

It was caustic treatment, and Archie rejected it at first, hurt and indignant; but, as days wore on, the sting, rankling deeper, touched chords of conscience, and he roused his faculties to self-communing which, though bitter, proved wholesome.

It was not easy to cast off habits almost life-long, which had been fostered by some actual suffering, encouraged by his aunt, and most assuredly not discouraged by the village physician, who had drawn a nice yearly income therefrom.

Linnet's astonishment reached a climax when, a short time after he and his aunt had gone on to New York, Archibald Lynne walked into the room where her father was giving her a lesson in practical chemistry.

"Uncle Rolf," he said, "Linnet objects to 'home hospitals'; but I have come to you professionally."

"My dear boy, what can I do for you? Look out, Linnet—if you mix those acids, we shall have an explosion!"

"To avert which calamity," said Linnet, demurely, "I will retire, while Archie tells you of his new ailments. Poor fellow!"

She hurried away, and Archie, looking after her, said:

"Uncle Rolf, I love Linnet!"

"Dear me! I thought she tormented you to the verge of insanity," cried the doctor.

"So she does; nevertheless, I want her for my wife! She objects to nerves, so I have come to get rid of mine. Seriously, Uncle Rolf, I want you to take me for your patient, and see if there is stuff in me for a man, useful and honorable—a man, in short, whom you will not object to for a son-in-law, if Linnet will take me for a husband."

"With all my heart!" said the doctor. "You only want waking up, to develop into a very satisfactory specimen of both characters."

Linnet waxed saucy and sarcastic when Doctor Morris told her Archie was to be their guest, and yet the invalid knew that she gave him sweetest encouragement in a thousand ways.

It proved a hard task to follow the physician's rules, and he might often have stumbled by the way; only, Linnet was there to watch, to rouse him by her wit, or essay by gentleness to help him on.

With physical strength came mental health, a desire to be up and doing in the world's work. Wealth, seen through this healthier medium, became ennobled into a means of usefulness, and labor appeared honorable from the good to be wrought out thereby.

It roused Linnet's respect to see how selfishness was trodden down, how actual physical pain and weakness were conquered by resolution; and, where Linnet's respect was given, her heart soon followed, till she bent her proud head and consented.

"But, if I marry you," she said, half earnestly, "I may be 'the death of you,' as you feared!"

Archibald Lynne only laughed at the threat.

SUNBEAMS AND FLOWERS.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

GATHER the roses,
  Sunbeams and flowers,
All through the golden,
  The sun-bright hours.

Then, when the shadows
  Heavy and deep
Lie over the roses,
  And sunbeams sleep—

Then hold thy treasures
  Close to thy breast;
Shelter them bravely,
  With patience blest,

And yesterday's rose
  Shall be as sweet
For the thorn that to-day
  Lies under thy feet,

And yesterday's sunbeams
  Shine just as bright
For thee to-day,
  'Neath the shadow's blight.

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GIVEN UP!

BY PAUL GRESHAM.

HEY were strolling along the beach of the little New England watering-place, watching the white-sailed boats make toward the shore, for out seaward the sky was growing black and threatening.

A quiet happiness rested on her face, impatience on his. She did not perceive it; the incoming sea claimed all her attention.

"Confoundedly dull here! Always the the same old story!" he grumbled, grimly; and, shivering, he buttoned up his coat.

She turned and looked with surprise at her neighbor's discontented face.

"Yes," he repeated aloud, "the sea is always singing the same old story, and you have been repeating it for the last seven long years; I'm an idiot to listen to it."

She nodded smilingly.

"The emancipation of woman is very fine in theory," he continued, crossly. "I myself have broken many a lance for it before now—"

"You have?" she answered, mockingly. "My brave knight, 'have' is the cradle-song with which grown-up children gladly sing themselves to sleep."

"That thrust does not touch me," he replied, calmly. "My narcotic is work—work which brings blessings; but I ask you, what blessing has woman's emancipation ever brought me?"

"The greatest in the world, for it has preserved you from domestic grievances."

"Oh, of course you will overwhelm me with sarcasm. No; since I have seen to what this emancipation leads—"

"Well, to what, then?" she interrupted, quite undisturbed. "Not down into the depths, but into the broad highway of the world."

"That's just it," he said, eagerly. "That's why marriage gets rarer every day, and bachelors and old maids increase in like proportion."

"I suspect," she replied, with a fine smile, "that the old bachelors are unhappier than the old maids; we are more self-reliant and more careful."

"More self-reliant and more careful!" he burst forth, coming to an abrupt stand-still.

"Yes, much more self-reliant," she repeated, with a mischievous smile. "A man attends very well to the business or profession to which he has devoted years of study and practice—"

"How considerate of you, to admit even so much!" he broke in, with a laugh which betrayed as much annoyance as amusement.

"He may show himself decided and determined enough where his accustomed work is concerned," she went on, regardless of the interruption; "but, outside of that, especially in the ordinary details of life, man is usually a very helpless animal."

"How fortunate that nature has given the poor creature the support of woman!" quoth he, sarcastically.

"It is, indeed," she replied, with perfect gravity.

"Well, then," cried he, ready-witted enough to try and turn her admission to his own advantage, "that being the case, I wonder you are not willing to be a little more kindly disposed toward me."

"My dear friend," she rejoined, with a ringing laugh, "I am only a woman, it is true; but I am logician enough to know that nothing can be weaker and more inadmissible than to attempt to apply a general assertion to a particular case."

"You certainly are the most provoking woman alive!" cried he, frowning, but forced in spite of himself to echo her good-naturedly mocking laughter.

"It is getting too windy here to stand and listen to the catalogue of my defects; for you are apt to be discursive when you get on the subject," said she, with perfect good-humor, moving on as she spoke.

He walked beside her in silence until

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they reached a turn of the shore, where, in front and to the left, a long promontory jutted out, forming a little haven. The waters were quiet there; some boats were visible in the distance; the bald bleak sweep of low hill stood out beyond, half in sunlight, half in shadow, and near the beach was the wreck of an old barque that had lain there for several seasons, adding to the desolateness of the scene.

"What a gloomy spot this is! And you always seem to fancy it," he exclaimed, abruptly, with perhaps a faint echo of peevishness in his voice.

"That is because I am not gloomy," she answered, with her imperturbable composure, adding in the same careless tone: "Has the 'Columbia' returned from her last trip?"

He only replied by a negative gesture.

"Does that mean the boat has not come back, or that you don't know or care?" she asked, teasingly.

"I said a little while ago that you were the most provoking woman in the world!" cried he.

"The repetition is even more energetic and irrelevant than the original remark," she said, in an unaltered voice.

"But you cannot deny that it is true," he retorted.

"I hardly think it is; however, wise men say we never know ourselves," she replied.

"I believe you try to convince me that you don't own a heart—I wonder you have not already!" he exclaimed, impetuously.

She stopped short and confronted him; a slight cloud passed over her face—her frank honest eyes looked a little stern.

"You have said a good many unpleasant things to-day," she remarked, with a certain thrill of impatience in her tone. As she spoke, she seated herself on a great piece of timber that had been washed up from some wreck and left lying on the beach. She looked fixedly at him as he stood silent before her, and, as he showed no disposition to speak, she went on: "You seem annoyed—offended; I don't know that I have done anything to cause it."

"No?" he asked, in a tone of doubt.

"No," she replied, firmly. "What is it? What do you want me to say or do?"

"I want you to be my wife!" he cried, eagerly.

She shook her head and said slowly, as if repeating some lesson learned by heart:

"I'm quite satisfied to receive a letter from you now and then, and in summer to spend four pleasant weeks in your society on the beach at Kent, and to hear you scold about woman's authorship and woman's emancipation, which make me quite unfitted to be a married woman. Let us meet here again eleven months from to-day, and part again good friends twelve months from to-day. Give me your hand on it. You will not?"

"I'm tired of being your good friend. Next summer, I shall go to Italy. Here, it is enough to freeze one. I'm sick of going home every year from my vacation with a bad cold."

"To Italy?" she laughed; "to Italy, in summer? Perhaps you want to try Roman baths on the spot, for New England influenza?"

"I'm quite determined," he cried, vexed by her laughter. "I declare to you that I will keep my resolution, if you insist on yours."

She started.

"Don't be foolish," she said, earnestly. "How could you be sure that you would be happier if I should yield to your wish? As a child, I caught at a brilliant soap-bubble; but scarcely had I touched it, when it burst, the soap dashed into my eyes, and I cried with pain."

"I thought we had grown out of childhood," he replied, dryly.

"And for that reason the understanding checks the resolution that would be easy to a child of sixteen."

He seized both her hands and began to speak with tremulous earnestness:

"And is it, then, so hard to give up that wicked pride—to be happy and to bestow happiness like other mortals?"

She did not reply. She only gazed at the sea, without seeing it. She forgot to withdraw her hand from his, and a scalding tear that had started to her eye at his warm words rolled slowly down her cheek.

He thought he had conquered her proud heart, and was about to fold her in his arms, when she sprang hastily up, and, while a bright flush rose to her face, she said with agitation:

"The time is past when such wishes filled my heart. That they once did it, I will not deny."

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She threw back her head and looked at him firmly and frankly. "Now it is over; I am contented and happy in my way, and I will remain so."

She spoke the last words with powerful energy, as if she feared to arouse a still more powerful opposition.

But she was mistaken. He bent down, picked up a little stone, and slowly and carefully pounded in a nail which had just caught her dress. Other nails, too, seemed to him to need attention, and he examined and worked at the beam as conscientiously as though he had come out solely for that purpose.

This again was not quite what his companion desired. She began anew, in a lower tone:

"Believe me, my life appears to me like a peaceful haven—marriage like an open sea. I dare not venture out, for fear that I might suffer miserable shipwreck."

The last nail was pounded in. The stone flew out into the sea, and calmly, very calmly, came the reply:

"Why waste so many words? Why do you not tell me your true reason? You would be telling me nothing new, for I know it: You have no confidence in me."

She met his gloomy questioning gaze with frank eyes, in which a certain sadness struggled up despite her efforts. She rose, took his arm, and they retraced their steps, walking in silence again till they reached the open beach. Then he suddenly repeated:

"No confidence in me!"

"I had," she said, in a low voice, which sounded ominously clear in his ears.

"Seven years have passed since then," he cried, despairingly: "seven long years, in which I have tried to make good my offense against you in a moment of mad infatuation. Seven years, and you cannot forget it yet?"

"I cannot."

"You have no heart. Forgive me! I always forget that you are a celebrated authoress, with a whole heap of stored-up newspapers full of your praises. What does such a woman need of a heart that can bestow pardon when it is so earnestly begged for?"

"And yet I have a heart, and it beats as warmly as it did seven years ago; but my trust in men, which was greater than the sea, has all passed away. I must say it for once, so that all may be clear between us. Give it up—once deceived, I can never trust again; and what is a marriage without trust? A boat on the open sea, with neither sail nor rudder. Let us go in, my friend; the sun has set, and the night is coming on."

She went to her lodgings; he remained on the beach. But, the further she went away from him, the lower sank her courage and her ease of mind. And, when she stopped in the pine-woods and listened to the deep murmur of the trees and the sea, she felt overwhelmed with a feeling of desolation, as if she were a lost child who could not find the right path.

She sprang up and walked hastily onward, in order to come into the neighborhood of human beings. He, on the contrary, found the loneliness of the beach congenial. The fresh sea-wind cooled his burning brow, and the tossing sea harmonized with the agitation of his mind.

Too long had he patiently waited; too long had he tried to make good that on which he had once failed; too long had he bowed before her will.

He had believed that he could overcome her opposition by his faith and his constancy. He had thought himself at the goal of his wishes—and she had sent him away with smiles, as if he were a presumptuous schoolboy. Anger, shame, and love contended in his breast, and he knew not which feeling was the most powerful.

The storm beat against the waves and drove them close up to his feet. The wind snatched his hat from his head and raged round the lonely wanderer. But on and on he went, as if it were a pleasure to fight against his unseen adversary with all his physical strength.

What the power of the storm failed to do, the approaching night accomplished. She laid her cool hand on his burning eyes and soothed him, but his foot stumbled; then, at last, he thought of turning about.

He flung into the sea a branch which lay at his feet, and, pursued by the wind, hurried back; but, in a few seconds, a powerful wave brought the branch to his feet again. Again he took it up and flung it violently into the waves, as if he could rid himself in this way of his unhappy thoughts. Vain endeavor! A few seconds, and the branch was again at his feet. Then the embittered man, in a

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burst of rage, flung the bit of wood into the dune, and like a curse sounded his embittered words: "May the sun dry you, and the fishermen burn you!"

The storm burst over the dunes, and the wind pursued the retreating man with a cloud of sand and whirled the poor branch from the dunes into the sea, to be thrust back to land again the next moment. The moon came out and seemed to smile mockingly at his folly.

"Fool! give it up," he muttered; "give it up!"

Then he turned and walked inland, his back toward the village and the wood—away along a solitary path, with the moon overhead struggling among the clouds, the night-wind sighing drearily in his ear, seeming always to echo that sullen resolution to the holding fast whereof he was straining all his energies: "Give it up! give it up!"

The next morning, she appeared earlier than usual on the veranda of the hotel. He must pass here; here she would say farewell to him. To separate for eleven long months without saying farewell—that would be impossible. Perhaps she had been too hard. He was quite capable of going away without seeking her again. But no—she had often angered him before, and often pacified him; she will do it to-day also.

The minutes passed; one hour after another went by. She wandered restlessly up and down, and looked eagerly right and left. The steamer-bell was sounding. She started. What a shrill tone! The travelers are streaming in from all sides. A long train is hurrying down toward the pier. The bell rings a second time. She smiled, although a little constrainedly.

"I'm sure he'll stop—he cannot go away in anger."

Then a waiter brings her a letter. She tears it open. There are only a few words:

"Farewell! I have given it up."

That was what she had wished. Given it up! Hateful words, as they stand written there! What does he mean by it? Not a word about a future meeting, not a word about a reconciliation.

The bell rings for the third time. She looks up. A well-known form is hurrying down to the pier. Without a farewell? Without one kind word? Her heart sinks within her. She beckons, she calls.

He does not look round, only hurries forward all the faster. A nameless terror seizes her. What if, the next year, he should really go to Italy? What if some accident should happen to him? What if she should never see him again?

She flies down the slippery bank, she rushes after him to the wooden pier.

He sets his foot on the plank, then feels a touch on his arm. He turns round.

"What is it you wish?" he asks, politely.

"Why did you not say good-bye to me?" she gasps out.

"Good-bye," he says, coldly, bowing as deeply as the crowd will admit.

She answers neither his greeting nor his bow. She gazes at him with wild terror-stricken eyes.

"All aboard! all aboard!" comes from the deck of the steamer.

He crosses the plank without looking round again, and disappears in the crowd on the ship.

Then it seems to her as if she is standing suddenly in another world. The sunshine on the glittering waves, which usually delight her, hurts her eyes. Life and movement, which she generally enjoys, deafen her. She leans wearily against the railing and gazes at the foam beaten up by the wheel of the steamer.

What shall she do here now? What, indeed, is there for her to live for any more? What shall she look forward to, the whole year through? Why should she work, if he is not to praise or blame?

"Given up! Given up!" It seems to sound in her ears, in the working of the engine, in the turning of the wheel, in the rushing of the waters! In all the life and movement about her, she hears only two words: "Given up!"

The plank is drawn back. The great wheel turns, the steamer moves off.

Now she can see him. She will send only one glance toward her disappearing happiness, whose full value she only has recognized when she has lost it forever.

She turns, totters—a strong arm holds her fast. She leans her head on the faithful breast of her friend, and tears, happy tears, stream down over her pale cheeks. Her cold hands rest in his warm ones, and the letter flutters unperceived into the water. It has fulfilled its mission.

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A JAPANESE PAINTER AND HIS SCHOOL.

COMPILED BY JACKSON MEREDITH.

AT HOME.

HISTORICAL records show that, up to the fifth century of our Christian era, the Japanese possessed no knowledge either of letters or of art. During that age, exiles from China carried literature and painting into the country, and both new acquisitions were eagerly welcomed and rapidly made a wide-spread progress among the imaginative people of the vast empire.

Of course, like all beginners, Japanese literary men and artists were at first servile imitators of their masters, and accepted every canon laid down by them. But, as time went on, the superior imagination and talent of the race asserted themselves, and, though until this century painters and writers never ventured to deviate from the laws established by their teachers, they developed a genius peculiarly their own, and so gave a stamp of originality to their works, in spite of the close adherence to the traditions of the past.

To the Chinese and Japanese, the accomplishments of writing and drawing form in reality only a single art; the two cannot be separated, because the written characters of both languages are so largely hieroglyphic that, in order to write with elegance, every writer must be a practiced draughtsman. The first thing a schoolboy in either country must learn is to copy with grace and accuracy the picture-writing in his copy-books; and, of course, the learning later to draw the objects which the chirographic hieroglyphs represent proves a very easy matter.

The supple brush which the child has used to trace the hieroglyphs serves him later to copy the natural objects which he sees about. This training of the eye and hand, begun when children in our land commence to learn and form the letters of the alphabet, gives to the Asiatic artist a correctness of touch which he finds indispensable, from the fact that he has no equivalent for India-rubber, so that it is almost impossible to obliterate a false outline. He must therefore not only be certain in advance of the effect which each stroke of the brush will make, but his eye and hand must be so thoroughly trained that he is as unlikely to make a mistake as a grammarian would be to write false syntax.

In the course of centuries, Japanese artists took more and more liberties with their Chinese models, and gave their vivid fancies free play. Instead of representing preposterous out-of-door scenes and Buddhist saints in strained attitudes, they began to study nature and to reproduce the beautiful landscapes and brilliant flora which surrounded them. Very early, too, in the record of Japanese art, the comic element made itself prominent, and domestic scenes of a grotesque or homely sort became favorite subjects.

A competent English critic observes that "throughout the history of painting in

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Japan, nothing is more noticeable than the close observation of nature conspicuous in it, and the sympathetic feeling shown by the artists in their treatment of natural objects."

Now, no doubt the authority quoted has based his statement on a sure foundation; but I must confess that very few specimens of Japanese art which have come to this country carry out the latter portion of his verdict. Still, as additional evidence, it should be said that countless stories are related by Japanese chroniclers of famous native artists who reproduced insects, birds, and animals with such marvelous fidelity as to delude the spectator into the belief that they were living creatures. It is asserted that a certain emperor tried to brush a fly off a picture, under the impression that it was alive; and it is asserted that a well-known painter, Sesshiu, even while a boy, drew a number of rats on the floor of the temple in which he served as an acolyte, with such skill that the priests ran in hot haste to drive away the unwelcome intruders.

Among Japanese artists, a painter named Hokusai is the most eminent; indeed, he appears to occupy a place as unique as it is prominent, and his influence remains potent even amid the changes of the past thirty years.

Hokusai rose into fame in the beginning of the present century; he not only infused new life into art, but, by his vivid fancy and dramatic power, he founded a new school of painters. Says an English writer: "Nothing came amiss to Hokusai's universal genius. In drawing every object of nature, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, and from elephants to spiders, he was equally successful and novel."

The initial sketch of the three birds "at home" on the stalk of bamboo is a good specimen of this artist's efforts, in the realistic style which he much affected.

The "Village of Omori" is said to be one of Hokusai's most typical efforts, because it displays the skill with which by a few strokes of his brush, and with an entire absence of any attempt at shadow which would have suited Queen Elizabeth, the painter has succeeded in copying the scene. The snow lies heavy on the houses and covers the ground with an unbroken sheet, and Hokusai has certainly managed to give in the attitudes of the pedestrians and the swaying of the trees, the effect of a high wind blowing up the narrow street, and the hastily delineated boat-sails in the background reveal the neighborhood of a river.

THE VILLAGE OF OMORI.

"Looking at the Juggler" is a group as thoroughly characteristic as it is droll. The touches are so light and so few that it is quite remarkable how clearly they express the mingled wonder and amusement with which the group of spectators watch the tricks of the conjurer. Of late years, these feats have so often been given in this country that it is easy to understand how deep a hold such performances have kept over untold generations in turn in the Empire of the Rising Sun.

I think nobody ever watched a skilful Japanese conjurer without feeling as if

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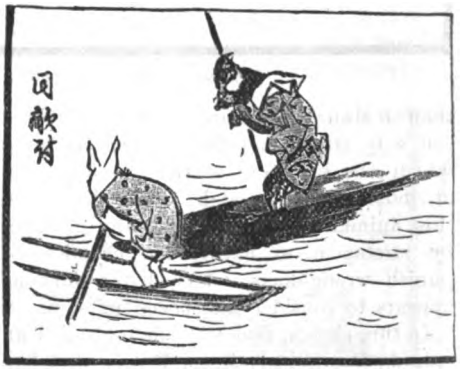
something more than mere human skill is necessary for such unlimited promenading

LOOKING AT THE JUGGLER.

with naked feet on the edges of sharp knives, such ease in swallowing a two-edged sword, or the facility with which a flower-seed planted before one's eyes is persuaded in a few moments to shoot up into a full-grown plant covered with blossoms.

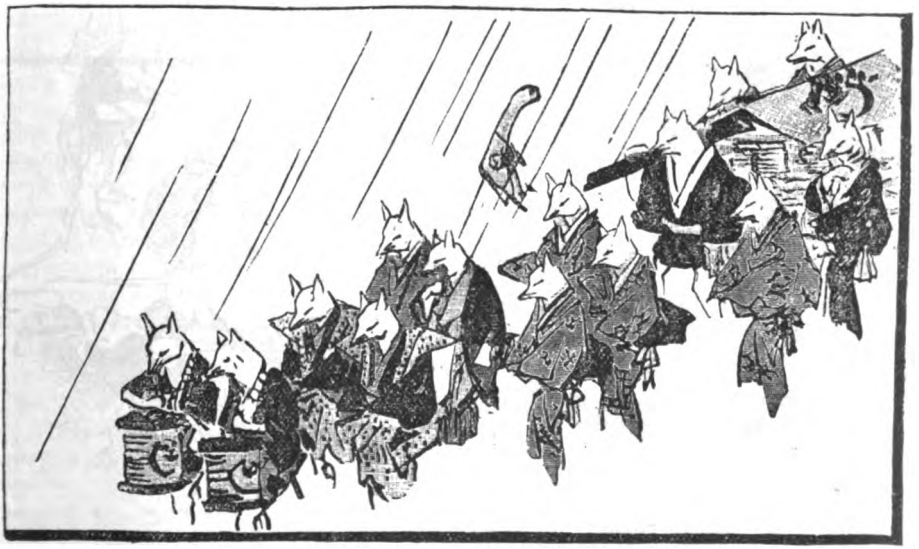
The attitude in which the youths are represented is essentially Japanese, and one which any foreigner finds it very difficult to imitate, though to the adept it seems—uncomfortable as it looks to unaccustomed eyes—to be the perfection of ease and comfort. Until lately, chairs were unknown in Japan, so that the cross-legged tailor-like position has become second nature to the entire people. A Japanese will sit huddled on the floor in this fashion and watch a long play, looking as comfortable as if seated on a down-couch. Indeed, it is in this posture that the son of Japan takes his meals, writes, paints, or studies; and it may be remarked that, in this era, his studies include so extended a sweep that they embrace, besides the works of native philosophers and story-writers, the productions of English and American authors, from Herbert



"REVENGE."

Spencer down to the latest popular novelist or poet.

"Revenge" is another of Hokusai's sketches, which it seems to me impossible to suppose could have been designed for other



"THE FOX'S WEDDING."

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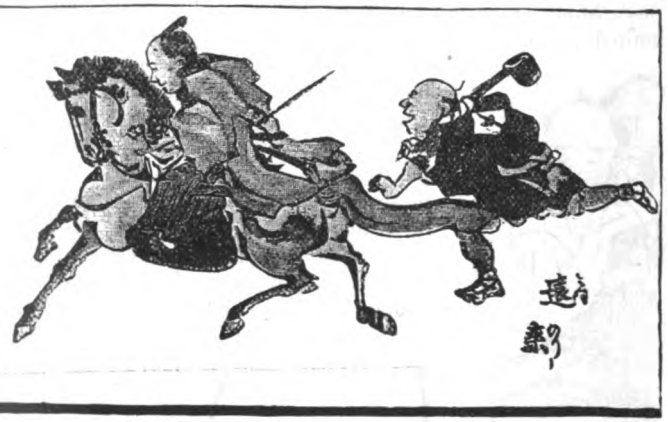

"COMING FROM A FAR COUNTRY."

an an absurd caricature. In Eastern fables, e wily tricks and the extreme cunning hich our literature ascribes to foxes are tributed oddly enough to the hare, and is animal in such tales usually manages stratagem to outwit his enemies or nish wrong-doers, which latter work he pears to consider his special mission.

In this sketch, Hokusai has embodied an isode from a legend of a badger that had en guilty of gross ingratitude to some person or brute which had saved his life. The hare appointed himself the avenger, and contrived to torment the culprit in many ingenious ways. Hokusai has chosen for representation the place where the badger found the hare mending an old boat, and, anxious to show his own skill, the visitor fashioned a canoe of clay and pushed forth to sea in the wake of the hare's wooden barque. Very soon the badger's canoe began to fall to bits, and, just as it was ready to sink beneath the waves, the avenging hare beat out the ungrateful creature's brains with his oar.

Now, without offering any further opinion of my own, I will quote what the English critic before mentioned says of this sketch, and my readers can agree therewith or differ therefrom, as they please. "It will be seen how thoroughly the characteristics of the

"THE RATS' HIDING-PLACE."

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animals are preserved," the critic writes, "in spite of the garments which they wear. It would be quite impossible to mistake the hare for any other animal, although the bare outline of his averted head is all that is given." He goes on to say: "The skill with which artists of this school succeed in representing animals by a few sketchy lines is not the least remarkable characteristic of their art. Among Hokusai's sketches, this peculiarity is sometimes carried to its extreme length, and in a single stroke he depicts animals and things with unerring skill."

I bow to the wise man's dictum and leave the matter there.

"THE FEAST OF YEBISU."

"The Fox's Wedding" is either one of the painter Hokusai's productions or was the work of one of his immediate followers, as it possesses all the peculiarities of his style. The marriage-procession is supposed to be overtaken by a heavy shower, and the picture became so famous that to this day a bridal procession unfortunate enough to be caught in the rain is likened to the fox's wedding.

"The Rats' Hiding-Place" is from the pencil of Hokusai himself, and is one of his most highly prized and widely copied efforts.

The rats are represented as engaged in all sorts of occupations, from dragging in a huge fish to their hiding-place to weighing their spoils; and, in the centre of the picture, the trio busy over the account-book are really very comical.

"Coming from a Far Country" is another sketch which is known to have been done by Hokusai himself. It is said that, up to the advent of this artist, Japanese painters, like their Chinese teachers, found great difficulty in drawing a horse; indeed, it seemed out of the question for the most skillful to impart to the animal any appearance of vigor or even naturalness. Hokusai is considered to have overcome this difficulty, and the horse in the sketch "Coming from a Far Country" is pointed out as a proof of his success. The picture depicts a military officer hastening to his home, attended by his bettó or runner. It may be added here that the Japanese are a remarkably domestic nation, and the misery of enforced absence from home and family is a theme which poets, essayists, and story-writers are never weary of dilating on.

"But it is in their landscapes and drawings of flowers," to quote from another enthusiastic admirer of Japanese talent, "that the national love of the beautiful is most plainly shown forth. They are proud of the beauties of their land, and take an unfailing delight in them. As each season brings its peculiar charm, the dwellers in towns troop out into the country, to enjoy the exquisite loveliness of the famous

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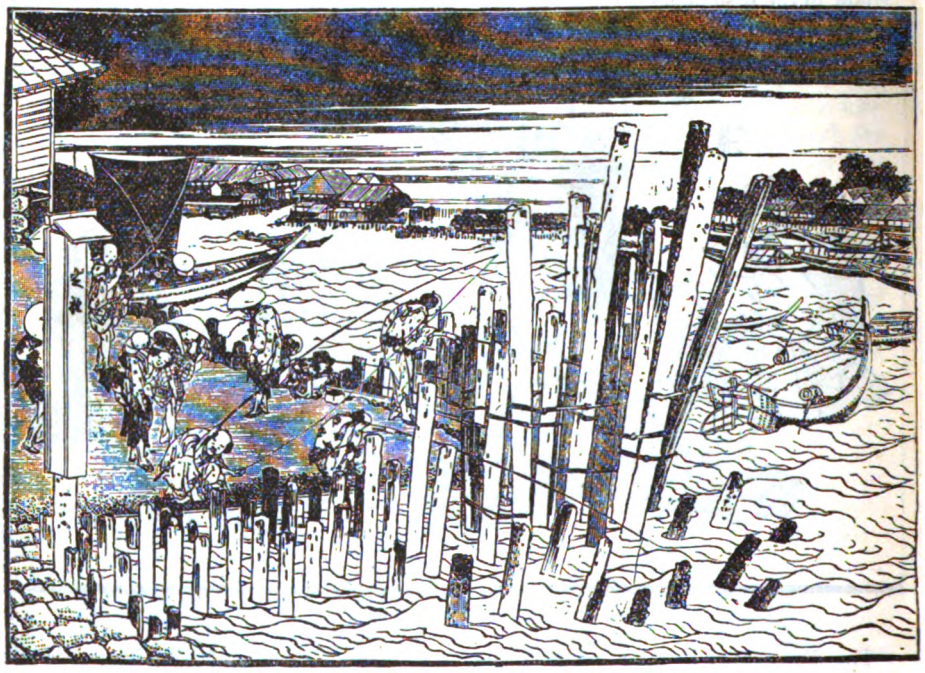
landscapes of that favored land: in spring-time, to admire the cherry-blossoms; in summer, to revel in the rich beauty of the flowers; in autumn, to wander among the orchards of ripening fruits; and in winter, to gaze and wonder at the fantastic shapes in which the snow wreathes itself on trees and dwellings—these are among the chief enjoyments of the people, and each phase forms the constant subject of artists' sketches."

In examining a collection of Japanese drawings, one is struck by the ability painters possess to portray, with a fidelity which it would seem only intimate acquaintance could teach, various animals unknown in the country. For instance, no specimens of the elephant or the long-armed ape have ever been found within the limits of the empire; yet any volume of sketches by a good artist will show drawings of both species, that are marvelously true to life.

In the British Museum, there is an amusing drawing of a young girl leading an elephant by a single hair, in illustration of the Eastern adage as to the power a beautiful woman possesses over man and beast; and, in this particular production, the animal is as faithfully depicted as if the Japanese artist had studied elephants at his leisure in the depths of an Indian jungle.

Among the productions of modern artists, portraits or groups of men and women have rapidly grown into a favor formerly almost entirely confined to landscapes.

"The Feast of Yebisu" is a specimen of this style of picture, and commemorates a festival once extremely popular in Japan. Yebisu was the god of wealth, and his votaries were very numerous in former times; though we are told that, with the present generation, the worship of gods and goddesses has fallen into disuse.



A HARBOR VIEW.

"A Harbor View" is a summer landscape of a sort greatly affected by modern Japanese artists.

At the time when the rage for adopting European ideas and customs became so general in the empire, a vigorous attempt was made by a certain clique to ingraft the theories and rules of the Western hemisphere on to Japanese art.

But the country protested strenuously and successfully against the adoption of a hybrid style founded on the union of two methods of painting so utterly incompatible as those of Europe and Japan.

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THE GAP BETWEEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 61.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN the stranger ended her cold passionless declaration, I stood looking at her in silence; she regarded me with equal fixedness. I read pity and sympathy in her troubled eyes, and a similar feeling for her was the only sensation which her words roused in my mind.

I suppose my cousin thought that I remained motionless and silent because utterly overwhelmed by the shock of her astounding announcement. He stretched out his arm to support me, and, as I turned to assure him that I required no assistance, I could see that his face showed more emotion than I had ever seen it betray, and his stern voice softened and shook as he said quickly:

"Poor Amy! Poor, poor girl!"

His manner and words irritated me beyond endurance; I could not have controlled myself had I tried. I pushed his arm quickly away, saying:

"Don't be silly, James; there really is not the least occasion for heroics! Either be good enough to explain to the lady that she is mistaken in the identity of Doctor Arthur, or kindly keep quiet, so that I can do so."

"Oh, you must make her understand—you must!" the visitor exclaimed, addressing my cousin and again pressing her hand to her heart, while her color came and went in an alarming manner. "Many women would hate her—would want her to suffer. I don't! I am very, very sorry for her; but at least she has you and her mother, and I—I have nobody!"

"We shall not desert her," James replied, with a sympathy which galled me the more because it was so sincere. "Aunt, tell Amy so! No matter how much she may be to blame—and this trouble is in a measure the result of her own headstrong conduct. Still, she is indeed deserving of pity—poor victim of a wicked designing—"

"James," I interrupted, "I don't mind what you say about me; but, if you insult my husband by a single word, you shall leave this house, if I put you out with my own hands!"

My mother, who had stood leaning white and motionless against the door-post, suddenly sat down in a chair near and burst into a terrible fit of weeping—the first time I had ever seen her cry.

"Amy, Amy," she sobbed, "God has punished you; I warned you that He would! Don't add to your sin by being hard and rebellious! Bow to the stroke—kiss the rod that smites you!"

"At all events, I shan't permit James Hornby's hands to hold the rod, that's certain!" said I.

"Do not heed her, aunt; do not!" pleaded James. "The poor child doesn't yet realize the awful position in which she is placed. No wonder she cannot believe—the Lord have mercy on her!"

"Oh, if He had only let me die before this blow fell!" moaned my mother. "If He had only let me die!"

"Stop!" pleaded the visitor, her voice sharp with pain. "You hurt me; I can't stand this. It is as much as my life is worth to go through any violent scene!"

My mother sank on her knees and buried her face in the cushions of the chair, while James bent over her, whispering consola-

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tory words. I turned to the lady again and said:

"My husband may not be back before nine o'clock; but, if you like to wait and convince yourself of your mistake, you are quite welcome to do so. You seem to be suffering—will you let me show you to a room where you can lie down and rest?"

"Oh, my heavens!" she cried, "the poor girl doesn't believe yet! Mr. Hornby, try to convince her! It will only be so much the worse for her when that man comes; for I tell you—nothing, nothing can change my resolve. Indeed, I could not hesitate if I wished! Before I came to the house, I stopped to see the justice of peace; I told him my errand—told him that, as soon as I had seen John Arthur, I should return for the warrant."

"I am only sorry for your sake, madam, that you have given such publicity to your visit," I said; "it will merely increase your mortification when the sight of my husband convinces you of your mistake."

She shook her head in a sort of sad impatience of my stubborn folly, and turned to James, asking:

"Has your cousin a volume of photographs? I will pick out John Arthur's picture, if it is among them."

"I have no likeness of him," I replied; "but, if I had, and you recognized it, that would have no effect on me."

"Poor girl! poor girl!" the lady murmured.

"Wilfully, wickedly blind!" cried James, his sympathy fading before the anger roused by my persistence in refusing credence to assertions so easy for him to accept.

"I wish," said I, turning on him, "that you would go home! I do you the justice to think you are unconscious what a horrible spirit of malice and revenge actuates you—but please go home!"

My mother rose slowly from her knees and confronted me.

"Do you turn us out?" she asked. "Do you refuse the support and countenance of your nearest relatives?"

"I don't want you to go, mother," I said; "you know that."

"Nor shall I," my cousin announced, with unshaken composure; "it is my duty to remain, and I shall do it."

When James spoke in that tone I knew further insistence on my part would be wasted; but I was reconciled to his staying, because, if he were to leave, my mother would go with him, and I was very anxious to have her remain. I felt that a great step toward her forgiveness of my husband would be gained if she waited until his return and heard the unfortunate stranger admit—as she must, on seeing him—that the similarity of name had deluded her into this bootless and mortifying visit.

This cheering reflection flashed through my mind while my cousin was delivering his ultimatum, and I moved quickly away—afraid that, if I stood looking at him another instant or gave him an opportunity to utter a second set speech, I should be unable to control my temper.

As I crossed the room, I saw my visitor regarding me intently, and her face still wore that expression of pitying impatience at my refusal to be convinced by her explanation that my husband was the man for whom she had come in search.

I could not wonder, either, that my mother and James Hornby gave full credit to the statement; and even toward my cousin I should have felt no resentment, had he possessed decent feeling enough to hide the fact that this disclosure did not surprise him—that he had indeed expected some disgraceful history from the past to start up, which would prove the man I had chosen instead of him to be a hypocrite and a villain.

A rapid change in the face of my visitor changed the current of my thoughts, and I said:

"I am sure you are suffering greatly; I wish you could be persuaded to lie down."

"And I wish you could be persuaded that I have made no mistake in coming here," she answered.

"As there is no possibility of that," I rejoined, "I really think it would be better to leave the subject, as I proposed."

She glanced at my mother and James with a despairing gesture, to which they responded by a united groan. Suddenly the poor creature grew so ghastly white that I called in alarm to Ruby to bring a glass of water. The sufferer managed to swallow a little, but it was some moments before she could stir or speak. Meanwhile my mother sat with her face hidden in her hands, and

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James stood by, useless and helpless, except that he scolded Ruby when he nearly dropped a pitcher which he tried to take from her hand.

Presently the lady drew a small vial from her pocket, and asked Ruby to put twenty drops of the contents into a wineglassful of water. I saw that she could not bear to accept anything from my hand, so I measured out the liquid behind her back, and let Ruby administer it. A few moments later, she opened her eyes and sat up, evidently relieved from the severe spasm of pain.

"I wish I didn't feel so sorry for you," she exclaimed, turning toward me as I sat in the window. "I must make you believe —I must prepare you! Why, you are the sort of woman to go crazy, if there's no way of convincing you but seeing that man and me meet!"

"She is crazy—has been since the hour she first set eyes on him!" said my mother, lifting her face for an instant, only to hide it closer as James responded to her exclamation by a fresh groan.

"And when do you say John Arthur will be back?" the lady asked, fixing me with her great black eyes.

"By dark, if he can—perhaps not till quite late."

"Hours to wait—hours!" she muttered wearily.

There was a short silence, during which James walked up and down the room; I knew he was preparing to say something that even his arrogance and faith in his own judgment found it difficult to utter in my presence. Finally he stopped half-way between the lady and myself, and said slowly:

"The man can be forced to come, and that ought to be done—the constable should fetch him."

"I know quite well how to manage about constable, warrant, and all the rest," she rejoined, with a glance half disapproving, half contemptuous.

Even under that insult, though every drop of blood in my veins was boiling, I had not the heart to turn the poor woman out-of-doors, and I knew it would be useless to order James to go, so I rose and was crossing the room when the visitor exclaimed:

"For God's sake, stay! I don't want to be cruel to you—I tell you, no human creature could be sorrier for you than I am; though I suppose you can't believe it!"

"I can, easily," I replied, moving near her. "My pity for you helps me to understand; but, as I lack physical strength to put James Hornby out of the house, if you wish me to remain in the room, you must bid him not be so cowardly as to insult my husband."

"Your husband!" she repeated. "Well, well!" Then she turned on James with a childish petulance, fairly ludicrous from the contrast of her tone and words with her tragic face and eyes. "Your cousin is right; if I were a minister of the Gospel, I'd have charity enough not to be so sure a man was guilty until I had some evidence besides a stranger's accusation."

James sat down in a corner and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief, looking discomfited enough under our joint attack. My mother, in spite of her distress and bewilderment, came to his relief with a good deal of dignity.

"It seems to me, madam," she said, "that it is quite time for you to offer proofs of your charge."

James gave my mother an irritated glance; no doubt he was glad to be helped out of his quandary, but his self-importance was as much hurt as if it had been her fault that he required assistance.

"My aunt speaks very wisely," he remarked, with condescension, though still too red in the face for the stately attitude he assumed to be as effective as he intended.

The lady ignored both speakers and addressed me:

"Do you wish to ask me any questions?"

"No," I replied, "none whatever."

"Well, then, may I ask you three or four?" I bowed, and she continued: "Would you rather go into some other room?"

"No; I shall be glad to have my mother and James Hornby hear," I replied.

"It's not that I meant," rejoined she, with a harsh little laugh; "I meant that they show about as much real sympathy for you as a stock and a stone might, though such conduct is just what one would expect from relations!"

"I bow to the stroke!" moaned my mother; "I bow to the stroke!"

"People usually can, when another per-

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son's trouble is in question," retorted the visitor, checking with a frown and a fiery glance some remark James was about to offer. Then she addressed me again, her face and voice softening in a way which would have touched my heart, even if I had harbored harsh feelings toward her. "Do you know where John Arthur lived for seven years before coming here?"

"She knows nothing about him—absolutely nothing!" moaned my mother, beginning to wring her hands again.

The completeness with which she broke down was a marvel to me; but, all the same, I was struck by the thought that, beyond general details, I did know very little concerning my husband's past. I was about to admit this fact, because it would be an additional proof to my listeners, if they needed such, that my confidence could not be shaken on any grounds, when the lady, still ignoring my mother, added: "I only ask in order to learn if you can tell whether I am correct in naming places and dates."

"Well, go on," I said.

"In the spring of 1866, he went to San Francisco."

I remembered distinctly his having told me this. I bowed assent.

"He stopped there five months," she continued. "Then he went to Paris and staid for two years and more, lodging at No. 40, Rue Madame."

"Yes; he finished his medical studies in Paris," I added.

"When he had taken his degree, he visited Australia; remained there for a year, returned to America, and established himself in St. Paul, Minnesota."

"He went to that city to visit a friend, and was persuaded to start practice," I amended.

"But he got into difficulty and left suddenly," she rejoined, a little sharply.

"He was shabbily treated by the physician who had taken him into partnership, and he threw it up at once," I said.

"Well, yes—there seems reason for thinking he was not to blame," she admitted. "Then he went to Albany, where he stopped for some months; then visited Cincinnati, and finally came on here."

"That is all quite correct," I said.

She put her hand into her dress and drew out a pocket-book, opened it, and held up a paper, saying hesitatingly:

"Even yet you think nothing can touch your faith—"

"Nothing can," I answered, as she paused. "Do you wish to show me that paper?"

"I don't like him, and he doesn't behave well," she observed, with a scornful wave of her hand toward James Hornby; "but—but—I think you might better let him look at it first."

"James, be good enough to read it aloud," I said.

He glanced over the partly printed page, and his face showed sufficient emotion to convince even my visitor that he could feel.

"He isn't quite all steel and whalebone," she remarked, evidently not aware that she uttered her thought audibly.

"James, James, what is it?" my mother moaned.

"You can surely divine," he replied, in a broken voice.

"It is the lady's marriage-certificate," I said; "read it, James."

He read the document in a slow muffled tone; the names of John Arthur and Annie Blake, married in Nashville, Tennessee, on the sixteenth of March, 1866, by the Reverend Albert Manning, in the presence of Peter Klein and Bridget Howe.

"Oh, Amy! Oh, my girl!" sobbed my mother. "Are you convinced at last?"

"I was convinced from the first that there are two John Arthurs," I replied; "one of them this lady's husband, and the other mine."

The visitor looked despairingly at James; my last words had shown her that nothing she could say—no apparent proof she might offer—would produce the least impression on me.

"You know that is impossible, Amy!" cried James, in a voice half dictatorial, half pleading.

"You remember, once when we were in Cincinnati, we found in the directory eight persons by the name of James Hornby," I said, "and it is much less common than Arthur."

"Of course, my poor girl," he replied, "the coincidence of names might easily happen; but Mrs. Arthur"—and I was sure he called her so with unconscious satisfaction—"has traced the man's steps during a number of years—correctly, you admit—

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therefore it is out of the question there can be any mistake as regards identity."

"It is useless to discuss our diverse opinions and impressions," I said; "a few hours will clear up the mystery."

"Nobody ever could convince or move Amy, once she has an idea settled," murmured my mother; "never—never!"

She fell into the error of ascribing her own character to me. So far from possessing an obstinate disposition, I was altogether too yielding in ordinary matters—too prone to allow my judgment and actions to be influenced by those about; but no ordinary rules or weaknesses could apply or find place, in a crisis like the present.

I went up to my mother, laid my hand on her shoulder, and kissed her forehead, saying:

"When you find my husband innocent, as I know him to be, you will forget all the coldness and hard feelings of the past months—say you will!"

She did not repulse me, as I had half expected she would; she gazed longingly in my face for an instant, then leaned her head against my arm, sobbing:

"Amy, you are terribly punished for despising your mother's counsels! Come away, daughter, before this evil man returns—let me take you home; leave him to the consequences of his crimes."

I was not angry or hurt; I knew this bitterness would have a natural reaction when my husband's innocence was established, and I held her close to my heart, whispering hopeful and comforting words.

CHAPTER V.

My mother grew quiet at length, pushed me gently away, and sat upright in apathetic silence.

I glanced again toward the visitor and my cousin. The two were talking in a low tone, but, as soon as James perceived that I was observing them, he said aloud to the lady:

"Do you object, Mrs. Arthur, to stating why you allowed so much time to elapse before taking steps to discover your husband?"

"I will tell everything, if your cousin wishes to hear," she replied.

I knew they had arranged this plan, in the hope that the recital might convince me. It was plain that the stranger meant to show all possible consideration for me. Under similar circumstances, not one woman in a hundred would have behaved so well. I did her full justice, though I was so certain she must soon be satisfied of her error that my ability to regard her conduct leniently deserved no special commendation.

I sat silent while she told her story. She had been an orphan, living in Nashville with a relative who was not kind to her. In February of 1866, she made John Arthur's acquaintance; six weeks later, she eloped with him. They were married and went to San Francisco; soon after their arrival, they took lodgings in the house of a Mrs. Milton.

The pair became mutually dissatisfied, as the romance wore rapidly away from their hasty union. At length, the husband disappeared, leaving a letter in which he informed his wife that she need never expect to see him again. He had, however, provided for her future by the transfer of certain stocks and bonds which yielded a comfortable income.

For more than two years, pride and temper kept the deserted woman from making any effort to discover her husband's whereabouts, then some sudden impulse caused her to try to do so. She learned that, when he left San Francisco, he had gone East and sailed at once for Europe. She followed him to Paris; but, a good while before she reached there, he had departed for Australia. After the lapse of several months, an apparently well-authenticated report of his death reached her; but she never gave it credence, and finally discovered that not only was he living, but had made his way back to America. She returned without delay, and set active inquiries on foot. She traced the wanderer from city to city, often deceived by false reports, sometimes losing all clue for months together, and meeting with so many disappointments that a less determined woman would have relinquished the task. Indeed, it was difficult for a person of my disposition to understand why she wished to find the man who had shown so plainly that her companionship was irksome. She declared frankly that she had long ceased to care for him—had passed from anger to a state of complete indifference; yet she persisted in her search, and each fresh failure appeared to render her more resolute and persevering.

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Some ten days before this afternoon on which she presented herself at my house, some communication received through the detective-agency she employed caused her to go from New York to Cincinnati, only to be met with the often-repeated intelligence that the fancied clue had proved to have no foundation.

She was taken ill there, and, as the noise and bustle of the hotel disturbed her greatly, the physician attending her proposed that she should remove to a quiet lodging-house kept by a person whom he knew personally and who would show her every kindness and care.

This woman proved to be Mrs. Milton, with whom she and her husband had lived while in San Francisco, and who had, it appeared, been established in Cincinnati for nearly two years. This former acquaintance could not conceal the surprise she felt at seeing her, and, when the doctor would permit explanations, informed Mrs. Arthur that she had seen her death reported in a California newspaper some eighteen months previous.

But Mrs. Milton's disclosures did not end there; she had also seen Doctor John Arthur in Cincinnati—very recently, too—and with him was the young lady whom he had just married. Mrs. Milton discovered that he had settled in Warnemouth, West Virginia, and had returned thither with his bride after a brief stay in the city. To both women, it appeared clear that Doctor Arthur had caused the report of his wife's death to be published in California, in order to ward off suspicion or inquiry on the part of anyone who might chance to be familiar with the story of his past.

As soon as she had sufficiently recovered to travel and to bear the mental strain of the work she elected to carry out, Mrs. Arthur started on her journey—an easy one, as it could be made entirely by steamboat. She had left Cincinnati on the previous day, and, on landing at the little village of Warnemouth, received the information that Doctor John Arthur lived scarcely more than a mile away.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILE she talked, the lady had been struggling against severe pain, which, I could see, steadily increased. Once she had to pause and ask James for some of the medicine, which stood on the table beside her. His hand shook so that he could not count the drops; I took the vial and measured the amount, unseen by her.

As she ended her narrative, she sank back in her chair; her face grew livid, and her lips blue with suffering; her breath came in gasps, and the frightful eagerness in her eyes changed to terror.

"Are you accustomed to these attacks?" James asked.

After a great effort, she managed to articulate:

"Not so bad as this—never like this."

"The doctor must be sent for," I said.

She nodded assent, so I called Ruby and bade her run to the village for Doctor Nash, as fast as she could go.

The poor lady fought bravely against her agony; she waved me silently away when I suggested that she should lie down, and remained with her eyes closed and her hands clenched hard over the arms of her chair.

My mother and James went out into the orchard and seated themselves on a bench under the trees, and I walked to and fro in the veranda, keeping the sufferer within sight and hearing.

It seemed a long time that I waited, but at last Ruby appeared in sight. When she got within speaking distance, she called breathlessly that the doctor was coming. Presently the old gentleman drove up the long avenue, and I saw that Squire Leonard, the justice of peace, was seated beside him in the gig. I did not wait to receive them, but went back into the house.

Ruby and I put the sufferer to bed in my room, which was on the ground-floor. After his examination, the doctor told me the spasms were caused by heart-disease of long standing, and he feared that she was near her end.

For a full hour, we three worked over her; then the attack yielded to vigorous remedies, and the patient lay still and white among the pillows. I left the physician by her, telling Ruby to call me when I was wanted, and passed through the hall into the veranda.

News in regard to my visitor, and doubtless the nature of her errand, had spread already; for I perceived several of the neighbors seated in the parlor, talking with my

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motner. As I walked on, I caught sight of old Chloe entering the orchard from the road, and was at no loss to divine who had given the tidings.

I saw James Hornby and Squire Leonard pacing up and down a broad alley beyond the row of privet-bushes that separated the house from the garden. I paused at once in my promenade, afraid that they might come forward to talk with me, and I knew the ordeal would be more than my tired nerves could endure; not that I felt afraid of breaking down—I was only fearful that James might exasperate me into an unseemly display of temper.

Presently I noticed old Uncle Jack, our colored gardener and general factotum, at work among the flower-beds on the lawn, so I went down the steps toward him, inventing some orders for his benefit.

"I done do' know what all dis yer's about, Miss Amy," grumbled the old fellow, straightening himself as I approached, and leaning on his hoe-handle; "but I ain't gwine to hear nobody say a word agin Marse John, that brung me frou' de fever, and I jis tole ole Miss Hartner so when she come up full tilt, a-spittin' out questions like a tea-kettle bilin' over."

I was grateful for Uncle Jack's sympathy, aware that I should receive none elsewhere during my weary hours of suspense. Even Doctor Nash had plainly shown that he was influenced by what he had heard of the lady's errand, and personal sympathy implying blame to my husband was an insult I did not mean to endure from anyone.

I talked for a few moments with Uncle Jack, gathered some roses from a bush that was just bursting into blossom, and went back, undecided whether to run the gauntlet of my neighbors' inquisitive eyes and tongues, or mark my disapproval of their conduct by shutting myself in the patient's room.

As I reached the veranda, James Hornby and Squire Leonard came out to meet me, and my cousin said authoritatively:

"Amy, the Squire says you mustn't send any message to Doctor Arthur; he will do that, if he thinks best."

The suggestion that I meant to get a warning to my husband roused me to a pitch of wrath such as I had never felt in my life. I stepped quickly forward and stopped at the foot of the steps. The parlor windows were open, and I knew that every word I spoke would be heard by the group of persons seated there.

"James Hornby," I said, "a little while ago, I asked you to leave this house. Since you insist on remaining, I think you might at least have the decency to refrain from insulting me."

James turned positively white with anger; but, before he could speak, Squire Leonard interposed.

"Now, Amy, Amy," he said, employing my Christian name from habit, for he had known me since my childhood, "you mustn't talk to your cousin like that, you know; he is one of your best friends, and—and he only spoke in your own interest."

"My husband and I can attend to that, Squire Leonard," I replied, "and I will not permit my cousin or any other person to insult him or myself under this roof."

"Well, well," pronounced the old Squire, in the soothing tone he would have adopted toward a refractory child, "that's nat'ral on your part, of course; but Mr. James meant no harm—I wish you'd just step this way and have a little talk with us."

At this instant, Ruby came to the hall door and beckoned; I went up the steps, saying as I passed the Squire:

"You must excuse me—I am wanted."

"Maybe you'll come back after a little, and talk over things," the Squire suggested, in his mild way; "you see, it would be better to make up your mind to—to—well, Mr. Hornby thinks—"

"I do not wish to hear what he thinks," I interrupted; "and there is nothing that I am aware of for us to talk over. If you wish to wait and see my husband, Squire Leonard, I shall be very happy to have you."

"You cannot make me angry, Amy," my cousin began; but I hurried into the house before he could get further.

The sufferer had fallen asleep, and the doctor wished to give me directions what to do in case the pain should recommence, though he hoped that she would waken relieved. He was obliged to go away to visit other patients, but promised to come again as early in the evening as he could manage. Squire Leonard drove off with him. Then James Hornby betook himself to the orchard, and it was a relief to know that he was not seated under the same roof with me.

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I took up my watch by the sleeper, and thus avoided holding any conversation with the various visitors, who several times peeped into the room in turn, but did not venture to enter.

The afternoon wore on; the lady still slept, and at length Ruby came to whisper that the callers had all gone, with the exception of Mrs. Hepworth and her cousin Mrs. Hartner, who had remained on the plea of keeping my mother company.

The relatives were the most abominable pair of gossips in the entire neighborhood; but, so long as they did not trouble me, I was glad to know that my mother was not left alone. Indeed, it struck me that, the more witnesses present, the better, when my husband should return; the tidings that the stranger avowed her mistake in supposing him the man of whom she had come in search could not be too quickly and too widely circulated throughout the neighborhood.

The hours seemed very long, to my impatient spirit; but sunset came at last, and then the poor lady wakened and needed attention. I administered the stimulant the doctor had ordered, and she roused up to ask her often-repeated question:

"Has he come yet? Has he come?"

"Not yet," I replied; "but it will not be very long now."

She stared as if she had not before recognized to whom she was speaking, and said:

"Have you been taking care of me?"

"Yes," I replied; "you don't mind my staying, do you?"

"No, no," she said, feebly; "I am sorry for you—so sorry! I wish almost that I had not come."

"I am glad you did," I replied, "very glad."

She sighed heavily, and the expression of impatient pity again crossed her face; but she was too tired to talk. She settled herself back among the pillows and soon fell asleep again.

Presently Ruby came to the door and motioned that supper was on the table. I went across the hall to the parlor, where my mother and the two elderly ladies were seated, while James Hornby stood by one of the windows. I asked them all to go out to tea, and explained that I could not leave the sick lady to join them.

"You must try to keep up—do try!" Mrs. Hartner urged, with a prolonged sniff, doubtless intended to express sympathy and inculcate resignation.

"A few hours' watch by a sick-bed is not likely to tire me very much," I replied, with a smile.

"Amy," exclaimed James, unable to keep silence, "Mrs. Hartner did not mean—"

"To have you speak for her, I presume," I interrupted. "Mother, please take my place at table."

My mother groaned; James groaned; the two old women echoed the dolorous sounds: and to this chorus I departed.

The patient lay still, most of the time keeping her eyes closed; when she did open them, they were cold and hard with fixed resolution, and carefully avoided mine.

Twilight came; evening came; other callers had been and gone. At eight o'clock, Doctor Nash returned; but my husband had not arrived.

I knew there was talk of sending after him—suggestions that in some way he had heard of the exposure and made his escape; but I paid no attention.

The sick lady had a recurrence of the spasms, though less violent than the first. Whenever she thought I was not in hearing, she would say to the physician:

"Hasn't he come? Isn't he coming?"

I caught the tramp of a horse's feet on the road that ran down by the garden. I hurried across the veranda and lawn to the side gate, just as my husband rode up in the bright moonlight.

He saw me and sprang off his horse, which Uncle Jack was ready to take, and clasped me in his arms.

"I have heard all about it," he said, before I could speak; "I met Mark Warner on his way home. I am so sorry I happened to be away; but you were not frightened?"

"No," I answered, looking up in his face.

He smiled and kissed me.

"It is some strange mistake," he said; "one reads of such things in books, but never fancies they could really happen."

"And the poor soul is very, very ill, John!"

"Yes—the Squire told Warner; you must have had a dismal afternoon, my darling!" he rejoined, tenderly. "But come in and let me see the unfortunate lady."

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"You'll be so sorry for her, John!"

"I am now, dear," he said, folding me close to his heart for an instant; the embrace repaid me for all those long weary hours of waiting.

I gave him a few rapid details of the stranger's revelations, and then we walked on to the veranda-steps; then I held him back to add:

"Oh, John, won't this prove a blessed thing if it makes my mother ready to be friends with you—and I am sure it will!"

He kissed me again and reiterated my hope.

"Just call Nash out," he said, when we were near the door; "I'll wait here."

I went into the bed-room; the sufferer was lying with her eyes closed, and did not open them when the doctor rose in obedience to my gesture and followed me out.

The visitors were hovering in the hall as we passed through, but neither my mother nor James was visible.

"I thought it might be well to warn your patient I had come," John said; "the surprise of seeing an entire stranger may prove a great shock."

They exchanged a few low-toned remarks in regard to the sick lady's state, then Doctor Nash went back into the house, and my husband and I waited in silence.

Presently he returned and motioned to us; we entered, John still keeping his arm about my waist.

"Here is Doctor Arthur, madam," the old physician said, softly, stepping aside so that she could have a full view of us as we stood at the foot of the bed.

The lady was sitting propped up among the pillows; she leaned quickly forward—I heard both doctors utter an exclamation of warning.

She looked eagerly in my husband's face, her eyes filled with a strange unnatural light—she gave one low groan, and sank back in the bed.

Doctor Nash bent his head for an instant, then said in a half-whisper:

"It is all over."

She was dead.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LOVE'S SONG.

BY E. ADELAIDE COPP.

Do you know that you have the sweet power
  To make my world shadowed or bright?
That I long for your presence each hour
  And dream of your face day and night?

That you come, and my whole heart is gladdened,
  My being raised up to the skies?
That you leave, and my spirit is saddened
  And all my sweet happiness dies?

That the whole earth seems fairer and dearer
  Since you entered into my life?
That the sunshine and starlight seem clearer
  And all things with beauty are rife?

The fair earth would grow barren and dreary,
  If I never saw thee again;
And life's pathway be thorny and weary,
  My heart be bowed down with its pain.

But as long as my eyes can behold thee,
  And thine speak their love, and as long
As thine arms gently, warmly, enfold me,
  My life is one glorious song!

THE MORNING IS DAWNING.

BY RAY RICHMOND.

OUTSIDE the car-window, the morning is dawning
  Gray and ghostly over the far distant hill;
The moon in the westward is gradually dying,
  The whole air is quietly peaceful and still.

From quiet still pools, the fogs lift themselves upward
  And solemnly stalk away into the woods,
To hide from the glory of on-coming radiance
  Their gray dreary heads and despondent moods.

Anon, a faint flush of rose on the horizon
  Leaps joyously up from the gray ghostly mist,
And brightens and deepens the whole eastern heavens
  Until the bright sun the gay morning has kissed.

At last, with a flash and dazzle of glory,
  The sun bursts over the hill far away,
And morning is here! the young day has greeted
  Her master, her king, in her bridal array!

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LEAVING HOME FOR THE SUMMER OUTING.

BY MARTHA CAREY.

WARM summer days have come, and "then, if ever," is the time when the weary housekeeper and overtaxed mother of a family can look with a sigh of satisfaction upon finished work, as the house and premises stand forth in complete and perfect order and the children revel in new cool garments.

And now, if she is the woman of sense for whose benefit we all love to plan, she will close those doors, fasten up the windows, and run away for a little much-needed and well-earned rest. Every now and then, we see in the papers long arguments and sage bits of advice in favor of staying at home through the heat of summer, and taking one's outing in the early autumn. And, while there are some good points to be made on that side of the question, the fact remains that most people have to take their vacation in the regular summer season, when resorts of all kinds are open and ready, and when excursion-rates are offered on all the railroads. Then, too, the courts and the schools and colleges are all closed, and the merchants and milliners have a lighter trade, so that for this reason it is perhaps better to "follow one's neighbors" and stick to the established custom of midsummer outings.

When the house-mother leaves home, she cannot tumble a few articles into a satchel and hurry away on a minute's notice, as some of our gentlemen tourists claim to do. No, indeed; she has extra duties, and the short absence entails a heavy task, even after trunks are packed and every arrangement made for the journey.

She it is who must close the house, and in such a thorough manner that, when autumn comes, it will be all ready to enter and none the worse for its long desertion.

There are three dangers that she must guard against: burglary, storm and sunshine, and the ravages of insects.

To prevent the first danger, close every window, and, after locking with the ordinary window-catch, bore a hole with a small gimlet, on the right and the left sides, entirely through the upper frame-work of the lower sash and half-way through the lower frame-work of the upper sash. Insert into these cavities large-headed and thick iron nails, long enough to run through the entire length of the hole, and it will be very difficult for any burglar to enter through that window.

On the basement and first-floor shutters, there should be fastened strong iron bars as an extra safeguard.

Basement and outside cellar-doors must have strong bolts fastened to them, in addition to their ordinary locks, as they are favorite spots for the light-fingered gentry to begin their operations.

The dangers from the elements are from fire, water, air, and sewer-gas.

Of course, the danger from fire is very slight and must come entirely from the outside. Matches must be taken out of the house, lest they become ignited through the movements of rats or mice. Of course, the gas is shut off at the meter, and is practically entirely removed from the premises.

To guard against storms, see that the spouting is left open, and the roof free from leakage, and the drainage in perfect order to carry off any sudden overflow. Sometimes a rain is driven in by wind, so that window-shades become spotted; and, to prevent this, they should be removed from the windows if they are costly and are on the side of the house where the wind usually blows hardest.

The entrance of sewer-gas is another danger. Although it does not injure the appearance of anything, it sometimes permeates every nook and corner of a house, and makes it a regular hot-bed for all sorts of fevers and other fatal diseases that attack the unwary family as soon as they return. The sickness is often laid to the fatigue of the journey or other similar causes, when the trouble exists right at home.

The only defense against this, as all other

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evils, is to see that the cause is removed, and all the plumbing, be it modern or ancient, left absolutely and perfectly in order.

But evil gases may arise from other sources. The smallest amount of vegetable or animal matter, which may be left unnoticed, will in its decay give birth to countless germs that will bring destruction into the feeble human organism. Here again we often see a family attacked with typhoid fever or diphtheria on their return from the country, and all the friends inveigh against "country malaria," etc., and do not realize that the evil has lain in wait there all through the long hot days.

The careful housewife must personally inspect the cellars, the coal-shed, the ash-vault, the barrels and boxes that accumulate about a house, and be satisfied with nothing short of absolute perfect purity.

Lime should be scattered about the closets and drains, and other good disinfectants left where they are needed.

To prevent the inroads of moths, ants, roaches, and other pests, whose name is legion, each carpeted room must be thoroughly swept and dusted and sprinkled with cedar shavings, camphor gum, and such well known remedies, and upholstered furniture must have a treatment of the same sort, after a previous course of beating and brushing. Small bags of camphor may be pinned to the folds of curtains or portières and the cushions and pillows of the establishment.

Of course, all beds are to be left open, the springs exposed to air and light, and the mattresses thrown over large tables or on four chairs set for the purpose in the middle of the room. All the little odds-and-ends of scarfs, tidies, mats, ribbons, and other modern decorations must be laid by in drawers, and in the autumn they will come out fresh and bright, and renew their beauty and usefulness.

It is a difficult and wearisome task so to arrange matters that a woman can leave her house in perfect order; but the consciousness that nothing has been left neglected, and that on her return she can at once take up home-life with but little trouble and friction, will aid her wonderfully in her labors.

And, with the knowledge that all her duties have been faithfully performed and that the kingdom of home will not suffer by her absence, the good housekeeper starts forth with a light heart to enjoy her summer outing.

THE CARE OF THE EYES.

ORDINARILY all that is needed to keep the eye-sight good until late in life is persistent thoughtful care.

First of all, nothing irritating should be allowed to get into the eyes, if possible to avoid it; if any particle does intrude, it should be removed as soon as possible by an application of water along the edge of the closed lids and by immersing the eyes completely.

An application of pure water several times daily by means of a soft cloth, and to immerse the eyes in tepid water twice each day, tend to keep them healthy and strong.

The eyes should never be roughly treated, and the practice of pressing the corners between the thumb and forefinger, to prevent the flattening that comes with age, is of doubtful benefit.

The eyes never should be rubbed back and forward, but from the outer corner toward the nose.

All sudden changes between light and darkness should be avoided.

Using the eyes directly in front of the light is very injurious. One should always sit so that the light strikes from the side, and, if possible, so that it falls obliquely over the left shoulder.

Nothing is more injurious than using the eyes by a light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate, and, the moment that one is instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment they should no longer be used.

It is never well to sleep so that on awakening the eyes are subjected at once to a strong light; and if in the morning they are glued together, do not forcibly open them, but apply saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—then wash the eyes and face in warm water.

Anyone observing these simple rules may defy the wear and tear of time.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish afternoon or evening gown, of flowered China silk, of cream-white

No. 1.

with pale-blue. The front of the skirt, the puffed sleeves, and the chemisette are of this material, while the corselet and back of skirt are plain blue surah to match. The collarette is of lace or blue chiffon, and the rosette bows are of blue moire ribbon. About four yards of the figured material will be required, and eight yards of surah. Four yards of ribbon for bows. Hat of shirred lace, trimmed with rosettes of blue moire, like those of the gown.

No. 2.

No. 2—Is a gown for a garden-party or afternoon reception, of figured batiste—or

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organdie, as it is sometimes styled. The skirt has a fulled gathered flounce twelve inches deep, headed by a ruching of the material. The yoke and deep cuffs are of English embroidery with a vandyked edge, deep enough to form the deep yoke. Full puffed sleeves, the puffs being arranged lengthwise. Ten to twelve yards of material for the gown, one yard of embroidery. Hat of rice straw, trimmed with birds and ribbon to correspond with the prevailing color of the gown.

No. 3.

No. 3—Is a costume of striped foulard for visiting. The skirt is kilt-plaited in front and on the sides. The back hangs straight, as seen in the illustration. This model shows the small paniers, which are again the latest style. High puffed sleeves. Vandyke collar, of English embroidery. Fourteen to sixteen yards of foulard will be required. Hat of fancy straw braid, trimmed with ostrich-tips and velvet ribbon.

No. 4—Is a blouse-waist, of wash-

No 4.

No. 5.

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flannel, percale, or dotted surah. It has four rows of narrow wash-braid on both sides of the hem, a turn-over collar, and shirt-sleeves with deep cuffs. These blouses are very much worn with any kind of skirt, for the morning, tennis, boating, etc.

No. 5—Is a simple and effective style for making a flannel dress for a little girl of six to eight years. Marine-blue, white, or tan-colored flannel or camel's-hair can be used for this model. The vandyked trimming is of wash-braid, either white, black, or dark-brown, to correspond with the color of the dress. A white chemisette of nun's-veiling

No. 6

can be worn to fill in the square neck. Hat of Leghorn, trimmed with rosettes of ribbon or worsted braid, in white, blue, or brown.

No. 6—Is a pretty model for a chintz or challis for a girl of six years. The skirt is kilt-plaited or it may be gathered, as preferred. The front of the bodice opens over a vest of white piqué. The edge of the V front and collar to be trimmed with a narrow English embroidery. High puffed sleeves.

No. 7.—Costume suit for a boy of six to eight years, of plaid wash-flannel or Scotch tweed. Knickerbocker pants and blouse. The fullness of the sleeves is laid in plaits at the wrists, to form cuffs, and feather-stitched with silk.

No. 7.

No. 8.—Sailor-suit for a boy of four to six years, of marine-blue serge. Blouse-waist with striped under-vest and deep sailor-collar.

No. 9.—Summer dress for a young girl. The skirt and Swiss corselet are made of blue

No. 8.

and gray striped challis, the corselet lacing in front. The under-bodice is of gray

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No. 9.

No. 10.

foulard, spotted with corn-flowers of blue. It is slightly full, with a rolling collar.

No. 10.—Hat, of black net, puffed over wires. The brim is edged with lace stretched over the frame. The hat is trimmed with pansies, feathers, and a bow of black ribbon.

EMBROIDERY FOR WORK-BAG.

We give a design of poppies on the Supplement, suitable for a work-bag, table-scarf, etc. Either red or black cotton or silk may be employed, or the natural colors of the flowers, seed-pods, and leaves, if preferred.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY.

On the Supplement, we give a bold design for embroidery in silk, on flannel or cashmere. It is very effective and can be quickly done.

NAME FOR MARKING.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

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BOY'S CADET SUIT: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

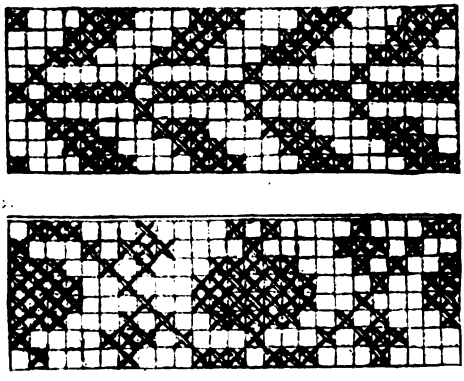
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern for a cadet suit for a boy of nine years. It consists of eight pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT OF COAT.
2. HALF OF BACK OF COAT.
3. SIDE-PIECE.
4. COLLAR.
5. SLEEVE.
6. LEG OF PANTS, BACK.
7. LEG OF PANTS, FRONT.
8. FLAP OF FRONT.

The letters show how the pieces join. Allow all seams, and sew by the edge of pattern. Join pattern by corresponding dots.

DESIGN IN CROSS-STITCH.



The design in cross-stitch is useful for children's aprons or frocks, and will look well if done in any kind of good washing-cotton.

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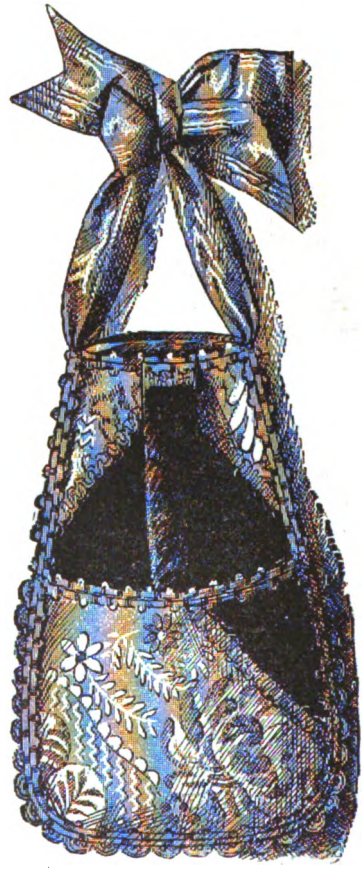
HAIRPIN-CASE.



Take one of the card-board cases, such as those containing patent medicines, etc., cover it with fancy material combined with plain plush, set it off with a pretty galloon, and it is a pretty receptacle for fancy hairpins, button-hook, etc.

BRAIDING-PATTERN.

On the Supplement, we give a braiding-pattern of conventional peacock's-feathers. This original design is very effective for the bottom of a dress or jacket.

DESIGN FOR CROCHET.

For our colored pattern this month, we give a design for the top of a pincushion, in crochet, netting, or darned-work. The design is so plain that no description is needed.

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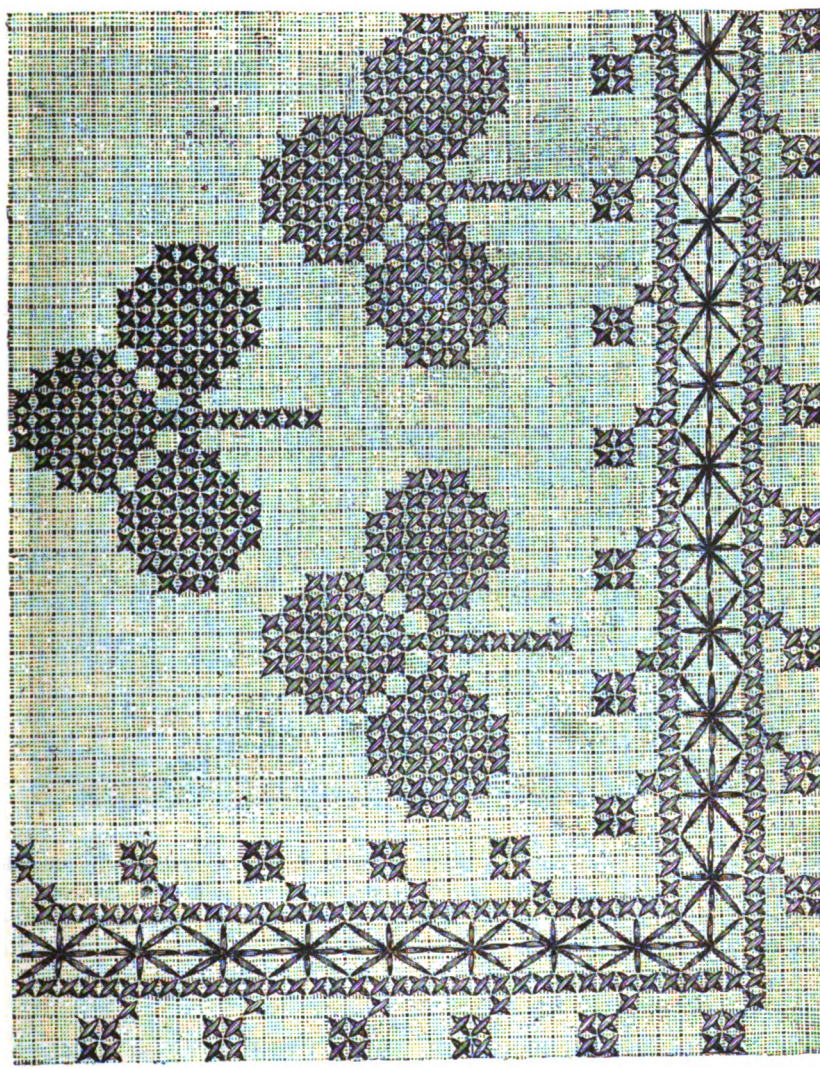
CORNER FOR TRAY-CLOTH.



The corner for tray-cloth is very pretty, done in red washing-cotton; but the design can be worked in any color, and utilized for many purposes.

Constance

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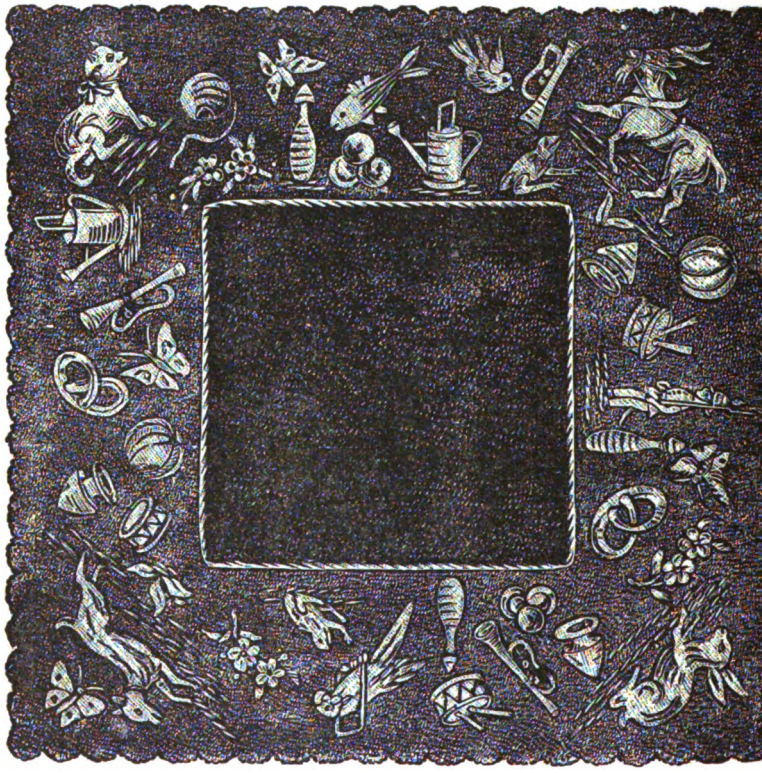
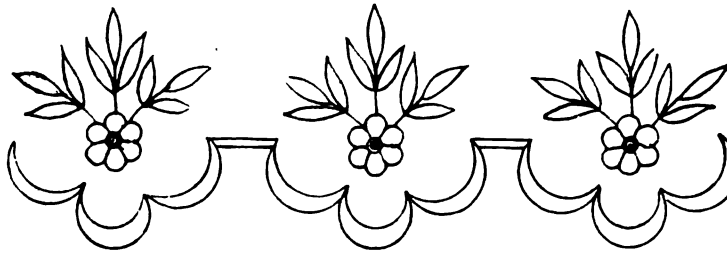
CRAWLING-RUG.



The rug for a baby to crawl upon is made of dark-brown frieze. The border is red-brown frieze, with pinked-out edge. The figures are cut out of white cloth, and, after having been sewed to the foundation, can be worked up with colored crewels; or the figures may be done in outline-stitch and filled in.

DESIGN FOR EMBROIDERY.



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MOUNTMELLICK WORK.

Those who prefer durable and substantial embroidery to the more flimsy fancy-work which is now the fashion will do well to take advantage of Mountmellick work, for it has the advantage of washing and wearing well. True Mountmellick work is done on white satin jean, and is done in either flax thread or cotton, some preferring the glossiness of the flax, others liking the cotton, as it shows better, owing to the brightness of the background. But the stitches given below may be employed with the greatest advantage to embroidery on all materials and with all manner of silks, crewels, or cotton.

The examples given here show a few of the most common stitches. That marked 1

1. OUTLINE OR CREWEL STITCH.

is the familiar outline or crewel stitch, which is useful for very slender stems, veins of leaves, stamens, and other fine work. French knots are shown at 2. They are employed

2. FRENCH KNOTS.

much as in other kinds of embroidery—for anthers, centres of flowers, and for fruits, such as blackberries or raspberries. Knots are occasionally sprinkled over the material, so as to form an open filling for large spaces, such as are sometimes found between the veins of good-sized leaves. On fern fronds they make a sufficiently good imitation of the spores, and are sometimes used in a row and close together for the principal veins of certain leaves.

Coral or snail's trail (3) is an old German stitch, largely employed as an outlining, and

3. CORAL STITCH.

very easily worked. Begin at the right-hand side of a line, hold the thread down upon the outline beneath the thumb of the left hand, and make a small stitch under the thread, passing the needle down and up again, so that it picks up only the thread and the tiny piece of jean which it covers. Keep the thread under the needle and draw it up tightly, holding the cotton down till the last moment.

Cable stitch (4) is equally effective, and is worked from above downward. Bring the

4. CABLE STITCH.

needle up from the wrong side, and hold the cotton down with the left-hand thumb; pass the needle under this line of cotton with the point toward the right, pull up the cotton so that it makes a tiny loop, and turn the needle so as to get it into the usual position for working. Take it back to the wrong side about one-eighth of an inch below the point from which it started. Great care must be taken to keep the loops all exactly the same size.

Braid stitch (5) is rather difficult to master, but is very effective for outlines. When

5. BRAID STITCH.

learning, it is well to draw two parallel horizontal lines on the material, with about a quarter of an inch between them. Begin on the lower line at the right-hand end. Keep the cotton under the left-hand thumb, pass the needle under it from left to right, as in cable stitch. Turn the needle so as to get

6. PRICKLY BRAID STITCH.

it in a convenient position, put it into the top line, and bring it out exactly below this place, but on the bottom line. Draw the needle out over the thread, and keep this down as long as possible. Set the stitches

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close together, and be careful to pull them all equally tightly.

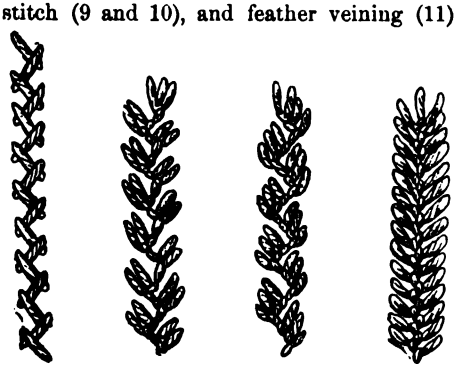
Prickly braid stitch (6) consists merely of the ordinary stitches, with spikes of satin stitch along one side at intervals. It is often used for outlining where an open effect is desired.

Persian cord (7) is executed exactly in the same way as cable stitch, the zigzag appear-

7. PERSIAN CORD.

ance being obtained by ruling two lines on the materials, and working a stitch first on the right-hand, then on the left-hand line, and so on.

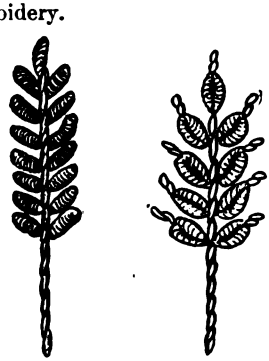
The ordinary herringbone stitch (8), feather stitch (9 and 10), and feather veining (11)



8. HERRINGBONE STITCH. 9. 10. FEATHER STITCH. 11. FEATHER VEINING.

are specially useful as fillings for leaves, but the worker must avoid using them too lavishly, or she will give a commonplace look to her embroidery.

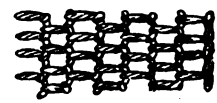
Two uses for bullion knots are shown in 12 and 13. In the former detail, they are worked in pairs, and branch out of a central stem of outline stitch. Two outline stitches are worked at the outer end of each pair of knots, and thus is obtained a sufficiently good resemblance to an ear of wheat or barley. In 13, the knots are arranged singly on the stem and are without any outline stitches at their tips. Bullion knots are occasionally used for the veins of very large leaves, for the centres of some flowers, and for grasses.



12. BULLION KNOTS. 13.

Indian filling is a very close stitch, used for covering large spaces. At the lower edge

14. INDIAN FILLING.

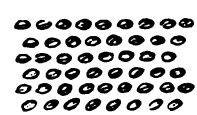


15. BUTTONHOLE STITCH.

of the detail (14) will be noticed three of the stitches, which have been separated to show the manner of working. First, a slanting stitch rather less than half an inch long is made, and this is crossed by a similar stitch sloping in the same direction, but only across half its length. When a little practice has been obtained, the worker will find few fillings that adapt themselves more easily than this to any curved and sloping spaces to be covered by it.

Open buttonhole stitch, or honeycombing as it is sometimes called (15), is used as a

16. DAISY STITCH.



17. DOT STITCH.

filling where it is necessary to lighten the effect of a somewhat too heavy outlining. Daisy stitch (16) is worked much like a single chain stitch, the loop of which is held down with a straight stitch, which varies in length according to its position. It is made about half an inch long, in spikes of oats, but much shorter when the stitch is used for daisy florets or for blackberry calyxes.

Dot stitch (17) is a suitable filling for small spaces. It consists merely of tiny backstitches, which are sometimes sprinkled irregularly over the ground, sometimes arranged in formal rows.

SPRAY OF DAISY STITCH.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE USE OF PICTURES AND CARDS.—How many weary hours in an invalid's life may be lightened by giving happiness to others, and how much fretting a busy mother can prevent, if she will but find occupation for the seething brain and restless fingers of a child.

In these days of illustrated publications, Christmas, Easter, and birthday cards, pictures of all sorts accumulate in most families. And there is scarcely a country neighborhood or a small village in which there are not invalids to whom they would be most acceptable, who would be glad to occupy the slow-lagging hours with some such work, and be interested also in the making of a scrap-book for other sick ones, if not for herself.

The cutting-out of pictures is always a great delight to children. It teaches them to use the fingers deftly, to classify subjects, to accustom the eye to pretty lines and curves. In large cities, scrap-books sent to children's hospitals give the greatest delight to weary little ones. Or cards may be sent unmounted, and, with a bit of bright narrow ribbon, the sick child can string the cards to its own satisfaction; this is perhaps the greatest delight of all.

Holland or silesia of different colors is much better for a scrap-book than paper. If the edges of the leaves are overcast with bright-colored zephyrs, it adds to the pleasure; and the pictures, carefully pasted on the muslin leaves, last a long time. At a fair recently got up entirely by children for the "Fresh-Air Fund," these muslin scrap-books sold more quickly than any other article—except candy.

For some invalids, the making of a scrap-book of good recipes or amusing anecdotes or bits of poetry or general information, things picked up here and there, may be more to their taste, and such clippings can be made and sent to someone who will be thankful for the work and arrangement.

Therefore we say to owners of cards and pictures and newspapers, do not overcrowd your own rooms with them, do not sweep them out or burn them, but send them to someone—you surely know of such—whose hours of pain you will lighten, or to the active child of some overworked mother, who will learn patience and neatness in a congenial occupation.

ELLA HIGGINSON says men are at their worst when in need of a dinner, and at their best when in need of forgiveness.

A BUTTERFLY ENTERTAINMENT.—A butterfly party is one of the newest amusements for young people. It need not necessarily be a dancing-party, but recitations, music, or any other form of diversion may play the principal part. The girls should be each dressed as some kind of butterfly—one in blue and silver chiffon or gauze, another in black, brown, and scarlet, and so on, with gauze wings attached to the shoulders. In dancing, the effect is delightful, as it gives the suggestion of the pretty insects fluttering about and settling down again. And, when the butterfly decoration is used for fairs, it is most charming. The room in which the auction and the entertainment take place is decorated with butterflies made of tissue-paper or any thin material at hand. A large butterfly is generally suspended from the centre of the ceiling, made on a wire frame-work, each wing about eighteen inches; the wings are covered with yellow talc, paper, or muslin, while the paper must be creased as for the lamp-shades by drawing through the hand. The legs of the butterfly are wire, painted black. Smaller butterflies on similar principles may also be hung about. Those who hold the stalls are dressed each as a different kind of butterfly, and packages of confectionery or other salable articles are decorated with butterflies.

MINT SAUCE.—Roast lamb without mint sauce is an anomaly quite inexcusable in householders who possess a few feet of unused ground at the back door. A tiny clump of mint will grow prodigiously in one short season, and require thinning out the second summer. In the autumn, it should be gathered in large bunches, tied loosely, and hung to dry in a shed or outside kitchen. Then pick carefully from the bunches the dried leaves, and chop them fine, for use until the first young leaves appear above the ground next spring. Make mint sauce a full hour before serving; use a spoonful of mint, large or small in accordance with the quantity required, and the same measure of sugar, and vinegar to moisten, not to drown.

LITTLE VEXATIONS.—When we meet with the little vexatious incidents of life, by which our quiet is too often disturbed, it will prevent many painful sensations if we only consider how insignificant these annoyances will appear a twelve-month hence.

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PANSY CULTURE.—Seeds should be sown from the middle of August to the middle of September, in order to have plants for early spring bloom. The young plants may be wintered in a cold frame. Pansies sown in early spring make fine blooming plants in the autumn. Sow the seed thinly in shallow furrows; cover lightly and evenly, and press with a board. The bed should be shaded and watered until the young plants are up. A good loamy soil is best for pansies, and it should be made very rich with plenty of well-rotted manure thoroughly mulched before the plants are transplanted from the seed-bed to this permanent one. The pansy-bed should not face the south, as a hot situation is very bad; temporary shade during the hottest part of the day will be found of benefit.

Transplant after the plants have four or five leaves. Do not crowd the plants, as in that case they will become drawn and slender; they should be set at least from eight to ten inches apart. After transplanting, the buds should be picked off until the plants are strong and bushy; also pick off all buds during the hot summer weather, if you would have nice blooms in the autumn.

If the soil is rich enough and not too dry, nor in an exposed situation, pansies with frequent cultivation will stand a long siege of hot weather, if not allowed to form seeds nor to exhaust their vitality in blooming during the heated term. Young pansy-plants will usually winter well, if given the protection of a light covering of leaves or straw. If the plants grow long and straggling, cut them back; this straggling appearance may be prevented by pinching off the shoots on young plants as soon as they are from two to three inches long. This treatment will cause them to throw out side shoots, making nice bushy plants which will bear many more flowers than those which wander at will. Older plants, which have bloomed all through the spring and early summer, I cut back severely from the first to the middle of July. New growth then starts, and by the first of September the plants are ready to bloom with renewed vigor until cold weather.

Pansies are troubled by various insect-pests —ants, flies, grubs, and slugs; some of these eat the leaves and flowers, and others separate the stalk from the roots. Pulverized red pepper dusted on the ground about the plants will often drive away the ants. Tobacco-dust applied in the same manner is effectual when pansies are troubled by grubs or slugs, and tobacco sprinkled over the leaves will rid them of flies.

"HEAD AND SHOULDERS ABOVE."—The Norfolk (Va.) Public Ledger says of "Peterson": "This popular periodical is head and shoulders above all magazines of the same class, in its illustrations and reading-matter."

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

A Woman's Thoughts about Women. By Miss Mulock. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This volume of desultory papers ranks among the most charming efforts of that delightful writer, the late Dinah Mulock Craik. The motto on the title-page gives the key-note to these thoughts:

> "He that good thinketh, good may do,
> And God will help him thereunto:
> For was never good work wrought
> Without beginning of good thought."

In spite of the author's modest disclaimer that she attempts to solve no problems and to lay down no laws, the book is full of earnest thought and valuable suggestions on many subjects which ought to lie close to women's hearts. It is a book that every woman will feel bettered and helped by reading, and we are glad to see it included among the publishers' list of twentyfive-cent volumes.

Protection or Free Trade. By Henry George. New York: Henry George & Co.—"In this book," says the author, "I have endeavored to determine whether protection or free trade better accords with the interests of labor, and to bring to a common conclusion on this subject those who really desire to raise wages." Given this extract, the subject of this cheap, well-printed volume is at once made apparent. Whether one agree or not with Mr. George, his opinions are always worth listening to; and the present volume, so far from being a dry statement of statistics and hard facts, is written with a fervor which at times rises into a passionate eloquence that carries the reader irresistibly along on its current.

Quita. By Cecil Dunstan. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The interest of the plot, together with the brilliancy of the dialogue and the marked individuality of the various characters, renders this book one of the most noticeable novels of the month. It is realistic in a sense, but not in the unpleasant and unwholesome significance which one is beginning unavoidably to attach to that word as applied to the school of romance apparently most in vogue in this country and England.

Verses. By Helen T. Clark. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Many of these poems have been previously published in a number of the most prominent papers in the country. They exhibit so much force of thought and facility of expression that it seems a pity not to have brought them out in a bound volume. They are worthy of more permanent preservation than can be guaranteed by the pamphlet form in which they appear.

His Heart's Delight. By Lady Maude Rutledge. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—The first book by this author, "My Lady's Master," was so successful that the publishers have done well

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to follow it up by another from the same pen. The present work in many respects is an advance on the one that went before it, which, like the present, was published in Peterson Bros.' twenty-five-cent series.

Dorothy's Experience. By Adeline Trafton. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is a delightful story, fully equal to its brilliant predecessors with which Miss Trafton's many admirers are familiar. It is so charmingly bound that it is noticeable even in this day, when there is such a rage for dainty bindings.

The Rector of St. Luke's. By Marie Bernhard. New York: Worthington Co.—An interesting story of social life in a German military town. The hero is a fine personation, and the lovable little heroine is as good in her way. The book is written with much power and the incidents are well managed.

Rainy Days and Other Poems. By E. L. Macomb Bristol. New York: J. M. Roth.—A volume of smooth melodious verse, full of pretty fancies and quaint conceits. Most of the pieces come under the head of love-poems, and many of them evince much passion and real dramatic power.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

REMEMBER THIS.—If you want to send milk off in bottles, with a basket of dinner or a traveler's lunch or for the baby's tea, first put into the bottle, if one pint, two tablespoonfuls of lime-water, or, if a quart, four tablespoonfuls. It will keep sweet, even in hot summer weather; and, if you will wrap the bottle in a wet cloth and then in a dry one, it will keep cool into the bargain. As soon as the milk-bottles come home, wash them, put in some lime-water or soda and water, and keep them uncorked. Throw the corks into a bowl of lime or soda water.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crême Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* Pfrs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

A RESIDENT FAMILY PHYSICIAN—a bottle of N. K. Brown's Essence of Jamaica Ginger in the house. "N. K's."

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.

PICKLES.

Pickled Walnuts.—Put the walnuts into a large jar, cover with good vinegar, and allow them to stand for four months. Then pour off the pickle, and boil as much fresh vinegar as will cover the walnuts. To every three quarts of the vinegar, add a quarter-pound of mustard, a stick of horse-radish sliced, half an ounce of black pepper, the same quantity of allspice, one ounce of ginger, and a good handful of salt. Pour the whole, while still boiling, upon the walnuts, and cover them closely. In three or four months, they will be ready for eating. You can make a very good ketchup of the pickle in which the walnuts stood for the first four months

Pickled Onions.—In the month of September, choose the small white round onions, remove the outer skin, have ready a pan of boiling water, and throw in as many onions as will cover the top. As soon as they look clear on the outside, take them up as quickly as possible with a slice, and lay them on a clean cloth. Throw a second cloth over them while you scald another batch of onions, and so on. Allow them to cool, then put them into jars, and pour over them white vinegar, which is just hot, though not at boiling-point. Cover when cold. Should the outer skin shrivel, peel it off.

Pickled Cucumbers.—For this, the small long sort are preferable. Be sure they are freshly gathered; then pour over them a strong brine of salt and water, boiling hot; cover them closely, and let them stand all night. Next morning, drain them on a sieve, afterward drying with a cloth. Make a pickle with white vinegar, ginger, pepper (long and round), and a little garlic. When this boils, throw in the cucumbers, cover them, and boil very rapidly for four minutes. Bottle and cork tightly, then tie down with chamois-leather.

Cucumber and Onion Pickle.—To every dozen of cucumbers, put three large onions; cut all in thick slices, and sprinkle with salt. Drain them next day for five or six hours, then put them into a stone jar, pouring boiling vinegar over them, and keep them in a warm place. Again pour boiling water over them, covering them immediately, repeating the process till the pickle is a fine green color, and adding pepper and ginger the last time.

Red Cabbage Pickle.—Choose the purple-red cabbage, slice it into a colander, sprinkling each layer with salt. For two days, allow it to drain, then put into a jar with sufficient boiling vinegar to cover, and add a few slices of beet-root. Some people boil spice with the vinegar, and others add branches of cauliflower thrown in after being salted.

Nasturtiums, Pickled.—As soon as the blossoms are off, gather the little knobs; put them into cold water, with some salt; move them about, once a day for three successive days; make a cold pickle of white wine vinegar, eschalot, pepper, cloves, mace, nutmeg cut in quarters, and horse-radish. Put the nasturtium-buds into this pickle.

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FASHIONS FOR AUGUST.

FIG. I.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF POPPY-COLORED INDIA SILK, figured with white daisies and grasses. The skirt is plain and trimmed with a jabot of white lace on the right side. The bodice is full, ornamented with the white lace and three bands of white ribbon. The full sleeves have falls of lace and bands and bows of ribbon. Straw hat, trimmed with poppies.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLACK STRIPED GRENADINE. The skirt is cut bias to form points in the front, but is straight at the back. The full bodice is also bias and slightly full, with deep basque cut straight. It is trimmed with a band of green silk, edged with jet. Full bias sleeves, with nun's cuffs of black silk, edged with the green silk. Black crinoline hat, ornamented with green feathers.

FIG. III.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE NUN'S-VEILING. The skirt is put to the waist with a slight fullness, is cut with battlements at the bottom, and edged with a band of heliotrope silk of a darker shade than the gown. The full bodice is worn with a pointed band of the silk, and a Spanish jacket is formed by putting bands of the silk over a foundation of the nun's-veiling. High sleeves. Hat of black lace, trimmed with large roses.

FIG. IV.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF BLACK FOULARD, spotted with large disks of two shades of fawn-color. The skirt is open on the left side, showing a plaiting of black silk. The bodice is slightly gathered on the left side, and has side bodies and pointed belt of black silk. The foulard sleeves are full, reaching to the elbow, have cuff-like bands of black silk with sleeves of black silk reaching from the wrist to the elbow. Small pointed hat of black tulle, trimmed with yellow roses.

FIG. V.—AFTERNOON-DRESS, OF CHALLIS, striped in two shades of blue. The skirt and bodice are cut in one piece, and the latter is trimmed with two narrow ruffles headed with a twist of white ribbon. The bodice is slightly gathered on the left side near the shoulder, finished with a bow of white ribbon, from which a twist of the same reaches to the right hip, where it ends in another bow with long ends. Sleeves high and gathered on the inner side of the arm above the elbow; below it are rows of buttons. Hat of white straw, trimmed with wide white ribbon and blue corn-flowers.

FIG. VI.—SLEEVE FOR AFTERNOON-DRESS. The lower part is of plain mauve India silk, wrinkled; the full upper part is of mauve silk of the same color as the lower sleeve, but studded with violets. There is a double puffing down the outside of the arm, on the figured silk. Bow of violet ribbon at the hand.

FIG. VII.—SLEEVE FOR EVENING-DRESS, OF LIGHT-BLUE NUN'S-VEILING. It is ornamented on the outside of the arm with white lace, which falls on either side of a strip of white and blue silk. Lace at the hand.

FIG. VIII.—SLEEVE, OF WHITE AND GREEN CHALLIS, full at the top and finished with a green velvet cuff.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF NAVY-BLUE SURAH. The skirt is edged with a ruffle, pinked top and bottom. The full round waist is worn with a jabot ruffle of white chiffon. The sleeves are made full on the upper part of the inside of the arm. Sash of the silk. Hat of black chiffon, made over a wire frame and trimmed with pink roses.

FIG. X.—GARDEN-PARTY DRESS, OF BLACK INDIA SILK. The skirt is of plain black silk, trimmed with lengthwise rows of black lace, with fan-shaped plaitings of black lace between the rows. The front of the bodice is also of the plain black silk, ornamented with a jabot of black lace. The back of the bodice, sleeves, paniers, and back-breadths are of black India silk, figured in wheat-ears. The paniers are placed to meet the plain back part of the skirt. Sleeves are full, twisted and trimmed on the inside of the arm with bows of ribbon. Black crinoline straw hat, trimmed with white lace on the brim, feathers, and variegated roses.

FIG. XI.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF DULL-RED SATEEN, figured in écru color. The whole dress is Princesse shape, body and skirt cut in one piece, and is untrimmed. The sleeves are tight to the elbow; above that, they are very full. Medici collar. Hat of black straw, trimmed with black feathers and écru muslin.

FIG. XII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY SUMMER CAMEL'S-HAIR, flecked with a darker gray. The skirt is quite plain. The bodice is made with a very deep pointed belt of the material, striped with gray braid. The plain yoke is also edged with braid; the space between the yoke and belt is filled in with a plain gray silk. Long sleeves, with cuffs of gray silk, edged with braid. Bonnet of black lace, trimmed with ferns and buttercups.

FIG. XIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN BUNTING. The skirt has a plait laid in front, which narrows toward the top. It is round, and the paniers come from under the pointed waist. The tailor-made bodice opens over a white piqué waistcoat, and the material, which is edged with a row of narrow green velvet, forms a kind of jabot lappel on each side. Plain sleeves. Hat of white straw, trimmed with a white surah bow and green feathers.

FIG. XIV.—TAILOR-MADE WALKING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE SUMMER-CLOTH. It opens on the left side over a violet-colored silk panel. The bodice from the right shoulder to the left side, and is ornamented with large buttons and narrow braid. Braid trims the skirt. A pointed waistband of silk comes from the side seams to the front. Sleeves of heliotrope and violet-colored silk, made bias. Hat of heliotrope-colored

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crêpe de Chine, trimmed with violet-colored ribbon and feathers.

FIG. XV.—BLACK SILK BODICE, trimmed with black lace, suitable for wearing over any dressy skirt. Silk or lace sleeves may be added, if preferred.

FIG. XVI.—NEW-STYLE SLEEVE, with cuff cut so as to reach the knuckles. The lower part is made of chestnut-colored velvet; and the upper part, which is full, is of chestnut-colored summer-cloth.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Skirts* are worn a little shorter for walking, but not sufficiently short to escape mud and dust. They continue to be trimmed about the bottom with bands or narrow flounces, though this trimming only reaches as far as where the plaits fall, leaving the back-breadths plain.

For evening-wear, hip-draperies or paniers are worn. They are certainly stylish if not made too large, and, if well draped, do not increase the size of the figure, but rather seem to decrease the size of the waist. These paniers look best when made of some light soft material, as then they are not too bulky on the hips. With these paniers, the bodices have long pointed waists, and the paniers are generally attached to the bodices, making a curtain-shape in front, and are looped up at the back of the waist. No doubt many visiting-dresses will also be made in this style in the autumn, but paniers cannot be worn with the long basque-jackets now in vogue.

Bodices with basques are either fulled around the waist like a flounce, or are cut and curved to fit the hips almost as tightly as a cuirass.

The bodices with flounce-basques are particularly suitable for ginghams and thin summer-materials.

Black lace ruffles are much used as basques on summer silks.

Sleeves continue eccentric and as varied in style as bodices were a year or two ago. Many sleeves reach only to the elbow, and these are often made of black or white lace. Long sleeves have frequently a deep lace frill falling over the hand; indeed, any form of sleeve and trimming may be worn. Quite a new style has been noted, of the Tudor times. The sleeve is moderately full at the top, plain from the elbow to the wrist, but round the armhole is a high upstanding frill or round pad.

Jackets are worn long and close-fitting; but they are not nearly so much used during the hot months as loose wraps, such as the deep full capes, which give sufficient protection for most occasions, yet are convenient to throw off if necessary.

Fringes of all kinds are making their appearance on bodices and skirts. Chenille fringes are preferred, and are used as much on cloth costumes as on silk.

Jabots and frills round the wrists are added to almost every basque-bodice or jacket. Louis XV Brittany lace is employed for these, when old lace cannot be procured. Alençon is also very fashionable for these frills and jabots.

Large hats are not quite so large as they have been, and small capotes are not so small; but there is very little change in style.

Toques are more in favor than either large hats or small capotes. They are between the sizes. They are worn well on the head, bending over the forehead.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

I do not remember a season marked by such a pronounced change of the fashions since the year that witnessed the final disappearance of hoops, than has been that which we have just traversed. The last vestiges of loopings and puffings and plaitings have disappeared, and a lady's street-gown, to be in the height of the style, must resemble an umbrella-cover as nearly as possible.

The latest innovation is the panier, which produces a very favorable effect on the close-fitting skirt. This new adjunct varies in style with the material whereof it is composed. In rich heavy goods, it may be an oblong piece of the material, nearly half a yard in depth and a little longer, attached to the corsage at the waist. In silk or bengaline, it may be laid in flat overlapping plaits. In foulard, crape, or silk-muslin, it is in the form of a deep drapery at either side, drawn up to the edge of the corsage in front and at the back. In these lighter stuffs, it may be bordered with narrow lace a little over an inch in width.

The Louis XIII basque continues in great favor. It may be cut into deep points around the edges, as well as in deep squares.

A very elegant street-toilette has the skirt-front cut into deep points which are edged with two rows of small cut beads, the basque being finished with deep points to correspond, trimmed in the same manner. In silver-gray bengaline with steel beads, or in black peau-de-soie with jet ones, this costume, though simple, is at once rich and stylish.

Sleeves are worn much less elevated on the shoulders than they were last season, and are now only sufficiently puffed to do away with the look of an actual coat-sleeve. Some are made with deep caps shirred longitudinally and edged with narrow lace. This style is especially favorable for foulards. Dresses trimmed with beads are occasionally made with the wide Tudor sleeve, closed at the wrist and dotted all over with little beads to match those that trim the costume. A black dress so arranged is charming. The back widths of the skirts of street-costumes are now laid as flat as possible, the full straight-

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falling back-breadths of velvet or of satin being no longer fashionable.

Evening-dresses are shown in all sorts of materials, and made in an infinite variety of ways. I am pleased to be able to state that the very hideous innovation of cloth trains for ball or dinner dresses failed entirely to find acceptation. There was an effort made to introduce this inappropriate adjunct by the English dress-makers, in the interests of the manufactures of their native land, but without success. All kinds of woolen materials, light as well as heavy, enjoy a deserved popularity for street-wear; but, for dinners and balls and soirées, some one of the infinite variety of silk goods is alone to be employed.

A very rich and appropriate dinner-toilette for a lady in slight mourning is cut Princesse; the back of the corsage and the train, composed of black peau-de-soie, being in one piece. The latter is edged with a row of black ostrich-feather trimming just above the hem. The front of the dress is entirely in black guipure lace, made perfectly plain and without fullness over white satin. This frontage is joined to the back and train so as to form a dress without any separation between the front and the back of the skirt. The guipure and satin frontage is edged with a narrow flounce in the lace, caught up at intervals with small clusters of black ostrich-tips. The corsage, cut half low in a rounded shape, is bordered with a band of black ostrich-feather trimming.

A very pretty dinner-dress recently made for a young American married lady is in white satin and white silk-muslin. The white satin skirt is plain and falls in a long train. It is bordered with a wide ruche of the silk-muslin. The low-necked and short-sleeved corsage is in satin, trimmed with folds of silk-muslin and finished at the waist with deep panier-draperies of the silk-muslin, bordered with narrow Duchesse lace. A very tasteful adjunct to this dress was a wide scarf in white silk-muslin, edged with Duchesse lace to match the paniers. It is intended to be thrown around the wearer's shoulders or to protect her throat in case she should be obliged to encounter a draught.

Worth is largely using imitation point d'Alençon and antique Mechlin laces in écru colors, as trimmings for evening-toilettes. They are such accurate copies of the almost priceless originals as to deceive even the eye of a connoisseur in laces. Garlands of roses veiled in one or the other of these soft-looking yellowish laces are used to trim ball-dresses in brocade and satin.

Another novelty of the season, which the great dress-maker has recently introduced, is that of skirt-fronts for evening-gowns ornamented with long stalks of flowers painted by hand in water-colors. A court dress intended for the next London "Drawing-Room" was in pale-blue peau-de-soie, the skirt-front bordered with a narrow flounce of the silk. From the head of this flounce rose painted stalks of the purple and the yellow iris, with their long narrow pointed sword-like leaves. The court train was in the same material as the dress, and was edged with a deep ruching of the peau-de-soie.

Four-button gloves in glacé kid in a delicate shade of pearl-color, and with triple rows of stitching on the back in silk of the same hue, are a good deal worn for visiting or for afternoon receptions. Long gloves in undressed kid are still fashionable for evening-wear, in white or in pale shades of mastic or yellow.

Wraps are the daintiest little creations possible, the jacket and the Henri Trois cloak for summer-wear having replaced the long cloaks. The latter are still much used in crape or in cashmere. In the latter material, they are, when destined to be used as traveling-wraps, lined throughout with foulard in a dark contrasting color.

Owing to the universal adoption of the English custom of "five-o'clock tea," the tea-gown has become an adjunct to a Parisian hostess's wardrobe, of nearly as much importance as the dinner-dress. Last winter, they were made in brocade, with skirt-fronts and sleeves in crape or in lace. Now the mode is reversed. The back of the dress and the deep draped overlapping caps to the sleeves are in crape. The plaited front, extending from throat to feet, is in solid-colored brocade or embroidered satin in some delicate hue contrasting with that of the crape, and the same material composes the sleeve from the crape caps to the wrists, the whole of the crape dress being trimmed with very narrow sewing-silk fringe.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—COSTUME OF BLUE FLANNEL, FOR A BOY. The knickerbockers are loose, the shirt double-breasted. Sleeves loose, with a plaited cuff.

FIG. II.—CHILD'S SEA-SIDE DRESS, OF GRAY FLANNEL, with anchors embroidered on the bottom of the skirt, neck, and cuffs. A white guimpe is worn under the bodice. Broad-brimmed straw hat, trimmed with blue feathers and ribbon.

FIG. III.—GIRL'S SEA-SIDE DRESS, OF BLUE SERGE. The skirt is finished with a narrow hem and two tucks. The blouse-bodice has a wide white serge collar, ornamented with very narrow blue braid. Plastron of blue and white stockinet. Plaited cuffs to the loose sleeves. Knitted blue Tam O'Shanter cap.

FIG. IV.—BROWN STRAW HAT, trimmed with brown ribbon, for a boy.

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A SPANISH BEAUTY

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LES MODES PARISIENNES. PETERSON'S MAGAZINE. SEPTEMBER, 1891.

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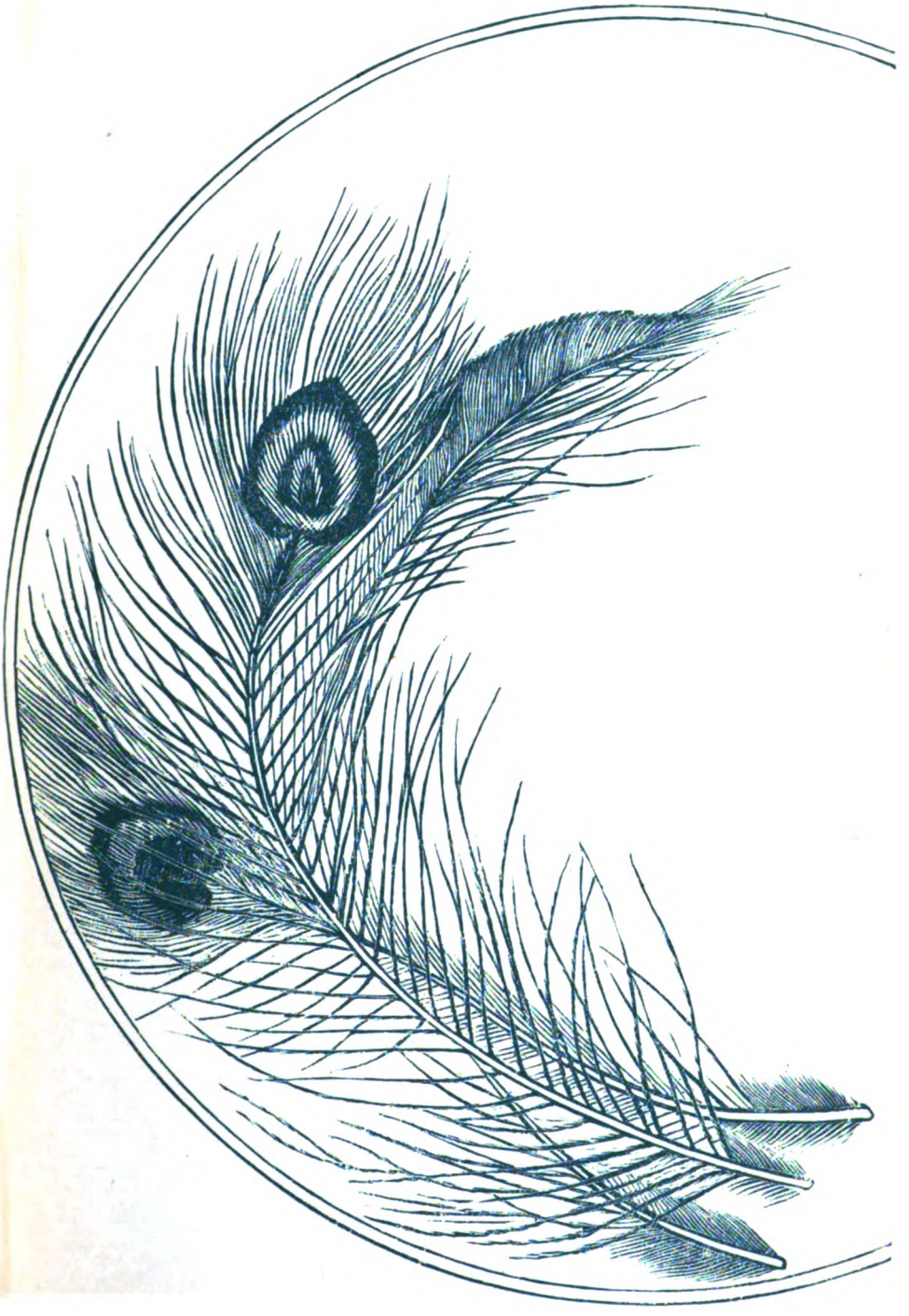

Design of Peacock's Feathers in Embroidery, or for a China Plate

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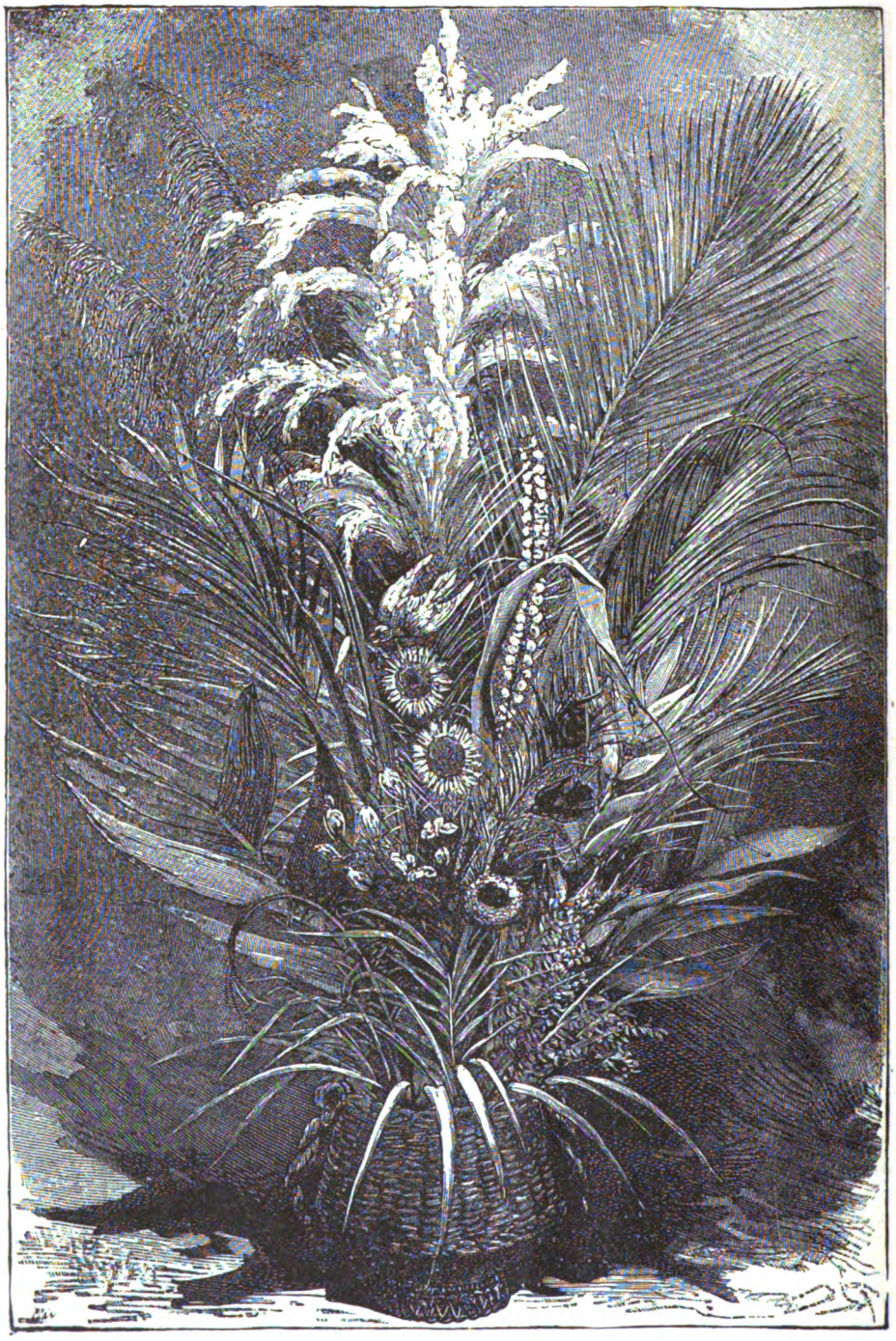

FLORAL TROPHY, OF DRIED FLOWERS, GRASSES, ETC.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. C. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1891. No. 3.

FRESH AND DRIED FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.

EARLY WILD FLOWERS.

THERE is no taste so general as that for flowers; the cultured and the ignorant alike share it, and, among the prodigally bountiful gifts of nature, none help more to cultivate a love of the beautiful than the countless varieties of blossoming plants to be found in every clime.

Wild flowers are especially dear to everybody, because they bring up so many delightful memories of one's childhood; and, personally, I am always ready to flit into the country as early as there is a hope of finding the first spring beauties and anemones or wind-flowers showing their delicate little faces above the soft green moss-carpet of the budding woods.

One of the loveliest of the early blossoms is the wild hyacinth. It is less common in this country than in England, but I know nooks in several of the Middle States in which it grows in great profusion. Some song-writer describes the effect of these myriads of tiny bluebells as "a wisp of sea blown inland," and it is the best comparison for them that I have ever met; the color more resembles that of the sea under an intense blue sky than anything else. A terribly difficult hue it is to paint, as every artist who attempts the undertaking learns. This child of early spring is seldom found outside the woods, and my favorite wind-flower loves to keep its company. One's impulse always is to gather great handfuls of these lovely blossoms; but they and most other wild flowers wither so quickly that, before reaching home, one always feels a pang of remorse for having caused such a wholesale massacre of innocents.

During the few weeks of their lives, there seems no end to the variety of wild flowers

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in any reasonable climate, unless capricious spring chances to be in a mood so ill-natured that the last weeks of April prove a season of unusual cold or constant storm.

Lady-slippers and the deep-orange marsh-marigolds or king-cups are great favorites of mine; so is the snake-flower, with its bowed head and quaintly spotted leaves. These latter plants belong to the tribe of orchises, and Matthew Arnold and various other singers have paid eloquent tribute to their peculiar attractiveness.

The still more delicate wood-sorrel is well worth searching for in an early spring walk. It is generally discovered growing in small patches at the foot of some tree. The bright yellow-green leaves look like three hearts joined, and they cluster so closely together that the almost transparent white flowers, marked with faint purplish veins, must have considerable difficulty in pushing their way above them. These leaves, when chewed, give out a sharp flavor due to the presence of the oxalic acid which gives the plant its botanical name, Oxalis acetosella.

"The violet by a mossy stone, half hidden from the eye," is so lovely that one would have marveled if it had not inspired Wordsworth to compose a poem in its honor; but it always seems a shame to pluck the pretty thing and carry it away from its woodland retreat.

I never feel this sensation in regard to our trailing arbutus, because it is such a hardy bold little chap, and the blossoms retain their freshness and odor better than any wild flower with which I am acquainted.

The sketch of a woodland nook is not a production of my own—it was sent me by an artist friend; but I have often seen similar flowers growing in as rich masses in our April woods.

A WOODLAND NOOK.

Later, when the forest and fruit trees burst into blossom, the woods and orchards become such paradisaical spots that I pity the dwellers in cities who are only familiar with the face of nature during the full-blown glory of midsummer.

The larch is a favorite of mine, with its thick stocky pink blossoms; and so is the

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willow, with its profuse tufts of golden stamens that look like so many thick bushy tails.

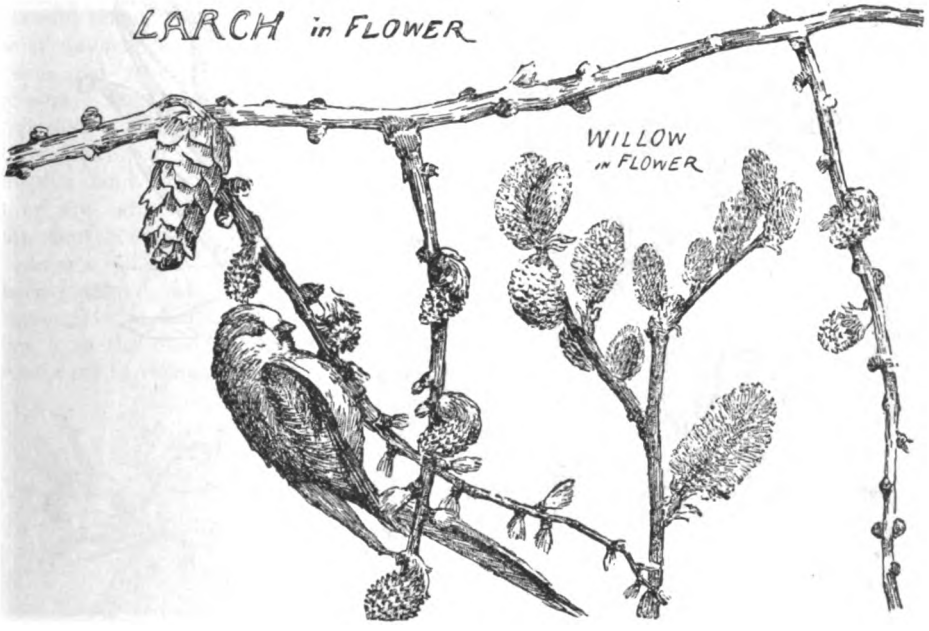
The blossoms of the wych-elms are exceedingly fragrant, and the bright-red cat's-tail flowers of other elms are very effective if less odorous. The leaves of these trees, like those of the ash and certain other varieties, do not unfold till the blossoms are gone; but the boughs of oaks, walnuts, and chestnuts are green before their flowers appear.

In a favorable April, everything bursts into life so suddenly and grows so fast that it may well be called "the month of breaking bud and bursting blossom." A week of genial weather is sufficient to clothe the willows with delicate green leaves that at a distance look like a vapor spread over the branches, and make the reddish-purple hue of the elm-tree flowers present a wonderful effect against a blue sky.

Beautiful as autumn is, there is a sadness about it which makes an almost painful contrast to the feeling of anticipation which the spring brings even to the most worn and weary of earth's pilgrims. Browning has expressed better than any other poet the peculiar sensation which this season awakens:

"The year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven—
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in His Heaven—
All's right with the world!"

When the fruit-trees blossom, the season for me reaches its perfection. No spectacle can be more beautiful than the apple-trees, with their pink and white flowers, the delicate tint of the peach-blossoms, the creamy white clusters of the pear and plum trees, and, loveliest of all, the cup-shaped flowers of the cherry-trees.



In the gardens, the polyanthuses put forth their brilliant tints, and the tulips and hyacinths stand up exultant and proud in their beauty. The birds have all returned; their nests are built, and one and all hold their quota of tiny eggs.

I do not see how anybody can refrain from encouraging the birds to build in the trees on his lawn or in his garden. No doubt the happy little songsters will take toll from the cherry-trees and the currant and gooseberry bushes; but I am sure they earn it fairly.

It is a never-ceasing pleasure to watch the

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birds build their nests and rear their young, and the study of their habits is much more interesting than that of many of one's commonplace neighbors. The amazing powers of memory and observation with which birds are endowed are among their most remarkable gifts to a forgetful and heedless person like myself. It is sufficiently wonderful that a bird never has the slightest difficulty in returning to its nest, even when in the middle of a dense and tangled wood, no matter how far it may have strayed from home; but I look at them with a sort of awe when I see them, as I often do, come back year after year to the same haunt in the spring, however distant may have been the bourne of their winter journey.

I leave it to scientists to quarrel over the vexed question, which they do not seem likely to settle, as to whether what we call animal instinct and human reason are really different qualities or only different degrees of the same quality, though at bottom I wonder how any sane creature who has studied birds and even insects can have any doubt that the latter theory is supported by countless indisputable facts.

PEAR BLOSSOMS.

But, as usual, I have wandered from my text. I set out to talk a little about flowers, and I find that I have occupied so much of the space allotted to me in chanting the glories of spring that I must hurry on to the really useful portion of my article—the drying of flowers and grasses for decorative purposes.

The ever increasing desire for floral decorations has given rise to an industry which consists in skillfully preserving suitable blossoms, foliage, grasses, etc., and arranging them into bouquets for the winter decoration of our homes and churches.

True, the process of drying flowers is not

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by any means a new invention, yet it has only lately been taken up as a commercial pursuit and one highly suitable for ladies.

Here is, briefly, the way to proceed: Gather the flowers in dry weather, and bear in mind that not all of them can equally well stand this treatment. As a rule, the blossoms of delicate texture are much easier to manage than those of thick fleshy plants. However, practice alone can guide in the selection to make.

On the other hand, the color is not preserved in the same perfection on every specimen. Thus, the rose, the queen of flowers, usually turns brown, and loses its graceful shape, whilst pansies remain almost as if untouched; the geranium, in its gorgeous red robe, like the modest violet, preserves to the last its graceful bend, lightness, and soft glowing tints. In fact, it is difficult to distinguish dry specimens of this kind from fresh ones, even when they are cunningly combined in one and the same bouquet.

After a sufficient quantity of flowers have been gathered, take the finest white sand, thoroughly wash it in plenty of water, and dry it in the oven, then pass it through a fine sieve to remove any particle likely to alter the hues of the blossoms or their tissue.

Now put in a box, high and large enough, some of the flowers, at a fair distance not only from each other, but also from the edges of the receptacle; stick their stalks firmly in the bed of prepared sand laid at the bottom; shake the sand gently from a sieve right over the blossoms, so as to let it fall like a powder over the leaves and petals, to imbed every part of the flowers, not interfering in any way with the various direction of the stems and twigs, and continue until every interstice has been properly filled and the top of the plants covered up. The sand will absorb the greater part of the moisture contained in the plants.

A wooden box answers the purpose for ordinary experiments, and, after having been filled, is to be placed for a few days in a dark room; but a tin one becomes indispensable when the process has to be carried out in its completeness.

The tin box, with its contents, requires to be put in an oven heated to about one hundred degrees; a greater heat would burn the flowers, whilst insufficient heat lengthens the operation and rots the plants. The proper amount of heat can be decided by a thermometer or by experience. On an average, from five to six hours in the oven is considered sufficient. But on no account should the plants be touched when the box is taken out of the oven, as they are at that stage too brittle, and have to be left in a cool room at least a whole day, in order to be exposed to the moisture of the atmos-

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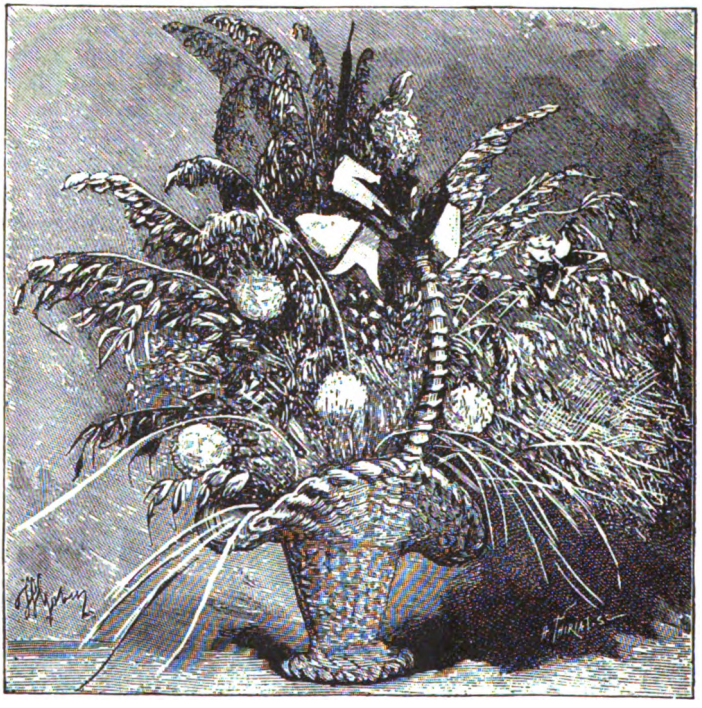
phere, which will render them less fragile. When removed from the box, each plant is tenderly handled and dusted with a fine camel's-hair brush, to dispose of any sand that might still adhere to the surface.

This rather tedious way of drying is, however, not required for all kinds of plants; some of them, like most of the decorative grasses, are dried in the open air, after having been cut before the maturity of their inflorescence, and then put aside on a high shelf for gradual hardening. Afterward, they are occasionally laid for a few minutes in front of a bright fire, as, in the instance of the elegant pampas grass, this gives more lightness and elasticity to the stalk, meanwhile detaching and developing properly every panicle of its feathery flower. This effective grass, in company with others, can be dyed in a great diversity of shades.

The number of other suitable tall grasses from our woods and fields is very large, and their home cultivation, either in pots or cutting-pans, is strongly recommended as a charming pastime for ladies. Smaller plants are also put into requisition, such as the Agrostis nebulosa, commonly known as "Woman's Tongue," to which may be added the quaking, love, and feather grasses, and several cereals, including oats, wheat, barley, with the whole family of everlastings, palms, ferns, and coniferæ.

As to the way of arranging the dried plants, it must be left to the taste of the decorator, who will gather many valuable hints from my three illustrations.

A dainty specimen is given in the graceful basket, bedecked with a gay ribbon bow and displaying a charming profusion of colored flowers, wild grasses, reeds, etc., over which hover a brilliant bird and butterfly. A flat hand-bouquet, fan-shaped, has been chosen as a proof that these lovely productions of nature can effectively be adapted to the ornamentation of a lady's toilette, as well as to the decoration of a screen or a wall.



BASKET OF DRIED FLOWERS AND GRASSES.

The illustration which faces the opening page of the paper is intended to embellish a hall or a cozy corner in a lofty room, and can be further set off with humming-birds, peacock's feathers, and multicolored butterflies. It stands in a low wide vase of fancy

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BOUQUET OF DRIED FLOWERS.

wicker-work, lined with zinc and filled with sand.

Anybody who tries the work will find it most fascinating, and to become an adept therein requires patience and perseverance.

Of course, a person with strongly marked artistic tendencies will more speedily show herself a proficient in the art—for it really deserves the name—than one who has slight natural taste in that direction. Still, no woman with a reasonable eye for color and a love for flowers—and how few women are destitute of either gift!—need despair of thoroughly mastering the accomplishment, provided she does not allow a few failures to discourage her in the outset.

HIS SAFEGUARD.

BY ADELAIDE E. COPP.

O Thou who reignest above,
Look down with eyes of love
Upon my child!
Give, to his gentle heart,
Of Thy sweet gifts a part,
O Saviour mild!

Let not his footsteps stray
Out from the narrow way,
O God most kind!
Let his face fairer grow,
Only that it may show
A fairer mind!

Grant him, O mighty Power,
Strength in temptation's hour;
Teach him, O Guide,
That He who willingly
Passed through Gethsemane,
Stands by his side.

Safe shall he ever be,
Sheltered so tenderly
Beneath Thy wing,
And, blessed so wondrously,
Shall my boy richer be
Than crowned king!

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THE MODEL YOUNG MAN.

BY M. C. WILLIAMS.

UNRISE over a waking world. The level light lay lovingly on the rose-garden, with its wealth of red and yellow and pearl-white bloom, all diamonded with dew. Then it crept on to glorify the big gray house that stood just behind the roses, and to stream, long and golden, over the wide grass-lands beyond. Just a breath of south-wind stirred the soft June air. A riot of song came from the birds overhead. Far up in the sky, dawn-mists lost their pink and faded into the clear blue of full day.

Lotos Lynne seemed somehow to embody the beauty of summer, the freshness of the morning. She came down the steps with the springy tread that tells of youth and a light heart, and flashed in and out among her roses, clipping them with a ruthless hand. She was lithe and slender, with gold lights in her hair, and a creamy-pink flushed skin not unlike the tint of her name-flower, the lotos of the Nile. She had wonderful eyes, with a hint of yellow fire in their depths, the foot of a sylph, the hand of a fairy, the poise and bearing of a princess regnant.

Such she was, in fact, over the realm of Lynnewood. There were only herself and her father, Colonel Lynne, who up to this date, his daughter's twentieth birthday, had made her will and pleasure the law of his life. Poverty did not cramp nor riches burden them. They had Lynnewood unincumbered and something over—quite all the colonel wanted for himself. For his daughter, though, he had higher ambitions. She was so bright, so beautiful, so far beyond other girls, that he yearned to see her a star of the first magnitude in the galaxy of fashion. All she lacked was money, and a rich husband would easily supply that. This idea had been nebulously in the colonel's mind ever since Lotos came to womanhood. Recent events had crystallized it into a definite purpose. In fact, the man with a million had opportunely arrived, had cast himself figuratively at Miss Lynne's feet, and the proud father did not allow himself to doubt that the suitor would be gracefully accepted as the chief of her birthday gifts.

Certainly there was nothing to be said against Travers Lynne, the colonel's nephew, sole heir to the great fortune his father had built up in the India trade. The young man's birth and breeding were beyond reproach. As to his personality, it was hard to find a point on which to hang a descriptive epithet. As a whole, he impressed one with a sense of general stubbiness and muddy pallor. The name of his negative virtues, though, was legion, without the relief of a single vice. He did not smoke, bet, or swear; he sat his horse in the correctest riding-school fashion, and, as for riotous living, he barely knew that such a thing existed.

At least, that was the character of him sent by his fond father when the youngster came to Lynnewood. In the month which had elapsed, he had lived up to the reputation. The first glimpse of Lotos took him off his feet, so to speak. Since then, he had followed her about quite like a tame cat, content to sit blinking at her with heavy-lidded eyes, and now and then bleating out:

"Really now, Cousin Lotos, you are the most astonishing girl!"

At the end of three weeks, he opened his heart to the colonel—or rather, he allowed that gentleman by adroit questioning to learn the state of his affections. He wanted this Lotos flower badly; but, if ever it was to blossom on his breast, some bolder hand must place it there. Not to put too fine a point on the matter, the youth was a coward of the first water, to whom golden armor even could not give the semblance of courage. But Colonel Lynne would not admit this to his own thoughts; he chose to believe the poltroonery only a delicate recognition of what was due to himself. He liked the lad better for it, and would help him to any

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extent. How best to do this, though, was a problem. Hitherto he had been the most obedient of fathers. What would be the result, if he were to essay to command?

So far, Lotos had laughed all lovers down the wind; but now she must be taught to appreciate the brilliant destiny that had come to her in such ordinary guise. After long and anxious inward counsel, the colonel resolved to wait until her birthday before mentioning the matter to his daughter. By that time, intuitive perception of her cousin's feeling would prepare her for the declaration of his intentions.

All unconscious of the crisis in her fate, Lotos went on snipping and clipping till the flowers overran her basket. She had reached the outer bed, where only a low privet-hedge separated her from the graveled carriage-way leading in from the high-road. The clatter of hoofs made her turn to face a handsome horseman whose dark eyes lit up wonderfully at sight of her. Springing from his saddle, he leaned over the hedge, saying:

"What will you give me to forbear quoting 'Queen rose of the rose-garden,' etc.?"

"These, and these, and these," Lotos answered, tossing handfuls of dewy over-ripe petals in his face. "You deserve to be smothered in rose-leaves, for such a confusion of blossoms. I am wholly a water-flower, remember."

"Does that mean that you intend to be mistress of many ships, and sail away in one of them to your native Egypt—or is it India that 'my father's vessels' go to?" the newcomer asked, watching her narrowly as he spoke.

He was only Fane Hildreth, gentleman and their nearest neighbor—much more her father's friend than hers; yet, for her life, Lotos could not keep the red from mounting in her cheeks under his steady gaze. To pale it, she raised a shield of scarlet blossoms betwixt her and the sun, and said, ignoring his quotation:

"No; when my ship comes in, I will not go to sea again. Instead, I will plant acres on acres of roses, and make life a dream of perfume."

Hildreth vaulted over the hedge and came close beside her. Without a word, he took one of her red half-opened blossoms and laid it along her lips.

"Perfect match," he murmured, bending still nearer as though to embrace her.

The next minute, he was sprawling and kicking in the midst of an especially dense and thorny thicket. Midget was at the bottom of the disaster. Midget, who was black and sleek and weighed just four pounds; but her teeth were of the sharpest, and what she lacked in size she made up in vigilance.

Evidently Midget did not approve of loverly demonstration, for she sprang at the gentleman's ankles so fiercely that, in eluding her, he lost his balance and fell among thorns with a vengeance.

"Dear me! Did you stumble? I hope you are not very much scratched!" Lotos said, as she held aside a trail of blossoming thorns to allow him to rise. As she brushed the earth from his shoulder and sleeve, she added: "Really, Mr. Hildreth, you must not forget your cane—an elderly gentleman is never safe without one."

"Or with it, if there is a woman in the case," that gentleman said, laughing. "Especially when she has such an ally as that bit of ferocity over there."

"Midget was only doing her duty; she is my chaperon, you know," Lotos replied, patting the tiny black head upheld to her touch.

"I appreciate her vigilance; and, to prove it, she shall have a collar full of silver bells."

"Indeed! When?"

"The day I marry her mistress."

A blur of sound, cut through with an infant war-whoop, caused the pair to look around.

Just behind the noise came Adam, the black stable-boy, mule-back and digging his bare heels in the flanks of his mount. At each stride of the beast, he yelled:

"Miss Lotos! Miss Lo-tos! Oh! I—I—Miss Lotos! Marse Curn'l he say fer you go git de camphire an' er fedder-bed an' sperets turkentime an' whisky all ready. Marse Hill-drip's horse is done comed round ter de stable, all saddled an' bridled, an' ain't nobody ridin' on 'im, so dey know he mus' er done flung Marse Hill-drip; an' Marse Curn'l is gwine hunt fer 'im an' fetch 'im yere, ef he neck ain't done broke—so you go git ready."

"Why, don't you see Mr. Hildreth standing here, whole and sound?" Lotos asked, when she could speak for laughing.

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"Yes'm—I sees him now," Adam said, fingering his brimless hat. "At de fust off, I thought hit mought maybe be his ghos'. I wus borned wid er caul ober my head, an' I sees ghos'es any time."

Here Colonel Lynne clattered up and checked his horse.

"My dear Hildreth," he exclaimed, "what a fright you did give me, to be sure! I see it all now. You stopped here to wish my girl many happy returns, and your horse very sensibly came around to the stables without you; but the sight of your empty saddle gave me a turn, I do assure you."

"I am sorry to have frightened you," said Mr. Hildreth. "Really, though, I did not dream you were up so early; how does it come about?"

"In honor of the day, sir, in honor of the day," Colonel Lynne rejoined, linking his arm in that of the younger man and looking fondly after Lotos as she went on to the house. After a minute, he went on: "The fact is, Hildreth, I couldn't sleep. Twenty is old enough for a girl to marry, and I can't help feeling that this is likely to be the last anniversary on which my girl will be wholly mine. I would not have it otherwise—a maid's destiny is to be married, you know; still, the thought of it unsettles me. So, when I heard that fine lad my nephew starting out for his walk, I concluded to go too. He is really a model: not a morning but he is up before the sun, and such a head as he has! When we thought you were hurt, he insisted on my taking your horse, to save time—it was ready saddled, you know—and coming this way, while he walked down by the dairy and over the short-cut to the turnpike! That reminds me—there, you, Adam! Go after Mr. Travers Lynne and tell him to come home. Mr. Hildreth is here and safe, and he must on no account be late for breakfast."

Adam went off at a round pace. Meantime the object of his search made haste very slowly, if the turnpike was really his objective point.

Lynnewood dairy-farm lay just half-way to it, and so much of the route Travers Lynne could have walked blindfold. If the exact truth must be told, he had been over it nearly every morning since his arrival. The dairyman's daughter, an apple-cheeked lass of seventeen, was by no means averse to admiring glances, even if their giver was putty-colored and a good two inches shorter than herself. There was a ring on the gallant's finger, scent on his stubbly hair, and all the scarlet in his "blazer" that his blood so conspicuously lacked. Moreover, he had money—oceans of it, they said. What more likely than that he should marry her, as the rich men in stories always did? She, Bessie Dean, was ever so much prettier than that slim Miss Lotos—a dozen folk, at least, had told her so; and, once she was "in the family," the whole world would recognize the fact. If "Mr. Travers" was not her ideal, he was her opportunity. No wonder, then, he was welcome to come again and say all the sweet things he wished.

On this particular morning, ill luck lay in wait for the gentleman. Just as he bent over Bessie's milking-stool till his lips were invitingly near her cheek, Farmer Dean came up behind, seized the intruder neck and crop, and tossed him headlong over the fence into the paddock. For a minute or two, he lay as though stunned; then fear lent him wings. The paddock was sacred to Sir Archy, a peculiarly fine Jersey bull-calf that was very near Colonel Lynne's heart. Though not vicious, the animal was exuberantly playful. He was a big lusty fellow for his six months, and, when something red and black described a parabolic curve not thirty yards from his nose, he gave a great snort and rushed at it with lowered head. Six feet away, he stopped, began to bellow and to paw the turf in the most warlike fashion.

The man was in agony. The farm-yard fence was invitingly near, but Farmer Dean was on the other side of it. Between him and safety lay at least two hundred yards of turf to be raced across with this horned devil at his heels, if indeed he did not gore and trample him to death at first onset. Oh, if only he had been wise enough to leave milkmaids and "blazers" alone, he would not grudge the best two-thirds of his fortune.

As the calf came at him, he darted nimbly aside, and ran as never before in all his life had he run, for the paddock's further fence. Half-way, breath and courage alike failed him. With a last despairing effort, he swarmed up a spreading thorny apple-tree, and crouched, white and quaking, amid its

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branches, while his pursuer ran round and round below, with tail stiffly upheld, head low, and giving now and again great bellows or frisky sidewise leaps.

On this situation, Adam came; a calm survey and two words from Farmer Dean made him master thereof, and sent him homeward much faster than he arrived. From the first, Adam had neither liked nor trusted Mr. Travers Lynne, and was wickedly happy over his discomfiture.

"Dar now," he soliloquized, "dat man always makin' 'ten' like he so mighty mizzable good. Done got cotched up wid now! Preacher all de time sayin': 'Ef dy sins be as skyarlet, be shore dey gwine fin' you out,' an' I b'leeves it now, 'case 'twus dat ar red blazer what made de calf tree dis yere man. Wonder whut Marse Curn'l gwine say 'bout it? Anyway, I'se gwine tell de straight trufe—I wouldn' lie fer dat feller, ef he wus ter gimme er dollar!"

Lotos sang softly to herself, as she filled her flower-pots. When it was done, she went up to her own room like one in a happy dream. Roguish dimples came into her cheeks as she saw upon her dressing-table an ivory prayer-book, unmistakably bridal, a blazing bracelet, and a heavy gold ring. Beside them was a note which ran:

"MY DEAREST CHILD: Come downstairs prepared to accept a true and loving husband of your father's choosing—the best gift for woman on any day that shines.

"MORETON LYNNE."

Lotos read the page through a mist of happy tears. Though she could not help knowing that her cousin was her lover, she did not dream that he had revealed the fact to her father. So, to her mind, it was plain that the "husband of his choosing" could be none other than Fane Hildreth. This certainty explained their neighbor's unreasonably early call, his sudden sweet audacity, her father's fright over his supposed hurt—a hundred other small happenings of the last three months. To think that he, whom in secret she had worshiped almost from her childhood, really cared for her! Lotos could hardly credit the truth; yet how doubt it, in the face of such confirmation of his looks and words in the rose-garden? She read the billet over and over, then kissed her smiling blushing image in the glass, saying under her breath:

"Oh, you silly girl, try not to look so idiotically happy!"

Then she slipped into a soft white gown, put one rose at her throat, another in her hair, and went slowly down the wide oaken stairway.

On the lowest step, a vision staid her progress. Colonel Lynne and Mr. Hildreth sat sipping mint-juleps in the west piazza. Before them, at the foot of the stone steps, stood Adam, his face all one dark grin of delight.

"Gent'emen sirs," he said, squeezing his hat into a ball by way of emphasis, "dis yere is de dyin' trufe, ef ever I tole it. Mr. Travers he took an' kissed Mr. Dean's Bessie, an' Mr. Dean he took and flung Mr. Travers ober de fence, an' dat ar genterman-calf what dey call Sir Archy, he took an' runned him up de ole big apple-tree. Dar I lef' him an' come ter ax whut must I do?"

"Nothing, sir—nothing, do you hear? Let the coward die there, for aught I care!" Colonel Lynne cried, between his teeth.

Lotos ran forward and laid a hand on his shoulder, saying:

"No, no, father," she said, stooping to kiss him; "send somebody to release the wretched man. He may have acted badly—disgracefully, even; but I cannot bear anybody to be miserable on this, my happy birthday."

As she spoke, she looked over at Fane Hildreth in such fashion as wonderfully to illumine the colonel's understanding. As by a lightning-flash, he saw how matters stood betwixt the pair, as well as his daughter's fortunate mistake.

He rose, joined their two hands, and walked away in silence.

FAITHFUL.

WHAT is absence, or yet dying,
What to meet or part,
So our memory lives forever
In one faithful heart?

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MARIE VALDIMAR.

BY MRS. CARRIE L. MARSHALL.

"WELL, Peter," said Madame Valdimar, looking across the breakfast-table and smiling pleasantly at her husband, "the last day of the last term of the last year has actually come, and Marie will soon be at home to stay. The Sisters seem greatly attached to her. The Sister Superior herself told me that Marie is a favorite. That is much for one of them to say, you know, they are so reserved. Don't you think that, under the circumstances, it would be no more than a proper attention for us to send a basket of frosted cakes to the Superior? Ivan can leave them as he goes down the street with the cart."

Ivan, the youngest child and only son, held up his hand with a haughty gesture habitual to him. "I think I see myself going in with my basket of cakes, like a street-peddler, in the face of all the young ladies, and shaming Marie with the sight of old Stromnov and the cart!"

His mother looked at him reprovingly.

"Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall, my son."

But the father only pulled his grizzled mustache and cast a thoughtful, half-amused glance at the boy. "It would be, as you say, only a proper attention, Catherine; but we won't pay it at the expense of Ivan's feelings. Jan can take around anything you wish to send. I will go for Marie myself, after school-hours, though not with Stromnov and the cart. It will be pleasant to have our girl home again. She's a good girl, and a pretty one too."

The mother tried to look severe as she replied: "Beauty is only a passing show; we must not be vain of our child's good looks, little father." But, in spite of herself, the dimple came stealing into her cheeks, which still wore a delicate bloom like that of a pink apple-blossom; and, as she lifted her sparkling eyes to her husband's face, the dimple deepened into a laugh. "Our children ought to be handsome, Peter; I never look at you but I think so. Still," with a sudden return of humility, "the young ones are too much inclined to pride. Why should not Marie and her boxes be fetched home in the cart? I would not like her to be ashamed of her father's calling. No one can say that the baker's trade isn't honorable."

"There's no question as to that, Catherine; but we needn't thrust our trade into people's faces. Besides, there is no surer way of making it distasteful to our children than to be always forcing them to recognize it in every place and on every occasion, whether necessary or not. Ivan will not drive the cart around among our customers any the less cheerfully because he does not feel like advertising his business among his sister's school-mates."

"That is true, father," said Ivan, with a grateful look.

"Of course it is true, if your father says it. Does he ever say anything that isn't true?" interposed Catherine. "But come—make haste, all of you; we must get through with our work early this morning, for Elizabeth and I will attend midday Mass at the cathedral. It's a long walk, but we have so much to be thankful for that I feel as though only the cathedral would be large enough for us to-day."

Elizabeth looked up from her plate with a face in which there was no reflection of her mother's happy mood.

"What have we to be specially thankful for?" she asked, slowly.

"For health, strength, and a pleasant home, if for nothing else," answered the mother, sharply. "But I should think that even you would be glad that Marie has graduated and is coming home."

"I am glad, mother. Be patient with me, dear; it is not much over two years since I graduated also. So much has happened in those two years, Marie's coming brings it all up afresh."

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"You measure everything and everybody by your own experience," said her mother, bitterly.

But the father only sighed, as he arose from the table and passed into the shop. He felt Catherine's injustice, for it was rarely indeed that the patient silent Elizabeth uttered a complaint. His heart ached for her, as it had done many and many a time during the past two years. With his deeper nature, he understood and sympathized more fully than his wife with the beautiful girl, at once a widow and a wife, whose brave young husband, two weeks after their marriage, had been arrested, imprisoned, and doomed to pass eighteen months in solitude. At the end of this period, he had been brought before the Ministry of Justice to receive his sentence—ten years' penal servitude in the convict-mines of Eastern Siberia; his offense being that he had dared to criticise the action of the Government in regard to Prince Kraptokane. In conversation with a friend, a member of the Imperial Guard, Michael had said: "It looks as though the policy which the Tsar is pursuing will result in paralyzing Russian brains. The Prince was a man whom any nation on earth might be proud to honor. We all know him to have been generous and humane, but only scholars know what a cultivated mind and what a ripe intelligence he possessed. Yet what does his country do for him? Does it honor or reward him? Does it even acknowledge his great services as a writer? For a petty offense, an offense more imaginary than real, it sends him to fill a suicide's and exile's grave in Siberia."

It had seemed to Peter that this was only a just and candid criticism; but it had reached the ears of the Proccurer, and then Michael's fate was sealed. Peter hardly dared to think of the Government after that, or thought that he dared not, though he thought of little else and Michael's words, and, above all, his punishment remained constantly in his mind, kindling a slow fire which burned none the less surely for burning silently—one of those fires which break out in a moment, at a word, a touch, sweeping despots from off the face of the earth.

The streets of the great city were crowded with foot and carriage passengers as Catherine and her daughter, coming out from the mellow tinted light of the old cathedral, stood on the pavement, looking about them, half dazzled.

"This sunlight is blinding, after an hour in there," said Catherine, "and what a crowd there is! Why is it? I have forgotten if it is a fête-day."

"The young Grand Duke is recovering from his illness; a Mass is to be performed in the great square, and we are commanded to rejoice. That accounts for the crowd," said Elizabeth, coldly.

"Commanded to rejoice?" repeated Catherine, taking up the word with her usual quickness, and heedless of the bystanders. "Why should we not rejoice? What a happy coincidence that our humble thanksgiving should fall upon this day too! But you are so insensible to such things, Elizabeth."

She made an impatient move forward and accidentally pushed against her daughter, knocking the prayer-book from the loose clasp of her listless hands.

"Dear me, how awkward I am!" she cried, intercepting Elizabeth's movement to pick up the book and bending forward; but, before she could reach it, she in her turn was anticipated.

"Allow me!" said a melodious voice, and a shapely well-gloved hand tendered her the book.

She raised her eyes, and could not control a little flutter of delight at the resplendent vision which met her gaze: a young man stood before her, erect and tall in his glittering uniform, his crisply curling yellow hair bared to the sunshine of which it seemed a part, his brown eyes sparkling under the broad frank brow, and a long mustache half veiling the white teeth which were just now displayed in a smile at once deferential and winning. But she recovered promptly.

"A thousand thanks!" she murmured, and made another movement as if to go. The stranger took a place at her side.

"Madame, I should esteem it an honor if you allow me to see you safely through the crowd; it is getting denser every moment, and you seem to be unattended."

"You are too kind," murmured madame again; and the soldier, taking this for permission, walked beside her.

He really was of service, though not perhaps of such "infinite service" as Catherine protested in describing the affair to Peter;

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for it needed but a glance from those brilliant eyes, a gesture of the shapely hand, and the obedient crowd fell back respectfully and gave them room at once. She was convinced, before they had walked a block, that they were under the escort of a distinguished officer. She talked volubly, congratulating herself upon the "fortunate coincidence" of the day.

"It is indeed a pleasing circumstance," assented the stranger, warmly. "I have no doubt but that this lady—your sister, I infer—also feels it to be so." For Elizabeth had not spoken, though the brilliant eyes had sought hers more than once.

Madame Valdimar gave a pleased laugh and blushed slightly.

"I have no doubt that she does," she said; "but Elizabeth is not my sister. She is my eldest child, though not my liveliest," giving her a little reproachful nudge, which Elizabeth calmly ignored.

"We cannot always control our feelings," said the soldier, in his gentlest voice. "This day, happy as it must be for all loyal subjects, may yet jar upon your daughter in some way. There may be causes which—"

The eyes he had been seeking turned upon him with a sudden blaze of light; it looked like defiance.

"There are no causes which—" said Elizabeth, icily; "so the gentleman is wide of his guess. Mother, we are nearly home; need we trouble a stranger to escort us further?"

Madame Valdimar was by no means oblivious of the fact that they were nearly home, and had been secretly delighted at the persistence with which the stranger kept beside her. What a pleasure to walk down her own street with this gorgeous personage, and the neighbors looking on! She could have shaken her daughter for the contemptuous tone in which she had spoken, and she made a mental resolve to have it out with her, though courtesy compelled her to take up the word.

"Indeed, sir, we have really trespassed upon your kindness," she said, warmly. "Accept our thanks and—"

"Please don't dismiss me; let me have the satisfaction of seeing you quite home, since we are near."

At the street-door, he handed madame his card, and she read: "Colonel Alexis Leefovsky, Imperial Guard." The good woman was overwhelmed with gratification when he said:

"I fear that you will consider my request irregular, but I have derived so much pleasure from your conversation, and already feel such an interest in your charming family, that I beg you will permit me to call upon you occasionally."

Madame Valdimar gave a delighted consent, and, parting from him, entered the house, her face wreathed in triumphant smiles. Not so Elizabeth, who followed her silently through the house and into the shop, where, amid shelves and cases loaded with fresh bread, cakes, tarts, and toothsome confections, her father was usually to be found at this hour.

Madame Valdimar gave a sweeping glance around; there was no one present beside her husband, save Jan, who did not count. Peter, whose lighter moods were caught from those of his wife, just as a passing breeze may ruffle the surface of a lake without disturbing the still waters below, glanced at her, and his thoughtful face brightened, only to cloud a little as he observed his daughter.

"What do you think, Peter?" cried his wife, exultantly. "We have made the most delightful acquaintance—quite by chance, but in a perfectly legitimate way, too!" And she detailed the "legitimate way" in which it had happened.

Peter, who was used to his wife's little foibles, and regarded with tolerant indifference her attempts to get into "society" while she still preached humility and the beauty of a meek and contrite spirit to her family, listened with a half-smile, noting the narrator much more than the narrative, until she concluded: "And here is his card."

Peter read it, and his dark face underwent a quick and angry change. "Of the Imperial Guard!" he cried. "Of the Imperial Guard! May God"—he stammered, choked, and ended weakly—"bless the Imperial Guard!"

But even stupid Jan, standing open-mouthed by the doorway, knew quite well that it was not a blessing which had first trembled on his lips; while Elizabeth ran to him, and, throwing her arms around his neck, kissed him passionately again and again, then she sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands, while the tears trickled through her fingers—drip, drip—upon the gay dress she had donned

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in honor of the day. But such tears as hers do not quench the fires which wrong and oppression have kindled in a human heart.

Madame Valdimar looked a little frightened and inclined to cry herself at the commotion which her little story had raised, but she assumed the defensive, pouncing instantly upon Elizabeth.

"This is a pretty to-do to raise," she said, severely, "just because your mother chances to make a pleasant acquaintance! You were rude enough to him, I'm sure, though even you will probably be willing to admit that he is handsome."

"Oh, yes, mother," said Elizabeth, raising her tear-stained face; "he is handsome—handsomer than ever poor Michael was, even before he made the acquaintance of one of the Imperial Guard, and far handsomer than he was after the months of solitary imprisonment which that acquaintance brought him."

Madame Valdimar was a good woman, though a vain one, and she now stood with downcast eyes, her lips quivering as she said: "You see, child, you always have your trouble in mind; but I forget—I do forget it sometimes. I have all my family with me, and I am naturally of a happy disposition. It is not my husband who is exiled. If it were—ah, if it were!" She raised her head and arms with a gesture so eloquent and expressive that one could not doubt that there was material for kindling one of those hidden fires, even here in this seemingly shallow heart.

Peter stroked the dark locks back from her temples as he said gently: "Little mother, we must be very careful. Surely it can be no new thought to you that we are probably suspected—God alone knows what of, and it makes no difference. How could it be otherwise, as long as that fiend—I mean, as long as so energetic an officer as General Strelnikoff is in power? I tell you, Catherine, it is a bad omen when one of the Imperial Guard condescends to speak to one of us."

"There may be other than political reasons," ventured Catherine, hesitatingly. "I—I am not bad-looking, am I, Peter?"

"Ho! ho!" laughed Peter. "Go, get thee to a nunnery, you vain little woman! However, it is time to get Marie out of a nunnery. Elizabeth, child, do you mind the shop while I am gone. I suppose there is to be a little feast, Catherine; so take your choice from the case yonder. You'll say that I have outdone myself this time."

Reminded of her duties, Catherine was at once the cheerful house-mother, and, busy with her preparations, speedily forgot both the fascinating colonel and the scene to which his name had given rise.

Marie came in just as the twilight fell—"to replace the sunshine," Elizabeth said. She had not seen her sister for several weeks, and was rejoiced at her return, since gloom and sadness always seemed to fly from her presence.

It was wonderful how much more cheerful the house became within a few days. Marie's songs, gay and sparkling, echoed through the sunny rooms, stole into the fragrant shop, and even escaped with jubilant abandon into the busy unheeding street. Marie's laughing eyes and bright piquant face became again familiar to her father's old customers, who had half forgotten her, but remembered again, with sudden unexpected pleasure, the baker's pretty daughter. Her mother found her far more congenial company than was the saddened elder daughter—who, for her part, was glad to give up her place at her mother's side whenever the latter went out on any of her numerous excursions of business or pleasure; for Catherine liked to imagine herself a woman of affairs.

Peter listened and made no comments when Catherine expatiated upon the numerous claims which the outer world had upon her time and attention. Mother and daughter made a beautiful pair—let them enjoy themselves; but, in his thoughtful moods, he turned to Elizabeth. He was strongly attached to his unfortunate son-in-law, and his fate had caused him to ponder deeply over the condition of the common people, their helplessness, their utter defenselessness when the strong hand of the Government was laid upon them—a hand which, it seemed to him, was never laid upon one of its humbler subjects in blessing, but only in coercion, extortion, and bitter arbitrary punishment, no matter whether the victim had committed any offense or not. It needed but for one of the gensdarmes to say: "Let this one be imprisoned, let that one be exiled; we can then hunt up complaints against them at our leisure. If we find no

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complaints, why, then they will have had a salutary warning; they will never feel at liberty to criticise the Government or his Majesty, while at the same time we will have proved ourselves active and efficient in his service."

Michael, however, had been more fortunate than many, in knowing of what crime he was accused—violation of Section No. 245, in that his remarks "were calculated to create disrespect for the supreme authority." Peter couldn't help wondering if the sentence imposed upon him and thousands of others like him was calculated to create respect for "supreme authority." He sometimes felt that the fetters had been removed from the serfs by Alexander, only to be riveted upon the class above them by his successors. Serfdom, like American slavery, was felt to be a blot upon civilization. The serfs were freed. To what purpose? They were allowed liberty in name only, and the new state of affairs worked a great wrong to the educated classes, who were punished for encouraging the slow-witted stolid peasants to educate themselves, punished for having the intelligence to see that "taxation without representation" was only slavery wearing a mask, punished for even daring to speak of the possibility of a change in the existing form of government; "punished if we do not laugh when our rulers laugh, or weep when they weep. They leave us no choice, even in a matter of rejoicing; when they pipe to us, we must dance, and—bitterest of all—we are held up to and believed by the world to be murderers, red-handed assassins, and anarchists: there is no crime too foul to be laid to our charge. And why? Father of light, why? Because we respectfully and peaceably crave the right to think and act for ourselves. Because we cannot absolutely refrain from protest while the merciless Government takes from us every right which man holds dear, and leaves us nothing to look forward to or hope for but the grave!"

Peter was not surprised, though even his courage faltered, when Elizabeth came to him, one day, after her mother and Marie had left the house, saying: "Father, I am most unhappy, and I know that my sadness clouds the household. I feel that I am daily sinking deeper and deeper into despair. I have no object—nothing to look forward to. I am not needed here, and I know—oh, I know that I could be most useful to the poor, ignorant, degraded ones who have never been taught, who—"

"Say no more, daughter," interrupted Peter. "You are mistaken when you say that you are not needed here. Your mother herself is not more useful to me than you. I look at you, and I think—"

"Oh, yes," cried Elizabeth; "you think too much, father. I have seen it many times when you have fancied yourself unobserved. You think—and your eyes flash and your hand is clenched. Such thinking leads to Siberia, to imprisonment, to death. If I were away, you would not have one always before you to remind you of your wrongs."

"My wrongs, child? But do you suppose that your absence would remind me any the less? No, little one; you are a relief, a comfort, to me—often the only comfort that I have; for we understand each other. Your mother is absorbed in what she calls her 'social duties,' poor soul! and Marie is too young, too happy, for such companionship. Do not leave me. I feel the force of what you say in regard to having nothing to look forward to. It would do you good to feel that your life is not wholly wasted. Well, I will tell you what I have often thought of doing, what we might both do—and will, if you wish."

Elizabeth's eyes brightened as he laid his plan before her, but she said:

"It would not be safe, father. How could the circle meet here—here in the capital itself—and we not be found out?"

Peter smiled. "Do you suppose, child, that there are no such circles in this city? The place is honeycombed with them. Oppression works the same results, whether practiced in the capital or on the steppes. We may be found out, it is true. What then? I fear that we are already suspected. Suppose we do something, then; we may be able to accomplish some good—to plant a little seed. What if others reap the harvest? So be it; only let the harvest come, and let us do our share for the cause of liberty."

"Father, mother and Marie would have to know, and even Ivan and Jan; and I fear—"

"You fear that Marie might accidentally betray us?"

"No, father, not Marie; she is as strong,

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as true, as stanch, in spite of her light heart and cheerful ways—as stanch, father, as you yourself."

"Do you think so?" asked her father, in surprise. "I am glad to hear you say it; because, to tell you the truth, she is the only one of whom I have had a doubt. Ivan is naturally proud and reticent, and, young as he is, he feels these things. Jan is too stupid to fear; while, as for your mother, only let her think her family in danger, and the Inquisition itself could not draw a word from her."

Months passed away. Spring and summer gave place to autumn, whose shortening days and chilly nights already gave hints of approaching winter, while, far to the northeast, where the wretched political convicts toiled in the gloomy mines—their labor interrupted only at the intervals when they took their scanty allowance of food, or for a few brief hours during which merciful sleep wrapped them in forgetfulness—the snow had already fallen heavily, and the air was piercingly cold; but the want, disease, and misery which always reigned supreme in those far solitudes were hardly augmented by any severity of climate. There was, for the most of them, nothing but a grave at the end of the task. What did a little added discomfort matter?

Peter and Catherine were sitting alone by their snug fireside, one stormy evening in September. Elizabeth and Ivan had retired; but Marie, who had been to pay a visit to her old friends at the convent, had not yet returned. The parents were discussing something secret and important, as might be gathered from their looks, especially those of Catherine, who vainly strove to look grave and business-like, while every now and then her face would light up with an expression of elation and triumph. Peter, on the contrary, looked perplexed and sorrowful.

"I wish I could feel as sure of his good intentions as you do, Catherine," he said at last, with a heavy sigh. "But we have suffered so much from poor Michael's acquaintance with one of the Guard—even though that one claimed to be a friend, and we know Michael to have been his social equal—that I find it hard to credit the honesty of the colonel toward us, who are not his equals. He has improved his chance acquaintance with you to that extent that he has been coming here for months—like a tame cat, I might say—"

"And a most disrespectful thing to say, too," interjected Catherine.

"Well, have it your own way, then—say like a lover, since you claim that Marie is the attraction. I hope she is, and that he is not a Government spy."

"Peter," Catherine's soft voice grew very earnest, "you have allowed yourself to become suspicious of everyone—yes, you and Elizabeth too. She encourages you. I have said nothing as to what I see or hear, to anyone. Never a word to Alexis, though he is so respectful and sympathetic and has actually asked me once or twice if I had not some hidden sorrow, some grief, which he could help me to bear—"

Peter, whose sense of humor was keen, gave a sound between a laugh and a groan, and Catherine hastily proceeded:

"Of course, I knew it wasn't proper; but it shows the interest he takes, and I do say it's wrong for you to suspect him. Why shouldn't Marie attract anyone? Isn't she pretty enough and bright enough and well educated, and where do you find such another voice as hers? It seems the most natural thing in the world, to me. If you speak of Michael, wasn't he marrying beneath himself socially when he married Elizabeth? Yet you thought nothing strange of that; and Marie, in her different way, is as lovely as Elizabeth ever was. For my part, I do think that these things are providentially directed. If Alexis marry Marie, it will give us a lift socially, and will be some compensation for our misfortunes with poor Elizabeth, whose marriage has been a great disappointment to me."

Peter pulled the end of his long mustache, silent and unconvinced.

"Has Colonel Leefovsky ever spoken of marrying her?" he asked, at length.

"N-o-o, not in so many words, perhaps; but you know yourself that, in such cases, actions speak louder than words. He has sought Marie upon all occasions, until their names are coupled together everywhere."

"Everywhere among our friends, Catherine; not among his."

"How do you know that it is not among his?"

"I know, Catherine, that he has not gone

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outside of our class, in his attentions to Marie."

"Our class? Well, we may step up a notch higher, some day; and meanwhile, Peter, I do wish that you would be a little more free and cordial with Alexis. You do the very thing that you complain of: you punish him on suspicion alone. You must admit that appearances are all in his favor: all go to show that he loves Marie. As for her," with a little bubbling laugh which showed her pretty dimples and white teeth, "I think there's no question about Marie."

"You are right in both respects, Catherine. Appearances go to show that he loves our girl, and, as you say, I fear that there is no question as to her loving him."

"I didn't say, though, that I feared about it."

"No, 'twas I said that. Perhaps I am too suspicious; but I have seen so much—I know the gensdarmes, the officials of every grade and rank, to be capable of such deceit and treachery when they wish to find out anything. Well, if spying is his object, little Marie must have been very loyal, to have kept him hanging about so long—there are few things that a girl will not tell her lover. So it may be that that is not his object."

"I am sure it is not. Peter, you do not seem to appreciate what a lovely and attractive girl Marie really is; but, at the same time, I do not believe she has ever told him anything as to what goes on here. She seems to be as cautious about that as though she owned to a hundred years instead of eighteen."

"Little true-heart! I hope she has a happier future in store than her sister. It is only on her own account that I fear. It would be a terrible blow to her, if the colonel should prove false."

Both were thoughtfully silent, and, in the pause, a strong gust of wind and rain struck the window so fiercely that it seemed like unseen hands beating upon it; at the same instant, to their ears was borne the muffled tones of the great cathedral-bell tolling for midnight.

"So late?" cried Peter, springing to his feet. "Have we talked so long? Where is Marie?" He went to the window. "Black as pitch! I see nothing but the glimmer of a few street-lamps; half of them have been blown out. It's a wild night, Catherine, and I must go and see what has become of the child!"

"Jan was to wait for her. Peter, if there were anything wrong, he would—"

There came a loud urgent peal of the street-door bell, and Peter hastened to answer it, closely followed by his wife. The door was opened. On the threshold stood Jan, hatless and disheveled; but this man, down whose convulsed and terror-stricken face the rain and tears were running, mingling with a darker stream which flowed from a deep straight cut across both cheeks, was stupid Jan no longer. Personal outrage had awakened something—man or devil—in the careless heart.

"Oh, master!" he gasped, "she is gone! Miss Marie is gone—stolen, imprisoned."

At this word, Peter laid his hand upon his shoulder and drew him in. A dim light was burning in the little hall, and Jan sank upon the long settee which ran along one side, while the others stood before him as he told his story. Elizabeth and Ivan had been awakened by the long agonized cry which their mother gave when Jan first spoke, and had come stealing down in their night-clothes to listen. Jan told his story without a pause, forgetful of the water which dripped from his clothing and of the blood falling slowly—drop, drop—upon his clenched right hand, which grasped a fragment of cloth.

Word had been sent down to the convent kitchen, where Jan waited, at about ten o'clock, that Miss Marie was ready to go home. It was raining hard, and so Jan had waited for her at the great entrance, with his umbrella raised. The iron gates were closed and locked after them, as they emerged upon the street; they turned northward, when the wind and rain struck them with such force that it was all he could do to keep the umbrella open over Marie's head. The streets were deserted, and he was so occupied that he noticed nothing else until suddenly they were surrounded by four gensdarmes, who seized Marie, gagged her, and thrust her into a coach waiting beside the curb-stone, almost before Jan knew that there was anyone in the street beside themselves; then he sprang after the coach, which was just starting, and, clinging on behind, was carried swiftly away through the darkness.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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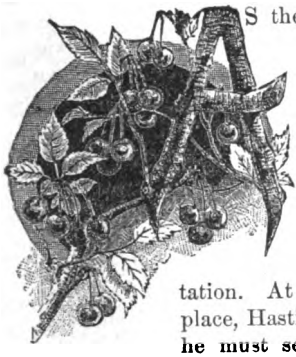
TESTED BY TIME.

BY GEORGIA GRANT.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 130.

III.



AS the train sped on its way, Polly leaned back in her seat with that calmness which comes to us when our fate is irrevocably decided and there is no room left for doubt or hesitation. At the first stopping-place, Hastings explained that he must send a telegram to a friend in New York about some business-matter, and, with a few tender words of apology, hurried away. Hardly had he gone, when a man from the other end of the car came and seated himself behind Polly. She, however, was too much absorbed to notice this until she heard her name spoken in a voice that sent an electric shock through her. Then she turned in amazement and beheld—Joe. Yes, it was he; broad, bronzed, and bearded, older and graver-looking, yet still he.

She had not recovered from her first bewilderment when his next words gave her an indignant start:

"What are you doing with that man, Polly?"

"What do you mean?" she answered, haughtily.

"He is a scoundrel and an adventurer," was the response.

"How dare you say such a thing? He is my promised husband."

There was an awful silence for one moment; then Joe, by a powerful effort, mastered himself and said quietly:

"Do you know anything about him, my child?"

"It seems to me I should rather ask that question of you," replied Polly, indignantly.

"I know enough to prove what I have said, but will you not believe me?" Joe's low tones were full of repressed emotion.

"How can I," answered Polly, "without proofs? I have promised to marry him."

At these words, Joe rose and walked rapidly into the car at the back. As the door closed behind him, the train started and Hastings entered from the other end. He took the vacant seat beside Polly and began to talk to her in cheerful tones. She, poor child, summoned all her loyalty and tried to banish the terrible suspicions which Joe's words had called up. Did she only imagine that Hastings's face had not the frank open look which Joe's wore? By a supreme effort, she managed to conceal the struggle going on within, so as not to show any more emotion than she had evinced during the first part of the journey, and Hastings apparently did not notice any change in her.

There was only one other station at which they stopped before reaching New Haven, and here, as the train slowed up, Polly saw Joe jump off the train. What was he going to do? she wondered. They were on their way again, and she saw him re-enter the smoking-car. Would they never reach New Haven? What was she to do when they did? Why did not Joe confront Hastings? These and a thousand other questions and thoughts hurried through her whirling brain. Was it possible that a few words from her old lover could so completely destroy her faith in the new? She hated herself for it, and yet instinctively all her trust and reliance turned to the former. The stronger her doubts became, however, the more she determined, with that blind obstinacy which comes to us all in moments of madness, to cling to Hastings.

"We have reached New Haven at last, dearest," murmured a voice in Polly's ear, and, with a start, she woke to the fact that the train had indeed stopped.

"Do you feel faint? You are so white! Let me help you out; everybody has left the car but us."

In response to his words, Polly made an

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attempt to rise, but immediately sank back speechless, for Joe was coming in, looking very pale and stern. He came close to her companion and spoke a few words in a tone so low that she could not hear what he said. Hastings changed countenance and took several strides toward the door, then returned.

"I suppose the game is up," he remarked, quietly.

Joe nodded and answered:

"I would have spared you this for her sake, if I could; but I knew your"—he hesitated for a moment—"effrontery, and this was the only way."

"Yes, I never confess myself beaten unless I am obliged to! Come!" And, without another word, the two men left the car.

An awful sense of desolation and helplessness rushed over Polly, when she found herself alone; but it did not last long, for, at the expiration of a few minutes, Joe returned, and a delicious feeling of security took possession of her. She followed him obediently into the waiting-room at the station, where he made her sit down and gave her a glass of water to drink.

"Do you feel better?" he asked, gently.

"Oh, yes," returned Polly, with a look of unquestioning confidence, such as a little child might give its mother.

"I wanted to save you everything I could," was Joe's answer. "Are you able to go home now?"

"Oh, yes, please; take me home," was all the poor girl could say.

There was no need to ask any more questions, for Joe had seen the pair get on the train; so, in an incredibly short space of time, Polly found herself, almost without her own volition, seated in the express, on her way back to Mrs. Wilson's. Joe was beside her now, instead of Hastings; but he only looked down at her with inexpressible tenderness and said not a word. Polly felt profoundly thankful to be left in peace, that she might try and collect her thoughts—later on, there would be time enough for explanations.

At last they reached their destination, which was quite a large place. Mrs. Wilson, however, lived at some distance from the station, entirely out in the country. As Joe helped Polly to alight from the train, he asked his first question:

"Are you living in the town or outside of it?"

"Three miles away."

"Will you wait in the station while I try to hire a team to take you there?"

"I would rather walk, please—three miles is nothing to me." And a faint smile curved Polly's lips, as she thought of the long tramps they two had often taken together in the past.

Once outside of the town, their road was a lonely one, for which neither of the two was sorry. Polly leaned on Joe's arm with a simple trustfulness which comes only from the long intimacy of our earlier years. As we grow older, we never have quite the same feeling.

Their way lay through a wood, and hardly had they entered its shadows when Polly dropped her companion's arm and faced him.

"Did you have him arrested?" she said.

The suddenness of the question startled Joe, but he recovered himself in an instant.

"There was no help for it," he answered.

"And he will be put in prison?"

Joe bent his head.

Polly gave one gasping sob, and, throwing herself down on the trunk of a huge tree which had fallen across her path, she burst into a passion of weeping, the violence of which nearly frightened Joe out of his senses.

"Don't, dear! don't!" he cried. Then, half to himself: "Did she really care so much about the rascal? Poor child! He wasn't worth it."

"Do you suppose I am grieving about that?" Polly raised her burning tear-stained face, and flashed an indignant glance at the speaker. "Don't you understand—the mortification and all? Oh, I am disgraced forever!" And sobs once more shook her slender frame.

"Then't you didn't really care so much about him?" cried Joe, infinite relief in his tones.

"That was the worst of it: I was deceiving myself all the time," sobbed out Polly.

"If that's all—if you don't love him—you needn't think any more of it; nobody need know about it but me, and you don't mind me?" As he spoke, Joe lifted the weeping girl from the stump and drew her to him. Then he repeated his question: "Do you, dear?"

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"I don't believe I do," murmured Polly, between her tears; and she finished her weeping in a more comfortable fashion on Joe's shoulder.

When the unfortunate heroine of the day's unhappy escapade had grown calm, the two hunted up some water where she could bathe her eyes, and then they proceeded on their homeward way. Within a short distance of the house, Polly and Joe parted—the one to return to New Haven, where it was necessary he should go, the other to face Mrs. Wilson. The good woman, though surprised to see the young girl back so soon, was easily satisfied with the explanation that a severe headache had obliged Polly to return, and on this plea she was allowed to seek seclusion in her room.

Joe appeared at the farm-house the next morning, and was presented to Mrs. Wilson as an old friend; she, of course, received him cordially on these grounds. She was grieving over the mysterious disappearance of Hastings, but this was explained the following day by the papers. Through an almost superhuman effort such as she never dreamed of, Craven had managed to keep any mention of Polly out of the newspaper accounts, in which Hastings had assisted him. Poor Mrs Wilson was nearly heartbroken to learn that her favorite had robbed a bank in San Francisco two years previously, besides being involved in some nefarious transactions in Chicago, for which the police had been on the look-out for him. She was rather shocked that her cousin's friend, Mr. Craven, had been instrumental in securing the arrest of the criminal, as she still retained some lingering tenderness for him.

It took a long time and many walks in the quiet wood for the explanations which were necessary between Polly and Joe. The former had, of course, to give a full history of her life since their wonderful piece of good luck had overtaken them. Her lover had heard something of the story in Bassett's Corners, where he had lately been in his efforts to find Polly; but there was much to be told that he knew nothing of, and many confessions to make, among them the story of the lost letter. Joe's devotion had rather strengthened than diminished with time, and he proved an indulgent confessor, willing to forgive the fair penitent everything for the sake of hearing her say she loved him. Then it was his turn to narrate his adventures.

Joe's story, epitomized and with all the love-making eliminated from it, was simply that of a life of hard work and little success in California, cheered only by thoughts of Polly. Then had come news of the death of an uncle living in the Connecticut Valley, not twenty miles from Mrs. Wilson's. A legacy of several hundred dollars, left him by this relative, had brought him into the neighborhood just in time to prevent Polly from wrecking her life. That was the way Polly herself put it, and Joe did not attempt to contradict her or curtail her expressions of gratitude; they were too sweet for his ears. On his journey East, he had stopped at Bassett's Corners, where he had learned that the Brady family were living in Chicago. When he reached the latter city, the feminine portion of the household had gone on their summer trip, and, as he was obliged to admit, the masculine member did not receive him with much cordiality. At this point, his listener sighed; she knew there was not much hope for the future.

Joe had gained a thorough knowledge of Hastings in California; but this he had fully explained to Mrs. Wilson, so as little as possible was said on what was still a very painful subject to the young lady.

Two blissful weeks passed in discussion of the past and enjoyment of the present by the lovers, who had forgotten the outside world completely. Then an unpleasant reminder of it came, in the shape of a letter from Mrs. Brady. Polly, with a disconsolate face, met Joe as he came toward the house that morning.

"Mamma is coming to take me home," were her first words.

Joe's looks expressed something of the consternation he felt, and there was a moment's despairing silence as the two turned their steps in the direction of their favorite wood.

"Never mind! Do you know what I have decided to do?" He spoke quite bravely and cheerfully.

"No."

The reply came in a tone that sounded almost hopeless, but Joe went on cheerily:

"I knew a fellow in California who was lucky and made a pot of money. He is

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going to start a paper in Chicago, and wants me to help edit it. We would see each other often then, and perhaps, if it should prove a success—"

Polly shook her head.

"Papa and mamma will never let us have anything to do with each other."

"We can wait, dear, and in time—" Joe broke off here, and ended his sentence with: "You have a pretty strong will, Polly."

"I used to think I had," she sighed.

"If you will promise to be true to me, I am not afraid," cried Joe.

Polly's answer and everything else that was said during the remainder of the walk would not be of interest to anyone but themselves.

Mrs. Brady arrived, with Celeste, at the expected time. Her reception of the news that Joe Craven was in the vicinity proved just what Polly had expected. She did not say much, except to declare that they must return immediately to Chicago. Mrs. Wilson, hospitable soul, felt hurt at this unnacountable haste, and remonstrated; but Polly did not rebel, for she knew it would be useless.

Joe came over, the same evening, to pay his respects; but he did not receive a very cordial welcome from Mrs. Brady. A confession of the true state of affairs had trembled on Polly's lips all day; but, when she witnessed the greeting which her mother accorded him, she decided it would be better to keep silent. She rose early, the next morning, and met Joe in the little wood, where they talked everything over and agreed that their love should remain a secret for the present. They uttered all the vows which lovers make on such occasions, and parted with the hope of seeing each other in some way in Chicago. Polly was to write to Joe, and he might answer occasionally: as a friend would—that was all.

A week later, Polly was at home again and had entered on a round of gayeties, the admired and much-sought-after belle of their rapidly increasing circle of friends. No wonder Mrs. Brady did not worry herself much over the re-appearance of her daughter's old lover—what girl could be expected to remember, under such circumstances?

IV.

Among the desirable acquaintances which Polly had made the previous winter was a Miss Louise van Allston. She was the descendant of a good old Knickerbocker family whose fortunes had been considerably diminished by the extravagance and dissipation of several generations. For the purpose of retrieving these fortunes, the present representative of the name, her father, had come to Chicago and entered into business there; but he had been only moderately successful.

Meeting Polly at one of those houses where the hostess is indiscriminate in her invitations and where everybody goes, Miss van Allston was charmed with the beautiful young débutante and cultivated her acquaintance. The admiration was mutual, and Mrs. Haversham was delighted to see something like an intimacy spring up between the two.

Miss van Allston had spent the summer abroad, and returned to the city just before Polly. Immediately on the arrival of the latter, her friend called on her. Miss Louise was in high spirits; she had brought over in her train a young Englishman, heir to an earldom. She was enthusiastic in his praise and quite anxious for Polly to meet him.

The next evening, at a small reception, the introduction took place, and Miss Brady had the honor of going to the refreshment-room on the arm of the Honorable Edmund Carstairs, future Lord Cairnforth, Earl of Buxton. He made himself extremely agreeable, so much so that Polly decided he would have been a desirable acquisition to Miss van Allston's train, even without the prospective title. As her friend's friend, she felt bound to treat him well; but when, the next time they met, he devoted himself to her exclusively, with a persistency that was very apparent, Polly felt annoyed. She had no desire to become her friend's rival, and therefore, seeing he paid but little attention to Miss van Allston, she treated the distinguished Englishman with a coldness to which he was evidently not accustomed. This continued for about a week, in the course of which, although they all met in society every evening, the two girls had not seen each other alone. At the end of that time, Polly had a visit from Miss van Allston, made informally on a day when Miss Brady did not receive.

Polly went downstairs, feeling a little uncomfortable, though her conscience absolved her from any guilty share in Mr. Carstairs's

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defection. What would Louise say? Her first greeting was enthusiastic enough.

"How do you do, my dear? It seems an age since I have seen you all to myself! One lives in such a rush, one never gets a chance really to have one's friends to one's self!"

Miss van Allston stopped for breath, while Polly returned her kiss and declared she was delighted to see her. Louise laughed, pinched Polly's cheek, and, sitting down beside her on a small sofa, talked commonplaces for a few moments. Then she said:

"Now, to come to the point, Miss Polly, for I'm not going to beat about the bush any longer, what do you mean by cutting me out so completely with the earl that is to be?" Her listener was shocked into speechlessness. Miss van Allston, on the strength of her unassailable pedigree, often said and did things which the young plebeian never would have dared—indeed, wished—to say or do. Seeing them together, you would probably have assigned the blue blood to the ex-tavern-keeper's daughter, for she was petite and refined-looking, while her aristocratic companion was tall and built in a coarser mold. "Ah, you don't answer!" continued Louise. "Your conscience won't let you!"

Here Polly grew angry. This was positive coarseness. She drew herself up and responded haughtily, two red spots burning in her cheeks:

"I beg your pardon, Miss van Allston, my conscience does not reproach me at all!" To which that lady replied by throwing her arms around the spirited young damsel and bursting into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. As soon as she could manage to articulate, she cried out:

"Oh, you little goose! Did you suppose I was really in earnest? Did you imagine I could behave so?"

"Well, I could hardly believe it possible, but—" began the astonished Polly.

"My dear child," said Louise, smiling and patting Polly's hand, "I came over here, in the first place, to tease you a little —I couldn't resist the temptation—and then to set your mind at rest. In your loyalty to me, you have been making the poor fellow quite unhappy, for he has lost his head over you in the most ridiculous way. I have been watching the two of you, and have derived a good deal of amusement from the process, until I thought it a shame to torment you both any longer. He is a most eligible parti, and you approach nearer to the ideal fine lady than I. I am not in love with the future earl, nor has he been so with me for a moment. He was coming to America at any rate, and only came over with us because he had made our acquaintance in London."

"Well, I'm glad," said Polly; "now I can be at least decently civil to him."

"You poor little martyr to friendship!" laughed Louise, and, during the remainder of her visit, they talked about other things.

From being "decently civil" to the Honorable Mr. Carstairs, Polly soon became friendly; for it was difficult to resist the charm of manner which he possessed. She, Miss van Allston, and he saw a great deal of each other, and Louise made an effort to throw the other two together whenever she could.

"A splendid fellow, rich, and the heir to an earldom! What more can I want?" asked Polly, of herself; and, if it had not been for certain uncomfortable memories, the young woman's friends might have seen their wishes fulfilled before Christmas, for the Englishman was desperately in love. He was wise enough, however, to see that his idol only liked him, so he determined to be patient and wait until she gave him some encouragement.

Polly still wrote to Joe, and learned from the last of the few letters he ventured to send her that he would be in Chicago before Christmas. She and her mother were going with Miss van Allston to spend the holidays at an elegant country-house not many miles out of town. Of course, Mr. Carstairs was invited also. They all went, and spent a delightful week. On their return, Polly hoped to hear something of Joe; but several weeks passed without any word from him. She did not know whether he was in the city, and had no means of finding out. At last she determined, on a mere venture, to send him a card to one of their "At Homes," addressed to the care of the newspaper with which he expected to connect himself. The next day, she received a reply. He had arrived in the city the 23d of December, had called at the house and left his card while they were away. He had been waiting to hear from her ever since.

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"Poor old Joe, he's awfully sensitive nowadays!" sighed Polly, as she read his letter in the privacy of her own room. Then she answered it immediately, explaining that his card had probably been lost. She begged him to come to one of their receptions; "for," she bewailed, "I never have the leisure to see anybody, except in the way of society."

Joe refused, however. "It would only be torture to meet you in a crowd, among all those swells," he wrote. "Can't I come sometime when you are not at home to other people?"

With some difficulty, Polly found an unappropriated morning and placed it at his service. When the day arrived, she staid in the house and waited his coming impatiently. She waited in vain. Joe did not appear, nor did any note follow to explain his absence. Perhaps he was ill; but even this last hope was destroyed when, on the second morning afterward, Polly saw his name in the account of some newspaper banquet held the evening of the day following that on which he was to have called.

"It is better so," she told herself; "now there is nothing to interfere with my ambitions." Nevertheless, in spite of the round of gayeties that was closing the season preparatory to the beginning of Lent, which came early that year, Polly often cried herself to sleep in the wee small hours.

Ash Wednesday came at last; but Miss Brady found her time as much occupied as ever, between church duties and quieter amusements. Mr. Carstairs was her constant attendant, and they saw more of each other in an informal friendly way than was possible during the season. They were fast friends; and, before Lent was over, Polly had decided that, when the future earl should put the question to her which she was expecting every day, she would at least not say "no." Miss van Allston, who was the lover's confidante, guessed something of Polly's frame of mind, and urged him to be patient, to give her plenty of time.

So Easter was upon them, and still the fatal question had not been asked. Each day strengthened Carstairs's cause, for Polly began to realize that she was accepting attentions which could mean but one thing. The longer she allowed herself to drift, the more difficult it became for her to retreat.

As it was still early in the spring, a brief season of gayety began with Easter. There was a great crush at somebody's, and Polly and Carstairs were there together as usual. In fact, society had decided some time before that it would be a match, and was waiting every day to hear the engagement announced; Mrs. Brady and her cousin Mrs. Haversham were in the same state of blissful expectancy. All this could not fail to be patent to Polly's feminine vision, even if it was not apparent to the less keen masculine eyes of her suitor. Indeed, she began to feel more like a condemned criminal than any of her admiring or envying friends would have believed possible, and so to wish it were all settled. The crisis came at last, and, as is usually the case, a mere trifle brought it about. It was at the aforementioned crush, and Carstairs had managed to pilot Miss Brady into a safe corner of the refreshment-room and was plying her with all the good things he could induce her to take. She was leaning back comfortably, eating an ice, while he was talking about his English home with an enthusiasm which he always manifested when he found anyone who was interested in the subject. Polly, who by experience knew nothing of an ancestral mansion, was interested, though he had often talked to her before on the same theme. He had got as far as "I wish you could see it," and his listener was wondering what was coming next, when a vision as novel as unexpected met her eyes. It was only Joe Craven, in irreproachable evening-dress, a carnation in his buttonhole; but it was enough to distract Polly's thoughts entirely from the future earl's eloquence, and carry her back years ago and hundreds of miles from her present abiding-place. The unlooked-for sight, unusual to her—for she had never before seen Joe in such habiliments, and he was not associated in her mind with them or what they represented—acted like a mesmeric touch on her mind's eye. The brilliantly lighted room, with its well-laden table, abundance of flowers, and richly dressed people, even the man by her side, faded away, leaving in their place a candle-lighted upper room over her father's tavern at Bassett's Corners. She was no longer a beautiful belle and heiress in lace which had cost a small fortune, but only a little girl in white

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muslin and blue ribbons, dancing with Joe in a rough tweed suit. All this metamorphosis took a much shorter time than it requires to describe it. It occupied but an instant—the appearance of Joe in the far corner of the room, Polly's first shock of astonishment, and the succeeding transformation-scene which enacted itself in her inner consciousness. So completely did the present slip away from her, and the power of the past re-assert itself, that her very astonishment found voice in words long unfamiliar to the Chicago belle, but words by which the tavern-keeper's daughter would probably have expressed her amazement in the days to which imagination with lightning speed had transformed her.

"Land's sakes alive! If it ain't Joe!"

The sound of her own voice recalled Polly to herself immediately. The present and its surroundings came back almost as quickly as they had faded, and she realized, with mingled mortification and amusement, that she had uttered this vulgar exclamation and ungrammatical verbal contraction in the very face of one of England's future peers. She, who was more careful in regard to her English than Miss van Allston herself! Then the sense of absurdity triumphed, and she laughed unrestrainedly. In the midst of her laughter, she stole a side glance at her companion. A look of horror mixed with puzzled amazement was frozen on his aristocratic countenance, though he was struggling hard to regain his accustomed well-bred self-possession. He was evidently bewildered and shocked.

Polly's sense of amusement gave place to an unreasonable anger. What right had he to disapprove of her? It was a new sensation, and not a pleasant one, to the girl who had been the belle of Bassett's Corners before she had become the belle of Chicago, to feel that anyone was disgusted with her. She had been the superior of her associates at the mining-town, as she was now, through assiduous cultivation and innate refinement, at least the equal of her present society. "If he loved me, I would be perfect in his eyes," she thought. "Joe would not mind!" Anger checked Polly's laughter, and she turned to Carstairs, saying in her stateliest manner:

"I really must beg your pardon for laughing; it was the unexpected sight of an old friend that caused it. Would you mind taking me back to the other room?"

"Certainly not," he answered, in something like his ordinary tones, for he had regained possession of himself; and, on their way to the drawing-room, he chatted about indifferent subjects. Once there, Miss Brady expressed herself as feeling fatigued, and begged him to find her chaperon, Mrs. Haversham. This he soon did, and Polly dragged that rather unwilling personage home, Carstairs putting them into their carriage as usual. Fearing a quarrel, the anxious elder lady tried to elicit some information on the subject, but was unsuccessful.

"Of course we did not quarrel," Polly said; "Mr. Carstairs, at least, is too well-bred for that. I have a headache—nothing more." And she would not commit herself any further.

Once in her own room, Polly dismissed Celeste, locked herself in, and, bringing out a wretched daguerreotype of Joe from its hiding-place, kissed it and cried over it in a most absurd manner.

"If he loved me, he would think me perfect," she told herself again, thinking of Carstairs's horror. Then common sense whispered: "If you loved him, you would be more ready to forgive." Once more she kissed the unflattering likeness. "Oh, my darling Joe, nobody could love me like you did and perhaps do yet! If I live to be a thousand years old, I will never, never marry any other man!" And, with this resolve in her mind and Joe's picture under her pillow, she fell asleep at last.

V.

THE next time the two met, Carstairs behaved just as usual to Polly. He had evidently made up his mind to ignore the incident of the previous evening, and she, in spite of her determination otherwise, found it impossible to resist his genial smile and was as friendly as ever. A week passed, during which their intercourse had resumed its ordinary calm. At the end of that time, to Polly, sitting in her own room, was brought Carstairs's card. With a presentiment of what was coming, she reluctantly descended the stairs.

Her visitor was standing by the window, gazing out, in an attitude indicative of both

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nervousness and impatience. He turned, the moment Polly entered, and, going up to her, took her hand.

"You will pardon this interruption, perhaps, Miss Brady, when you learn its cause." He drew her into a chair as he spoke, but remained standing himself. Then he went on, before she could utter any polite disclaimers: "I have just received a telegram calling me to England immediately—my cousin, Lord Cairnforth, is dying." Polly began some words of courteous condolence, but he hardly waited for her to finish. "Perhaps you can guess why I have come. I could not go away without hearing the decision from your lips before I went. You must know I love you—I have your mother's permission to tell you so. I know you like me. Is there any hope of your ever doing any more—"

His eloquence received a sudden check—Polly burst into tears.

"I have been very wicked," she sobbed. "I ought not to have allowed you to care for me, because—because—I do not love you."

"But you may learn, in time!" cried he, eagerly; "I will wait forever, dear!"

"I never, never can, for—I love somebody else."

The words were barely intelligible for sobs; but Carstairs heard them, and all the light died out of his face.

"Forgive me—" he began, but Polly interrupted him.

"No, no—forgive me! You have been so good and noble—shall I tell you the story of my life?"

"Not if it would give you pain," he answered.

"I would rather do it," she said, eagerly; and, crushing down her sobs, she recounted her past history in as few words as possible.

A little later, Polly was left alone—alone with her sorrow at his disappointment, her regrets over the folly which kept her from making a good match. She was not left to these useless bemoanings very long, for her mother sent a message that she wished to see her; and, knowing that the evil hour could not long be delayed, the culprit went to receive her mother's reproaches. They took the form of congratulations at first, so sure was Mrs. Brady of what her daughter's answer had been. It seemed strange that the betrothed pair had parted without her blessing—still, he was in great haste.

"Oh, my dear child!" she cried, when her summons was answered, before she had time to notice Polly's red eyes, "I am so glad, so glad!"

"Glad? What about?" came the reply.

"The earl," she said; "at least, he will soon be the earl. Has he not just asked you to marry him?"

"Yes," answered Polly, stolidly; "but I have refused him."

The poor mother's disappointment and rage vented themselves in a storm of bitter reproaches, which ended in a violent attack of hysterics. The next few days were far from pleasant for the poor girl. She had to bear her father's anger and Mrs. Haversham's complainings, and finally Louise came over, in sorrow and in anger. Her indignation against Polly was so great, and her pity so profound for the earl—he was the earl indeed now, as the newspapers informed them—that she roused the much-blamed young woman into saying:

"I begin to think you scarcely told me the truth when you said you did not care for Carstairs."

Miss van Allston grew red and then pale.

"I am not the sort of woman to commit the folly of falling in love with a man who does not care about me; but I do not mind admitting that I liked him better than any man I ever knew. And you—you were only playing with him!"

The two friends were nearer to a quarrel than they had ever been before; indeed, it would probably have come to that, if poor worn-out Polly's overburdened nerves had not given way. In the midst of her resentment of Louise's reproaches, she suddenly burst into tears and sobbed out gradually, and not without questions on her friend's part, the whole story that she had told Carstairs, and a great deal more besides.

Two weeks afterward, Miss van Allston gave a large reception; of course Polly went. She was standing in an alcove, under the shadow of some plants, talking, not without effort, to several men when she was startled by finding Miss van Allston at her side.

"Miss Brady," she was saying, "let me present my friend Mr. Craven."

And there stood Joe.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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AN OLD LOVE-AFFAIR.

BY EMILY LENNOX.

A GOOD many circumstances combined to make Lydia feel that she was growing old at twentyeight.

She had been four years abroad as Mrs. Grosvenor's companion; she had done a great many things—her duty noticeably—and yet her life held no sort of fruition.

She grew very sad when she reflected. She had often wondered why it was; but now she had come to the conclusion that it must be her own fault—all owing to her own weakness. The truth had been forced on her by a certain episode. Dr. Severance had asked her to marry him; and he seemed both surprised and angry when she told him she was already engaged—had been so for over six years.

"What are you waiting for?" he had asked, brusquely.

"We are both poor," Lydia answered, bravely. "He has his mother to support and two sisters to educate, and it is very difficult for a young lawyer to make any headway."

"In that case, I should give it up," said the doctor, bluntly. "Are you going to waste your youth in waiting for this man, Miss Dayton? Don't you think it would be much more sensible for you both to dissolve such a relationship? I am not speaking now as a lover, but as a friend. You are both old enough and reasonable enough to take the matter philosophically. If you were free, you might marry some man who could make your life sweet and pleasant; and—perhaps he might find some rich girl who would help him out of his difficulties."

These words had sunk deeply into Lydia's mind; she thought of them for months. It was not that she cared to marry Dr. Severance; she knew she could never do that under any circumstances, and he knew it too. He had given up all hope of making her his wife, and gradually they were drifting into a friendly and confidential intercourse which suited them much better. Still, the doctor's suggestion had lingered in Lydia's memory. She felt the force of what he had said, and was trying to come to a conclusion. Of course, she must have ceased to care for Henry Osborne as she once had, or she could not have argued the matter as she did. But she was still very fond of him, and, when she had made up her mind to break off her engagement, the resolution cost her many a bitter pang.

She was a long time in writing the letter which explained the motives of her action; but she sent it off at last, together with the little plain gold ring, now somewhat worn away on the edges, and a great many letters signed in a bold hand: "Yours faithfully, Henry."

She felt as though she had been to a funeral, when she came back from the post-office; and, in the sorrowful fullness of her heart, she told Dr. Severance what she had done.

"I think you have acted wisely, Lydia," he said, in the friendly fashion which had grown natural between them.

"I think so, doctor," she replied; "but if I could only feel perfectly sure!"

"Nobody ever does any important thing without doubts," he said, kindly: "nobody can tell about the issue of anything. But that ought not to concern us. What we have to deal with is the principle, and I think you are right there."

"I don't know," Lydia answered, her eyes filling up with tears. "It seems very false and treacherous when I think of throwing him over just because he is too poor to marry me."

"If he is a man of sense," said the doctor, warmly, "he will see it as you do. It certainly is not right for either of you to prolong such an affair forever. What does an engagement mean, if not marriage? Yours was nothing but a mockery, Lydia. It absorbed your thoughts and energies without any return. It was bad for both of you."

"Perhaps it was," said Lydia, with a wan smile. "I don't suppose happiness is worth calculating."

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"'There is a blessedness that is higher than happiness,'" quoted the doctor. "Don't you remember, Lydia? I was in love with you once, and yet I have come down to a commonplace friendship which is a great comfort to me."

"Yes," said Lydia, with a faint sigh. "But I fancy you were not so very much in love with me, after all."

Woman-like, she was not without some vague regret that in gaining a friend she had lost a lover.

It was several days after this that Lydia received a letter from Henry Osborne. It was dated a week before, but, owing to a slight mistake in the address, or rather an illegibility due to hasty writing, it had made a roundabout tour and reached her much belated. When she received it, she fancied it was an answer to her own letter; but, the moment she opened it, she knew it was written before hers: the two, of vastly different tenor, had passed each other on the way.

"My darling," it began, "I cannot tell you with what strong feeling I write you this morning. I am so beside myself with joy that I fear I cannot give you a very intelligent account of what has changed the whole aspect of my life—our lives, I mean to say. Years ago—you remember, I told you—my uncle left me several small lots in a little town in Western Pennsylvania. I was only a boy at the time, and no account was made of the legacy—for the property was worth only a few hundred dollars, and it has lain idle ever since. But now it has suddenly become valuable. The discovery of a large oil-well on the adjoining lands has made my poor lots worth an enormous sum. To-day, I have sold them to a New York syndicate for a large sum. I am a rich man, dearest, and you know what that implies! I am coming to you at once! After all these years of waiting, I have suddenly grown impatient; I want to be married immediately. There is no reason why we should wait any longer. We have lost so much time that we cannot afford to lose any more. Oh, my darling! I am so proud and happy when I remember how faithfully you have waited for me all these years of poverty and separation. My heart glows when I think of it, and I thank God heartily for the blessing of your love! I shall be with you in a week. I am settling up my business, with a view to taking you abroad for several years. Till I see you, then, my darling, and through all time to come, Yours faithfully,

HENRY."

Poor Lydia! Every word was a dagger in her breast. She knew, as she read it, that her own letter had by this time reached its destination; that Henry had read it, and that he would not come to her now. She laid her head down and wept bitterly.

Lydia was not a mercenary woman. It did not affect her that she had just ruined her chance of marrying a rich man; but she had a passionate thirst for happiness, a wish to make the best out of her life and its possibilities. She had always known that, as Henry Osborne's wife, she would find that sweet content which would make her always appear the best her nature would allow. She had not given up this hope without a struggle; and now—oh, how his generous praise of her fidelity lacerated her very soul! But she was not too proud to write to him—such a letter! It must have moved Henry Osborne to forgiveness, so full was it of remorse and re-awakened love, of passionate entreaty and desperate fears; but he did not receive it. Her first epistle had reached him on the very day when he was starting to come to her. Overwhelmed with anguish and bitterness, he had not deferred his journey; he went on with the same hot impatience, but he went in another direction—whither, no one knew—and Lydia's second message was returned to her unopened.

Lydia did not mention this to Dr. Severance. Her own pride would have kept her from it, even if she had been less considerate of her friend's feelings; but both reasons influenced her to silence. It was a curious thing that Henry Osborne's name had never been mentioned between them. There was no occasion for it, however. When Lydia had told the doctor of her engagement, it had been in general terms. So the matter was quietly dropped between them, and the doctor made a poor guess at what ailed Lydia, who grew very pale and sad as time went on.

It was two years afterward, that he called for her, one morning, in his carriage.

"I have some news for you," he said,

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shaking her hand very warmly. "I have succeeded at last in finding somebody who will marry me!"

"I congratulate you!" Lydia said, smiling. "When is it to be?"

"As soon as possible," the doctor replied, briskly. "Put on your hat and coat. I have come to take you to call on her. I am sure you will like her, Lydia. She is one of my patients. I have cured her of a spinal affection, and she means to repay me by becoming my wife."

"I don't call that such a heavy bill!" said Lydia, thoughtlessly.

"If you had to pay it, you would," said the doctor, laughing. "Come, Lydia—I want you to go with me."

This was how she happened to drive with the doctor to an elegant house on Fairbank Avenue, where they were ushered into a large room, dusky with draperies and rich furniture. From somewhere out of the shadows came a slight girlish figure.

"Why, Frank!" she cried, joyously, and then stopped, at the sight of Lydia, to recover her shy dignity. A gentleman who was seated on the piano-stool rose hastily and turned around.

"Edith," said the doctor, taking the hand of his fiancée and holding it quietly, "this is my friend—Miss Dayton. Lydia, this is my future wife—Miss Osborne."

"I—if I am not mistaken," Edith said, with great embarrassment, "we have met before."

She held out her hand awkwardly, but Lydia did not seem to see it. Back of Edith stood Henry Osborne, looking at her with a proud cold face.

"We have met before," Lydia faltered. "Dr. Severance did not tell me it was Miss Osborne—"

"My brother Henry," Edith said, breaking through the stiffness of their meeting. "Henry, I—I think you remember Miss Dayton?"

"Quite well!" he said, coming forward, with a smile which struck a chill to Lydia's heart. "I hope you are well, Miss Dayton."

Dr. Severance looked puzzled; but, before long, Henry was chatting volubly with Lydia about his foreign travels, and Edith was uttering gracious things which only heightened Lydia's embarrassment. At last, she got away; but the doctor was astounded when she burst into tears the moment they were out of the house.

"You might have told me!" she cried, passionately. "I'd have died sooner than go there!"

"Told you what?" the doctor asked, with considerable annoyance. "I didn't know that you were acquainted with the Osbornes. You never said so."

"You never mentioned their names, and I—I told you I was engaged to Henry."

"Good heavens!" ejaculated the doctor, on whom the first ray of light was dawning. "Lydia, you never mentioned Henry Osborne's name to me! How was I to know to whom you were engaged?"

"What will they think of me, going there after—after— Oh," she added, fiercely, "I never want you to mention their names again!"

"I am sorry," the doctor said, with genuine chagrin. "I had hoped you and Edith would be good friends. Henry is a strange fellow—very quiet and exclusive. Edith said he had been disappointed in a love-affair, and took it very hard; but—upon my word! See here, Lydia—I believe you are fond of that man yet!"

"I am not!" she exclaimed, angrily. "You are an old friend, Doctor Severance; but you are going too far!"

"Well, well! I beg your pardon! We won't say anything more about it."

He set Lydia down at Mrs. Grosvenor's door and drove away in a quandary.

"If those two people are not in love with each other still," he mused, "I'm a quack!"

Nevertheless, when the doctor and Edith were married, Lydia did not go to the wedding—a fact which he canvassed thoroughly some time afterward, in conversation with his wife; but nothing came of the conversation.

The doctor's brother-in-law was taken ill soon after the wedding. It was a bad fever of a remittent type, which left him intervals of deep despondency. Doctor Severance attended him. One day, when he had his finger on the patient's pulse, Henry opened his eyes and looked fixedly in his face.

"You need not be afraid to tell me," he said, weakly. "I know I am going to die."

Doctor Severance started to say something, but Henry stopped him.

"You needn't attempt to deceive me,"

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he said. "I see my verdict in your face. I am very well satisfied that it should be so, but—I have one request to make of you, doctor. I know I cannot live many days. Will you—will you ask Miss Dayton to come and see me before I die?"

The doctor's eyes brightened.

"I will do anything I can for you, Henry," he said, kindly. "I am glad you are so resigned. It is best to be always ready, for no man knows when his hour is nigh."

"I don't think she will mind coming—under the circumstances—do you?"

"I think she will come," the doctor rejoined, confidently. And he was right; for, when to Lydia he said, "Henry Osborne wants to see you before he dies," she went at once.

They were quite alone in that eventful meeting. Henry, pale and weak, lay back on the pillows and greeted her with a smile.

"It was good of you to come," he said, softly, holding out one hand, which she clasped, and, falling on her knees, wet with her tears. "I blamed you at first, Lydia; but you had a perfect right to break our engagement, if you chose. I don't feel hardly toward you now."

"I was not right," she sobbed. "I knew it afterward, when I wrote you again; but you sent back my letter unopened. I suppose you thought that the money had influenced me; but it didn't. I would not have written you from any such motive."

"What are you saying?" he asked, in bewilderment. "I never received any letter, much less sent it back—except the one in which you asked me to release you."

"You never opened it. It came back to me with the seal unbroken."

"It came from the Dead Letter Office, then, or—or someone sent it who knew your writing. I never saw it. Lydia, I loved you too well to refuse my happiness at your hands, no matter how it came to me."

"And I—I have never ceased to love you, Henry," she faltered. "Afterward—I don't know why, but it seemed like a retribution—I loved you more than ever."

"And now?" he asked, feverishly.

"I love you still!"

She raised her head, and he put his arms about her.

"I believe you," he whispered. "You could not deceive a dying man. Kiss me, dear! It is such a long, long while, and I have been so lonely!"

When Doctor Severance came in, he started out again, but came back, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat by way of a warning, "how is the dying man?"

Lydia did not attempt to withdraw herself from her lover's embrace. Henry's head was resting on her shoulder; but neither replied to his ghostly question, and the doctor broke into a low chuckling laugh.

"You think you are going to die, do you?" he said, touching Henry's arm. "Well, you're not going to do anything of the sort! We'll have you out of this in a couple of weeks, if Lydia will only help us nurse you."

"Do you mean he is not going to die?" she gasped.

"Not a bit of it?"

"But you said—"

"I said what Henry said. Sick men get unaccountable notions into their heads sometimes. He made up his mind he was going to die, and I humored him because—well, he'd never have sent for you, Lydia, if he hadn't believed his last hour had come; would you, Henry?"

"No," he replied, but all resentment was swallowed up in his new-found happiness.

"Don't be cross with me, Lydia," said the doctor. "I had a hand in breaking your engagement, and I took it upon myself to mend it."

"I am afraid I have lost the power of being vexed," Lydia said, with a joyous smile. "I am too glad and thankful, to mind a deception which has brought about such happiness."

REMEMBER.

WHATE'ER we leave to God, God does
And blesses us;
The work we choose should be our own
God lets alone.

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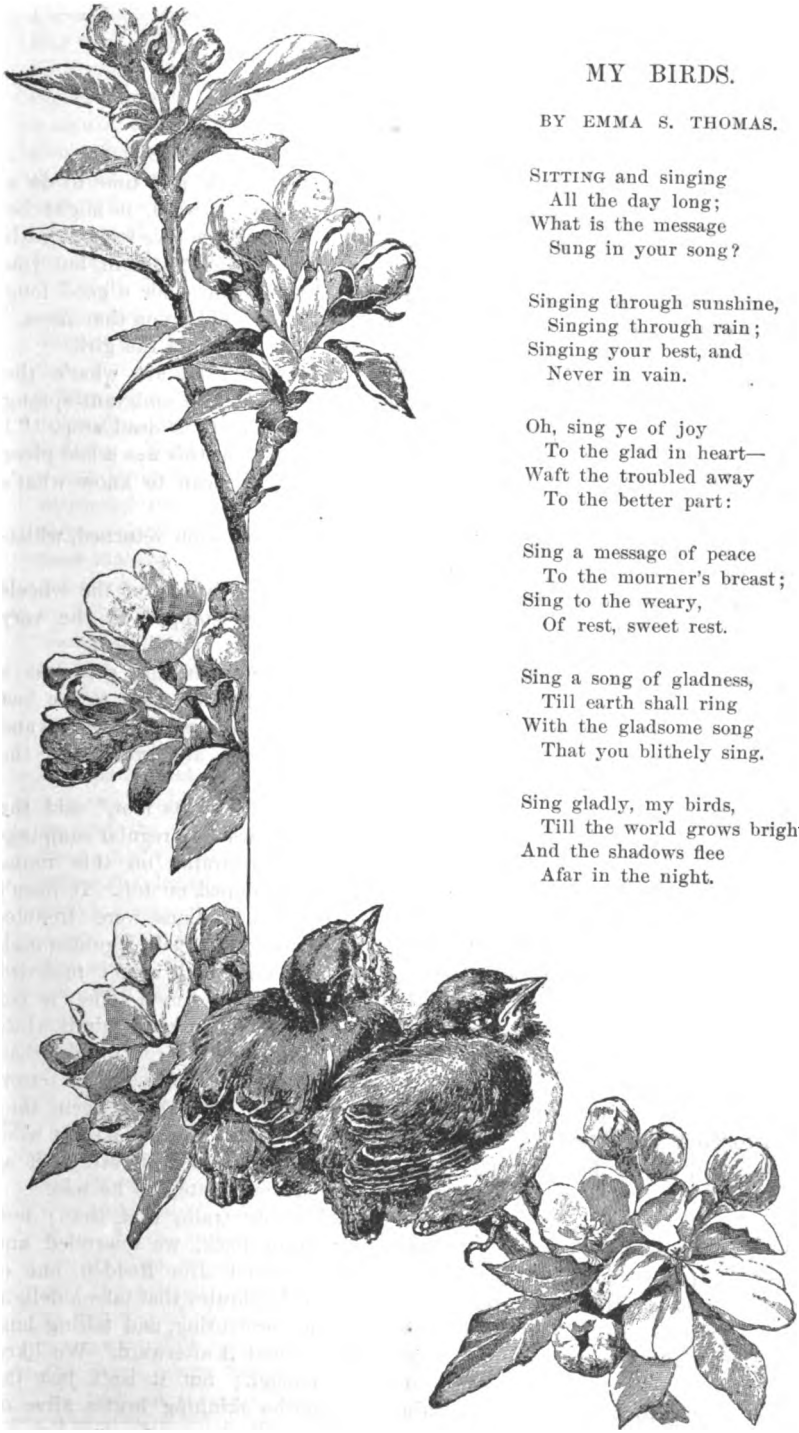

MY BIRDS.

BY EMMA S. THOMAS.

SITTING and singing
All the day long;
What is the message
Sung in your song?

Singing through sunshine,
Singing through rain;
Singing your best, and
Never in vain.

Oh, sing ye of joy
To the glad in heart—
Waft the troubled away
To the better part:

Sing a message of peace
To the mourner's breast;
Sing to the weary,
Of rest, sweet rest.

Sing a song of gladness,
Till earth shall ring
With the gladsome song
That you blithely sing.

Sing gladly, my birds,
Till the world grows bright
And the shadows flee
Afar in the night.

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THE STORY OF THE MESA.

BY ADA E. FERRIS.

IT was nearing sunset, and the Western-bound emigrant-train had plunged into the hill-country. On every hand, at varying distances, rose abrupt knolls, among which the engine rushed, shrieking as if warning them to stand aside. A roughly dressed emigrant, whose kindly eyes and voice belied the fierce expression given by bristling locks and sunburn, turned to his wife—a plump cheery-faced matron, with a child in her arms.

"We must be nearing it, Martha. Don't try to get supper now; I wouldn't miss seeing that mesa again for a hundred dollars."

"Are we coming to something prettier than this?" asked the young girl in the next seat, with eager interest.

"Not exactly prettier, but—well, you see, there's a story connected with it. Martha knows."

"Tell me too, please. Or is it too long?"

"Oh, it's short enough. Dear me! it will be odd if we don't come in sight. I haven't seen it for twenty years; but mesas don't change much, generally. There it is! Look, Martha!"

The train had rounded a curve and entered a plain something like an amphitheatre in shape. Toward the centre, but a good two miles from the nearest butte, rose a larger one, having a flat space of some five acres on its top, and remarkably steep and rocky sides. It looked as if the smaller buttes had formed a ring, large enough for safety, around a large and pugnacious one, and dared him to "lick the crowd."

"What a splendid place for a fort!" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes, only water's scarce," the man assented, turning to the lady and gentleman who sat behind. "How would you like to command such a post as that, captain?" They were both looking at it—the lady with a little shudder, her husband with knitted brows.

"I would like better to hold it than to storm it," he answered.

"So would I—that is, if there were men and ammunition enough, and time to do a bit of fortifying. Otherways, it might be a ticklish job. I reckon you've looked death in the face heaps of times, captain, but you never had a better chance for a good long stare at him than we did up on that mesa."

"Tell us about it," urged the girl.

"Well, you see— Hullo! what's the train stopping for?" The emigrant sprang up as the train came to a dead stop. "I reckon I'm foolish; but this was a bad piece of road once, and I mean to know what's up."

He strode out, but soon returned, whistling.

"It's all right. Only one of the wheels got afire, and we've stopped in the very place for a good view of the mesa."

So they had. Smooth and green as a lawn, the prairie stretched away to the foot of the mesa, rose abrupt and steep, and then stretched smooth and green over the flat plain on top.

"Right over there by its foot," said the old frontiersman, "was the regular camping-place for emigrant-trains on this route. Sometimes they camped on top. It wasn't over-safe when the Indians were troublesome. Still, during the rush, I guided nigh twenty trains across, and wasn't molested by Indians above three times. They're red devils, of course; but I'm free to admit, white devils have made me more trouble than red ones ever did. But Washoe was a terror, when he got started; though the agent they had there was enough to drive a saint wild, and most like I'd have been every bit as savage, trained and treated as he was.

"We had a big train, that time; but, about fifty miles back, we quarreled and split. It was about Jim Redden, one of those cold-blooded brutes that take a delight in killing and tormenting, and telling long bloody yarns about it afterward. We liked yarns well enough; but it isn't just the thing to describe skinning brutes alive or tormenting dying Indians before women and children. Gilbert tried to shut him off; but

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shut off he wouldn't, and the children would run and scream when they saw him coming. He was a great hunter—didn't know what fear was, good scout and Indian-fighter and all that—so a lot of them stuck by him. Gilbert wouldn't stand him, so there was a regular quarrel and a split. Gilbert's crew, some twenty of them, came this way; Redden and his gang went the other. I came with Gilbert. He had women and children along, and I wasn't going to desert them in the wilderness.

"Well, we hadn't been separated two days when word came Washoe was on the war-path. We hoped he'd take after Redden—he had cause enough, and he had always been civil to me; but, some dozen miles from here, we began to see signs of Indians. We put ahead as fast as we could—just dodged an ambush, one place—and succeeded in getting into this valley about three o'clock. You may believe we lost no time making for the top of that mesa. We got there all right; for Indians don't like to fight in the day-time, and there were about twenty men of us that would have made a good fight of it.

"And the women would have helped us. I never saw pluckier women than we had along that trip. There was Mrs. Gilbert, as cool and quiet as her husband, and knew how to handle a gun too. And her sister was off the same piece. Mrs. Johnson did turn a little white, and hold her baby tight when she heard the bullets sing; but she didn't scream nor whimper. And there was a girl about sixteen they called Ruth, that was going out with the Gilberts to her father—a little pale brown-eyed thing, with gentle ways and a soft voice. I expected she'd faint the first thing; but land! she was as quiet as a kitten—didn't seem to understand what was going on.

"Well, we got to the top of the mesa, and then we had time to breathe. At first, we thought we would take a night's rest and go ahead all right. There weren't more than thirty Indians in sight, and they couldn't do much harm. So we camped, and the women commenced getting supper in pretty good spirits. But, pretty soon, here come a band of painted warriors down from the north, some fifty of them; and, before we had got through wondering how much chance that left us, up came another troop from the west. They met almost within rifle-range, and held a council. We didn't care much about supper just then.

"But there didn't seem to be anything more we could do. The mesa was too big for twenty men to hold against a hundred and more. We could do it by daylight, maybe, till we tired out; but, if they made a night attack, as they mostly do, there wasn't but mighty little chance for us.

"Pretty soon, a big Indian rode forward and hailed us in Spanish, demanding that we surrender. Of course, we told him to 'go to thunder.' Then there wasn't anything more to do. They didn't even take the trouble to surround us. There they had us fast, and only needed to wait till dark to creep up the mesa in half a dozen places and pounce on us. They just camped and killed a horse for supper as coolly as you please.

"'Twas a lovely evening. Not a cloud, everything bright and sweet, and so still we could hear the Indians talking in their camp. And there we were, strong and healthy to-night, and knew it was ten to one half of us at least would never see another sunrise. We men-folks got together to hold a council and see which of us could plan a way out. Mrs. Gilbert called her sister to go on getting supper—she said we'd fight better if we had a good meal first; and Ruth got the frightened children together, and told 'em that story about Elijah's opening the eyes of his servant to see the plain full of heavenly chariots and horsemen, and sent them off to pick flowers around the mesa quite cheerful. Then she began to walk backward and forward with Johnson's baby, humming to put it to sleep. Mrs. Johnson was off somewhere—praying, I suspect.

"Everything was as still and calm and pretty as could be—and death only a few hours away, for all we could see. We kept suggesting plans, but every one was wilder and more absurd than the last; and finally Johnson burst out, not noticing how near Ruth was:

"'In plain English, we're doomed, and we might as well face it.'

"She heard him. She looked up quick at us with her brown eyes wide open, and turned white. Gilbert made a jump toward her, for he thought she was going to faint; but she shook her head and almost smiled.

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"'I can face it,' she said, very quietly. 'Women can die as well as men.'

"Then she turned and looked all around: at the smooth green prairie, with the grass waving in the wind; at the children running over the mesa, gathering flowers and shouting and laughing; at the women-folks getting supper by the fires—the last meal we might ever eat; at the Indians down below, around their fires; at the rolling knolls beyond, then up at the clear blue sky and the sun not an hour high, and down again at the baby in her arms. It was beginning to fret now, because she stood still.

"She put her hand up to her throat and gave a little gulp. We all looked for her to go into hysterics or something, and I believe I called Johnson an old fool. But just then the baby set up a little cry, and she lifted her head, began walking again, and burst out singing, clear and loud and sweet as ever you heard a young woman in a choir. There wasn't a quiver in her voice, and it was so still it rung all over the prairie. I saw the Indians around their fires look up in surprise. It was like a song of triumph:

"'My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is well-nigh run;
My strongest trials now are past,
My triumph is begun.
Oh, come, angel-band—
Come and around me stand!'

"And the other women, hearing it, seemed to understand. They dropped work, and I could see Mrs. Gilbert's hand shake; but she joined in the chorus. Goodness! I'd heard the song sung before, and I've heard it since, but never to sound like that. It seemed to sweep the solid earth aside like a cobweb and take right hold of Heaven.

"Well, sir, that girl went right on, strong and sweet and clear as if she saw the New Jerusalem coming down, and her harp and crown waiting. The other women joined in, but not so strong; and we men just stared, utterly bewildered, and remembered hymns and verses we hadn't thought of for years. And some of us thought Ruth looked more like a saint or martyr than a mortal, as she walked there in the setting sunshine, with her eyes on the sky, and sang:

"'I know I'm nearing the holy ranks
Of friends and kindred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks—
The crossing must be near!'

"Just then, happening to look down at the Indian camp, I saw one of them leave a group that seemed to be listening, jump onto his horse, and come galloping toward us. But my head was too full of Ruth and the banks of Jordan and the angels to mind the moves of one red devil, so long as I had my rifle in my hands. I don't believe the others noticed him at all till he reached the foot of the mesa and started to come up. Then Gilbert drew a bead on him and shouted 'Halt!' He pulled up, but, without paying any more attention, called out:

"'Ruth! Ruth Clark! What are you doing here?'

"Ruth's song stopped as quick as if she had been shot. She whirled around, looking white and scared, and just stared at him.

"'Yes, it is I,' he said, in as good English as you or I would use. 'You needn't say you don't know me.'

"Then she gave a little scream, 'George!' and ran down toward him. He met her about half-way up the slope. You'd better believe we stared. We didn't understand that sort of thing—and didn't like it, either. The fellow was a renegade, plain enough—and renegades are generally ten times meaner than the savages. Whether his knowing Ruth would make things better or worse, we couldn't tell. She stood there as confiding as if there wasn't a danger within a hundred miles; but we—well, there were half a dozen rifles covering that fellow, and, at the first suspicious move, he would have got their contents. Johnson was more than half inclined to fire anyhow—and I didn't blame him, seeing Ruth had his baby in her arms.

"The fellow dismounted, and they stood talking, maybe ten minutes, though it seemed an age to us. We couldn't make out a word. Only, once or twice, Ruth pointed up the mesa, and once she lifted the baby as if to show him, and once she put her hand on his as if she were coaxing. By and by, he jumped on his horse and galloped off, and Ruth came up on the mesa again. She had been crying, for her eyes were red; but she wouldn't say much—only that it was an old friend and neighbor she hadn't seen for years. Then she began walking and singing again, but this time it was a different song:

"'A mighty Fortress is our God,
A trusty shield and weapon.'

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"We hadn't given up trying to make her tell something, when up to the foot of the hill rode the same big Indian who had demanded our surrender, and hailed us again. The White Crow had urged that we be allowed to go, he told us, and Washoe's heart was tender toward the White Crow; but he could not let the slayer of his son go. But, if we would give up Jim Redden and two others, his particular cronies, Washoe would take them and depart with his warriors, and we might go on our way unmolested.

"The men he asked for had all gone with the other gang, and Gilbert told him so; but he wouldn't believe it, and warned us, if we didn't mind, every man of us should be scalped and our women and children made captives. Gilbert told him again the men weren't there; but he didn't believe, and rode off, threatening all kinds of horrors.

"He hadn't been gone ten minutes before back came the White Crow, as the Indians called him, and Ruth ran down again to meet him. We leveled our rifles again, but there wasn't any call for it. They talked about five minutes, then separated again, and Ruth came back with a bright face.

"'I think God means to save us yet,' she said; and you wouldn't have thought, to hear her, that she was the same girl who had been so glad to be on the banks of Jordan an hour before. Just seemed to be ready to live or die, and glad whichever way the balance swung!

"By that time, we didn't know what to expect; but pretty soon back come the big Indian, with Washoe and the White Crow, and would we let them go through our camp and see whether the men they wanted were there? Well, we didn't like the idea; but, after all, three Indians couldn't do much harm, and, as Gilbert said, our case couldn't be much worse anyhow, so we said: 'Come on.'

"They came, and I am bound to say they behaved very well. They poked and peered into everything that could hide a man, and looked over everything keenly; but they didn't take anything, nor even scare the children. Mrs. Gilbert gave them some sweet-cakes she had been making, and they really seemed to take the big one's fancy. Washoe recognized me, and was very civil. He wanted to know why we parted with Redden, if we had quarreled, and which way he went. I admit we didn't hesitate to tell him. Redden was just about safe by that time, and we weren't.

"Finally, when he had satisfied himself we told the truth, and found out what he wanted, he told us he should go with his warriors and leave us in peace. It was the wish of the White Crow, he said. The White Crow's heart was tender toward the Singing Bird and her people, and the White Crow was the brother of his heart, and he could refuse him nothing.

"Well, I always did hate a renegade like poison; but I never felt like the old man in the poem, who wouldn't let a renegade save his life, and I began to think better of White Crow, only I was afraid for Ruth—some men's mercy is so much worse than their hate. I trembled all over when Washoe patted her on the cheek, with the kindest look I ever saw an Indian chief wear; but he only said: 'The Singing Bird has the heart of a brave. She should be the wife of a chief and have many brave sons.'

"Ruth smiled and thanked him, just as if a gentleman had paid her a compliment, and he went away looking pleased. The big fellow went with him, but White Crow stopped half-way down the hill. We were all half out of our wits with the relief—the women laughing and crying and praising God, and the men not much more sensible—so we hardly noticed that Ruth slipped down to him. They stood and talked, while the Indians held a little council and broke camp. They were all mounted and riding off before he stirred. Then he jumped on his horse and after them, only turning once to call back:

"'It isn't good-bye, Ruth. I shall see you again.'

"That's pretty nigh all. The last of the Indians were out of sight among the buttes before it was quite dark. We set watches, of course, as long as we were in the Indian country; but we never saw anything or had any more trouble."

The old guide drew a long breath, like one who has finished his story; but one at least of his hearers was not satisfied.

"Did the White Crow ever come to see Ruth again?" demanded the girl in front.

"Not so long as she was in the train. I can't say what happened after that. I

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went East a month or two later, and lost track of the Gilberts, Ruth and all. Never heard of any of 'em since, nor the White Crow either. I can tell you how he came to be a renegade, though—that is, his story of it as he told Ruth, and might be so, like enough. You see, their folks had been next-door neighbors for about a dozen years, and they two almost like brother and sister till his folks died and he went to an uncle out West, about two years before we saw him. Out there, he fell in with Jim Redden and chummed with him awhile—Redden was such a capital hunter.

"But one day, when Redden was about half drunk, they started a deer, and, after a long chase, it was popped over by a couple of Indian boys, just before they came in sight. Redden flew into a rage, shot one of the boys, and, if George hadn't grabbed his gun away, would have killed t'other one too. George wouldn't have it nohow, so he ran away unhurt. After that, Redden made George all the trouble he could.

"Finally, there was some bold horse-stealing done, and Redden managed to make his set believe George was concerned. You know, that's a hanging-matter on the frontier—and not much evidence waited for, either, sometimes—so the youngster had to run for his life. He had found out, before that, that the boys who had killed the deer were Washoe's sons; so he took it into his head to go to Washoe—and bless you! the whole tribe welcomed him as if he had been a king. They made him a chief, and whatever he wanted he had.

"But both he and Washoe were wild to get their paws on Redden, and, when they trapped us, they thought they had got him sure. He admitted he was thinking of nothing but getting hold of that scoundrel, when all of a sudden he heard Ruth singing about the 'dews on the banks of Jordan' and being 'almost home.' And that very hymn was the one his mother had had Ruth sing to her just an hour before she died. He knew Ruth's voice, and it brought everything right back.

"He wasn't the stuff regular renegades are made of, anyhow; and I don't suppose he would stay Indian very long. Youngsters often think they would like the life, but they generally get tired of it pretty soon."

"And what of Redden?" the young girl persisted. "Did they catch him?"

"Not that time; but, a year or two afterward, I saw a newspaper-heading: 'Atrocious Massacre! The Red Devils at their Fiendish Work Again!' It went on to tell how a skilled hunter and famous Indian-fighter had been found scalped and horribly mutilated, and called on everybody to rise and avenge him by wiping out the whole red race—man, woman, and child—and down with the Government, if it would let such monsters live. I just read it, and chuckled to think there were men would swallow such stuff."

"It was Redden?" the girl asked.

"Yes, in course! That's the way of it! White man kills an Indian: he's got plenty of excuses, and there's nothing done. Indian kills a white man: nobody stops to ask why. It's an atrocious murder, of course. Only, for my part, I can't blame Washoe much. He never broke faith with anybody that treated him half-way decent."

The train started, and the old guide leaned forward to look again at the mesa.

"It's hardly changed a mite. Seems as though I could see that girl walking back and forth, with the baby in her arms and singing, now," he said, dreamily. "Queer there hasn't been a time since, when it was risky, that I haven't seemed to hear her singing clear and sweet:

"'My latest sun is sinking fast,
My race is well-nigh run.'"

"He doesn't recognize you, though," whispered the gentleman behind, under cover of the noise, to his companion.

"No," she answered, in the same tone. "I scarcely knew him at first. Twenty years make many changes."

"Shall you make yourself known?"

"Not now. As soon as I find him alone, perhaps. Unless you fear he would find out too much," with a questioning smile. "He will be sure to ask me of George, and may not be content with the brief statement that he is living, doing well, and honored by all who know him."

"Don't turn flatterer! Tell him everything, if you like. It's nothing to be proud of, certainly—the darkest spot in my whole life; but I'm not coward enough to deny you a talk with an old friend, I hope. How bright the mesa looks! Bright as when you looked from it into the New Jerusalem. Thank God for that grand old hymn—and for the singer, my dear!"

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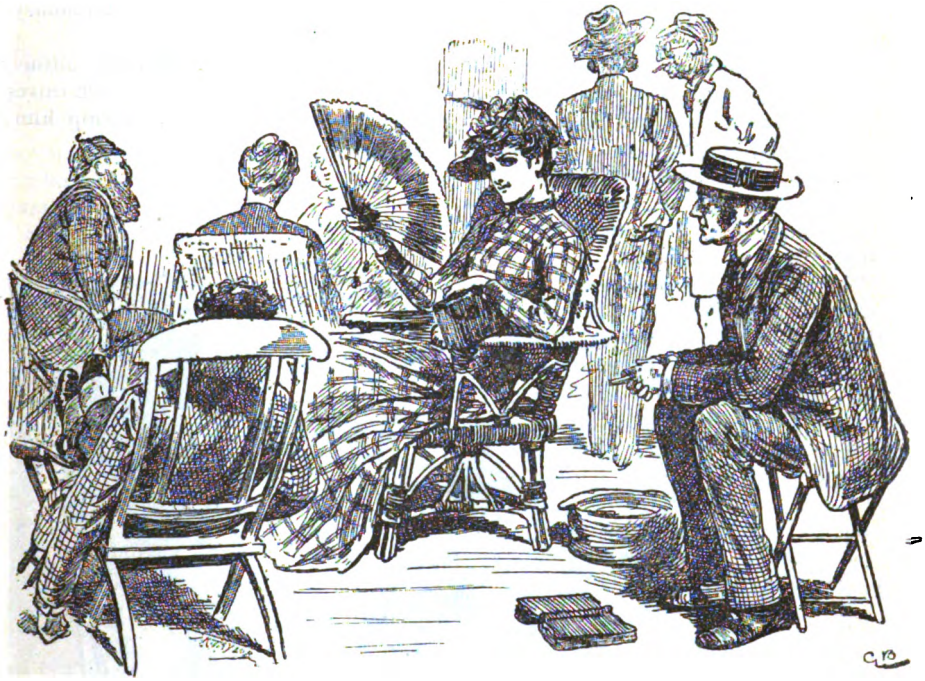
A LOST VOICE.

BY ROBERT C. V. MEYERS.



AT last, Miss Haverly had gone on the voyage that should take her to Paris and Madame Marchesi. She was going out alone. And why? For the simple reason that she had no one to go with her. She possessed a voice and good looks—not such a meagre inheritance, after all, in days of mediocrity. But she hated the life that seemed to be the best that was open to her; the idea of the plaudits of crowded theatres, and even a thousand-a-night engagement, were hateful to her now. Yet at first this future had meant nothing distasteful to her, though it might not be hailed with enthusiasm.

The change was caused by a man. Alas! that a man or a woman so often enters into the failure of the plans of a woman or a man!

He had been in a drawing-room where she had sung, six months back, and he had looked at her in a way that stirred her as no man's look had ever stirred her before or since. He had staid in the room an hour after she had sung her song, and all that time that look had been in his eyes. Then he was gone, and she had not heard his name. Long afterward, she laughed at the idea that she should think of him.

All the same, here she was on shipboard, going out to her future of public life, and that man's look made such future miserable to her, though she would never have confessed so much; and here she was on deck, in her steamer-chair, talking with the banker, who had been nearly killed by the "bulls" and "bears" of the Stock Exchange, and was going over to a German mineral spring to get a substitute for a liver; stretched on a corresponding chair, nearly exhausted by his wrestling with the moving qualities of the ocean, was the Spaniard. She had known the Spaniard a year, during which time she had been afflicted by his chronic attacks of love-making. Now all that he craved was the attention of the steward,

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and Miss Haverly almost drove him wild with her sympathy for his condition and her acceptance of the banker's polite attentions.

The banker was interested in her. Away from the roar of his bovine trade, he was rapidly becoming a very dove and lilting a pretty note into the pink ears of the prima-donna yet to be.

At a certain moment this morning, she was making an interested rejoinder to a felicitous remark he had just made, and had spread her fan a little in a sort of fascinating confusion, when she saw the man she had seen at the musicale six months ago—the man who had since then caused her many an angry thought of herself.

"Who is that?" she asked, sharply.

"Oh," returned the banker, smiling at the wiles a coquettish woman employs, "that is our captain—Captain Trent. He was ill when we sailed—hurt his foot, or something. This is his first day on deck, our third day out."

Captain Trent! She was sure she had not paid attention to the name of the captain of the ship, even if it had been repeated to her—she was careless of so much. Then, where had she heard the name?

A sudden heat came into her face, and on the instant she resolved that the concert-stage was the only life for her. For Captain Trent had been the man her cousin Gerty Towne had jilted when she ran away with the man her father disliked.

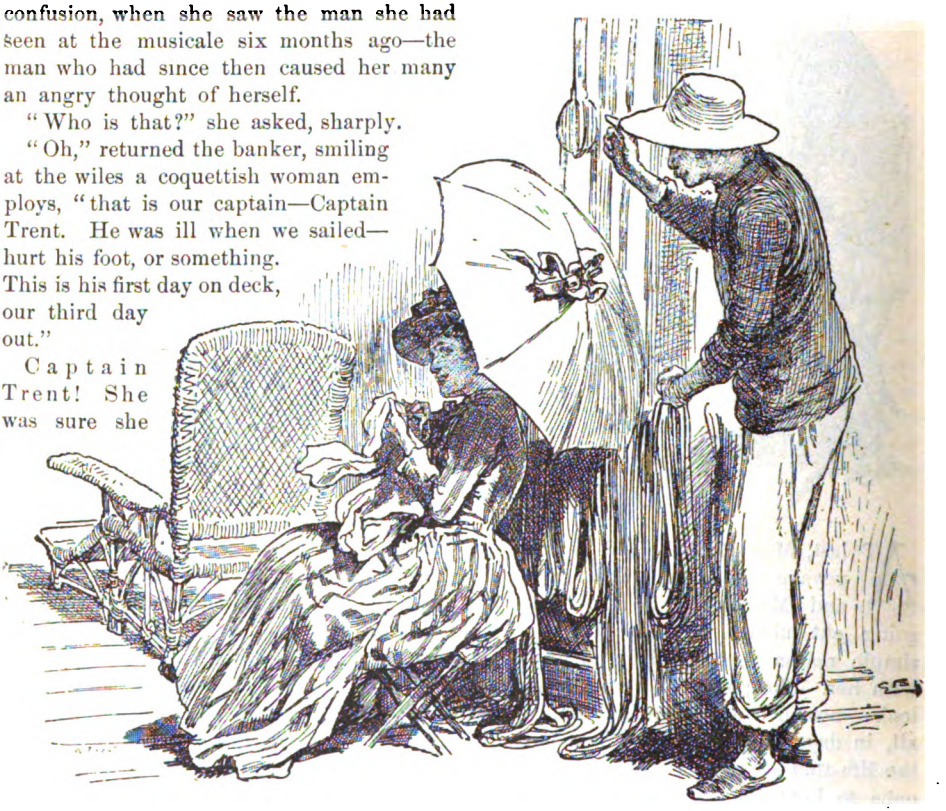
She was said to be the replica of Gerty, and thus now she accounted for Captain Trent's interest in her that time at the musicale.

The banker had rushed over to the captain, to congratulate him on his appearance on deck.

"Thank heaven he is gone!" faintly exploded the Spaniard. "What a moneyed ass he is!"

"Oh, no," cried Miss Haverly, blithely: "he is only one of the world's golden calves."

"Is that the reason you worship him?" demanded the Spaniard.



"Thanks," she said, "for making me out a B.C. heathen. Speaking of calves suggests luncheon. Don Segasta, shall I order something for you—a rare juicy steak?"

The mention of food did for Don Segasta, and he staggered away from her. With a merry word to someone else, Miss Haverly sauntered along the promenade.

A school of mermaids had been discovered by a passenger, and the people crowded forward—perhaps to see the mermaids' golden combs and hand-glasses.

Miss Haverly found a corner amongst

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ropes and things, and began to cry. She did not know why she did it. She raised her parasol to screen herself from view.

"What is lonelier than a lonely woman?" she asked space, the tears running down her face.

"Miss," said a voice, "the tar from the rigging is dripping all over your umberill."

She gave a little scream, and saw that a sailor was beside her.

"What of it?" she said. "I like tar on my umbrella—I came here on purpose to get tar on it." And the man walked away, puzzled.

She dabbed her face with her handkerchief and regained her feet. There was the captain! She looked defiant. He came forward.

"You are—" he began.

"Gerty Towne's cousin," she finished.

He drew back.

"I beg your pardon," said he.

"Don't apologize to me for my existence!" she cried. "I could not help it—Gerty's mother was my father's sister; they were born so."

He looked at her as the warning sailor had looked at her, whereat she began to cry again.

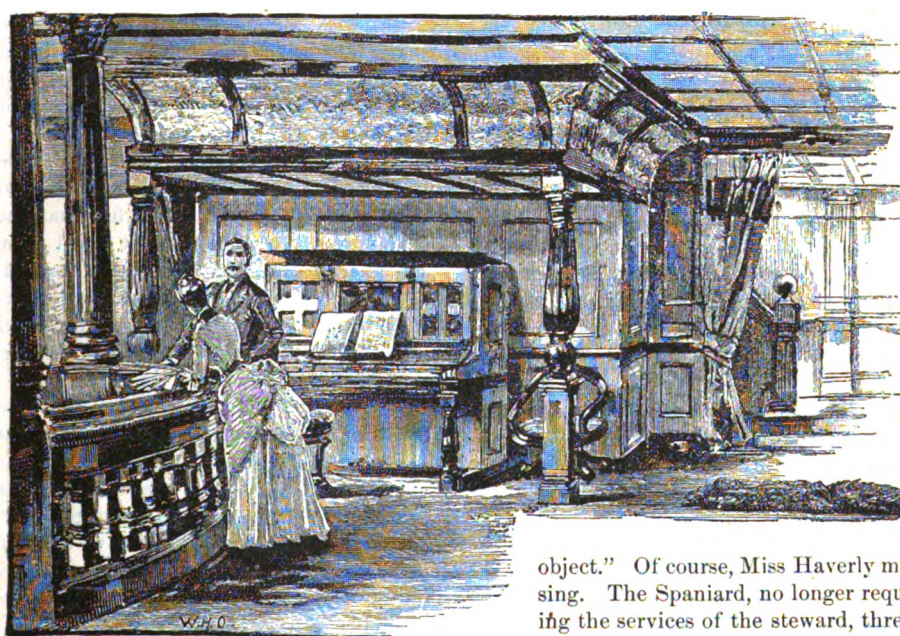
Before she knew what she was about, she had told him her story and what her future was to be.

"I will send you your first bouquet," he said.

At that, she saw what a dunce she had been, and she laughed a rejoinder and turned away with the banker, who opportunely came up with a Baedeker.

She hated Captain Trent after that—hated him more because she had insulted him by reference to Gerty Towne. He did not come near her for three days, but she knew he often looked at her.

The night of the sixth day out, there was the inevitable concert for a "benevolent object." Of course, Miss Haverly must sing. The Spaniard, no longer requiring the services of the steward, threatened to give the "Toreador's Song." The banker paid fifty dollars for a ticket.



And Miss Haverly sang.

She would begin her career here—she would conquer criticism, represented in the captain, whom she believed to be antagonistic to her. She sang a fearful cavatina, in which she improvised so many difficult cadenzas that the German accompanist declared that she "raddled" him, and gave over playing for her.

At the end, she had a violent coughing-spell; but she saw that Captain Trent's hand did not applaud.

"He belongs to the ballad set!" she thought, a little contemptuously.

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Seating herself at the piano, she sang "Annie Laurie." She sang it simply and gently, and there might have been heard the dropping of the traditional pin—a belaying-pin, in this case.

Again came the applause.

"You are meant for La Scala!" said the Spaniard, his great eyes ablaze.

There were wild possibilities in the gaze of the banker.

But Captain Trent looked amused.

Then Miss Haverly did the hackneyed—she sang "Home, Sweet Home." No matter if she touched the hearts of her audience—she touched her own; she missed something she had never owned, what she had always longed for—a home and homely affection: she sang of her life with strangers since her earliest orphaned years, of her loneliness, her dearth of all that a woman with a heart like hers must esteem as the best of all—she sang of home!

And she was lost to all things, and her heart ached.

She ended the song, and a little girl brought her a bouquet. The flowers were cold as death—they had been preserved in a refrigerator!

"From Captain Trent," said the child.

So he had kept his word: he had sent her her first bouquet—and the flowers were dead and frozen!

Well, the concert was over, and the people went up to see the late moonrise; all save Miss Haverly and the Spaniard—he had detained her. They lounged in the saloon, just by the companion-way. There the grandee with a name a yard long asked her to be his wife.

"The home you sang of shall be yours," he said. "Think of Seville—Murillo's town, my home—the scent of oranges in the air, the saintship you will gain for your voice—"

What more he said slipped past her. She thought of the life he offered; why should she not accept it? He was a gentleman; he had long told her that he cared for her—he would do what he could to make her happy.

She looked into his earnest face and saw pride of her there—pride and kindly protection. What more could she expect than this?

Just then, a step was heard on deck: she saw Captain Trent up there. She turned from the Spaniard.

"I thank you," she said; "pray believe that I thank you. And good-night!"

That was all. She went to her state-room, and, the frozen flowers unconsciously clasped in her hand, sat upon the edge of her berth. The bells rang out, the throb of the pulse of the engine went through the ship—the energy of its heart. She looked at her watch: it was past midnight.

It was against the rules, but she went up on deck. She stood beside the wheel. All was silent—all dark? There is no silence, no darkness, upon the sea; the heavens were alight with stars, the water was another heaven, with all the stars there too. The black ship churned along, cutting scintillant wavelets out of smoothness. Far to the west lay the moon; it made a streak the color of steel over the deck, like a knife.

She stood in this streak. A wind came up and bit at her. There was a suppressed wildness all around her. She felt that she must express herself—she must sing! She opened her lips, and no sound came. Startled, she tried again. Again her lips were mute, except for a harsh rattle. She turned her back to the wind that moaned in the rigging, and tried once more.

No use! Her voice was gone; she had broken it, and "Home, Sweet Home" was the last song she should ever sing.

She almost laughed. Now was she in a plight indeed—now was she stranded.

Love! The banker might have married her for her voice—would the Spaniard have done more?

And her voice was gone!

A bouquet of frozen roses was a meet tribute to the singer who had sung her last song. The flowers suggested the sender of them. How he must despise her for herself! What was there left of joy for her?

She walked to the ship's side. Ah, the hurrying resistless water, restless from the uprising of one day's sun to another's! So was life—unhappy, unattaining. Did the water ever know rest? Rest! the desire of all life, of every wistful soul. Rest!

Her hand was on the rail. How strange it was that one step beyond, and never-ceasing rest might be attained; one step, and the ship would go on, and one more pallid face would be turned up to the stars, and—

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A hand touched her arm: Captain Trent stood beside her.

"I know I should not be here," she began.

"I too was restless," he interrupted, "after your singing."

"You will never hear me sing again," she laughed, recklessly. "My first and last bouquet has been sent me, and they were dead flowers. See!" She had the flowers at her side, under her jacket.

He looked at her inquiringly.

"My voice has left me," she said. "It broke while I sang that florid cavatina; it ended when I sang the song of home."

He could not understand at first, and argued with her, combating her theory that her art could avail her nothing now.

"Oh, no," she said; "I know how it is. Let us say nothing more about it. Instead, I should apologize for speaking as I did of my cousin Gertrude. You see, I know your story."

"As I know yours. I heard it to-night."

"My story? To-night?"

"Accidentally I heard a man tell you that he loved you. I was waiting on deck to thank you for your last song, when I heard Don Segasta speak with you in the saloon. Be fair to yourself, Miss Haverly—a good man's love is worth much to any woman. But forgive my presumption in speaking thus to you; I almost forget at times that we are strangers."

She looked up at him.

"It is my likeness to Gerty," she said. "Would you have advised her as you have advised me?"

"She has answered that herself," he returned, quietly. "Did she not marry the man she loved?" And so he left her.

Miss Haverly took the crushed flowers from her side, pressed them to her lips, and threw them into the watery waste, and so left the deck.

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In the morning, the banker met her, and was about to become personal, when Don Segasta came up with an air of authority

"I will never sing this song," she said, slowly; and, with an inclination of the head, he left her.

and claimed her. The Spaniard found her a seat and handed her some music, which she looked over with a quizzical expression of face.

"You need not answer in words the question I asked you last night," he said. "Let me hear you sing this song—that will be my answer. Have I not been patient—delicate?"

She glanced up angrily, when Captain Trent, spy-glass in hand, passed by. He gave her a look; he told her thus that he knew the decisive moment had come for her, and he warned her not to wreck her happiness. But her face hardened, her eyes shone like glass; she made the sheet of music into a roll and handed it to the Spaniard.

So Captain Trent found her. She was ghastly.

"You are ill," he said, pausing in his walk.

"What if I am?" she answered, bitterly. "Has anyone more reason for illness? When this ship reaches Liverpool, I must take the next vessel for home. Home! I mean America, that large promise of aliens! I have lost my only means of gaining a living, and I have rejected an honest man's love. Could there be a woman with poorer health than I?"

"Yes," he said, holding out his hand to her: "the woman who could marry a man without loving him."

She faltered; she felt like sinking. What did he mean?

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"Do you mind the time I first saw you?" he was going on, rapidly. "I thought how much you looked like your cousin, yet with a something ineffable in you never possessed by her—at least, for me. I inquired about you, heard much regarding you—that resemblance to your cousin actuating me at first, no doubt. I seemed to know you before I had met you, and I was glad when I knew you would make this voyage on my ship—gladder than all, that Don Segasta is nothing to you." In a flash, in a moment, it was done, and he had touched her hand.

"When you know me better," she stammered, "my faults—"

"Hush!" said he. "You shall know me better also, after a while."

"But my voice—that is lost."

"Your voice? That can never be lost while you can say 'yes' to the man who loves you and whom you love—that little word, the sweetest song a woman's lips can sing!"

She let her hand slide into his, though her head fell and she gave a convulsive sob.

How blue was the sky! how blue was the water! Overhead there sailed, in that higher ocean of air, a pure white bird, that told this man and this woman that land was ahead, and that the sparkling sea would soon bear them into port.

AN OLDEN TUNE.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

COME, dear one, lay your knitting by,
  You need not work to-night;
But let your fingers find employ
  With something sweet and light.
I've brought the dear old spinet out—
  We'll have some music soon;
So let us both be young again,
  And you must play a tune.

I know the keys are yellow now,
  Your fingers somewhat bent;
But surely we have something left
  Of by-gone merriment.
In fancy, let us tread again
  Life's flowery month of June,
And turn the leaves of memory back
  And try an olden tune.

Ah, that is it! I told you, wife,
  I knew that you could play;
Why, I could almost sing and dance,
  It makes me feel so gay.
I see again the dear old house,
  The long and pleasant hall,
And think me of the summer night
  We danced there at the ball.

I see you in that quaint brocade,
  With powder on your hair:
Of all the many lasses sweet,
  The fairest of the fair!
You danced with me a dozen times,
  And it was plain to see
That half the gallant fellows there
  Were envious of me.

Just play that strain again, my dear—
  I'd hear it o'er and o'er;
You play it sweeter every time
  Than e'er you did before.
The spinet has not lost its sound,
  You have not lost your skill;
I have not lost my voice, I think,
  Though long it has been still.

I know that you can sing as sweet
  As in the days gone by;
So, let us sing that old duet—
  'Twill do no harm to try.
Why, how it all comes back again
  With all the old delight!
We never sang it better, dear,
  Than we have done to-night.

What though our locks are like the snow,
  And wrinkles cross the brow?
If in our hearts we still are young,
  Why not be merry now?
'Tis strange how memory will bring
  Such sweet delight so soon,
And all upon the simple strains
  Of one familiar tune.

I'm glad you laid your knitting by
  A little while to-night,
Your fingers found such sweet employ
  And made our hearts so light.
We'll leave the spinet open, dear,
  And oftentimes and soon
We'll turn the leaves of memory back
  With many an olden tune.

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ALICIA MARY.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

THE letter was written fully a hundred years ago, in the days when postage-rates were high, and steel pens yet uninvented; when the writing-paper was of coarser texture than wrapping-paper nowadays, and intersected with minute lines like the impression of a hair; when close-covered pages, addressed to "Honored Madame" or "My esteemed Friend," were filled out from day to day, somewhat in diary fashion, and the whole—folded without an envelope—was sealed with little patches of red wax. Such an epistle, sixteen pages long and in a queer little handwriting which one might call coquettish, did Mistress Sophy Dalrymple send to a favored correspondent. Now, though Mistress Sophy has but little to do with this tale, a certain passage from her pen may well serve as an introduction. Thus it runs:

"But the Ball, the fine Ball, whereof I promist to tell you. 'Twas at Major Grayson's, and a most admirable Success, being attended by all the best Quality hereabouts, and the Supper most excellently cooked and served, though the Vyolin Musick was not so good as it should have been. I wore my blue and gold Brocade, which (to tell Truth) is getting rather shabby; but what care I to shine amongst these Rusticks? Yet, for the matter of that, they appear as high and mighty as if they were the grandest folk in the World (which, no doubt, they think themselves), and affect more dignity than even the Lords and Ladies I met in England itself. Nevertheless, I wear my faded Gowns and save my good ones for fresh handsomeness at Annapolis, this coming Winter. To my mind, the Beauty and Belle of that Night was the lovely Miss Stillbrook, of whom I told you in my last. Indeed, I never saw a finer Shape, or Eyes of such spirit and luster, by Sweetness delicately enhanced. The fairness of her Complexion was set off by the Colour of her Gown, it being that new and charming Tint they call Soupir Étouffé, the Boddice à-la-Mariniere with Canary-coloured Collar and Trimmings. Rumour says it cost a pretty price in London. Be it confest, my Dear, she threw all the rest of us Women into the Shade. The Men thronged around her, yet I could see that she cared for none of them but that Edgar Cunningham you've heard of so often. He is handsome enough, even for Her, and has the most charming Grace of Manner withal—and that she is deep in love with him, I am certain; but 'tis said her Brother, Colonel Stillbrook, bears him no good liking and will never consent that Alicia Mary should have the young man. In sooth, Folks say this Prince Charming of hers is a sadly spendthrift Fellow, and, moreover, that his gallantries to various other Fair Ones have sometimes spoilt Reputations as well as broken Hearts. I've heard more queer Tales concerning him than I have space to write you. Be they true or false, dear knows! I'd not choose Colonel Stillbrook to sit in judgement on my Sins. The look of his stern gray Eyes would be enough to fright poor little Me into a duck-fit, and there's no question about his meting out the hardest Punishment convenient. He is thirty-six, and looks ten Years older; is mighty glum and sarcastical, and the most indifferent of Dancers; yet, when he most ungraciously deigned to appear on the floor the other Night, why, Mercy! what a setting of caps and making of great Eyes there was! I've a notion your Cousin, little Polly Arnsham, has somehow caught his fancy. Think of her sitting tongue-tied in the Corner and blushing if a body looks that way; think of her carrying off the prize Match of the whole County! A suitably docile Wife she'd make Him, no doubt—and we'll see what we will see. If Alicia Mary has

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half the Will of her own that her Face would seem to express, no Consent will she ask of my Lord Brother; and I'll wager my Sapphire Ring against your little Opal that Cunningham is her wedded Husband before the Twelvemonth be past; and, if she leaves the Colonel, trust me, he will marry Polly."

That Mistress Sophy was a keen-eyed little lady, and a shrewd guesser too, events proved when both the weddings she predicted came to pass only a few months later.

Colonel Stillbrook gave his sister the grandest wedding ever known in all those parts, and watched her going away, when it was over, without any show of grief; but Alicia Mary Stillbrook was as strong in heart's affection as in will. She was impulsive, also. The fire of her wayward pride was almost quenched in tears when, with both arms around his neck, she pressed her cheek to her brother's. "Good-bye, good-bye," she sobbed; "love me always. And if—and if I have offended you, forgive it—forget it—and bethink you of the times when we were happy at home, all in all to each other."

"There! there!" said the colonel, rather stiffly. He was not demonstrative or given to caressing. "I'm not offended with you, my dear. What you have done is only natural—perhaps. But I've something to tell you before you go. Remember this: that when Edgar Cunningham gets tired of you and begins to use you ill—come back to me then for help and shelter. But mind—do not bring him with you," he added, with a frowning glance toward the object of his dislike, who stood at a little distance, impatiently waiting.

Alicia Mary snatched her arm away and stamped her foot passionately.

"How can you say such hateful things about my dear?" she cried. "How dare you say it? Do you think I would come back—could live without him? He loves me better than ever you did. I hate you for those words."

Nevertheless, her cheek went down again upon his shoulder, and, when the carriage was driven away some minutes later, she leaned from the window till it passed out of sight, waving her white hand again and again.

"I wonder how long it will be before she comes back to me," muttered Colonel Stillbrook, half aloud, as he went into his lonely house; and the sad frown on his face grew darker as he spoke.

Mrs. Cunningham did not come to her brother's marriage, nor did the home of her girlhood see her again for many a long day. Her letters to the colonel, as time went on, became fewer and far between. At first, she wrote much of her husband—his devotion to herself, his wit, his popularity among the gay and fashionable people of Annapolis; she humbly believing that her own social success was but a mild reflection of his glory. But presently his name was less frequently mentioned; then, never at all. "Ah!" thought Colonel Stillbrook, "he begins to neglect her now. He shows her all the selfish baseness of his nature, and she will suffer almost death before betraying her disappointment. When will she own the truth, I wonder, and come home to me?"

There were not wanting rumors, hints of certain painful facts—though nothing more than he had always expected—to confirm, as the months and years went by, the colonel's unfavorable estimate of his brother-in-law. Alicia Mary was not one to bear and forbear forever; and never did he doubt the certainty of her final revulsion and return. And at last, without previous message of warning—and when her brother was not there to welcome her—she came.

It was upon an evening of one of those lovely autumn days when the ghost of summer returns to look at us with haunting eyes: eyes that shine but dimly through a strange dreamy haze—that appeal to a hundred tender memories of her beauty, though their old fervor is gone and the glad passion of her song has sunk to a pathetic whisper suggestive of tears. A low red sun flashed its rays into the front of Mrs. Cunningham's carriage while it came up the long walnut-tree avenue, and, as the evening wind began to stir, a yellow rain of leaves fell softly all around. The old negro driver was chattering gayly with the two bright-eyed beautiful children, who had climbed up on his high perch and were listening delightedly. The tired horses, as if knowing by instinct that their journey was almost over, broke into a joyous trot. But the pale lady within sat motionless,

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looking out with sad painful intensity at the familiar scene before her.

The picture showed a dull warmth of color, brightened here and there by slanting sun-rays. The walls of the old house, built on a sheltered level and encircled by trees, were of a sober red, half scarlet, half crimson. Two great acacia-trees stretched their long branches across the roof and about the chimneys, as if in a kindly embrace. From those dormer-windows, she had often climbed out on the wide greenish stretch of shingles to reach the white, sweet, pendent blossoms of these trees. There, beneath yon window, was a rose-bush she had planted. Here, stretched upon the grass, half asleep, lay the fine old pointer-dog who had been her own favorite pet before she went away. Everything she saw called up some dear and pleasant memory.

Colonel Stillbrook was away from home, and Mrs. Colonel Stillbrook felt smaller and shyer than usual as she met these guests and tried to do the honors of her house. But she bustled about, giving orders for their comfort, and had a glowing fire kindled in the great parlor when twilight closed in; and the tall, pale, silent lady, seating herself near its blaze, seemed to catch therefrom a little warmth and brightness. There was she, with her two little ones beside her—tiny timid Alice and restless talkative Ned—when her brother presently entered.

The meeting between them was quiet enough. After one grave kiss, the colonel, still holding both of her hands, took a long keen look at the face he had last seen so bright with hope and happiness and girlish bloom. It was sadly careworn now. The oval of her cheeks had given place to mournful hollows. Her eyes were mournful, too. She looked much older, colder, with a self-repressed sternness of feature and manner; and her likeness to himself had greatly increased. In the arrangement of her dress—of originally handsome material, but now both soiled and worn—his keen glance noted also a change for the worse.

For a moment, there was silence between them; then he broke it with a single tentative word. "Well?" he said, like one who encourages an expected confession. "Well?"

She laughed a sad little laugh, as she returned his glance.

"Well!" she answered, "I've come back, my brother—to claim the shelter you promised me that day. Your words have all come true: I have come back. Will you take us in—me and mine?"

The colonel drew a long deep breath. His face grew dark, but the fire that kindled in his eyes seemed as much of triumph as anger.

"Your question was answered years ago, my dear," he rejoined; then added, half affirmatively:

"He has used you ill?"

With flashing eyes, she began restlessly to pace the floor. "Used me ill?" she said, passionately. "Used me ill? That is as one looks at it, I suppose. He would say 'No.' He has but stabbed me to the heart with his gay careless words—tortured me daily with heartless smiles, hateful good-nature. When I asked the bread of reasonable speech, he gave me jests as hard as stones. I've tried to anger him. Hard words would have been like medicine to me sometimes—I craved the harsh incitement of a blow. Anger shows some stir of conscience that may lead to better things. Conscience! He has no conscience. He laughed at me. He laughed! Why, he has not so much honest partiality as may be kindled into rage."

She paused in her walk, and, putting up one hand, steadied herself against the high mantel-shelf.

"Brother!" she cried, harshly, "why didn't you kill me when I left you for—when I loved that man?"

Colonel Stillbrook leaned back in his chair and looked at her with a sadly sarcastic smile.

"And you think that is all over?" he said. "You think your affection for him a thing of the past? I tell you, Alicia, my dear, I do not believe it. You may deceive yourself—till you see him again. If he come to seek you—at the first sound of his voice, the sight of his handsome face—"

"Never! never!" she interrupted, and drew herself proudly up, looking more like the colonel than ever; "I will never go back. Do you hear? I tell you, I hate him! Listen while I tell you all."

She resumed her restless tread—a bright flush beginning to burn on her cheeks, her dry hollow eyes shining fitfully. It was a bitter confession for a proud woman to make.

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"I kept it to myself," she said. "I vowed never to tell any living soul that I had been a fool and come to know myself the wretchedest woman alive; and because you had warned me at first, I hated for you to hear it worst of all. I said to myself—when my heart seemed fit to break—I vowed you should never know. When you wrote me to come and see you, I would not, for fear you should find it out. But now I do not care to keep it secret any more. You shall know all—everything. I must tell it or go mad. So far as concerns my husband, nothing can ever make it better or worse. He is what he is. I suppose God made him so. Perhaps he is not so much to blame for having such a nature. But I am what I am, also. Our ways from this day must lie far, far apart."

"I can guess what you have to tell," said her brother, grimly. "Well, go on."

"I think he did care for me a little at the first—that is, as much as he could for anyone besides himself. But he tired of me soon, and took no pains to hide it; and then—well, I had built my house on the sand, and had no right to cry out for sympathy when it fell down all about my head. He has wasted all my fortune as well as his own, and, when I warned him—begged him—to be a little more careful for the children's sake, he laughed. He always laughed. My slaves are all gone. He sold them, every one, though he knew I hated such dreadful traffic in flesh and blood. I went down on my knees then and begged him not to do it, and he answered me with jests about my tender conscience. He would lavish all away on his own selfish pleasures, whilst I and my children went often cold and hungry. The children—I thank God such pinching times are over for them now! However, I might have endured all that," she continued, wearily, "had it been the worst of his doings. But I found a letter he had written. I found—there were other women—you know—"

Her voice broke pantingly. Colonel Stillbrook clenched his right hand, with a fierce look into the fire.

"He does not know that I have come here," she went on, after a while. "He had gone away for his own pleasure. I have come here for mine. Here will I stay. I'll read the old books, and sing the old songs, and think of the old times before I ever knew Edgar Cunningham. I'll be easy-hearted and happy. I will—I will! I am better already. See, I can smile. Polly, my little sister, you must love me. I was cold awhile ago, but this fire has warmed me through. Ah! 'tis a glorious blaze! 'Twas in this very room that we danced on my birthday once. Do you remember, brother? How we all laughed when you slipped on the waxed floor, walking across it so straight and grave. I could almost dance to-night, I am so glad to be at home. Can you dance, Polly? and don't you love it, too? Come, brother: why are you so silent? Talk to me. Tell me all about your doings; tell me something—anything—to make me forget myself."

So Mrs. Cunningham and her two children staid behind when the empty carriage was driven back—a long day's journey—to Annapolis. With it, she sent a letter to her husband, to which no answer came; and whether or not she expected one, nobody could tell. Her brother, at least, was well pleased to observe the fact.

Colonel Stillbrook had always loved his sister better than anyone else in the world, and, during the days and weeks which followed, he softened into positive geniality beneath the influence of her presence—thus returning, Indian-summer-like, to his autumnal years. Little Madame Polly, too sweet-tempered for jealousy, conceived, on her part, an enthusiastic devotion for Alicia Mary, and took the little ones to her very heart. And so the household was peaceful and content, all but one member of it—and that was Mrs. Cunningham.

In spite of her resolve to be happy and forget the past, she seemed a long time in reaching that desirable state of things. She used at first to wander in and out of doors, like a restless spirit—starting painfully at any unusual sound, and always looking, looking, down the walnut-tree avenue, as if someone whom she longed for or dreaded might come that way. More than once, on catching some glimpse of a horseman approaching among the trees, she ran to the window, all a-tremble; and, when she saw that it was only one of the neighboring gentlemen coming to visit her brother, it would have been hard for the closest observer to analyze the expression of her face.

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But she courted peace persistently, and seemed to attain it at last—or some state of self-repression that fairly resembled peace. She busied herself with household management, while Polly frolicked with Ned and Alice or went visiting. She sewed; she knitted; she spun on the big wheel, as she had learned to do long years before. The steps, the motions that now kept time to its whirring song, were graceful as ever; but alas for the old joyous lightness! Where had it gone?

She also read and re-read all the novels contained in the library—queer tedious romances of that day. There was "Clarissa," and half a score of others quite as dull and long, written in humble imitation of it by various admirers of the great Mr. Samuel Richardson. It is probable that Mrs. Cunningham was not blind to their affected absurdity; but she did not by any means despise the consolation which many another sad and disappointed woman has found, and will go on finding as long as the world lasts, in the fiction of her day. Thus a whole year passed away, and she was still at the old home. Some of the neighboring people who had known her before her marriage now came, half kind, half curious, to renew the acquaintance, and were surprised to find her so handsome, so cheerful, so like what Alicia Mary Stillbrook had been eight years ago. Only, as Mistress Sophy Dalrymple once remarked to a friend, after one of these visits, her laugh was sadly forced and she scarcely smiled at all. "Poor girl!" would be the comment. "What a pity she married the man that she did."

It was just a year from the time of her return when the person whom she had perhaps been secretly expecting all the while at last made his appearance.

Mrs. Stillbrook and the two children were loitering out under the walnut-trees, one evening, when he came pacing leisurely—a tall, handsome, slender figure on his mettlesome steed—up the long avenue, and gracefully dismounted beside them.

It seemed rather odd that, at sight of so extremely pleasant-looking a father, both Alice and Ned should have hidden behind their aunt, without one sign of aught but terror and dislike in their faces; but so it was. The key-note of their startled cry "Papa!" was unmistakable, as they clung to Polly's skirts. The tall gentleman, having made a courtly bow to Mrs. Stillbrook, turned to them, half laughing and half frowning. "You little fools!" said he, yet in the sweetest of voices, "I see you've not forgot me." Then, snatching up little Alice in his arms, with a "Now I have you!" he pressed his lips several times to her soft rosy cheek—slowly, and with an air of luxurious enjoyment. The child shrank and trembled, but he made no attempt to soothe her. The whole nature of the man—with its refined enjoyment of purely physical pleasure, its gentle yet cruel selfishness—was hinted in that most unfatherly kiss.

The eight years which had transformed his wife from a lovely blooming girl into a worn and sorrowful woman seemed to have passed lightly enough over Mr. Edgar Cunningham. Polly knew him at once, even before that outcry from the little ones. For all change in his countenance, it might have been yesterday that she saw him last, standing proudly by Alicia Mary's side, the comeliest, most debonair of bridegrooms. Yesterday! eight years ago! The look of him, the soft solicitous tone in which he presently asked after his wife, left Mrs. Stillbrook in such confusion that she really began to doubt the lapse of time. Was this the tender ardent lover, or the perfidious heartless husband? asked the little lady, of her bewildered self. The thought of wolves in sheep's clothing, of whited sepulchres, flitted across her mind, which utterly failed to connect either with the face and form beside her. "He has not so much honest partiality as may be kindled into rage." The wife's words, spoken a twelvemonth before, now rang on Polly's memory with a sudden curious harshness.

We need not repeat what was most adroitly spoken in Mrs. Stillbrook's ear, as she walked with this new-comer slowly to the house. A more discerning and worldly-wise person might have seen two motives for his present quest—to see Alicia Mary—sticking out through all the seeming penitence, the ingenious self-justification; namely, the vanity of the false lover who would assert his power over a rebellious resentful woman, and the selfishness of the man trying to win back a wife who, however jealous and troublesome at times, is still in some degree necessary to his comfort and convenience. It was

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but another proof of Mr. Edgar Cunningham's fascinating influence, added to a long, long list, that, before they reached the hall door, he had fully won over the enemy's wife, if not his own, to his side of the contest.

But Polly had no time for intercessory pleading; for, when, leaving Mr. Cunningham to wait alone in the parlor, she went to seek his wife, she found the colonel and Alicia Mary closeted together, both already acquainted with the knowledge of this arrival. They hardly looked at Polly—hardly seemed to heed or hear the message which she faltered out: an earnest request from Mr. Cunningham for five minutes' talk with his wife. It was as if both knew by intuition why he had come. They were debating a sorely puzzling question: should she see him, or not?

Polly was frightened at the sudden change in her usually stately and well-controlled sister-in-law. Mrs. Cunningham stood leaning heavily against a chair-back, trembling as if the support were needful. Her face was deadly pale; her wan bluish lips were set. In her haggard downcast eyes gleamed fitfully the worst of all terrors—the helpless doubting fear of self. Her hands were tightly clasped together; her proud head was pitifully bent. Bolt-upright before her, drawn to his full height, stood Colonel Stillbrook, looking dark and hard and stern.

Mrs. Cunningham was speaking when Polly entered. Presently she went on, in a curious hoarse broken voice and as if half to herself: "I thought I was safe—I thought I was strong—and now!"

So that most comfortable structure that she had spent so many months in building on the foundation of her own overrated strength of will, close-curtained with self-delusion and lighted by a cherished flame of content—this seemingly safe dwelling-place had fallen down at the sound of a voice, the echo of a footstep, and left her scared and trembling amid its ruins. How clearly she remembered now what Colonel Stillbrook had said on that first evening of her return—his prediction that, if Edgar Cunningham ever came to her, she would be as wax to a flame. Her own indignant "Never! I tell you, I hate him!" rose up to taunt her with weak inconsistency. With shame, she now realized that he had spoken truth. The old affection was still alive, yet so strangely mingled with some other feeling—hatred, perhaps—that she could not have told whether her heart's desire was reconciliation or revenge.

"Why do you hesitate?" said her brother, sharply. "You have declared to me that you love him no longer. Why should you run the risk of—why should you see him now? Listen to me, Alicia: No brother ever loved a sister more than I love you. You know it, my dear. But what did Edgar Cunningham ever give you under his roof but neglect, indifference, and even—"

"I also was to blame," she interrupted, with a piteous effort at steadiness; "I spared neither taunt nor upbraiding. I made no concession to win him back. Let me confess it now. I too was in fault."

"To win him back?" cried Colonel Stillbrook, scornfully. "To win back what? his love? Why, he never knew the meaning of that word. He never truly cared for you. I wonder what has moved him to come here now. Perhaps one of his fair enslavers has turned him the cold shoulder, and, knowing that you can't resist him, that it only needs the sight of him and a few soft words—"

"No, no!" she broke in. "I am not so poor a fool. I've not forgotten my wrongs. But I must see him myself. You need not be afraid. Let me go now."

Her hand was on the door-latch when the colonel laid his own—strong, cold, unyielding—upon her shoulder.

"Wait—listen to me," he said, almost savage in his earnestness: "You must not go into that room. You must not see that man. Do you think yourself strong? You are weak, I tell you—weak. Be silent, Polly! Alicia, promise me never to see Edgar Cunningham again, and I will make you a promise in my turn: I'll give you a home and that love you have proved before this and found true. I'll do for your children what I would for my own, had we been blessed with any. I'll spare no pains to make you and yours happy. Make your choice now between all this and Edgar Cunningham, once for all—for I swear before Heaven that, if you go to him or speak to him, I will never see you again—yes, much as I love you—or receive you under my roof! You know that I mean what I say."

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She stood perfectly still, save that he felt a faint shiver run through her under his hand. Her gaze was on the floor, and the look of drawn intensity upon her face would have moved her brother's pity in any other case; but he was strong in the prudence and justice of his words, and unconscious of their cruelty. For a while, there was dead silence. He set his back against the door and waited her answer composedly, as, recognizing the importance of that moment for her, he would have waited till sundown.

And Alicia Mary? Who can tell what was passing through her mind in that little space of time? What thoughts, emotions, might have been revealed by the lifting of those downcast lashes? Once or twice, she tried to speak; but her lips gave forth no sound. She raised her hand to her eyes in a hard convulsive pressure, and then let it fall again heavily to her side. Several moments passed, when, looking up, she said, in a strangely cold and steady tone: "Well, I promise. Do you hear? I promise—never to see him again, never to go back to him. I promise—so help me God."

"My own sister!" exclaimed the colonel, with relief and triumph mingled in his voice. "There's my own girl! I thought your pride would carry you safe through. And now I will see Mr. Edgar Cunningham. What I have just told you concerning the children I will also say to him, and, if he has aught to speak of you or them, let it be spoken now. We will settle this matter betwixt us, once and for all."

After her brother left her, Mrs. Cunningham stood for a while, gazing at the door which had just closed upon him. Once or twice, she started eagerly forward and stretched out her hand, as if to raise the latch—who knows with what impulse of recall or enforcement, of softening or still bitterer denial? The man was her wedded husband, the father of her children; the tie had been—still was, in legal right, as in unrelenting memories of their past—the closest possible on earth. And she had loved him- first, last, and only love of its kind that her life had ever known or could ever know. Should she, could she, let him go without one word, one look? It was not yet too late, in actuality. But her promise—her wrongs—her proud resolution—the separate path she had set before her and stubbornly trodden, a twelvemonth and more! "Never! I hate him. I will never go back." She had meant the words when she spoke them a year ago, and yet—and yet—had she not proved that she could live without him? Yes, she could live. Ah, merciful Heaven! how long would she live? She could live without him in a sort of peace—peace without love. Knowing as she did the shallow falseness of his nature, she also knew full well that, whatever protestations he might make now, for her to live with him again would be torturing love without peace. What tumult of mingled feeling, darting tenderness and revengeful triumph, jealousy and unreasonable yearning, those moments held for her, who can guess without being likewise bitterly tried? Still, after each impulsive uplifting, the white hand drew back from the door-latch and fell again, while Polly stood and watched her, awe-stricken into like silence. At last, Mrs. Cunningham turned quickly, violently, and, breaking from her sister's arms, thrown with sudden courage around her, she ran bareheaded out of the room by another outer door into the shrubbery.

"I cannot breathe in the house," she said, as she went, in a hoarse stifled tone; and Polly, who had often seen her do the like before, after a fit of musing, made no further attempt to stay or follow her.

Whatever was said between Colonel Stillbrook and Mr. Cunningham during that interview, only one third person in this world ever knew or heard. The colonel's face was darker and sterner even than before, when it ended and the two men came out into the hall together; but his handsome brother-in-law looked as careless, as easy, as good-tempered as ever. Only a few words spoken by him to the colonel as they parted did the negro footman who led up his horse have to repeat afterward. "Do not think that you have seen the last of me, my dear sir," said he, with a smile all the gayer and more amused because of the black look which answered it. "I shall come again—perhaps more times than one. And, when I have once succeeded in seeing her, there will be an end of the question, for your side or mine."

His two children were playing on the lawn, some distance away. He might easily, if so disposed, have spoken to and told them

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good-bye; but he did not, hardly seeming to remember their existence. One glance he gave, half anxious, half mocking, backward at the windows of the house, as if to see who might possibly be looking out. Then he rode slowly and gracefully away under the trees.

About a half-hour later, a strange and terrible rumor came to Colonel Stillbrook, as he was pacing to and fro in the hall, his hands clasped behind him, a look of mingled triumph and misgiving in his eyes. Something had happened—something so near fulfillment of a wish that had just stirred in his own heart, yet so far beyond it in horror of realization, that his guilty start at hearing the same was followed by an instant prayer that this might not be true. A part of what was told him would have kindled his fierce anger but for the rest, the outcome of a disobedience already too frightfully punished. His presence was instantly required, and with a sick heart he went.

To the hour of his death—and he lived to a good old age—Colonel Stillbrook never forgot or ceased in gloomy hours to dwell upon that sight which met his gaze; nor is it likely that any among the little throng of frightened whispering on-lookers whom he found there awaiting him ever escaped the painful memory while life lasted.

At some distance from the house, the avenue merged into a stretch of broken park-like woodland, where the road curved and rambled over stony rolling ground. There, not far in among the trees, in a dusky hollow close to the roadway, stood a large, jagged, moss-covered rock. It was a picturesque feature in the woody landscape, and the climb to its top had always been sufficiently perilous to attract venturesome youngsters, and more than once had Alicia Mary Stillbrook been handed laughingly to a seat thereupon by the lover of her heart, in old happy summer evenings. Close beside it now lay the seemingly lifeless body of Mr. Edgar Cunningham. From an ugly gash in his temple, the blood was still trickling, though slowly, across his cheek. His set face was ghastly, but above it bent another countenance more ghastly still in life than the dead one there upturned. Mrs. Cunningham, sitting upon the ground, had raised her husband's head upon her knees, and was holding it with rigid fingers in that position, the whiteness of her hands and her cambric gown stained and streaked redly from his wound. Not far off, the still affrighted and plunging horse was held by two or three negroes. Close at hand, the two scared weeping children were clinging to Polly, who also sobbed aloud.

Colonel Stillbrook tried to say something to Alicia—something of hope or comfort; speech died on his faltering tongue. She looked up and spoke to him, and the suppressed anguish of her tone—the curious strained distinctness of each word, though with breathless gaps between—haunted him thereafter for many a night and day.

"I did not mean to break my promise," she said. "I did not mean—when I came out. I think I was crazed—wild. I ran out into the shrubbery. Polly knows. She saw me. I did not know where I was—how far I had gone—till I saw him between the trees, riding along the road. He always liked wild horses, and he was a careless rider. He was looking away off yonder—the reins on the horse's neck. He was whistling. He looked gay and careless and light of heart. I don't know what I wanted to say to him. I can't remember. I don't know whether I meant to taunt him or to try to win him back. I was mad. I ran out quick from under the trees—from behind the rock. The horse gave a great leap. I suppose that he—was taken unawares. I saw him thrown. His head struck the rock. I ran to him—"

"My poor child!" said Colonel Stillbrook. "My poor girl! Don't say any more. Come!"

She repulsed him, and went on.

"I broke my solemn promise," she said. "I broke my promise—and I killed him. I was false to you. I was false to myself. I loved him. All the time, I loved him—even when he treated me worst. When I said I hated him, it was a lie. I loved him. Do you hear—all of you? I loved him. I killed him by breaking my promise to see him no more. Oh, my brother! my brother!"

Mr. Cunningham was buried at Stillbrook, in the family burial-ground—where, many long years after, his wife was laid beside him. Her brother was always very gentle with her. Her children proved an honor to their uncle's fatherly care; and, beneath the touch of time, "the only healer where the heart hath bled," there came to Alicia Mary at last a reasonable share of peace.

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THE SCENE OF A FAMOUS NOVEL.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.

THE YEW-TREE HEDGE.

A FEW years ago, there was put up in the beautiful abbey-church of Tewksbury, England, a memorial tablet which has become one of the noted sights of that historic pile.

The marble bears this simple and touching inscription:

A TRIBUTE
TO A NOBLE AIM AND A GENEROUS LIFE.

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK.

SHE WROTE "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

Tewksbury was not the birthplace, nor was it ever the residence, of this beloved writer, whose books take a closer hold on our hearts than the works of many a greater genius. Dinah Mulock was born at Stoke, in 1826. Her father was a minister, who might have declared with St. Paul that he belonged "to the straitest sect of the Pharisees." It would appear that, in the case of this reverend gentleman, creed and practice must have shown sadly at variance; for, unable longer to endure his companionship, his wife, step-daughter, and three sons at length left his house and made for themselves a home in a distant shire.

Miss Mulock was a woman grown when this departure took place, and she immediately entered on a career of authorship which proved eminently successful.

Her first novel, "The Ogilvies," was published anonymously in 1849; it was a somewhat crude production in certain respects, but gave ample promise of the talent which later won for her so enviable a place in the roll of modern literature. "Olive," her next venture, was a great advance on its predecessor, artistically considered, but neither in conception nor style to be compared with "The Head of the Family," which appeared two years later.

In 1852, Miss Mulock published "Agatha's Husband," and, during that summer, paid a visit to some friends who resided in the neighborhood of Cheltenham. In the early part of her sojourn there, she was taken for a drive which proved a memorable one in her life and fraught with interest to two generations of novel-lovers and readers.

The way led along a somewhat dull and monotonous turnpike as far as the quaint old town of Tewksbury, the very name of which brings up a score of incidents connected with the Wars of the Roses. Here the party halted for a long ramble among the various places of note. They lunched at the Bell Inn, close to the gates of the abbey, and learned from the landlord that the old-time dwelling had once been the abode of a prosperous tanner who had long since departed from the field of his earthly

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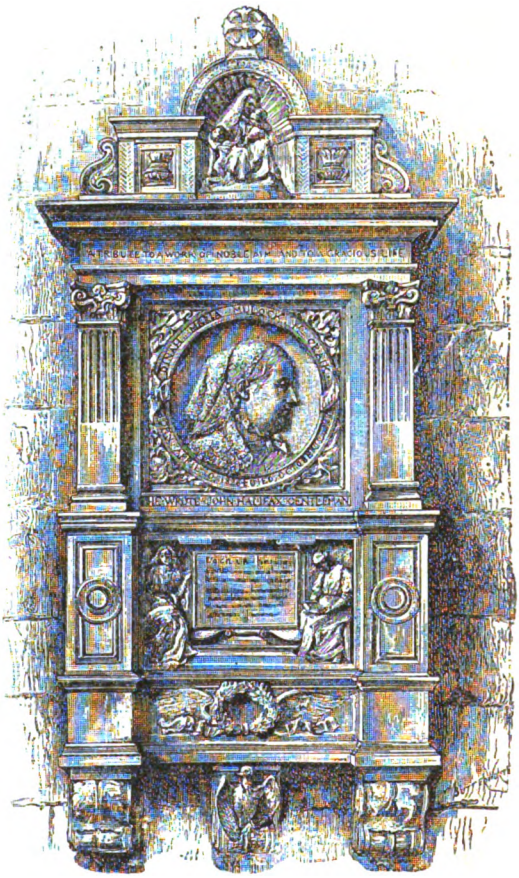
labors. After luncheon, the authoress was conducted to a spot which we all recognize from a certain familiar description not then written. This place was a "large square, chiefly grass, level as a bowling-green, with borders round, and about it a yew hedge which had not its like in the whole country —fifteen feet high and as many thick. Century after century of growth, with careful clipping and training, had compacted it into a massive green barrier, as close and impervious as a wall."

The spot is really a bowling-green, beautifully level and carefully shorn, with the yew-trees growing in every possible fantastic shape, according to the caprice of a fashion that dates several hundred years back. A wonderful hedge it is, fully as high if not quite so thick as the above-quoted lines insist, and its dark vivid green forms a brilliant background for the masses of pink berries which during the autumn lie like a soft mist along the upper branches. Below flows Shakespeare's Avon, "here a narrow sluggish stream, contenting itself with turning a flour-mill hard by." The mill still stands there—the very mill which we all recognize at a glance, with "lazy whir" making "the sleepy incessant monotony" which we remember as plainly as if we had heard it with our bodily ears. Beyond, spreads a broad green sweep known as the "Horn," and, still further on, one can see the Severn, with "the white sails gliding in and out from behind clumps of trees and across meadow-lands."

It is credibly related that, later in the day, while the party were exploring some of the oldest quarters, a shower came suddenly up and forced them to take refuge in one of the many narrow covered alleys which run at right angles to the queer streets. From the spot in which they stood, they could look out on the mansion belonging to the town clerk; and one observant pair of eyes noticed a ragged boy stationed opposite a window, through the parted curtains of which a little girl regarded the homeless waif commiseratingly. The child disappeared from the casement; the ragged boy kept his stand; presently the house-door opened, the small maid appeared on the step and signed him to approach and take a goodly slice of bread which she held in her hand.

This child alms-giver was the prototype of Ursula March—not then conceived in the brain of her creator—who in the early chapters of "John Halifax" bestowed a similar charity on a young wanderer.

"Here," says one of Miss Mulock's biog-



MEMORIAL TO MRS. CRAIK.

raphers, "were all the materials for a picturesque background to a novel. Here were the shower, the alley, the abbey, the house, the garden, the tan-yard, the mill, and the opening incident."

The drive back to Cheltenham in the evening and the passing the theatre may easily have suggested the stolen pilgrimage which John Halifax and Phineas Fletcher were to make to Chalton, to see Mrs. Siddons play "Lady Macbeth." A volume of

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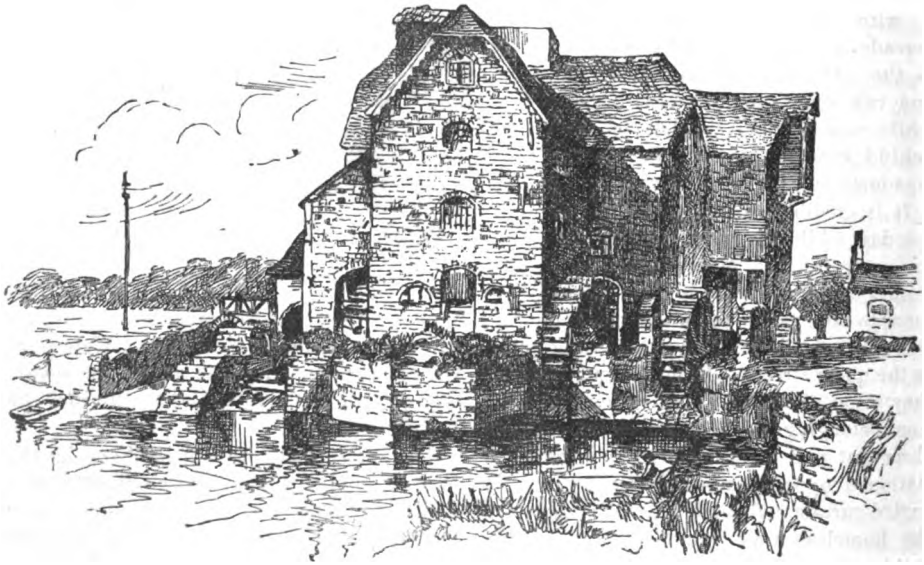
ABEL FLETCHER'S HOUSE.

description could not have brought the great actress so vividly before us as does that brief glimpse of her as she leaned out of her chair and surveyed the impatient crowd which parted right and left as the deep rich voice called: "Good people, let me pass—I am Sarah Siddons."

Before Miss Mulock left the house of her friends, she drove a second time to Tewksbury. Again she wandered about the town and its environs, and the plot of the novel which had unfolded itself to her was filled in, even to many of its minor details.

In the church-yard was a grave bearing the name of William Fletcher on its head-stone; above was that of his wife, who died young—like Abel Fletcher's Joyce. No monument held the name of Halifax, but there was one which bore the inscription, "Thomas White, Gentleman."

Four years elapsed, at the end of which "John Halifax" was given to the world, hav-



ABEL FLETCHER'S MILL.

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ing been written leisurely, conscientiously, and lovingly in the intervals of necessary literary labor—a book which not only rendered its author a famous woman, but which, I venture to say, has been more widely read and more dearly loved than almost any novel of our century.

Only once again did the authoress ever visit Tewksbury, and this pilgrimage was made many years later—shortly before her death. Doubtless she again descended at the Bell Inn; but on this occasion she found over the door a shield which informed her in golden letters that the dwelling was "Abel Fletcher's House," and, though it lacked "the ponderous railings," the "respectable and handsome door" was there, and inside maybe sat a later Joel, "peacefully cutting beans," or it might have been a representative of Jenny, with another Jem Watkins sharing and slightly hindering her task.

TEWKESBURY ABBEY.

Dinah Mulock had then been long a happy wife, and a child as dearly beloved as if really her own had grown up at her side. Highly as her own country prized her, she was almost better known and better loved here in America, where to-day I think hardly a book-case from Maine to Colorado could be found that does not contain a well-thumbed copy of "John Halifax."

A successful woman, and, what is rarer, a contented one, she certainly was; but, before her youth ended, Miss Mulock had passed through waters so black that many a time her aching heart must have cried out to have them close over her and let her be at rest forever.

There is something odious, to me in dragging to light the secrets of those dead and gone; but, for more than two decades, Miss Mulock's story has been public property. She had plighted her troth to a man who won distinction during the Crimean War. It is said—and I believe the tale is well founded—that, in obedience to his request, she went down to Portsmouth to see the arrival of the transports which brought back the surviving heroes of that terrible conflict. As she stood on the pier, an accident occurred which I cannot relate clearly enough to venture on any details concerning it, but it is declared that she saw her lover drowned before her eyes.

Years elapsed: years made peaceful by the companionship of her mother and a host of loving friends. Youth faded; middle age

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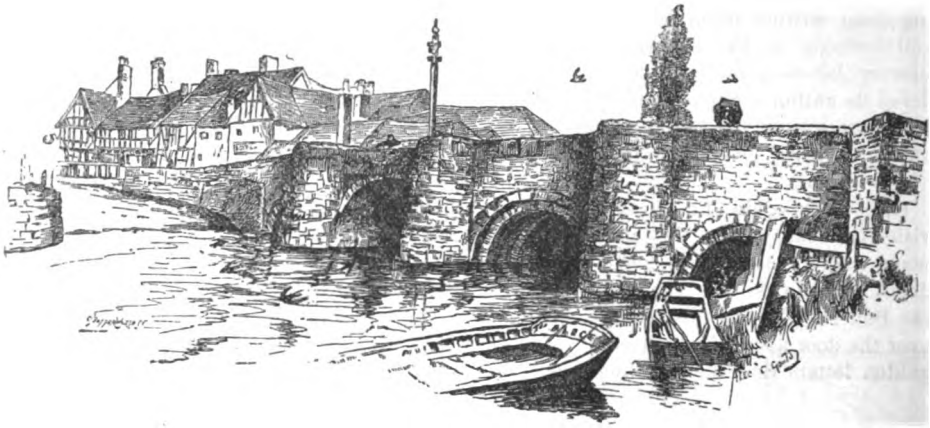

THE BRIDGE, TEWKESBURY.

was at hand; and that charming book, "A Woman's Thoughts about Women," shows how contented Miss Mulock was with her spinster-life, and how little she dreamed it possible that a new aim and fresh and absorbing interests should spring up in her way.

A second romance we are apt to sneer at; but Miss Mulock's was a very pretty idyl, if the generally accepted version is true.

A gentleman was hurt in an accident to a railway-train near a village in one of England's midland counties. While he lay insensible, a portfolio in his coat-pocket was examined and found to contain a letter of introduction to Miss Mulock from some celebrated personage. The authoress's modest cottage was situated only a few miles distant; news of the accident and this personal letter were at once dispatched. The sufferer was taken to Miss Mulock's house, carefully nursed during a severe illness, and later Dinah Mulock renounced spinsterhood and became Mrs. Craik.

A pilgrimage to Tewksbury should not be omitted by the American traveler in Great Britain. In the course of centuries, its abbey has been sadly shorn of its limbs; but it still presents an exterior of massive stateliness, and there are few cathedrals in England which can boast a more beautiful interior.

In 1123, the abbey stood forth in its full glory, and on a certain November day in that year the church was consecrated with great pomp. In 1471, brave Queen Margaret fought her last battle for the Red Rose in the neighborhood of Tewksbury. Her army held the two old roads that ran between Gloucester and Cheltenham, and the present highway passes directly through the centre of her position. Her general, the Duke of Somerset, had strengthened the line with entrenchments and made the most of the water-courses, and the army had marched from Exeter with the intention of crossing the Severn; but Edward IV's forces had followed too closely, and Margaret and her men stood at bay.

Chroniclers assert that three thousand Lancastrians fell that day, which saw the downfall of their house, and the abbey itself was the scene of a terrible carnage.

Of all that woe and bloodshed, no trace remains save one relic: the tree under which Edward took his stand, on that May morning four hundred years ago, still spreads its branches, strong and vigorous.

Further on comes the pretty lane described in "John Halifax," "shaded on one side by the willows in the water-courses," and emerging "in those quiet green fields which tradition says had once grown wine for the rosy monks close by, and history avers were afterward watered by a darker stream than the blood of grapes."

Passing along the river-bank, the pilgrim reaches Abel Fletcher's mill—it has borne that name for over twenty years—and there ends the ramble over the battle-field. The dismal story of the past seems much less real than the characters and incidents of the novel, which has taken in every feature of the scene, from the stately church and beautiful old Tewksbury bridge to the furthest limit of the long green plain that has the dark Malvern hills for a background.

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THE GAP BETWEEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 163.

CHAPTER VII.

"HE is dead!" I heard repeated by several voices.

Without warning, I felt myself growing very faint. I suppose my nerves had suffered more during the last trying hours than I was aware.

I felt my husband's arm tighten about my waist, while he murmured comforting words in my ear. As I looked up, I saw James Hornby in the doorway; he stood with one hand pointed at my husband, while the other was extended toward the motionless form on the bed.

I think the sight of the man kept me from fainting outright; as it was, John had to help me from the room. We crossed the hall and met my mother by the parlor door. My husband made some remark in regard to my faintness, but she retreated before him with looks of horror and condemnation and sat down in a corner, turning her face to the wall.

It only required a few moments' rest to restore my strength and render me capable of exercising my common sense. I was able to go upstairs and select such articles of clothing as were necessary, for the two cousins came in, offering with horrible alacrity to lay out the body. I remembered the portfolio, and told Ruby to take it from the little satchel and give it to Doctor Nash.

When I went downstairs again, the old physician and my husband were talking together, and James stood by my mother's chair at the other end of the room.

As I entered, my mother called:

"Daughter, are you ready?"

"Ready?" I repeated, without the least idea of her meaning.

"My home is open to you," she continued; "you are my child—come with me! I had thought to live and die untouched by disgrace, but I must bear what is sent."

I went up to my husband and put my hand in his, while old Doctor Nash croaked feebly:

"Oh, really, now, Mrs. Danvers, you mustn't take things that way! Connections ought to stand by each other, at least till—well, as long as they can."

As the doctor's weak halting speech trailed off into silence, my mother's cold firm voice answered, while in her turn she pointed a condemnatory finger toward my husband:

"I have said that my home is open to her; she cannot pass the night under the roof which covers that man and his victim."

"Mother, for shame!" I exclaimed. "There are things which even you must not say! I think you might better let James Hornby take you home—you are worn out and ought to get to bed."

I brought a shawl and put it over her shoulders, and tied a scarf about her head; she submitted in silence.

"Are you ready, Amy?" James asked.

I paid no attention to the remark or the speaker. As I walked back toward my husband, I glanced at his face, fearful that he might be angered by this fresh insult; he was looking at my cousin with a smile of pity.

My mother rose and leaned on James's shoulder.

"Come, daughter!" she said.

"Good-night, mother," I replied; "you will be stronger after you have slept—I'll see you in the morning."

"Amy Danvers, leave that man!" she exclaimed, in a tone of stern command. "Leave him while there is time, before you are further involved in the consequences of his crimes."

"Now, really, Mrs. Danvers, you're going

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too far!" put in the old doctor, shuffling uneasily from one foot to the other and evidently wishing himself miles away. "It's an unfortunate affair—very unfortunate! But, you see, the poor lady hadn't time to let us know whether she identified—"

"Her murderer!" James interrupted.

"Mr. Hornby! Mr. Hornby!" expostulated Doctor Nash.

My husband kept me quiet by the pressure of his hand on my arm.

"Mr. Hornby will be the better, too, for a night's rest," he said, quietly; "he will remember there are limits even to the immunity which a clergyman's coat affords a man."

"No threats can move me, sir!" James rejoined, arrogantly; but my husband deigned him neither reply nor glance.

"Pile up your crimes!" cried my mother, turning toward John, though putting out her hand as if the sight of him were more than she could bear. "Add to the list—you cannot make them worse! Bigamist—murderer—yes, murderer!"

"Mother! mother!" I groaned.

"I speak for the last time, daughter!" she answered. "I do not entreat—I command you to go with me! Refuse, and I will no longer recognize you as my child!"

I left the room without a word, and my husband followed. Presently, as we stood in the veranda, we saw my mother and James pass slowly down the orchard-path.

"My little Amy—my poor darling!" John murmured, as he folded me in his arms.

"I need no pity," I said. "I have nobody left besides you; but you are the whole world to me! I don't suffer—I regard my mother as a temporary lunatic; do you try to look at her conduct in the same way."

"There is no need to try," he replied, softly.

We went back to Doctor Nash, who seemed uneasy enough in our presence—anxious to go, but unable to tear himself away. While we stood attempting to talk on indifferent subjects, Squire Leonard entered, accompanied by three of our neighbors.

This unexpected interruption appeared to afford much relief to the old physician; but the new-comers were in a state of such excitement that I think they scarcely knew what they said, and indeed for some moments nobody said anything except to echo, each in his turn and then all together, Squire Leonard's opening remark:

"What a dreadful business! Dreadful!"

"Good-evening, gentlemen," my husband remarked, calmly, and I could not resist attempting to bring the visitors to a sense of their rudeness by repeating his salutation.

"Ah, good-evening," rejoined the Squire, bowing to me and having the grace to look somewhat confused. "I beg your pardon; I didn't see you at first, Mrs.—Arthur."

Though very slight, the speaker's hesitation before giving me that name was noticeable, and for the first time I saw a light in my husband's eyes which might have warned our guests of the danger there would be in pushing his forbearance too far.

"What a dreadful business, to be sure!" repeated the Squire, and again the trio echoed his words as they had done his salutation.

"These sudden deaths are always very shocking," my husband observed; "particularly so, when, as in this case, the person dies in a strange place and among persons not one of whom had ever set eyes on her before."

A silence followed this speech; the Squire and the old physician glanced at each other in troubled embarrassment, and the rest stared at them as if waiting to see what they would say or do next.

"Ahem!" the Squire began at length, clearing his throat and fumbling for his handkerchief. "And—and what shall you arrange, Doctor Arthur—about the burial, you know?"

"I have nothing to do about the arrangements," my husband said, with undisturbed composure. "An unknown person comes to my house, led into error by a similarity of names: she dies here suddenly: I can only notify you and the other legal authorities; you must take such steps as you may consider fitting, either for her burial or for entering into communication with her friends, if you know where such are to be found."

A second discomfited glance was exchanged between the Squire and the doctor, then Nash asked my husband rather sharply:

"Will you open the portfolio?"

"That does not come within my province either," said John; "I believe it was handed to you."

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"Yes—oh, yes," rejoined the doctor, and, after a little hesitation, he took the portfolio from his pocket, sat down in a chair, and opened it, first putting on his spectacles—an action which Squire Leonard imitated, as did each of the other visitors.

The four waited impatiently while the old gentleman drew out a package of bank-notes which he counted slowly.

"Fifty dollars," he said, and handed them to the Squire for verification.

"Fifty dollars," that functionary echoed, after he had run over the notes in his turn.

"Here is a check on the First National Bank of Cincinnati for two hundred dollars, payable to the order of Mrs. Annie Arthur," Doctor Nash went on, looking at my husband.

"Then you have money in your hands for all necessary expenses," was John's common-sense response.

"There are some other papers," observed Squire Leonard, peering over the old doctor's shoulder.

"One of them is her marriage-certificate—she showed it to us," I said. "John, even her husband's Christian name happened to be the same as yours."

The certificate was passed from hand to hand and eagerly perused. Each face expressed the same conviction; no words could have declared more plainly that they all considered this document an absolute proof that the dead woman had not been mistaken in the object of her journey.

Then Doctor Nash held up a card and read the address aloud: "Mrs. Henry Milton, No. 4 Green Street, Cincinnati."

"That is a friend she spoke of," I remarked.

There was nothing else in the portfolio. Nash slowly put back the money and the papers, and looked helplessly about, as if hoping that somebody would extricate him from his dilemma by a suggestion of some kind.

"It's getting late—I reckon we'd better go," said the Squire. "Doctor Arthur, have you anything to suggest?"

"I should advise telegraphing at once to that Mrs. Milton," my husband replied. "The dead lady may have friends who will wish her body removed for burial elsewhere."

"She told me she was quite alone in the world—quite alone," said the Squire. His voice, which had softened, grew suddenly hard, as he looked at John and added: "You may not be aware, Doctor Arthur, that the lady called on me; we had considerable conversation together. In fact—well—" Then he changed his mind about finishing his sentence, and repeated: "Considerable conversation."

"Since she told you she was so solitary, I should suppose you need not hesitate about making arrangements for her burial here," John quietly observed.

"Well—no—perhaps not," said the Squire, doubtfully. There was something evidently he wished to say, but my husband's calmly penetrating gaze put him out; presently he faltered: "Well, well—I'll say good-night to you both."

The group at length departed, and we closed the house. The two elderly ladies announced their intention of "sitting up with the body," which meant dozing and gossiping in the parlor; so I ordered food prepared, not forgetting strong coffee, on which stimulant they depended as much as ever an habitual toper craved his morning dram.

When John and I were alone in the chamber in which we were to sleep, I grew weak and faint again; but I would not distress him by giving way to my shaken nerves.

"Oh," I said, as he sat holding me in his arms, "if the poor soul had only lived long enough to declare that she did not recognize you!"

"Yes," he replied, "it would have spared us the pain of feeling how ready even good honest people are to believe evil."

"It is inconceivable!" I cried. "Of course, my mother's state of mind enables me to understand her readiness to accept any story against you as proof; but that sensible men like those, after knowing you nearly a year—after all your devotion during that epidemic—can behave as they behaved to-night, sickens me with human nature."

"No, no," he rejoined, gently; "on your side, darling, don't let personal feelings make you judge harshly. Anyway, the matter can soon be settled: I have only to see this Mrs. Milton—"

"Oh, let us start for Cincinnati to-morrow morning!" I broke in.

"That would not be wise, deary; they might say I was running away. Why, our

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friend James Hornby would be capable of heading a mob to stop me. No, no! Mrs. Milton is certain to come to the funeral; she can clear up the mystery in the hearing of the whole village."

"If she should not come?"

"She will! But, to make sure, do you write a letter saying that we desire her presence in order to clear up the mistake which her poor friend did not live to set right. Ask her to come directly to our house; say we shall be glad to show her every hospitality in our power."

I wrote the letter at once, and doing it seemed accomplishing so much that I went to bed, slept soundly, and woke the next morning in excellent spirits. The reaction in my husband's favor must soon set in, and our friends would be so sorry for their conduct that I could afford to forgive them in advance. Even my wrath toward James Hornby was lost in pitying contempt that a man who really tried to be conscientious and upright could remain so blind to his own hardness and intense egotism.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE next morning, we were obliged to endure the society of the two cousins; but, as they both stood rather in awe of my husband, they did not render themselves particularly obnoxious, except that Mrs. Hepworth talked in blood-curdling whispers and Mrs. Hartner started and gasped each time a door opened or anybody spoke suddenly.

I knew there was no hope of getting rid of the pair, and consoled myself by thinking that at least they would relieve me from the necessity of entertaining the numerous visitors certain to appear in the course of the day.

It was a trial to see John start on his rounds, for he must pass through a painful ordeal; but happily this state of affairs would not last long—my letter to Mrs. Milton was already on its way.

Mrs. Hepworth disappeared for a while; and later, when I came on the cousins whispering together in the porch like a couple of inquisitive blue-jays, Mrs. Hartner said:

"Jane ran down to your mother's, for we felt sort of anxious about her; but she bears up beyond everything. What a comfort it is that she has that blessed Brother Hornby to wrastle for her!"

I did not answer, and, after the pair had interchanged glances, Mrs. Hartner took up her chant anew:

"She's wonderful strengthened and helped; she sent you word by Jane—"

"That she still holds to her offer," interposed Mrs. Hepworth, probably feeling that, as the crisis had been reached, it was her right to speak. "She said I was to tell you that your place at her bed and board was a-waiting."

"Unless my mother were ill and needed my care, I should hardly be likely to leave my husband alone," I replied, aware that I must speak, as my silence would be misinterpreted.

After another exchange of glances, Mrs. Hartner said hesitatingly:

"Wall, we talked about it a heap ourselves last night, cousin and me. This morning, Jane spoke to your mother—"

"Yes," interposed Jane, again claiming her right to the prominent part in the proposed revelation, "and your mother thought just as Cousin Maria did, when we talked it all over."

She paused, apparently expecting me to ask the subject of those conversations; but, as I remained silent, Mrs. Hartner attempted to rush into the breach.

"And the neighbors gen'rally, they seemed to think just as we did and just as your mother agreed," she began; but Mrs. Hepworth was determined not to lose her right of repeating the decision which had been arrived at.

"It's just this," she said, more rapidly than she often spoke: "We think, and your mother thinks, and so do all the neighbors, that you can't—can't go on living with the doctor in this way."

"There!" sighed Mrs. Hartner. "It's out now, and I'm glad of it! But it was right you should be told, and it seemed sort of put on us as a duty to tell you."

"It did," added her cousin; "Mr. Hornby himself said so, and he reminded us that there wasn't a greater wickedness than to try to get away from duty—"

"Shrink," Mrs. Hartner suggested, in a wheezy parenthesis; "that was the word Brother Hornby used."

"Well, then, shrink, if so be he said it!"

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amended the cousin, with considerable emphasis and a decided show of annoyance.

"He did. I remember, because it reminded me of that flannel petticoat I bought down at Keyzer's. Shrink was no name for the way it behaved; it just drawed up like ingy-rubber," sighed Mrs. Hartner.

"How you do go on!" exclaimed her irritated relative. "For pity's sake, let me finish! It ain't easy to start you; but, when you do begin, you're mighty hard to fetch up!" Then, turning toward me again, she added: "Now, Amy, you've heard what the whole neighborhood thinks: you can't live here any longer—at least, not with Doctor Arthur."

"Can't live with my husband?" I questioned.

"But, you see, she"—and Mrs. Hepworth waved her hand toward the room in which the dead woman lay—"she said you wasn't legally married—and—and there's her certificate and all. Don't you think yourself that, for looks' sake and on account of the speech of people, that maybe you ought to go home for a while?"

She cowered into silence under my gaze; and her cousin, with her eyes on the knitting she held, added in her woolly tones:

"I reckon you'll see it's better; for, if so be it should turn out that you ain't lawfully married, why—"

"That will do," I interrupted; "not another word! Your ignorance makes me excuse you both, but a syllable more will be an impertinence which I shall give you reason to repent."

"Why, I never heard the beat—when we've both knowed you since you was so high!" Mrs. Hartner panted, pointing unconsciously to a second-story window, while her relative remained speechless, wiping her eyes on the half-finished stocking. "And we, that belong to the same denomination as your mother—sitting under that blessed cousin of yours—and after we prayed for direction—"

"Pray as much as you like," I interrupted again, "and you will do well to pray for a little common sense and a little Christian charity; but be careful what you say in my hearing."

I went upstairs and remained there till it was time for my husband to return to dinner. I found Mrs. Hepworth in the dining-room, and she said hurriedly:

"Cousin kind o' had one of her stomach-spells, and 'lowed she'd go home." She was looking out of the window as she spoke, and suddenly exclaimed in a tone of astonishment:

"Why, there's Doctor Arthur riding up! I didn't 'low you'd see him back."

"You heard him say he should come," I rejoined.

"Wall—yes—I did; but I'm surprised," she said, in her muffled voice.

I learned later what she meant: there had been serious talk of arresting my husband; he had smiled at the idea, and Squire Leonard, when spoken to, pronounced it preposterous. The proposal originated with James Hornby, and several of his leading church-members allowed themselves to be persuaded to serve as his mouth-piece.

A number of persons called during the afternoon, and, as Mrs. Hartner had returned, I left the cousins the duty—which I was sure they enjoyed—of answering questions and conducting visitors to that darkened room, into which, to my wonderment, they all wished to enter.

I did not go to my mother's house; I thought it wiser not to do so until we heard from Mrs. Milton, as I should only subject myself to remarks which I knew I could not endure. I was more astonished than anybody else could have been, at the spirit I showed. A person who had never before seen me would have decided that I possessed unusual energy and determination; yet I had never displayed either quality except in the matter of my marriage, and in that matter it was really dear old Mr. Jeffreys's strength which supported me. But this unjust attack on the man I loved and honored roused elements in my nature which I had not known it possessed; courage and resolution sprang up suddenly, full-grown and strong as giants.

CHAPTER IX.

SATURDAY came; we received no letter from Mrs. Milton, but John learned she had written to Squire Leonard, stating that she did not know of Mrs. Arthur's possessing any relatives and announcing her intention of coming on to the funeral.

"She wrote something which I was not told," John said, "though it has evidently been spread about. Several persons would

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scarcely speak to me, and the Squire himself was very distant and cold."

"Oh, it passes belief!" I exclaimed, indignantly.

"We must bear it," John rejoined, "sorry as I am to put such a burden on my darling."

"I am so glad I can share it!" I exclaimed. "But what can that Mrs. Milton have written?" My husband shook his head and turned away. A sudden recollection of the dead woman's explanation flashed across my mind, and I cried out: "John, John—it was Mrs. Milton who told her; how strange I did not remember! The woman saw us in Cincinnati and recognized you."

We stared at each other in puzzled silence for a moment, then my husband began:

"I don't know what to think—"

"Oh, John, she must have heard your name mentioned, and that made her fancy you must be the man she had known in California—or he might look like you," I broke in, hurriedly.

"This small woman has ingenuity enough for a lawyer," returned my husband, smiling. "Well, there's no good in fancying or wondering; we shall find out the truth from Mrs. Milton herself."

"And, when she looks well at you and hears you speak, she will discover her mistake," I asserted, confidently.

The cousins had vanished, that morning; they went in haste, and the manner of both had been extremely odd. I understood their conduct now: they had in some way learned what Mrs. Milton had written, and their fear of contamination or a desire to express their disapproval had led them to depart.

My husband went out again after dinner, to continue his professional visits, and presently Ruby brought me a letter. I must mention here that she and the other two servants showed, all through those weary days, a sympathy and delicacy the like of which we did not meet with from any of our equals.

"Miss Hepworth's son brung the note," Ruby explained, "and he said it was from Passon Hornby; but he reckoned there wasn't no answer."

"All the same, ask the boy to wait," I rejoined.

When Ruby left the room, I opened the letter. I did not read it; I glanced down the page and saw a catalogue of accusations and warnings, each of which was an insult that deserved a far different punishment from any in my power to inflict I put the sheet in another envelope, sealed and directed it, and called Ruby to give the epistle to the boy and tell him to carry it to Mr. Hornby.

"I come nigh fetchin' him one over the ears," said Ruby, with angry drops sparkling in her black eyes. "He says his mar and aunt went off 'cause Passon Hornby tole 'em such news had come as showed it wasn't a fit place to stay in here. He's a pretty man! I seed him and ole Miss Hepworth a-colloguin' in the orchard this mornin', and—"

"Never mind, Ruby," I interrupted. "Give that letter to the boy, and don't cry; everything will soon be right."

Of course, my warning caused her to sob immediately; but she soon checked herself, saying:

"I ain't gwine to please that limb by cryin', nohow! De Lord bress yer, Miss Amy, and He will—and de doctor too! Oh, they ort all to be skinned like catamounts, and worse!"

I dispatched her on her errand, then went upstairs to look for some business papers which John had said I would find in an old valise in the trunk-closet—a task that I fancy he devised to give me a little occupation, rather than because he found any pressing need for the documents.

I carried the valise out into the hall and set to work sorting its contents, which were in a good deal of confusion; for, though exquisitely neat and dainty, John was not a very orderly man, much as he liked things kept in order.

I found the deeds among a pile of college essays and a number of letters which of course I should not have opened, only John had asked me to see what all the different papers were and arrange them according to their dates.

There were two letters without envelopes, written in a feminine hand and fastened together by a rubber strap. I unfolded these epistles and looked at them in turn. Both letters began with the word "husband," and were signed "Annie Arthur"!

A deathly faintness came over me, but I did not doubt or suspect my John—no, not for an instant! I said half aloud:

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"He will clear it up—this is a test of my love; I believe in him—no power could shake that belief!"

Presently I felt quite composed again and finished my task, leaving out those two letters along with the papers which John wanted. I was just closing the valise, when I heard my husband call me from below.

"Here I am," I answered; "I'll come down."

But he hurried upstairs, greeting me as if we had been separated for days.

"Did you find the papers?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied; "and, John, I found these too—I know, of course, they were not written to you."

I gave him the letters; he glanced at them and said:

"How odd! I did not remember these—I suppose because I thought they were burned."

Then he laid his hand on my shoulder and looked full in my eyes. I could meet his gaze fearlessly. I knew I was pale, but he could see no shadow of doubt in my face. He drew a deep breath and smiled—oh, that heavenly smile!

"And even this did not shake your faith?" he said.

"I told you that nothing could!" I answered.

"My treasure! But what did you think?" he questioned.

"I was frightened, I believe; but only because I thought—what if some other person had found them?"

"I have the noblest wife any man ever had!" he said, in a broken voice; and, for the first time, I saw tears in those beautiful eyes—tears which I kissed away with a feeling of reverence and gratitude far above ordinary love.

John led me down into the study, opened his escritoire, and took out a written volume; it was a journal dating back over the past three years, from which he had several times read me extracts. He turned the pages carefully over in silence, and at length pointed to the following paragraph, which bore a date early in February of the year before we met:

"An odd and painful thing happened to-day. Two letters were forwarded to me from Albany, bearing my full name. They proved to be from some unhappy woman to her husband, who had deserted her. She had heard by chance of his whereabouts, and wrote, asking rather for an explanation of his conduct than for his return. I have decided not to send the letters back; it could only distress the poor soul to learn that they had fallen into a stranger's hands. I shall burn them."

I laid the book down, and for a little while neither found it easy to speak. But we were soon calm again, and then I said:

"The letters must be burned now."

"No, no!" returned John, earnestly. "Put them away! Why, we should think we were afraid, if we destroyed them."

We spent a happy, happy evening; no one came to disturb us, and we sat till late, talking little of the dark shadow which hung over us, but much of our love and future.

So Sunday morning dawned, and we rose to meet it, calm and resolute. The funeral had been appointed for eleven o'clock, and the services were to take place in the Methodist chapel, as it appeared Mrs. Milton had written that the unfortunate lady belonged to the Wesleyan denomination.

Instead of going directly to the chapel, numbers of people assembled at our house, as if the deceased had been a personal friend. By half-past ten, the rooms and even the veranda were occupied by low-talking groups of acquaintances and strangers, who, in spite of their lugubrious faces, evidently found an intense gratification in the tragic dismalness which surrounded the whole matter.

John wanted me to remain upstairs; but I told him no—I would do nothing that could possibly look as if I shrank from being seen. Of course, the curiosity of strangers, the changed manner of some of my acquaintances, and the attempts at sympathy on the part of others were all hard to bear. Harder still to endure patiently were the whispers in regard to my husband, which I could not help hearing, and the way in which such of the leading men of the neighborhood as were present kept aloof or only addressed him in the briefest possible manner, although they had most of them been his warm friends for months.

There was a long delay; it was considerably past eleven o'clock when John told me that they were waiting for the boat, which was behind time. The clergyman made a

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prayer, but, beyond expressing a hope that the Lord would be pleased to set crooked places straight and give all threatened with trouble strength to bear their burdens aright, he had the good sense and decency to indulge in no allusions which might touch John or myself.

I could not help thinking how my cousin would have "improved the occasion," had the opportunity been granted; but he was not even present, though I learned later that he had not kept away from any feeling of delicacy. He had elected to fulfill a mission which would openly mark his antagonism, though of course he would not have employed this unchristian term to characterize his conduct.

At last, after a consultation between the clergyman and Squire Leonard, it was decided that the procession should form; the boat would certainly arrive before the conclusion of the services.

Our house stood on a hill just beyond the confines of the village, and, after reaching the end of the long avenue that traversed our grounds, the walk was a short one. The church-yard was full when we entered, and the scores of horses tied under the shed and to the adjacent fences made it evident that people had come from miles around.

After the opening ceremonies, the minister delivered a short address, but in the spirit which had animated his prayer at the house; and he counseled his hearers to profit by this warning they had received of the truth of the Scriptural text that "in the midst of life, we are in death."

While he was speaking, the steamboat-whistle sounded loud and clear, and, just as he ended, a wagon drove up to the gates. All eyes turned toward the entrance, and presently James Hornby appeared, with a lady dressed in black leaning on his arm.

I knew, of course, that this little nervous feverish-eyed woman must be Mrs. Milton. Someone offered her a place, and she sat weeping bitterly during the closing hymn and prayer, while my cousin stood in the aisle beside her, towering up like a son of Anak, with a face as hard as if it had been cut out of granite.

After a pause, the coffin was opened, and James led his charge toward it, followed by half the congregation.

The church was so close that I told my husband I could not remain, so we went into the porch. Gradually other people strayed forth in groups, and presently the coffin was brought out, James and Mrs. Milton walking close behind.

She looked up as they passed us; both paused, then Mrs. Milton gave a start and a groan and said audibly:

"There he is! That is John Arthur!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YOU AND I.

BY C. F. S.

We roamed the woods together,
You and I,
In the happy springtide weather,
When the sky
Arched its cloudless blue above us,
And the whole world seemed to love us
In our joy;
When the violets, shy and sweet,
Blossomed in the green retreat
Where we used to wait and meet,
You and I.

When the hills were gay with heather,
You and I
Roamed the yellow fields together,
Where the dry
Stubbly meadows spread before us,
And the thistledowns sailed o'er us,
Light and high;
When the leaves were bright of hue,
And the misty hills were blue,
And we loved—we loved so true
You and I.

We shall roam no more forever,
You and I,
In the sunset by the river,
You and I;
We shall seek no more the meadows
Nor the dewy forest shadows,
And I lie
Where the lilies rock, alone,
While the river makes its moan!
One is left, and one is gone—
You! And I?

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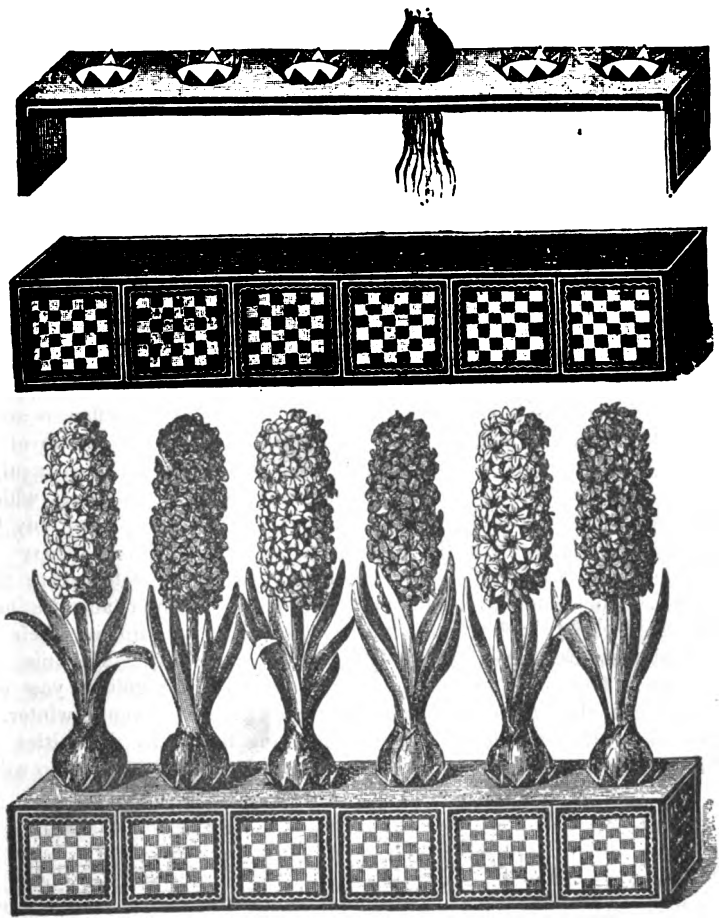
WINDOW-GARDENING.

BY SARAH POWEL.



By way of beginning to my remarks on window-gardening, I put a new design for a hyacinth-box which has been thoroughly tested and found to answer admirably the purpose for which it is intended. Of course, this box can be used for hyacinths only; but these lovely flowers are such general favorites that I feel certain every amateur gardener will be glad to see this illustration.

The invention was brought out in Germany. The box is fitted with apertures to hold six bulbs, which are grown in water after the usual manner. When the water needs changing, the lid can be at once raised so as to permit the contents to be emptied and supplied anew. This plan is, of course, a great deal less hurtful to the bulbs than when they are taken bodily out of a glass jar. These hyacinth-boxes are very ornamental, being made of tin and prettily painted in blue and gold. They can be fitted to rest upon the ledge of any window of ordinary size.

And now to go on with my little talk. Many dwellers in towns, whose back yards are paved with brick or stone, will be glad to

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watch the growth of flowers and greenery in their window-boxes. Those who have had any experience in gardening well know that it is too late to begin about it just when one wants a window-box gay with colors. August or early September is a good time to commence preparations. Good bulbs should be planted, and the reward will come in the dull November days. A box to fit the window, more or less ornamental in itself, is the first consideration. Then a few zinc troughs, made to fit the window-box and easily removed, should remain in a state of preparation, to keep up the succession of flowers or greenery all the year round.

It must not be forgotten that good drainage is the first essential to a successful window-garden. There is nothing better for this purpose than a layer of broken charcoal an inch or two thick, laid over holes about the size of a ten-cent piece, which should be drilled through the bottom of the zinc trough. The soil must be good and rich; this soil should be neither too moist nor too dry, and must be well rammed till the trough is nearly filled. Beginners usually make the mistake of placing the soil too loosely about the roots of the plants, which frequently causes a failure. Greenery must not be forgotten, and a small-leaved variety of ivy is, on the whole, as suitable as most things, especially as a permanency. The boxes in that case can be so arranged that there may be a casing of soil against the sides, leaving room enough for the portable trough to fit within it.

For early spring, many hardy flowers may be used with success, as primroses, early daffodils, violets. These, with hyacinths, dwarf tulips, and other spring bulbs, should be planted as early in the autumn as possible. For a midsummer display, there are pinks and carnations, which usually answer admirably for window-boxes. Of all sorts of pinks, the best is probably the old-fashioned sweet white pink and its pale rose-colored variety. If good plants be secured, these should be in full bloom early in June, and, if set in front of the box, will leave room for a back row of taller and later-flowering carnations. Of these, strong layers should be planted early in October. The dwarf forms of carnations should be chosen by preference for windows, and none is better than the deep crimson clove sort. To follow carnations, nothing is more suitable than the early dwarf chrysanthemums.

For midwinter, when flowers are an impossibility, a small bush or two of the holly-leaved berberis (Mahonia aquifolium) is always pleasing. The frost which withers so many less hardy plants only touches its polished leaves with a cheery red-brown, affording a pretty contrast to the earliest snow-drop or winter aconites or crocuses, which will push up in their season if planted around the Mahonia. Or small specimens of the golden yew or junipers will give greenery, even in winter. Window-gardening has many difficulties, also many delights, to the cultivator who will take the trouble to learn.

LET THE GIRLS ROMP.

Most mothers have a dread of romps, so they lecture the girls daily on the proprieties, and exhort them to be little ladies. They like to see them very quiet and gentle and as prim as possible. The lot of such children is rather pitiable, for they are deprived of the fun and frolic which they are entitled to. Children—boys and girls—must have exercise to keep them healthy. Deprive them of it, and they will fade away like flowers without sunshine. Running, racing, skipping, climbing—these are the things that strengthen the muscles, expand the chest, and build up the nerves. The mild dose of exercise taken in the nursery, with calisthenics or gymnastics, will not invigorate the system like a good romp in the open air. Mothers, therefore, who counsel their little girls to play very quietly make a mistake. Better the laughing, rosy-cheeked, romping girl, than the pale lily-faced one who is called every inch a lady. The latter rarely breaks things, or tears her dresses, or tires her mother's patience as the former does; but, after all, what do the tearing and breaking amount to? It is not a wise policy to put an old head on young shoulders. Childhood is the time for childish pranks and plays. The girls will grow into womanhood soon enough. Let them be children as long as possible, and also give them plenty of fresh air and sunlight.

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TALKS BY A TRAINED NURSE.

BY ELISABETH ROBINSON SCOVIL.

DIARRHŒA.

THERE are few complaints that cause more trouble and inconvenience, particularly during the summer months, than this. Many persons are subject to some derangement of the bowels whenever they take cold or eat any food that they cannot properly digest. The attack is usually of short duration, and yields readily to proper care and treatment.

If this symptom—for it is only a symptom of disturbance in the intestinal canal—be neglected and the cause be not removed, it may become chronic and result in much suffering and continued ill-health—a thing to remember.

Nature has her danger-signals, which cannot be disregarded with impunity any more than can the danger-signals on a railway-track. If anyone chooses to go on without heeding the signs, he must take the risk of escaping in the collision that will surely follow.

Sometimes the diarrhœa is caused by an irritating substance that is exciting the bowels to action. This is especially apt to be the case if there has been constipation before the attack. Some simple laxative medicine, as a dose of castor-oil, should be given, and then, if the trouble continue, paregoric in small doses of sixty drops each, every two hours, until five or six doses have been taken.

If the bowels were in a healthy state before the diarrhœa began, it can be treated with a tablespoonful of chalk-mixture every three hours, or teaspoonful doses of tincture of ginger.

There are many so-called diarrhœa-mixtures, and different patent medicines which profess to check it are sold. These it is better to avoid—I might indeed say the only wise course.

If the attack should not yield to simple measures and home remedies, a good physician should be consulted and his prescription religiously followed.

The best treatment for diarrhœa is rest in bed, lying on the back. The bowels are not excited to action by the muscular effort necessary in walking and moving about, and have an opportunity to recover from their irritation.

A broad flannel bandage wound around the abdomen helps to support it and gives a sensation of warmth which is very comforting. Such a bandage should be worn all the time by persons who are subject to this disorder. If difficulty is found in keeping it in place in the daytime, a strap can be fastened on each side behind, brought between the thighs, and pinned to the bandage in front. This will prevent its slipping out of place.

The diet is a very important point in this disorder. The food should be light and unstimulating. If the attack is very severe, boiled milk drunk cold should be tried for a day or two.

Beef-tea must not be taken.

Rice-water, thin corn-starch gruel, and gruel made of wheat-flour may be administered, but all should be given cold. Hot drinks should be avoided, as all are more or less exciting.

When the trouble is sensibly checked, there may be a return to solid food. Toast, cracker pudding, or crackers and milk, eggs, corn-starch, blanc mange, custard, etc., will be acceptable as well as nourishing to the patient.

Fresh green vegetables and ripe fruit eaten in moderation will seldom cause diarrhœa, though they should be forbidden in the height of an attack. Stale vegetables and unripe or over-ripe fruit are very apt to produce it.

Care in diet and the avoidance of over-fatigue and cold will do much to ward off the trouble, even in those who are predisposed thereto. Complete rest in the beginning of an attack will certainly shorten it—this must not be forgotten.

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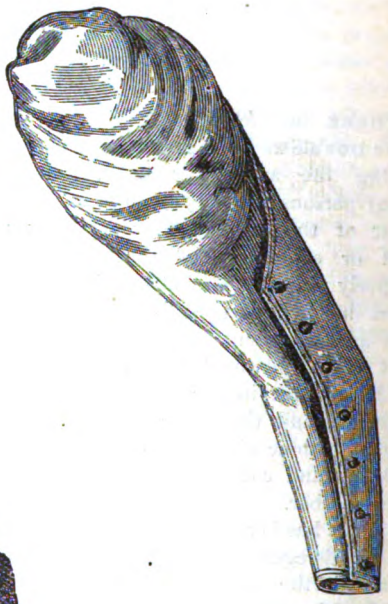
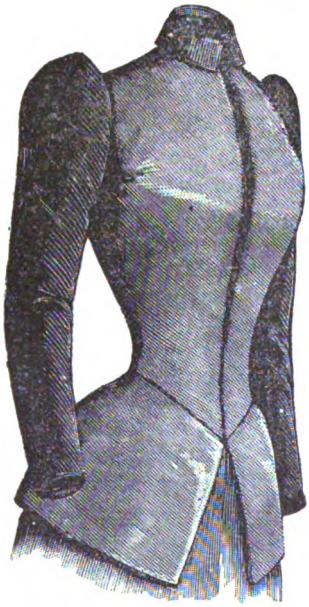
SOME NEW COSTUMES.





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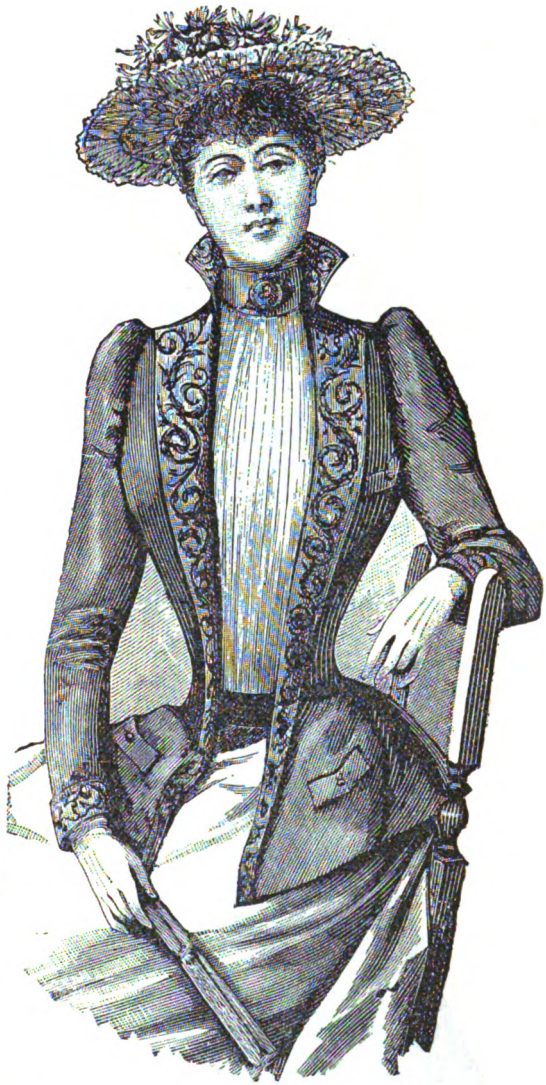

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish gown for either street or house wear, made of self-colored serge,

No. 1.

camel's-hair, or lady's-cloth, in combination with velvet to match—or with black velvet, if it tones with the color of the material used. Our model calls for a pin-striped mixed gray serge or camel's-hair, with black velvet for the vest and sleeves. The skirt of this gown is plain on the front breadth, with wide box-plaits for the sides. The back hangs plain. The bodice is full, back and front, forming a V over the velvet vest

No. 2.

—which V may also be shown in the back, if desired. The bodice forms a short basque,

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No. 3.

and laps over from right to left. High puffed sleeves and standing collar. A velvet

No. 4—FRONT.

toque is worn with this costume, trimmed with ostrich-tips and standing loops of grosgrain ribbon. From seven to eight yards of fortytwo-inch material will be required for the gown, three and a half yards of velvet for sleeves and vest.

No. 2—Is a visiting-gown, of light-gray Henrietta-cloth, combined with black velvet ribbon. The skirt of this gown shows a

No. 4—BACK.

slight train, and the front is draped over the hips. On the left side, a panel is covered with rows of velvet ribbon one inch wide. The full bodice has a pointed waistband entirely covered with rows of velvet ribbon half an inch in width. The same forms the deep cuffs and simulates the jacket around the arm. The high collar is trimmed to match. Eight to ten yards

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of Henrietta-cloth and from three to four pieces of velvet ribbon will be required. A simple little bonnet of black and white

No. 5.

ribbon and velvet, trimmed with white daisies, is worn with this gown.

No. 3—Shows a simple and stylish street-dress for a girl of ten to twelve years or older. It is made of marine-blue serge and trimmed with black or brown worsted braid. The slashed jacket is edged with the braid, and a velvet or surah vest to match the braid shows a small V in front. A felt hat, trimmed with loops of velvet and gros-grain ribbon, is worn with this costume. The hat may be like the dress and trimmed to match, or the reverse, like the trimmings and trimmed with marine-blue.

No. 4—Shows a costume of cloth, with long jacket corsage. We give the front and back view. The skirt is plain and straight, of walking-length without any train, and above the hem are four rows of worsted Hercules braid. The jacket opens in front, with a rolling collar over a full-plaited round waist or vest-front, as may be preferred. The back of the jacket is slashed, as seen in the illustration. High puffed sleeves. A cuff of velvet, waistband and collar of the same. The collar has three rows of braid to match the skirt, also the under edge of the sleeve. If a complete round waist be made, the sleeves of it will be trimmed with the braid at the hand; otherwise, the vest will be made without sleeves. Six yards of lady's-cloth will make this costume, and twenty yards of braid for skirt, etc.

No. 5—Shows a walking-costume, of spotted camel's-hair, brown or olive-green rings upon a chamois-colored ground.

No. 6.

The plain skirt is slightly long at the back. The long coat-basque, with high Medici collar, has pocket-flaps and vest

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of velvet. The collar also is lined with the velvet, which opens over a vest of velvet matching the figure of the material. High puffed sleeves, with velvet cuffs. This model may be carried out in plain self-colored cloth or camel's-hair, with velvet of a darker shade, for those who prefer a more quiet costume for street-wear. Hat of felt, trimmed with velvet loops and velvet flowers. For the gown, seven to eight yards of fortysix-inch material will be required, and one and a half yards of velvet.

No. 6—Shows an effective mode of making and trimming a house-dress for a girl of

No. 7.

twelve to fourteen years. The material used is figured challis or China silk. The making of the dress is extremely simple. The bodice opens, back and front, over a fulled chemisette of silk-muslin or China crèpe. The mode of trimming is shown in the

No. 8.

illustration. Velvet ribbon half an inch wide is used. A belt, with long ends and loops of velvet ribbon two inches in width, ties at the left side. High collar, finished with a rosette. About three pieces of half-inch velvet ribbon will be required, and from three to four yards of the two-inch width.

No. 7.—For a boy, we give a costume Russe, of diagonal cloth. Knickerbocker pants and a blouse, which fastens under the galloon on the left side. Collar and cuffs to match. A leather belt and buckle are worn with this blouse.

No. 8—Shows a blouse-dress for an infant of one to three years. It is made of pin-striped or plain nainsook, and simply ornamented with feather-stitching in white or colored cotton.

DESIGN OF PEACOCK-FEATHERS.

We give, in the front of the book, a design of peacock-feathers, to be painted on a china plate. The color should be copied from a real feather, as no copy on paper can equal the brilliancy of the original. The same design can be done in outline-stitch, in colors imitating the real feather as nearly as possible, or in blue or green or even black.

BUTTERFLY DESIGN.

We give, on the Supplement, a butterfly design, to be done in any color preferred; if used for a child's table-cover or rug, the gayer the colors, the better.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

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BRETON JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement, the pattern of a Breton jacket. It consists of six pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SIDE-BACK.
4. SLEEVE.
5. COLLAR.
6. CUFF.

The pattern is designed for a thirtysix-inch bust. Allow all seams. The letters and notches show where the pieces should join. The vest is an ordinary plain waist, made to open on the side. It is made of plain material of a contrasting color, with the braids of the prevailing color of the material of the dress. The turn-over collar and standing collar should be made of velvet to correspond.

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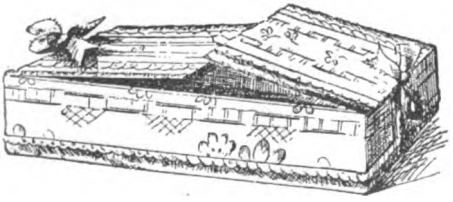
BOUDOIR TABLE.

The four legs are tightly covered with old brocade, and the top and shelf with Venetian-red plush, on which a simple design is embroidered in gold thread. The top and shelf are surrounded by a frill of China silk, over which droops a fringe composed of van-dykes in gold cord, finished off with tassels in various colored silks. Narrow gold galloon heads this frill, it should be fastened with fancy nails.

CARD OR GLOVE BOX.



This trifle shows a good way of utilizing old cigar-boxes, the lids of which are cut in the centre to form two pieces, which, like the box, are covered with old brocade or embroidery, stretched over a thin lining. The foundation is backed with plush showing round the lower edges, and divided from the figured silk by a fancy galloon. The quilted lining of the inside is glued on a piece of card-board, and secured to the panels with a mixed chenille cord. Each part of the lid is attached with a pretty ribbon bow, replacing hinges, the ribbon having been drawn through holes bored purposely on the sides of the box and lids.

DESIGN FOR NAPKIN TO COVER FRUIT.

On the Supplement, we give a pretty design for a fruit-napkin, to be worked in outline or in English-embroidery stitch; the edge should be buttonholed. It will also serve for placing under a small form of cream or ices.

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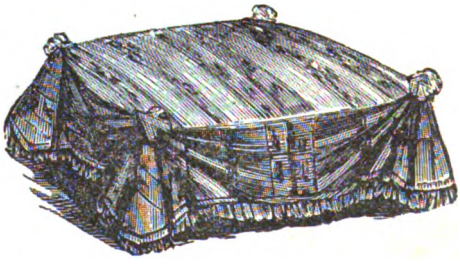
MARIE ANTOINETTE HANGING POCKET.

This hanging pocket is made of pistache-green armure silk. First cover a frame of card-board with the silk, and finish the edge with a gathered ruffle of inch-wide satin ribbon. After this is done, cut out the pieces for the pockets, and back them with a piece of crinoline or muslin. On the pockets, embroider a simple pattern in marguerites, with stems and leaves. The pockets, after the embroidery is done, are to be lined with silk and edged with a narrow ruffle to match the frame part. After the pockets are in place, then line the back of the frame with silesia and add a rosette with loop, by which the pocket is to be suspended. Velvet, plush, satin, or a piece of old brocade may be put in use for making this useful article for the bed-room.

TRINKET-BOX.

Make the foundation of this box of card-board; or take a pasteboard box of good shape and size, and cover it, inside and outside, with some pretty colored satin —the inside to be quilted and scented with violet sachet-powder. The cover for the box is then arranged, made of some pretty lace, and the edge finished with a narrow quilled ribbon. Festoon it upon the lid of the box, as seen in the illustration, making tiny rosettes for the corners.



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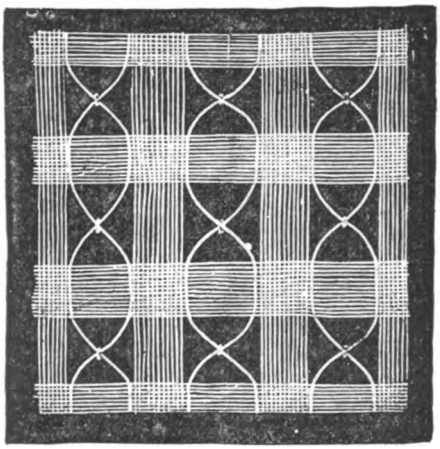
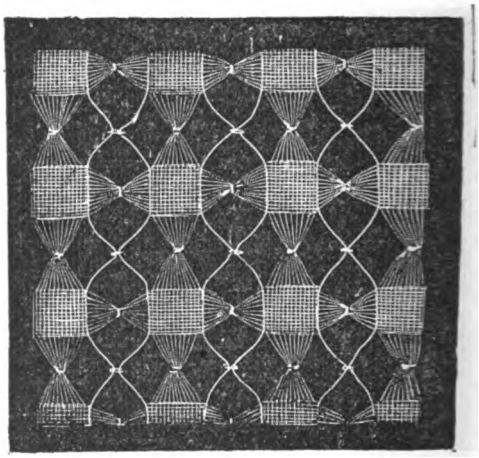
CHECKS AND OVALS, AND CHECKS AND STARS, IN DRAWN-WORK.

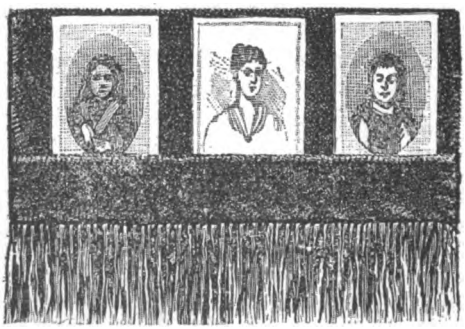




Checks and ovals: Threads of the warp and of the weft have to be pulled out, so as to form open squares. Then the ovals are produced by the knotting of side threads, left loose at intervals, to be joined across in the centre of a vacant square.

The checks and stars are the second stage of the checks and ovals, an extra knot binding the single threads of the clear checks, which at once impart to the ground the appearance of a powdering of stars. These ovals are often found in flowing patterns, and can be crossed and filled in with any variety of stitches.

PANEL IN RED PLUSH, FOR PHOTOS.



Cover a bit of card-board the required length and height for three or more cabinet photos, and an extra piece for the bottom edge, into which the photos are dropped. A deep fringe of silk or gold lace finishes the bottom edge of the card, and the panel is suspended upon the wall in a convenient place.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

BATHING is too much neglected. Our hands and face are washed very often, but the poor body, with countless numbers of minute follicular glands, may exude an insensible or sensible perspiration day after day, and be neglected by many. The skin becomes relaxed, loses its tonicity, the pores clogged with the exudation, and then dry and branny.

Now, how refreshing it is to bathe with soft water with a little aqua ammonia in it, say one teaspoonful to one quart of water, which is both cleansing to the skin and invigorating to the nervous system, and even has a stimulating effect on the liver and biliary organs generally. No person can remain in perfect health without free and frequent ablutions of the entire body.

VENTILATION.—There is a great need of systematic ventilation without exposure to draughts of air. As a rule, our rooms are too close—the bracing exhilarating air kept out. The same may be said of children's play-rooms generally, as well as nurseries, bed-rooms, etc. How often do we find the little ones reeking with perspiration and oppressed in their slumbers!

A close nursery causes them to kick off the covering unconsciously, and then, becoming exposed in a perspirable state to the air, croup and catarrhal affections result. After an evening's confinement to a room, it is a good plan to send the children out for a good run, properly clad, before retiring, to fill their lungs with fresh air to oxygenate their blood and free the circulation of some carbonic acid gas, and they will rest the better for it. School-rooms are sadly neglected. There should be a sanitary committee to visit schools, who, entering the rooms from the fresh air, could judge at once of their condition by the foul odor.

FRESH AIR.—"Go out-of-doors and get the air" is the sage advice of physicians, given over and over and yet not heeded as it should be. There are so many, young ladies particularly and some individuals of a hypochondriac nature, who seem to be afflicted with a sort of ennui that they forget the vitalizing effects of good fresh air. Ah, if they only knew "what was in the air"!

Let them look on those who live in the air, and observe how robust and healthy they are—glowing with good blood, rich red globules, not afraid of the cold air when properly clothed. Why, living in the air alone, in the piney woods of Florida, has cured the poor consumptive when he has swung his hammock outdoors and slept in it. Strength comes to such, power to digest foods, cheerfulness from a better feeling, and thus a new life dawns on us and we become convinced that there is a power to heal in the oxygen of outdoor air.

TO BE REMEMBERED.—It is a fact which cannot be too strongly impressed on the young, that self-control is essential to good manners. How often you find, if persons have infringed on the rules of courtesy, it is not that they wish to be rude, but that their own particular rose-leaf has been crumpled for the moment, and they are quite indifferent as to how many of their neighbors' they crumple in return. Gentleness is too little cultivated in our intercourse with each other. Bishop Latimer said of his times: "There never were in England so many gentlemen, and so little gentleness." This would not be, if it were inculcated from earliest childhood that "courtesy is a Christian virtue, and Christian charity the basis of all good breeding." A great cause for the brusqueness we find in the world is from people having no real ease of manner and being compelled to adopt that so-called "naturalness" or disagreeable originality which they imagine hides their awkwardness, just as an ill-taught schoolboy will make a blot to hide a bit of wrong spelling.

A NEW IDEA in the use of flowers has sprung up in Paris. A large single spray is carried, instead of the stiff bouquet so long popular. This is a graceful conceit. All the fashionable women, when they enter a salon, carry a spray or branch of some flower in season, such as lilac, acacia, mimosa, or roses; these are held in the hand like a palm-branch, as one sees in the old pictures. It is useful to play with, wave gently, and, in fact, almost takes the place of a fan.

"IT CONTAINS THE BEST."—The Charles City (Iowa) Advocate says: "There is no magazine so well adapted to the general wants of a home as 'Peterson.' It contains the best of almost everything. Its stories, miscellany, fashions, music, poetry, and fancy-work meet the popular demand, and year after year we find 'Peterson' leading in popular favor and growing always better and more indispensable."

A COMMON WEAKNESS.—There is no greater weakness than that of letting our happiness depend too much on the opinions of others.

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ODDS AND ENDS.—Industrious fingers that like pleasant work are embroidering the corners of carriage-rugs, which feel like the softest and warmest blankets. They can be had in various colors, but a rich deep-red and olive-green seem particularly popular. Perambulator-rugs are worked in the same way. When sieves are worn through and considered useless, they are generally discarded; but an ingenious originator has recently transformed them into a semblance of work-bags. The sieve-frame, painted and pierced near the edge with a row of holes, has a bag attached to it by means of stitches put in and out of these holes. It is encircled and hidden by a length of soft silk passed round it and finished off in a bow, and silk cord is run in to suspend it by. The bag is made fuller than the sieve, so that it hangs full. The silk surrounding the wood is made to draw over the top and to form a covering. The large-sized sieves have been employed in two original ways: one as a receptacle for miniatures, with a velvet background, and suspended against the wall, finished off with a twist of one or two colors of silk; the other as a frame or case for home-stuffed birds. Verily, in these adaptive days, everything is turned to account. Children's drums, much bedecked, are transformed into work-receptacles, either for standing upright or hanging against a wall. One end of the drum is made to come off, covered with brocade or painted, and finished off with a pretty fluffy ball-fringe. The body of the drum has a strip of plush round it, is laced across with gold braid into which the gilded sticks are firmly pushed, and suspended from the wall by a broad ribbon.

HONEY.—There are very few with whom honey does not agree, as it is easily digested and assimilated. It furnishes the same elements of nutrition as sugar and starch—namely, warmth and energy—with much less strain on the digestive organs, as part of the process has already been effected by the bees. As an emollient for the skin, it is preferable to glycerine, but must be diluted; while as a medicine it is excellent, especially in lung-affections, croup, and cold, and is employed as a substitute for cod-liver oil. It is useful in diseases of the bladder and kidneys, as it is a laxative and sedative. In cookery, it can be used to replace sugar for the preserving of fruit and in the making of summer drinks, as it has much the same effect as stimulants, without their injurious results.

LINEN.—Do not permit table or bed linen to lie from year to year without being used. It will last the longer for an occasional washing. If it is already very yellow, cut up a pound of white soap in four quarts of milk. Put it over the stove in a wash-kettle, and, when the soap has dissolved, put in the linen and boil fifteen minutes; then wash in soap-suds and rinse in two clean waters, bluing the last water slightly. The possessor of a grass-plot can whiten her choice linen by simply rinsing in soap-suds and laying it on the grass for two or three days. Rinse in clear water and dry on the line, and it will be sweet and fresh and white.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

The Substance of the Soul. By William Hemstreet. New York: Fowler & Wells.—A book well worth reading, whether or not one feel inclined to accept the author's premises and theory. He argues that, "by demonstrating the corporeal nature of the soul, we demonstrate its immortality in the imperishability of matter and its alliance with volitional tenacity or love of life." The book is largely speculative and makes little pretension to science, although its writer is evidently a cultured man as well as a thinker. We should add that there is nothing in the work which conflicts with received theological creeds; faith and trust in a personal God form the basis of the book.

The Dethroned Heiress. By Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is a novel of great interest, both in plot and characterization, and the reader's attention is kept absorbed to the very last chapter. Miss Dupuy's works date a couple of decades back, and the rising generation of novel-readers are less familiar with her productions than they ought to be. The publishers deserve thanks for including one of her books in their twentyfive-cent edition, and we feel certain it will attain a popularity which will warrant them in including her other productions in this excellent series.

Why I Am What I Am. New York: J. S. Ogilvie & Co.—A pamphlet collection of the frank utterances of some of the most noted clergymen of the day, in regard to the reasons which have induced them to adopt their respective religious creeds. Every denomination, from the Roman Catholic to the Methodist, is ably represented. Taken together, the various essays form a volume that will attract a wide and varied class of readers, besides forming a clear résumé of the numerous creeds, which will prove valuable as a book of reference.

Zenie's Inheritance. By Henry Gréville. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This is one of the latest and best of this author's numerous pictures of Russian life. The characters are drawn with a firm yet delicate touch, the plot is fresh and interesting, and the story abounds in bright dialogue and spirited description. Like various other of Henry Gréville's novels, this volume has been placed in the publishers' twentyfive-cent list.

Kindesliebe. By Henry Faulkner Darnell. Phila-

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delphia: McCalla & Co.—A very clever poem, interesting in plot and written in smooth musical verse. Its descriptions of scenery are unusually striking, and contain vivid pictures of noted spots in France, Germany, and Switzerland. The story is dramatic enough to have served for a novel or drama, and we heartily commend the volume to all lovers of narrative poetry.

Columbia. By John R. Musick. New York: Worthington Co.—This story of the discovery of America brings Columbus and the principal personages and events connected with his life so clearly before the reader that it possesses the dramatic interest of a play, rather than the ordinary attraction of an historical novel. The book is prettily bound and plentifully illustrated with good photogravures.

Captain Blake. By Charles King. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Another of Captain King's delightful tales of garrison-life, the hero of which has already appeared in a former story. This hero is a splendid fellow, and meets with a series of adventures which bring out in bold relief the salient and noble points of his character. The book is well bound and well illustrated.

Miss Crespigny. By Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This story is a very favorable specimen of the author's work. It is full of incident and written with much spirit and freshness. This charming novelet has just been added to the twentyfive-cent series.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

IT IS WONDERFUL to what extent small articles can be brought into general demand by judicious advertising. The Magic Introduction Co., 227 Broadway, N. Y., have both eyes wide open for new and useful things, with a corps of expert mechanics constantly examining them. If found meritorious, they use printer's-ink freely, hence their wonderful success. The Magic Pocket-Lamp, Knife, and Pocket-Bank, of which many thousands have been sold, owe their production and introduction to this company. They have many things new and useful now in preparation.

A FAVORABLE CHANGE occurs with the very first application of Betton's Infallible Pile Salve, and a reasonable course of treatment cures the most obstinate cases. Price fifty cents, to be had of your druggist; or, upon receipt of price, will be sent by mail by The Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crême Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* Pfrs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XXIV.—THE CAUSE, DIFFUSION, LOCALIZATION, PREVENTION, AND CURE OF EPIDEMIC DISEASES.

3. LOCALIZATION AND DIFFUSION. — The mouth is the main inlet to the mucous surfaces, to the stomach and intestines, on which the settlement and development or the localization and diffusion of germs, as a rule, take place.

In some diseases, as they develop and propagate, they extend over the body through the medium of the mucous layer of the skin.

For instance, in measles, the germs of the parasite first show themselves—as every old nurse and mother knows full well—"on the roof of the mouth" and throat generally, and the incipiency of the disease is there looked for; next in the eyes and nostrils. Thence they spread, grow, and develop more or less over the entire body—through the medium of the mucous membrane of the cuticle, as before said. From the same localities and in like manner do the parasites of small-pox spread over the body; but, from a higher irritation and inflammation about the hair-follicles, an effusion of lymph soon takes place, which is transformed into pus, and, drying, forms the well-known crust, to the under side of which the seeds or germs of the disease adhere. A minute portion of this, broken down and dissolved, inserted beneath the cuticle on the point of a lance, will transmit the disease by inoculation, just as the finer portions of the broken and falling scabs, floating on the air and settling upon the lips or mouth or nose of persons present, will renew or transmit the disease and go through the same process again and again.

The scarlet-fever parasite settles and starts also, in the beginning, upon the mouth and throat, and thence is diffused rapidly and violently through the mucous layer of the skin, producing so much irritation and inflammatory action over the whole surface as to loosen the cuticle and destroy its vitality, and it comes off in large thin scales, to the under surface of which the seeds or germs of the parasite are attached. These may be carried by articles of clothing or by the vapors of warm moist air to other persons, and thus the disease may be spread in every direction. The importance and object of isolation of the sick are apparent.

But mothers must bear in mind here again, in order to put rationally in practice the preventive measures which will be clearly given before these papers are closed, that these germs first find lodgment upon the mucous membrane of the lips and mouth.

The parasites causing diphtheria—as well as those producing whooping-cough—appear to be

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too heavy to be wafted by the air, unless at very limited distances. They seem to be thrown, by the act of hard coughing, from the throat of the patient, so as to reach and effect a foothold upon the lips or mouth of anyone chancing to be near by. Therefore, the policy of keeping all persons, especially children, from the room and as far away as possible, is at once apparent. But the cause of diphtheria being often derived "from the developed mold of preserved meats, kept in damp places and eaten uncooked," or from fresh meats cooked and kept for some time in a warm moist place and then eaten without being re-cooked, all partaking of such food are liable to be attacked, and thus one after another is prostrated by the disease from this first cause, and not from the one first taken sick. What will give rise to the disease in one will also give it to others.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

VEGETABLES.

Potatoes in the Half-Shell, or Soufflé.—Wash, scrub, and bake three smooth potatoes. Cut in halves lengthwise, and, without breaking the skin, scoop out the potato into a hot bowl. Mash, and add one even tablespoonful of butter, one of hot milk, and salt and pepper to taste. Beat the whites of two eggs stiff, and mix it with the potato. Fill the skins with the potato mixture, heaping it lightly on the top. Brown slightly.

To Cook Beets.—Beets should be boiled in plenty of water for six hours. When done, slice them into a saucepan with a small lump of butter, a little salt, half a teaspoonful to a common-sized dish, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, and one teaspoonful of brown sugar. Let them simmer for half an hour before serving. A dust of flour to thicken the gravy.

Tomato Sauce.—Take eight ripe tomatoes; cut them up, skins and all, and stew them until they are very soft; press them through a sieve; season with salt and cayenne pepper. Add five tablespoonfuls of brown gravy; stir it all well together and heat it.

White-Onion Sauce.—Boil the onions and mash them perfectly soft, and add to them drawn butter enough to make a sauce. Season with butter and salt.

MISCELLANEOUS TABLE-RECEIPTS.

Chestnuts (to cook).—Chestnuts are rendered much more wholesome and palatable by being first parboiled, and then roasted. Ten minutes or a quarter of an hour will suffice for the boiling. They should then be taken out, dried in a cloth, and placed upon the hot top of a stove or kitchener, where they should be frequently turned about, so as to get browned nicely all round. They should be served quite hot upon a napkin, and should be eaten with salt, which much improves them. They are drier and more insipid if roasted without the preliminary boiling.

Swiss Rarebit—Take six eggs, and the weight of two in grated cheese, and the weight of one in butter. Break the eggs into a basin, and, as each is broken, put it in a saucepan and beat them well, then add the cheese grated, and a little salt and pepper. Put the saucepan on a slow clear fire, and stir well till the mixture is sufficiently thick and soft, like very thick cream. Have ready two rounds of thin hot toast buttered, but without crust, and cut into square sippets. Spread the cheese on these and on a very hot dish and hot cover over, and serve quickly.

Water-cress Butter.—Pick the leaves of a quantity of water-cress and mince them as finely as possible; then dry them in a cloth, mince them still more, and dry them again. Then knead them with as much fresh butter as they will take up, adding a very little salt and white pepper. Then shape them into balls or pats, ice them, and serve.

Cheese Biscuit.—Have a little puff or short paste ready, and sprinkle over it a little cayenne and as much grated Parmesan cheese as the dough will take; double up the paste, roll it out rather thin, and cut it with a round paste-cutter; glaze with egg, arrange on a floured tin, and bake in a sharp oven till of a light-yellow color.

A FEW BIBLE TERMS DEFINED.

A gerah was equal to a cent.

A farthing was equal to three cents.

A mite was less in value than a quarter of a cent.

A shekel of silver was about fifty cents.

A shekel of gold was eight dollars.

A piece of silver or a penny was equal to thirteen cents.

A talent of silver was five hundred and thirtyeight dollars and thirty cents.

A talent of gold was thirteen thousand eight hundred and nine dollars.

A cubit was nearly twentytwo inches.

A day's journey was about twentythree and a fifth miles; a Sabbath day's about three-fourths of a mile.

A hand's-breadth equaled three and five-eighths inches. A finger's-breadth was equal to one inch.

A cab was three pints.

An omer was six pints.

A firkin was seven pints.

A hin was one gallon and one quart.

An ephah or bath contained seven gallons and five pints.

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NATIVE ORIGIN OF CERTAIN FRUITS AND VEGETABLES.

Apples came originally from the East, brought by the Romans.

Crab-apples came from Great Britain.

Pears were also brought by the Romans from the East.

Apricots originated in Armenia.

The gooseberry is a native of Great Britain.

Damsons came from Damascus.

Quinces originated in Corinth.

The peach is a native of Persia.

Filberts were first found in Greece.

Lemons came from Assyria.

The fig originated in Asia.

Coffee is a native of Abyssinia.

Nectarines originally came from Persia, having been introduced into Europe in 1562.

Tamarinds came from the East and the West Indies.

The pomegranate is a native of Southern Europe, Asia, and Bombay.

Almonds came from Spain and Italy.

Bread-fruit is a native of the South Sea Islands.

MISCELLANEOUS.

WHERE PUMICE-STONE COMES FROM.—We often hear it remarked, and particularly after the eruption of a volcano, that pumice-stone ought to be plentiful and cheap, as quantities must have been ejected during the volcanic disturbance. As a matter of fact, however, none of the white stone in general use is obtained from active volcanoes. It comes from deposits of the article discovered in one or two quarters of the globe, the best of which is at present to be found in the island of Lipari, situated in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The island is mountainous in character, and consists of tuffs and lavas and of highly siliceous volcanic products. The district where the stone is found is called Campo Bianco or Monte Petalo, 1,500 feet above the level of the sea. After riding a considerable distance, partly along precipitous paths sufficiently dangerous to be interesting, and partly through vineyards and over grassy plains, one almost suddenly comes upon a seemingly snow-clad narrow valley enclosed by hills, also quite white, and the whole glaringly bright on a sunny day. Into these hills, workmen are ceaselessly digging deep burrows, working within by candle-light. In their excavations, they come across many lumps of pumice-stone, which are placed in baskets, subsequently being conveyed along the valley to the sea-shore, where small boats are loaded and sail to the sea-port near by, where the stone is sorted, packed, and shipped to distant parts, via Messina or Leghorn.

DON'T WORRY.—If you want to get well or to keep well, don't worry. If you want to be happy and to make others happy, don't worry. If you want to be plump and fresh, don't worry. If you want things to go right with you and yours, don't worry. If you wish to be a helpmate to your husband, don't worry. If you wish to be a loving and loved mother, don't worry. If you want a good appetite, don't worry. If you want to sleep well, don't worry. Worry is the curse of American women. Instead of taking the blessings that a kind Father provides, and being happy and content, all are passed over and they worry for what they have not. "Don't cross the bridge until you come to it" is a maxim that it would be well for all to bear in mind. Live to-day, and, so far as troubles and anxieties of the future are concerned, leave them to the future. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be."

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE AND WHITE SHEPHERD'S-PLAID. The skirt is open at each side over plain blue camel's-hair, and is slightly draped below the waist. The bodice also opens over blue camel's-hair, and has full sleeves of the same. Both bodice and skirt are ornamented at the openings with blue cord and large buttons or worsted balls. Straw hat, trimmed with daisies and blue ribbon.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF PALE FAWN-COLORED DELAINE, with a woven figured skirt. The loose bodice is confined at the waist under a very wide silk belt matching in color the woven bands around the skirt. The very full sleeves are of the figured material, with cuffs of the plain part of the delaine. Jabot of white lace from the neck.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WILLOW-GREEN CASHMERE, with two ruffles on the bottom of the skirt. The back of the bodice is of the same material; but the front is made of a gay foulard plaid silk, with a full vest of the plaid silk. The long sleeves have plaid silk cuffs. Hat of black lace, made on a foundation, with yellow daisies in front, and trimmed on the outside with black ostrich-feathers.

FIG. IV.—WALKING-DRESS, OF STONE-COLORED WOOLEN. The skirt has panels of brown silk on each side and is quite plain in front. The deep jacket, opening over a cream-colored cloth vest, has panels, pockets, and high collar, of brown silk. The basque is set on to the waist. Very full sleeves, coat-shaped on the lower part. Straw hat, trimmed with brown ribbon and yellow roses.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-BROWN WOOLEN, with braided border at the bottom. Very deep Henri III cape, of tan-colored cloth, with high shoulder-pieces and Marie de Medici collar—cord and tassels as trimming. Tan-colored toque, ornamented with black lace and feathers.

FIG. VI (in the back of the book).—BONNET, OF BLACK LACE, for an elderly lady. Black

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ostrich-tip trimming may be employed, or lace can be loosely arranged in place of the feather-trimming.

FIG. VII.—SLEEVE, OF CAMEL'S-HAIR, buttoning on the outside of the arm.

FIG. VIII.—JACKET, OF BROWN CLOTH, for autumn wear, with basque attached to the waist, and sleeves and collar of brown velvet.

FIG. IX.—GRAY FELT HAT, faced with black velvet and trimmed, back and front, with black ostrich-feathers.

FIG. X.—HENRY II CLOAK, OF BLACK CLOTH, spotted with black chenille. It is gathered into a black velvet yoke, under a rose quilling. Rose quilling around the neck.

FIG. XI.—JACKET, OF BLACK CASHMERE, made to open over a plaited surah plastron. The long revers are braided in gold; but black braid looks well, if preferred. Sleeves of moderate size. Cuffs and Medici collar also braided. Straw hat, trimmed with ragged-robins.

FIG. XII.—HAT, OF MASTIC-COLORED CLOTH, spotted in golden-brown. Golden-brown velvet quilling and feathers.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Skirts* are still too long for the street, though shorter than earlier in the year, and small draperies are again showing themselves. This mode is much better adapted to full figures than the close-fitting sheath style. The drapery is, however, slight and so artistically done that the front scarcely looks any fuller. Some skirts are beginning to be open at the sides again, to show a simulated underskirt, flounced or trimmed in some way up to the waist beneath.

The back width of all skirts, whether draped in front or not, is cut quite square, thus: The top point is sewed to the waistband at the back, and the train is formed by rounding the lower ends, thus: The material must be very wide, however, to allow of this arrangement, as one width suffices for the entire back of the skirt. Another width forms the front. All the sides or seams are on the straight. Indeed, there are only two seams in all, the front width being plaited at the waist—underneath and invisibly—to suit the figure.

Train-skirts are justly objected to by ladies, for the street; but, when long basque-jackets are worn, they give grace to the figure. A short round skirt, with a long jacket, is not becoming. The hems of skirts are turned over the skirt instead of underneath, and are stitched round in tailor-style or are trimmed round with a band of embroidery or braiding.

Paniers are growing more and more in favor, especially for evening-dresses and when made of gauze, tulle, or lace. In such cases, they are gathered; when made of heavier material, they are usually laid in plaits.

Bodices have basques of some kind usually, though the round or pointed waists are preferred by many. In some cases, the basque is cut in one piece with the bodice, thus giving a jacket-effect. Sometimes it is plain, sometimes cut up in tabs or turrets, sometimes put on in kilted plaits or as a ruffle.

For walking-dresses, severe tailor-made bodices are seen; but bodices are trimmed and puffed and ornamented with ruffles and chiffons.

Sleeves are quite loose and rather full; but the best French models are very moderate in size, and this style will no doubt prevail during the coming winter. They may be made of the material of the dress or of that of some of the trimming on it.

The basques of long jackets are sometimes draped instead of falling straight, and are therefore called paniers.

Jackets are decidedly long, and many of them are quite elaborate in decoration; they are much braided and embroidered, and often, when the body of the jacket is untrimmed, the collar and sleeves are covered with braiding, or vice-versa.

Mantles profusely trimmed with lace or fringe, made long in front and short behind, are worn by elderly ladies.

Capes under various names are as popular as ever; they are most convenient wraps, covering the shoulders without giving too much heat.

Fringes are appearing again, some of silk, some of jet, and others of silk and steel or jet and steel mixed.

Bonnets and hats continue of the size and style worn during the summer, and it is too early yet to prophesy the modes for the winter.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S LAWN-TENNIS COSTUME, OF WHITE FLANNEL, with slightly draped skirt. The jacket-bodice has a short basque, and the cuffs, broad collar, and skirt-band are of cheviot plaid. The plaited front of the jacket is of dark flannel, fastened with pearl buttons. Leather belt. Jockey cap, with flannel crown.

FIG. II.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF CLARET-COLORED DELAINE, spotted in white. The full bodice has three bands of ribbon coming from under the arms and fastened in front with a long pearl buckle. Coat of claret-colored cloth, opening over the bodice, made with high loose sleeves. Claret-colored felt hat, trimmed with ribbon matching the frock.

FIG. III.—LITTLE GIRL'S COAT, OF LIGHT-GRAY CLOTH, made sacque-style back and front, and has two rather full capes of the cloth pinked at the edges and a yoke of Astrakhan-cloth. Cuffs of Astrakhan-cloth. Cap of gray cloth, with Astrakhan border. This very pretty model can have gray cloth substituted for Astrakhan.

FIG. IV.—HAT, OF BROWN STRAW, trimmed with yellow and brown nasturtiums and brown ribbon bows.

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THREE OF THEM.

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AD

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Fig. 6

Fig. 7

Fig. 8

Fig. 9

Fig. 10

Fig. 11

Fig. 12

Fig. 14

Fig. 13

Fig. 15

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SORRENTO.

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. C. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1891. No. 4.

FROM NAPLES TO AMALFI.

BY SIDNEY ROSS.

FULL TILT.

IT really seems as if the spirit of the age had affected even the climate; for certainly great changes therein have gradually become noticeable, both in America and Europe.

Five-and-thirty years ago, March and April in Italy—at least, anywhere below Tuscany—could confidently be counted on as warm delicious months; but of late years they have waxed more and more capricious and ill-tempered, until now they are, as a rule, almost wet and disagreeable enough to belong to foggy England.

The truth is, that at present any traveler who wants to find the realization of his ideal Italian spring should choose May for his pilgrimage, and he will generally discover that he can prolong it to the end of June without discomfort, and he will thus have an opportunity of seeing the country in its richest wealth of foliage and flowers. Indeed, often the pilgrim from the New World will be forced to admit the heat is more endurable than that to which he has been accustomed at the same season in his own country.

Only this last spring, I found myself in Italy, after an absence of several years; and a visit to Naples, which I was persuaded to make with some friends, convinced me that the late spring is the pleasantest possible period for sojourning in the fascinating city and making pilgrimages to the numerous celebrated haunts in its vicinity.

We drove down to Baiæ and sailed over to Ischia, and finally, one bright morning, took the train to Castellamare, which, slowly as it moved, managed to take us thither in a little over an hour.

Although the portion of the town which extends along the shore does not present an especially pleasing aspect, as soon as one has gone a little way up the zigzag roads which traverse the steep hill on whose summit the main part of Castellamare is situated, picturesque views of the sea begin to peep out as one looks back, changing and widening with each new point gained. The narrow streets grow narrower till their moldy old houses nearly meet overhead, and the broad square into which they all converge is a typical scene of Italian life.

I never wearied of rambling among the quaint by-ways, which one always does, whether going up or down, at the imminent

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risk of being exterminated by some reckless urchin mounted on an undersized and preternaturally wicked donkey, who seems always to take as serene a satisfaction as his bare-legged red-fezzed little rider, in trying to destroy the unwary pedestrian.

We took up our quarters in a great villa perched on a height above the town: a delightfully picturesque mansion, with endless corridors and countless chambers and a wide stone-flagged terrace which afforded an entrancing view of Vesuvius in the foreground, and beyond a sunny stretch of seashore reaching almost up to Naples itself.

There are glorious chestnut woods all about Castellamare, which were in the perfection of beauty; and the orange and lemon groves showed rich in blossoms and golden fruitage, while the gorgeous azaleas and pink and white oleanders made a paradise on every hand.

It is in a neighborhood like this that the traveler obtains a realizing conception of the extraordinary. fecundity of the Italian soil. There is not a spot of earth left uncultivated; even the lava slopes of Vesuvius are utilized, and the land is literally an unbroken grove of fig, olive, and other fruit trees, beneath which spring luxuriant crops of wheat, Indian corn, tobacco, and every species of edible vegetable. Irrigation is carefully and universally carried on, and each little garden-patch has its group of male and female laborers, who shout shrill dirges or converse in tones equally discordant, for Italy is pre-eminently the land of unmusical voices.

WITH TAMBOURINE.

Beyond the places frequented by tourists, the peasantry remain, even to this day, simple natural folk, always pleased to talk with strangers, always surprised to find their language understood and spoken, and especially civil and communicative when their chance visitors are Americans, though even yet the old people confound North and South America in an amusing fashion. Still, we need not wonder at such ignorance when we remember that, at the commencement of our Civil War, not one educated Englishman in twenty could have told whether Mexico was a country by itself or the capital of Brazil, and English lords a few years further back were surprised to learn that they could not hunt buffalo on the plains of the far West and return at night to their hotel in New York.

Castellamare offers an endless succession of delightful walks and donkey-rides along lanes bordered by hedges of acacias and aloes, the ground brilliant with wild flowers, while at intervals there will peep out in the middle distance some substantial farm-house with arched verandas and narrow casements barred like those of a mediæval castle.

An excursion which we undertook again and again was that to Pompeii; it is within an easy drive, so that one is able to select the days when the general public is not admitted. Permission to do so is easy to obtain, and it is the only way to inspect the place in comfort.

We were fortunate in possessing the acquaintance of an English lady stopping in the house with us, who has made the buried—one ought rather to say unburied—city a long and earnest study and has written a capital work thereon. She kindly acted as our guide on numerous occasions, and, often as I had visited the dead shrine during other seasons, I felt that I had not really seen the place before.

I shall never forget a visit we paid there by moonlight, during which I strayed away from the rest of the party and stood alone near the unfinished temple of Peace, and then wandered on to the house of Glaucus.

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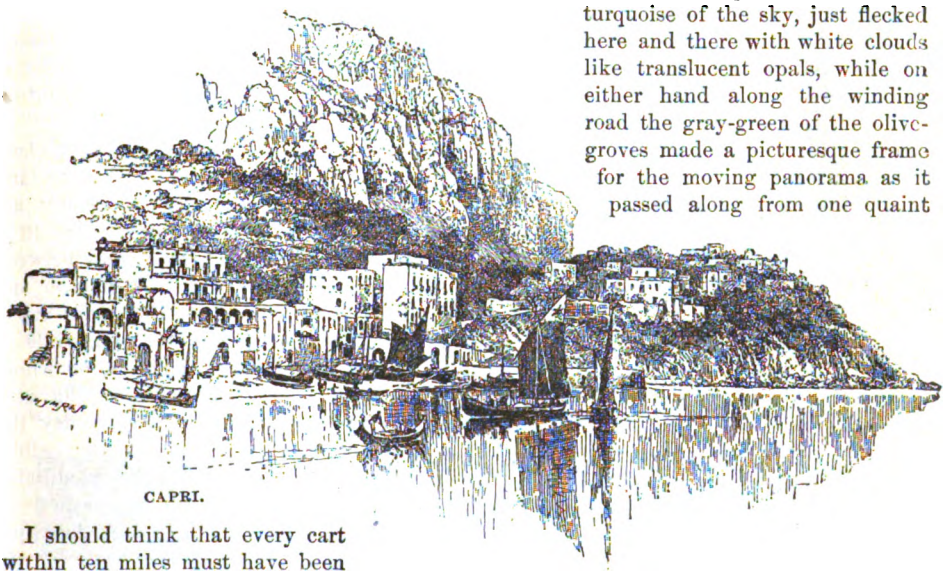
To this day, no guide-book can be more faithful than Bulwer's novel, though of course many parts of the city have been excavated since the time when he wrote the famous romance.

One morning, as we were driving in the neighborhood, we passed, near the foot of Vesuvius, through a little hamlet which was keeping the festival of its patron saint. It was one of the most characteristic Italian festivities I ever witnessed; it reminded me of the days thirtyfive years back, which, to the extreme exasperation of my more youthful companions, I always declared so superior to the present Italy in picturesque interest.



CAPRI.

I should think that every cart within ten miles must have been pressed into service for the procession, and all the vehicles were laden as only Italians can load wagons, with men, women, and children, all laughing and talking and shouting incessantly. I saw more national costumes, too, on that day, than I had done in years: men wearing bright-colored jackets and gay feathers in their hats; women in white chemisettes and laced bodices of red and green over brilliant-hued petticoats; and girls with long heavy braids of hair hanging down their backs. In and out among the vehicles dashed boys on donkeys, and maidens healthy-looking enough to have served as so many models for Hygeia herself. They joked the crowd, struck their tambourines with fists and elbows, rang merry little peals from the bells, and danced like a troop of bacchanals.

The carts were drawn indifferently by horses, mules, or donkeys; sometimes there would be a specimen of the three beasts, harnessed abreast and ridden by postillions in showy jackets and breeches. The animals' heads were crowned with flowers, and their harnesses were the most remarkable constructions ever human fancy devised in that line, built up in three arches over the head and back and decorated with weather-cocks, images of the Virgin or of some favorite saint, wrought in brass which shone like gold.

Over the gay scene spread the delicate turquoise of the sky, just flecked here and there with white clouds like translucent opals, while on either hand along the winding road the gray-green of the olive-groves made a picturesque frame for the moving panorama as it passed along from one quaint street to another, all of them in holiday attire, the shadowy arcades and overhanging balconies gay with festal draperies and crowded with groups of dusky-browed women and children in the full delight of that peculiar excitement which a festa always inspires in the Italian mind.

Looking down the sweep of the bay, one could perceive the outlines of Sorrento and the defiles beyond, while out in the bright waters Capri stood up like a gigantic emerald tower. Glancing along the bow-curved shore in the opposite direction, Ischia in the distance seemed dancing like a purple shallop on the waves, with Naples spread out like a gay parterre nearly opposite, and in the near foreground Vesuvius towering up, green

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AT THE WELL.

and smiling to the base of the rugged lava cone from whose mouth the eternal spire of smoke rose slowly in the air, as if in warning to the revelers to remember that life was not always a feast—that death lurked under the bright garlands and laughing flowers.

The next morning, we drove down to Sorrento, which always possesses a syren-like fascination for me. I would gladly have lingered for days; but that could not be, though we stopped long enough to make two or three of my favorite excursions, especially one leading over the old bridge that spans a mountain torrent, and along a steep flight of steps that winds up among the rocks, by which one at last reaches a view of the sea that amply repays one for the arduous climb.

A steamboat from Naples touches at Sorrento several times a week, and takes travelers over to the island of Capri in about an hour; but we preferred the old-fashioned row-boat and the longer voyage across the sunlit waters.

As one approaches its shores, Capri presents a beautiful and unique spectacle, of which my sketch gives a fairly good representation. During the latter part of May and the first half of June, Capri is idyllic in beauty—a poem—the realization of a poet's dream of Italy. Travelers nowadays are in such haste that they too often give it only the hasty glance possible between the coming and going of the day's steamboat; but, though they see much that is lovely and wonderful, they are forced to leave many more beautiful haunts unvisited.

I know of no spot where such variety, beauty, and grandeur of scenery are united within a space so limited. The little town at the landing lies on a curve between the Bay of Naples and that of Salerno, and from a delightful hotel—the Quisisana—both sheets of water can be seen, while in front rises the Hill of Tiberius, on whose summit traces of the tyrant's villa still exist, and from which on a clear day the temples of Pæstum are distinctly visible.

The island is divided into two mountainous regions, with the town nestled in between, and the village of Anacapri perched on the ridge at the back. I can remember when a donkey-path, which at intervals led across high steps, was the only way of reaching the hamlet; but now a magnificently constructed road winds up to it, every turn in which reveals some new and wider view, till at the top the culmination is reached in a magnificent panorama that stretches from Naples to Amalfi Bay.

The people are well acquainted with the historical claims of their island—they have lived off them for generations; and the smallest donkey-girl or boy will rattle glibly out the whole story of Tiberio, only the name will be twisted into "Timberio," and the Italian interlarded with scraps of perplexing dialect.

The young girls are celebrated for their beauty, and, since the days when a son of

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the poetess Caroline Norton married a Capri maid and several well-known painters followed his example, every damsel has expected a similar destiny, and this has given a slightly theatrical air to their dress and manner, which deteriorates from their charm. They are pretty creatures, though, as a rule, and it is a picturesque sight to see them clustered about the public wells or carrying their buckets on their heads up and down almost perpendicular paths, walking with the grace and freedom of Homer's Greek princesses.

One of the best-known marvels of the island is the Blue Grotto, which has to be entered in a small boat; difficult of entrance it is, too, when the tide is well up, but, once through the narrow dark passage, a scene of magical beauty dazzles the eyes of the visitor. Water and rocks are alike of the most intense azure, and any object plunged beneath the waves takes the hue of polished silver.

On the other side of the island is a grotto, less known because further away, in which everything—roof, rocks, and water—is of a vivid emerald hue up to twelve o'clock in the day; after that hour, the color fades gradually till the next morning.

The excursions are so numerous that one cannot thoroughly visit the island under a week, and a month in the spring can be spent there with enjoyment and profit. The peasants dance tarantellas to the accompaniment of tambourine and mandolin, and pride themselves on having several dances that are different from any seen elsewhere in the south of Italy.

It was difficult to tear ourselves away from the fascinating island, and those of our party who had never before visited the region would hardly believe that any sights so lovely could lie beyond, whereat we older travelers exchanged meaning glances as we reflected that further on we should find in Amalfi the crowning gem of beauty.

We went back to Sorrento and drove over to La Cava, which, like every other spot in that region, has a peculiar charm of its own. It makes a delightful resort even in midsummer, as it is situated on high ground and the air is fresh and invigorating. A quiet broods over the place and gives a sense of rest very soothing to worn nerves, and the walks in the environs are delightful, through green fields and along flowery paths, while at every turn some new landscape peeps forth, and in the distance loom the mountains, their sides dotted with odd hamlets and ruined castles.

Then there are charming drives to places beyond the reach of the not over-active pedestrian, beginning with one to a convent which lies in a gorge high up the mountain;

THE BLUE GROTTO.

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and, finer still, along a road which winds up and up, among villages and vineyards, until there becomes visible in the distance a panorama of fairly Alpine magnificence, in the midst of an almost tropical luxuriance of vegetation.

AMALFI.

A couple of days later, we took the highway to Amalfi, one of the most beautiful routes in all Italy—to describe which, words are so inadequate that one fairly shrinks from the attempt. Terrace after terrace stretches up the rugged mountain-sides, for every available foot of ground has been turned to account, so that cliffs and ledges and the very edge of steep precipices are green with gardens or bright with fruit golden as that of Hesperides.

At times, one is lost among gorges which make one feel as if in the heart of Switzerland; then beyond, a plain will spread out and the glorious sea come in sight, its waters so transparent that near the shore the very pebbles are visible, often as red as heaps of coral. The road curves in and out, now running close to the shore, now passing in zigzags up lofty heights, and, as every point is doubled, some fresh beauty fills one with delight. As one looks backward, one sees a long range of mountains and low plain by the sea, while villages, churches, villas, and convents are perched on spots which eagles might select for their eyries. Along the shore are seen at intervals the old towers

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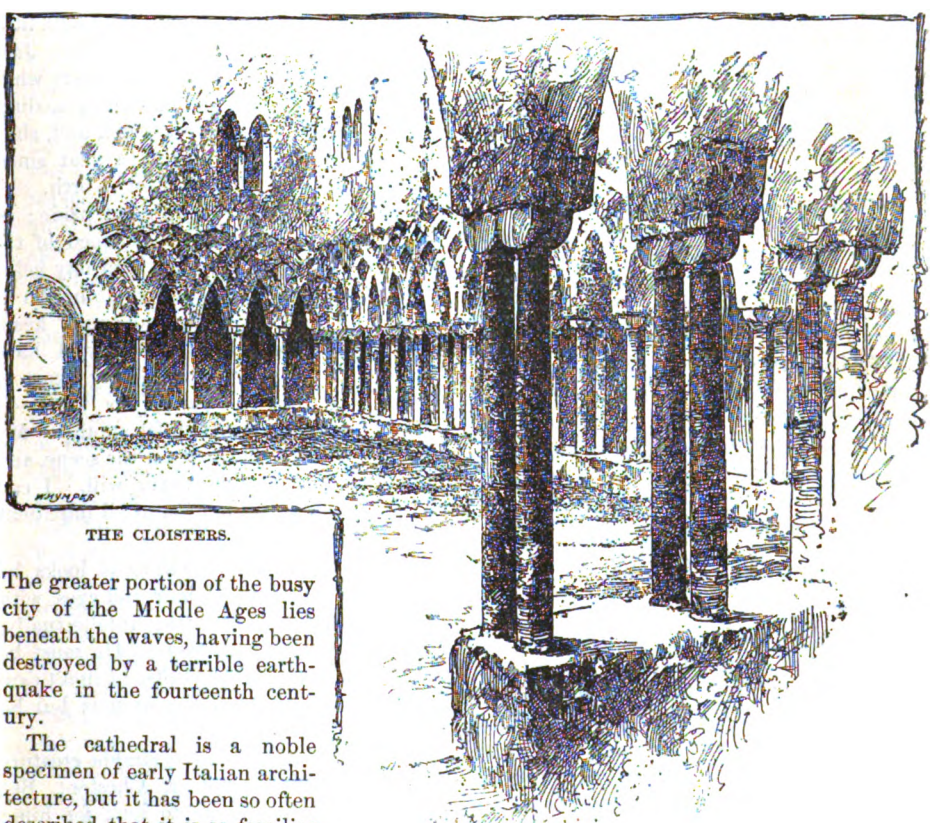
built in former days for defense against the Saracens, rising dark and frowning, but looking fairly impregnable even in their slow ruin and decay.

At length, Amalfi is discernible from a height, then lost sight of, then suddenly seen again, growing always more distinct, till finally the cathedral becomes visible, then the road plunges toward the shore, ascends anew, once more swoops toward the beach, and, almost without warning, one is in the heart of the town, nestled in a beautiful curve of the bay.

In by-gone days, Amalfi was a place of such importance that it is difficult to connect it with the quiet place of to-day; indeed, it once owned such large possessions that in the Levant it fairly became the rival of magnificent Venice in commercial power.



THE CLOISTERS.

The greater portion of the busy city of the Middle Ages lies beneath the waves, having been destroyed by a terrible earthquake in the fourteenth century.

The cathedral is a noble specimen of early Italian architecture, but it has been so often described that it is as familiar to everybody as St. Peter's itself.

High up among the cliffs stretches the old monastery of the Capuchins, which in these degenerate days has been turned into a hotel; and in the queer old pile we took up our quarters for a week. It was so unlike any place in which we had ever stopped before, that the strangeness added to the charm. The interior has not been altered in any way: the monks' refectory is the dining-room; the tiny cells form the sleeping-chambers, and the abbot's parlor and library are the lounging-places for the modern Goths and Vandals of the outside world.

Each cell has a little window looking down on the sea, and the convent is lifted far above all noise. The spacious gardens and deep arcades are screened by vines, lizards bask on the warm rocks, dragon-flies flit about like tiny rainbows, and the busy world appears far, far off.

But the cloisters by moonlight form the crowning fascination of the place, though there is something very pathetic in the silence and desertion—it is like visiting the shrine of a dead faith which is kept in order simply for its beauty.

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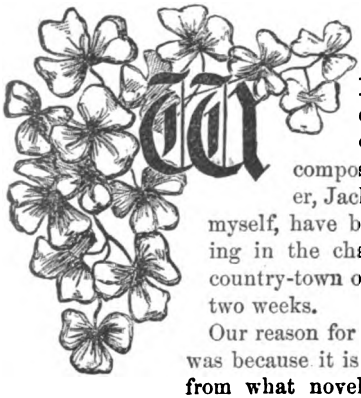
MR. SMITH.

BY DINAH FANSHAWE.



WE, the interesting family of Kingsleys, composed of mother, Jack, Andy, and myself, have been rusticating in the charming little country-town of Chester for two weeks.

Our reason for coming here was because it is far removed from what novels call "the giddy whirl of society," is modestly celebrated for its healthfulness, lovely scenery, and mineral springs, and lastly, we had no relatives or friends in the vicinity; and I think the same cannot be said of any other town in Texas.

You see, my mother was a Miss Smith before she changed her name for the less common and more satisfactory cognomen of Kingsley, and there are Smith uncles, Smith aunts, Smith cousins, ditto great-uncles, ditto great-aunts, and third and second cousins ad infinitum, distributed about in every county in the State.

We have tried in vain to keep mother's unfortunate maiden name a secret; but, like Childe Harold's thoughts, which he sought to flee from, the truth always reaches a place as soon as we do, and there seems to be no escape from it this side of the grave.

"Smith is branded on mother's forehead in box-car letters," says Jack, "and those who run may read."

But, in this glorious little spot, there are no Smiths—not one—and so here we have pitched our tents for the summer. Mother, for once in her life, is free from the bondage of family ties, and spends her days in cool comfortable peace and quietude, with those friends of whom she never tires—her books.

Jack and Andy, aged seventeen and fourteen respectively, find unlimited sources of amusement in the excellent shooting and fishing the place affords, and I sometimes enjoy an expedition with them myself.

Our "tent" is a large rambling country-house, with spacious galleries, charmingly old-fashioned in its general appearance. The tall myrtles on either side of the long alleys, rich in a profusion of soft red blossoms, the roses, left to their own sweet will, clambering in wild grace over the somewhat dilapidated fences, are as picturesque as the fine orchard of apples, peaches, and pears is interesting. Oh, it is all so pleasant, after spending nine months in a busy dusty city! Well, so much for the house and my family; now as to myself:

I am a gray-eyed creature, with reddish-brown hair, pale complexion dotted with little écru freckles, a large mouth—which Jack calls a "young Mammoth Cave"—very white teeth, and a straight plump figure, medium height. I am nineteen years old, and, since my introduction into society a year since, I have been the belle of Fort Worth.

I do not state this in a spirit of pride; on the contrary, I am a little ashamed of the fact, for I have noticed that a society belle, as a rule, is nothing but a combination of money, dress, pretty face, and empty head.

Among my adorers in the city, I have found no one who could cause my heart to change the "even tenor of its way"—it beats no faster for one than for another. My ideal has not yet appeared on the scene, and I have an idea that he never will. I can add truthfully that I am not at all impatient for his appearance.

What is my ideal? Well, as to looks, he is tall, graceful, dark of hair and eyes, with faultlessly molded features; intellectually, my ideal is a very colossus! He must be good and have no grave faults. I don't care whether he is very wealthy or not; but he may be, if heaven pleases.

Now, where will such a desirable creature be found? Surely not in Chester! But then, I didn't come here to look for him; what I want is "rest, sweet rest." I don't care to meet my conquering hero for several years yet, for I'm "too young to love."

Jack, Andy, and I went out shooting to-day, but had very poor success, as it was

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too warm. After an hour or so of fruitless exercise of that kind, I became tired, and sat me down beneath the spreading branches of a large oak, took out my ever-present sketch-book, and, à la Joshua, commanded Jack, Andy, and Jack's handsome pointer to "stand still.'

They made a very picturesque group. Jack stood leaning on his gun, with his hat pushed back and his dark moist curls clinging to his forehead, and Andy was stretched lazily on the grass, stroking the silky coat of the faithful Dexter.

I am a rapid sketcher, and soon had Jack on paper; but I got no further, for Dexter suddenly discovered something to interest him in the woods, and bounded away, with my brothers in his wake. So I was left alone, as I did not feel equal to further exertion.

I sat sketching for some time, and succeeded in getting in a striking clump of pine-trees which grew on the hill-side. As I worked, I was singing:

"Oh, Charlie is my darling, my darling, my darl— Oh!" This closing exclamation was not a part of the song, but original with myself, called forth by the abrupt appearance of a young man in a shooting-jacket, carrying a gun. We did not see each other until he had almost stepped on me, as the large tree which afforded protection from the sun quite obscured me from view.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his soft gray hat and disclosing a beautifully shaped head of—dark? no, auburn—curls, or rather waves: lovely, large, loose waves! The frank blue eyes had a merry amused twinkle in them as they met mine, for he had taken in at a glance the gun, lunch-basket, and sketch-book, and was no doubt wondering what manner of creature I was, to spend my days in this "wild country" alone.

Then he spoke again.

"I came near running over you," he said, "as I imagined myself the only sportsman in this wood. No one ever comes here but me. Still," he added, hastily, "others are quite welcome to do so."

"Who does it belong to?" I asked, frightened into forgetfulness of Lindley Murray.

"Oh, it has appertained to the Smiths always—at least, ever since I can remember," replied the sportsman, in a friendly tone.

"The Smiths?" exclaimed I, and my countenance fell—perceptibly, I am sure. "For sweet pity's sake, don't tell me there is a family of Smiths right next-door to us!"

"Why?" he asked, with a curious smile and questioning look.

"Because Smiths have been the bane of my existence," I replied, tersely and decidedly.

"Well, be not afraid," he said, calmly. "There is no family of Smiths here now. The only member left of the once flourishing stock is a young scape-grace of a fellow who seldom spends more than a month of the year at his old home—he finds it lonely."

A shadow seemed to fall on the frank handsome face, as these last words were uttered.

I was beginning to think that I had exchanged enough conversation with a total stranger; and he read my thought, I suppose, for he raised his hat, saying:

"Pardon me for intruding on your quiet—"

Here he was interrupted by Dexter, who came running up to him and crouched at his feet, begging to be caressed.

"Why, hallo, Dexter!" said the stranger, stooping to stroke the dog's head.

"How did you come to know my dog?" I asked, in surprise.

"Oh, I've met him before," the sportsman answered, laughing, and then I saw him nod to Jack and Andy—who, as usual, were not far behind Dexter—in a friendly fashion which told me that they too were well known to him.

"I say!" bawled Jack. "Andy and I have looked everywhere for you! What did you go off for and not tell us? Here we've been shooting all day with a girl, when we might have gone with you."

"Well, I think you'd better be more careful the next time you go with a girl, Jack, and not leave her to be run over by any tramp who chances to come along," rejoined he of the auburn locks.

"Gyp can take care of number one as well as anybody I ever saw," returned Jack.

"I am Gyp," I said, bowing demurely to the gentleman.

He made a deep obeisance and said, with an unmistakable twinkle of amusement in his speaking eyes:

"And I am Mr. Smith, at your service."

Then he smiled on me with such genuine good-nature that I was partially relieved

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from the embarrassment caused by the remembrance of the unlucky words I had spoken relative to Smiths.

"Oh, yes!" said Jack, suddenly awaking to the requirements of the occasion. "I forgot to introduce you; but it's all right! Gyp, he's the fellow—"

"Gentleman, I suppose you mean, Jack," I interposed.

"Well, he's the gentleman that Andy and I have been telling you about, who gave us such jolly times, and—"

"But you always called him Reddy," I interrupted.

"'Cause he told us to," puts in Andy. "He said he once had a dear little brother who called him that on account of his red hair, and he likes it."

Mr. Smith laughed and remarked pleasantly:

"I fear you do not like either of my titles very much; but I assure you that my Christian name is not John! Nor is it Charlie—though I have almost wished it had been, since I heard you singing awhile ago," with another mischievous glance at me. "My front names are Waverley MacDonald. There! Who says they are not good names?"

"They are splendid," said I, laughing. "But Waverley MacDonald Smith! Oh!"

"Well," sighed Mr. Reddy Waverley MacD. Smith, "it is not the name that makes the man, anyway."

"No, indeed; it is the mustache," said Jack, whose hopes are beginning to centre on eleven little tender black hairs which have appeared on his upper lip.

"Say! maybe you are kin to us, too," cried Andy, who always says what he pleases, regardless of the warning and threatening glances I may telegraph him.

"Why?" asked W. MacD. Smith.

"Well, you know, our mother's name was Smith before she married."

I groaned in spirit at Andy's innocent cruelty. Jack and Andy do not share mine and mother's feeling on the Smith subject. The boy went pitilessly on:

"She owns caboodles of kinfolks. Everywhere we go, we find a whole pack o' kin."

Andy has a collection of remarkable expressions, which nobody can keep him from using.

"Andy, if your mother's name is Elinor, I am your beloved third cousin," exclaimed Mr. Smith, with a deprecatory glance in my direction.

"That's her name, sure as a gun," rejoined Andy, and he tossed his cap in the air, shouting loudly: "'Rah for Cousin Reddy! 'rah, 'rah, 'rah!"

Mr. Smith made me a profound bow and said:

"Yes, Miss Kingsley, I'm your third cousin and no joking, for my second cousin—Elinor Smith—married Howard Kingsley. I don't know my dear Cousin Elinor, and I'm very anxious to meet her. Won't you shake hands with your new-found relative and say you are 'powerful glad' to welcome me?" he added, laughing.

Of course I gave him my hand without hesitation, and he grasped it warmly.

"Well," I said, graciously, "one more relative can't make much difference, so consider yourself welcome. And now I think the least we can do will be to share our luncheon with you."

"Oh, that's just the thing!" exclaimed he. "I'm as hungry as a tramp, and a lunch in the woods with one's dear relatives is so jolly. If Cousin Elinor were here, my happiness would be complete."

Really, to look at his handsome good-humored face, one would have thought that his happiness was already complete. In ten minutes, too, I felt as if I had known him all my life and liked him during the whole period.

After we had discussed the eatables, we all sat still and talked until at length it occurred to me to suggest that it was time to return home.

"Reddy" said that our way was also his way, and that he would stop by and see "dear Cousin Elinor."

He did stop, and he and mother spent an hour in animated conversation about their mutual relatives, whose name is legion—or Smith. Mother was quite carried away with her new cousin, and really seemed glad to have found another branch of the great family tree. She invited him to take tea with us to-morrow night, and he accepted with frank satisfaction.

Three months have flown by—three delightful months!

We are all more in love with this place than ever. I am not in the least anxious to return home.

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Mamma would like to buy this house, and come back every summer; but the property is owned by "Reddy," and he refuses to sell it—though he says we are perfectly welcome to live here forever, if we please.

It seems that nearly the whole of this town belongs to him, and he is looked on by the people of Chester as the greatest man in East Texas.

"Reddy" almost lives with us, and has done so ever since that day we met in the "happy hunting-grounds," as he calls it. Mamma says he is the most devoted relative she ever had, and the boys adore him. As for myself, I like him wondrous well: and he likes me—a little.

"Reddy" is the most congenial companion I ever found. Well read and well educated, with lots of good common sense, he is still not an intellectual giant. Handsome he is, but not dark. He is not very tall, either. In fact, he is quite the opposite of my ideal, and yet—

Well, it does seem to me that my ideal was not much of a man, after all! Auburn waves are the loveliest of all hirsute adornment, especially if crowning a forehead of such marble whiteness as Waverley's. And blue eyes are "mighty nice"—don't you think so? And a golden mustache is splendid! And right tall men are nearly always loose-limbed and awkward, while Waverley is as graceful as you please. Then, too, an everlastingly intellectual creature would be an intolerable bore to a person of my mediocre abilities, I feel assured. In fact, Waverley is so satisfactory—all but the Smith. "Oh, Romeo! Romeo!"

Well, I may as well tell you the whole story, as you will guess the truth anyway.

Last night, Waverley and I were sitting out on the front gallery. Mamma was in the library, reading her "North American Review," to which she is a contributor, and Jack and Andy had retired early, to seek "tired nature's sweet restorer." The quotation is good, and sounds much more poetical than to say "gone to bed." Besides, I like to show that I have read my Shakespeare, even if I am not so intellectual as mamma, and able to write articles for the press.

Waverley and I were each in a large willow chair, side by side, and turned facing each other. He was leaning lazily back, and a fragrant cigar was adding to his comfort. He looked a perfect picture of indolent content, as he sat in the moonlight. I must have presented a similar picture to his eye, minus the cigar, for presently he said:

"Little cousin, you look so cool and white and comfortable that it rests me to look at you."

He must have been very tired and in need of lots of rest, for his blue eyes staid fastened on my face until I began to grow fidgety. He puffed away in silence for a while, and I sat and watched the moon and said nothing.

I am not much of a talker, and one thing I like about Waverley is that he doesn't expect me to converse unless I feel like doing so, and doesn't talk to me when he perceives that I would rather he'd be quiet; and, altogether, he understands me better than anyone else ever did.

"I saw a friend of yours in town to-day," he said, after a while.

"Indeed! Who was it?" I asked.

"Doctor Laurens, of Fort Worth. He came in this morning."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," I exclaimed, with my customary heedlessness. "That is, I— Did he say how long he was going to stay? Perhaps he came on business, and will return on this evening's train."

"Why, little one, what is the matter? I thought you'd be delighted to see one of your city friends, after having been socially buried for so many weeks."

"I have not been buried."

"Don't you like Laurens?"

"Ye-es, I like him."

"Well?"

"Well?"

"Then why aren't you glad you are going to see him?" Waverley persisted, in his playful way.

"Oh, I am uncommonly glad—pleased half to death, in fact," said I, determined to satisfy him.

"Is that so? Then you— Say, little Gyp, tell me: is Laurens another moth? Has he singed his wings yet?"

"Nonsense!"

"No, but tell me—tell your good, kind, sweet, loving cousin," coaxed he. "Doesn't Laurens love you and want you to be his wife?"

Here Waverley put his hand gently on mine; I shook it off and said:

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"If he does, why should I tell you? One should not make any man's love a subject of conversation with one's friends."

"Well, let's leave the plural out of the question. Gypsy, we have seen each other every day for three months, and we are awful good friends—aren't we?"

"Ye-es," I assented.

"Do you think so, really?" he went on. "What a little goose you are, if you think I am merely a good friend of yours! No, no! You may be a friend of mine, but I'm not of yours: for I love you—love you! And, if that fellow Laurens comes hanging about here, making eyes at my girl, I'll break his neck—that's what!"

Such a declaration of love! I laughed so merrily that I almost hurt his feelings, then managed to grow composed enough to say, with a poor attempt at indignation:

"Your girl, indeed! What do you mean, sir?"

"What I say. Can't you understand plain English?" the bold fellow cried, audaciously. Then, taking both my hands in his own, he added earnestly: "You must be mine, my precious little sweetheart; for I love you! love you! love you! And, if you don't love me, I'll—I'll— Oh, I can't think of such a horrible possibility as your not loving me." He had his arms around me, and his dear head almost touched mine as he added softly: "Tell me that you love me and will be my own little Gyp forever!"

"Waverley—"

"Yes, honey darling?"

"Your name is Smith."

"Ha! ha! Why, bless its little heart! I can arrange that to your satisfaction: I'll get them to send me to Congress, and I will have a bill passed that every person named Smith shall change his name."

"Nonsense!" said I.

"You know," he went on, teasingly, "a man may do it now; but my bill shall make it compulsory. It is the only way I see to arrest the fearful progress of the Smith family, and I wonder it hasn't been done before."

"Nonsense!" said I, again.

And then he said:

"Until that time, though, my darling, can't you live content to be simply the beautiful Mrs. Smith? I am perfectly willing—nay, desperately anxious—to be known as the husband of the beautiful Mrs. Smith. So this is my girl!" pursued he, turning his head on one side and squinting at me with the look of a connoisseur. "This little gray-eyed freckled-nose bundle of loveliness is all my own, and poor old Laurens and those other fellows are nowhere."

"Well, I couldn't love all of you," I suggested.

"And I need you more than any other man ever could," cried Waverley. "What luck I have!"

"Do you really love me so very much, Waverley?" I asked; not because I doubted it, but because I liked to hear the assurance repeated.

"Do I? Oh, you humbug! You know that I have thought and dreamed of nothing but your dear self since I first saw you. My love for you is of such magnitude that I never could express it in this world; and you couldn't begin to comprehend it, clever as you are. If you only loved me half so well, I would be perfectly satisfied. How well do you love me, sweetheart?"

"Better than all the world—ice-cream and Gunther's candy not excepted."

"And you don't mind my name very much?" he questioned.

"No; I love it too," I asserted, telling my little lie unblushingly.

We sat and talked sweet nothings, which were everythings to us, until the clock struck eleven, and then Waverley took my hand and led me into the library, where mother still sat reading. He laid my hand in hers with a meaning glance in his dear blue eyes, which she, who had been in his confidence for some time, quickly understood. She joined his hand and mine, saying:

"Heaven bless you, my dear ones!"

Then Waverley stooped and kissed her tenderly and reverentially, and I did the same.

"I will guard your treasure well, little mother," he said, and, taking me once more in his arms, unmindful of her presence, he gave me one long kiss and said softly:

"Good-bye till to-morrow, my precious darling! I am so happy!"

Then he was gone.

Waverley MacDonald Smith!

After all, when you take the three names together, they sound very well indeed.

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SHARP AS A SERPENT'S TOOTH.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

AM going to give the history of the whole affair to the world. I am perfectly calm and reasonable as I sit down to write, though my head is burning and my hands are icy cold. And I think that people ought to know the truth; for the way that things have turned out with me may serve as a warning to others who may be tempted hereafter as I was so many years ago.

I was Dr. Sennet's only child, and, after the death of my mother, though I was still a mere girl, I was given full authority to rule over his household. I was, too, almost his sole companion, as he was mine. He was a very studious man, much absorbed in the theoretical part of his profession, and greatly given to trying new drugs and to seeking for remedies as yet undiscovered. All the time that he could spare from the active practice of medicine, he devoted for years to experiments and researches as to the curative properties of all sorts of substances, herbs and minerals forming the chief. He had a theory that the healing as well as the destructive properties of certain poisons only lacked careful study and development to become of vast practical value, and he devoted a great deal of time to this branch of his researches. Serpent-venom was one of the forms of deadly products on which he based some of his most novel theories. He maintained that a substance of such terrific power for slaying must have equal power as a remedy, if only one could find out for what disease it was to be used and in what manner it was to be employed.

But whatever discoveries he made in this direction died with him. He made me always his companion and his confidante in the more important of his researches. Some months before his death, he placed in my hands a large old-fashioned pocket-book, bidding me lock it up and keep it safely for him.

"I do not like," he went on to say, "to keep it in my office, or even in my safe; for its contents are so powerful for mischief that accident on my part, or design on that of some evil-doer, might bring about a terrible catastrophe."

Then he made me sit down beside him and showed me what it was that the pocket-book contained. It was a series of little packets, of the shape and size of an ordinary Dover's-powder, each neatly folded in white paper and inscribed with the name and properties of the contents. My good father had every reason to surround this one of his scientific possessions with unusual care and watchfulness, for each one of those harmless looking little packets contained some dried specimens of the venom of a deadly serpent, the poison that renders the prick of a snake's fang as deadly as a dagger thrust to the heart or as a bullet through the brain. There, in little yellowish semi-transparent scales, looking like chips of horn, were samples of the venom of the cobra di capello, and the krait, and the coral-snake and lemon-snake of India, of the dreaded lance-head of the West Indian islands, and of the better known copperhead and spread-adder and rattlesnake of our own country, besides specimens from other deadly reptiles whose names I had never even heard.

"In their present form, Hester, these specimens are harmless," said my father, as he replaced the papers in the pocket-book; "but a drop or two of warm water, let fall on one of those innocent-looking little scales, would prepare it to mingle with the blood of any living creature, and would suffice to call forth in full power all its fatal properties. Therefore, once more I beg of you to guard very carefully this pocket-book. Its contents are invaluable to me, as I mean to use them in a

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series of experiments that I am now making on the effects of poisons that act through the blood; so I am anxious, also, not to have them mislaid."

"Come with me, father," I said, "and I will show you where and how safely I will keep this precious deposit."

So I took him to my own room, and unlocked for him an old-fashioned desk that had belonged to my mother, and revealed to him, concealed in its inmost depths, a secret drawer, the existence of which had never been known to its original owner, but which I had found out one day when I had overturned the desk by accident.

He was perfectly satisfied with this place of deposit for his precious collection; so I put it in the drawer and locked the desk again, and never saw or touched the pocket-book any more for many a long day.

Some little time afterward, my father showed me a clipping from an old newspaper—a genuine snake story of the old-fashioned kind. It was the account of a Western farmer who owned a pair of strong leather boots, in which he went one day to inspect a distant pasture. That night, on pulling them off, he remarked to his wife that there must have been a thorn in the leather, as something had scratched his leg. He was taken ill that night, and died mysteriously after a very brief illness. His eldest son took possession of the boots, and wore them to the funeral; he too died as suddenly and strangely as his father had done. Next, his brother wore the boots, and he too fell a victim to some mysterious ailment. The boots were then cut open and examined. Inside the leg of one of them was found protruding the fang of a rattlesnake, the reptile having evidently essayed to bite, and the tooth having been broken off in the leather.

"I rather doubt the truth of this story," said my father, when he had finished reading it to me. "The fang of a rattlesnake is hardly strong enough to pierce through leather and presumably through a stocking underneath. A metal point dipped in the poison might probably work as much mischief in that way, as its penetrating powers would be so much greater; but scarcely the snake's tooth itself."

But I forgot all about these things when, a few weeks later, my father died very suddenly from an attack of pneumonia, caught by returning through a drenching rain from the bedside of a patient who was dangerously ill, and I was left alone in the world.

I was a little over eighteen when his death took place, and, in accordance with a wish expressed by him on his death-bed and embodied in the last letter that he ever wrote, my aunt, Mrs. Forbes—my father's widowed sister—came, with her only child, a daughter a year younger than myself, to take up her residence with me.

I fretted greatly against this arrangement, for I felt myself fully capable of looking after my own affairs. And, moreover, I was not very fond either of my aunt or of my Cousin Laura. I was a reserved self-contained young woman, older than my years, both in aspect and character, and devoted to the study of science and to scientific pursuits. My Aunt Caroline and my cousin spent their time in fancy-work and novel-reading, to my infinite if concealed disdain. To be sure, my aunt was fond of pottering about the kitchen, and of making pastry and preserves and all sorts of delicate dishes; and Laura contrived to accomplish a great deal of sewing, besides studying French and music. She had, I must confess, a very sweet voice, and sang like a bird. But they were neither of them congenial to me, and, though we got along fairly well together, I never ceased to miss the father whose constant companion I had been from my childhood, nor to mourn for his loss.

My aunt, on the day of her arrival, had folded me in her arms and had begged me to consider her as a mother and Laura as a sister; but I could not persuade myself into such a comfortable state of feeling. We were none of us quarrelsome, and so we never quarreled, and that was the best that could be said of our intercourse.

I spent most of my time, as I had done during my father's lifetime, in chemical experiments, the most practical and least peculiar of which were my attempts at photography. But I liked best to try to carry out some of his unfinished researches into the nature and effects of certain poisons. That branch of medical study possessed for me a singular fascination, though I cannot say that my experiments ever resulted in any startling discoveries.

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In the meantime, my aunt and my cousin were happy after their own fashion. They made gowns and wore them, they baked cakes and ate them, they went out to pay visits as soon as their mourning was laid aside, and they received callers on one day in the week, and they had a deal of talk together over their sewing in their sitting-room upstairs. Then, too, Laura pursued her studies, as she called them, in a very persevering fashion. She pored over French grammars and dictionaries, and translated passages from the works of Victor Hugo, and practiced two hours daily at little foolish songs all about dreaming or dying, so far as I could make out the words. And that was what she called study!

There have been people who said that I never liked Laura because she was so much prettier than I was. But that was all nonsense; I never cared much about my own looks. I knew that my tall spare figure, deep-set dark-gray eyes, very marked features, and sallow complexion were all of too masculine a type to attract much admiration; so I never troubled my head as to how I looked or what I wore, and used to turn a deaf ear to all my aunt's mild remonstrances on the subject of the stains left by chemicals or acids upon my luckless fingers, and would resist all Laura's playful efforts to remove them. What did it matter if my strong bony hands were dyed copper-color one day, and streaked with black the next? They were not handsome, anyway. If they had been little and white and delicately formed, like Laura's, they might have been worth taking care of. But I never was jealous of Laura's charms—no, not for a single moment, until— Well, I shall tell about that later.

And yet she was the prettiest creature I had ever seen in all my life—tall and slender, with a swaying lily-like grace in all her movements, and a transparent complexion whose wild-rose tints varied with every breath that she drew, and great soft brown eyes with a look like that of a startled fawn in their depths. She had, too, such lovely golden hair, that curled over her brow in little silken rings like those of a baby. Then she had a deep dimple in each cheek, and a long delicate throat, with a way of carrying her head like that of a young deer. So altogether she was very lovely. I never denied the fact—never!

And she was very good-tempered, too. I really think we never had a quarrel but once, and that was when I tried some experiments on her dog, a cur that she had taken charge of because it followed her home one day when she was returning from a walk, and because it looked cold and starved. The dog died, it is true, and Laura cried for two days about it, and would not speak to me for a week afterward. However, we made it all up, on my promise never to meddle again with any of her pets. But to this day I cannot understand why she cared so much for a common ugly creature like that. And my experiment had had a wholly satisfactory result. It proved to me that the little yellowish scales contained in the packet marked Rattlesnake Venom, from the old pocket-book, had lost none of their power. Just a drop of warm water on one of them, and the point of a penknife-blade dipped in the viscous fluid thus produced, and a scratch across the animal's quivering black nose as he was jumping up on my lap—a practice he had, which I much disliked—and good-bye, Tray!

It was more than a year after my father's death, that Dr. Adrian Trent first came to take up his residence in our little town of Connellsville. Up to that time, there had been some talk of a successor to Dr. Sennet's practice, but no competitor had presented himself before who had been considered satisfactory. But Dr. Trent had studied in Paris and Berlin after taking his degree, and, but for a constitutional delicacy of health which caused him to avoid the fatigue incidental to a physician's life in a large city, he might readily, with his talents and his engaging address, have made his way to the first rank of his profession in New York or Philadelphia or Chicago. But he preferred the quiet semi-rural life of a small town like Connellsville.

He had known my father well by reputation, and had often corresponded with him on professional subjects, so he was quite prepared to accept us all as acquaintances. He was a noble looking man, tall and straight of figure, with a countenance that was at once winning and intellectual. He was unmarried, and his mother had gone to Milwaukee to live with his married sister; so he was left, so to speak, alone in the world. And, as we were almost the only persons

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that he knew when he first came to Connellsville, we naturally saw a good deal of him. He used to drop in very often of an evening, to talk about my scientific experiments and the medical discoveries of the day with me, and to look over some of my father's notes in manuscript, which I was very glad to show him, and to listen to Laura's music when the talk about new remedies and curious cases became wearisome to him. It never tired me. I was born, I think, with a genuine talent for the study of medicine, and it was my sole passion till the love that comes to every woman's nature, either as a curse or a blessing, awoke to life in my heart.

I do not know when it was that I first began to love Adrian Trent. He had not been visiting very long at our house before the gossips of Connellsville got to talking about the fitness of a match between the new doctor and the daughter of the old one; what a good thing it would be for Dr. Trent to marry a girl with a comfortable fortune like myself—for I had been left an heiress in a small way—and how congenial such a marriage would be between the rising physician and myself, my scientific tastes and pursuits being well known. Of course, this chit-chat could not fail to reach my ears, and I hearkened to it at first incredulously, and then with a secret delight. For Dr. Trent did assuredly single me out to talk to, and even to consult concerning certain vexed questions in his profession. And then, everybody was exhorting him to take a wife. "You will never get on till you are married, doctor—never! A single man may make his way in other professions, but never in that of medicine!" And, strong-minded and self-contained as I had always been, I suffered myself to yield my whole soul up to the intoxicating dream of loving and of being beloved.

In proportion to the delight and the absorbing nature of the vision was the pang of my awakening. I shall never forget the evening when my delusion was finally dispelled. It was a warm night in June, and I had been suffering all day from a violent headache, which had kept me a prisoner in my own room and had baffled all my efforts to relieve it. I was particularly anxious to go downstairs, as Dr. Trent had informed me that he meant to call; but the pain and its accompanying sickness had prevented me from even leaving my bed. I heard the door-bell ring, and the little bustle that announced the arrival of the expected visitor, with a dull feeling of regret; and then I think I must have fallen asleep, for the next thing that I knew was Laura's presence beside my bed, and her tears and kisses on my cheek as she whispered:

"Hester! dear Hester! I wanted to be the first to tell you—Dr. Trent and I are engaged to be married. Wish me joy, will you not? I am so happy!"

Well, I congratulated her in due set terms, my illness serving as an excuse for any coldness or lack of enthusiasm in my words, and also for the wan visage wherewith I presented myself at the breakfast-table the next morning, after a sleepless night filled with bitter repinings and a fierce struggle against what then seemed to me to be inevitable. I could not for a moment imagine that a frivolous, piano-playing, novel-reading girl like my cousin could really care for an intellectual man like Dr. Trent or would make him a good wife. But he loved Laura and he meant to marry Laura, and what was I to do? I could only rage against the decrees of destiny, for as yet I saw no way of setting aside those decrees. My Aunt Caroline was in the seventh heaven of delight and joyful anticipation, and her raptures, which were openly and continually expressed, nearly deprived me of my senses. She could talk of nothing, all day long, but Laura's engagement and Laura's approaching marriage, of the little house that Dr. Trent meant to take near the post-office, and of the furniture that his mother was going to give him, and of all the details of the trousseau, till sometimes I fairly left the house, to escape from these endless talks upon the one recurrent theme.

But worse even than my aunt's chatter was the spectacle that I had continually before my eyes, of the mutual love and happiness of the engaged couple. If I had not had Dr. Trent's betrothed bride as an inmate of my own home, I think I might in time have gotten used to the mental contemplation of his future marriage. But I was forced to witness daily the passionate devotion of the man that I loved with such fervor and concentration of feeling, bestowed upon another woman. Often and often, I have stolen to my own room with clenched hands, and eyes from which the tears were all

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scorched away by the fever of my torment, only to pace the floor unceasingly and to ask from Providence for an escape from my jealous misery. For I grudged every glance, every word, every caress, that Adrian bestowed upon Laura. And yet, let me do him justice now if never before: he had not once, in the slightest degree, given me any cause to fancy that he loved me. I was a congenial companion to him, a good comrade, and nothing more.

But time went on, as it always does, even though, like the wheels of Juggernaut's car, it crushes out life or peace or human happiness in its pitiless progress. The wedding-day was fixed for the tenth of September, and that date drew near; and nothing happened to prevent or even to postpone the marriage, as I, in my wild impotent despair, had prayed that there would. A week earlier, the bridal dress arrived from New York. It was simple and inexpensive, as suited the limited means of my aunt; but it was very dainty and aerial, being all in soft clouds of transparent muslin, profusely trimmed with some exquisitely fine Valenciennes lace which Mrs. Forbes had kept amongst her treasures for many years. All the accessories of the dress, such as the orange-blossom wreath, the ample veil of tulle, the white gloves, etc., had been forwarded with it. Also, there came a pair of white silk stockings, of cobweb fineness, and a pair of white satin slippers. These last were the only unsatisfactory adjuncts of the toilette. They fitted perfectly and were of Parisian cut and style; but the shoemaker had neglected to place a bow or rosette of ribbon on the instep, and both Mrs. Forbes and Laura disliked the untrimmed look of the delicate little shoes.

"I have an idea, daughter," suddenly exclaimed my aunt: "suppose you wear those Rhine-stone shoe-buckles that belonged to my grandmother. Such things are all the fashion now, I believe; and they are as pretty as possible, and genuine antiques as well. I'll get them out and will polish them up, and then we will try their effect."

So the buckles were produced, and were cleaned with whiting, and then rubbed into brightness with a bit of chamois-leather, and were pronounced perfectly lovely and just the thing by both the mother and the daughter. Laura's deft fingers soon fastened them into place, and then she put on the slippers to see how the new adornments looked.

"Ah-h-h!" she cried, with a little grimace, "how I have pricked my foot! One of the teeth of this left-hand buckle must be bent out of place. Yes, I see. I must straighten it out, before the day comes for me to wear the slippers." And actually, when she took off the shoes, there was a tiny drop of blood visible on her white thread stocking.

I once heard a very pious lady remark that she fully believed in the existence of a personal devil. If there was any truth in her belief, the fiend assuredly stood behind me at that moment, whispering suggestions of wickedness in my ear. For, as Laura spoke and laughingly showed me the little puncture in her white skin as she drew off her stocking, it seemed to me as though something or somebody said to me, distinctly if inaudibly: "Anoint the sharp protruding point with serpent's venom, and Adrian Trent will be free almost as soon as he is fettered."

I started and shrank away in horror from the very idea; but the whisper went on and on, and pursued me to my own room, and haunted me in my dreams, till I found myself caressing the thought as one might fondle a dangerous animal that had come to crouch at one's feet and was ready to tear and slay at the word of command.

Even before I had decided to yield to the hideous temptation, I had taken the old pocket-book from its hiding-place in my mother's desk, and had chosen out and concealed the paper marked Rattlesnake Venom, so as to have it all ready for use in case I made up my mind to use it. Of course, to such mental yieldings and toyings with a criminal intent, there could be but one ending.

The night before the wedding, I rose from my bed about midnight, and stole softly into the next room to mine—our spare-room, where all the bridal finery was spread out ready for use. On the bed lay the dress, with the filmy vaporous veil falling beside it like a streak of mist, and the gloves and fan in close proximity. And on the dressing-table stood the satin slippers, with their jeweled buckles sparkling in the moonlight. One of these, the shoe for the left foot, I carried off to my own room. Just a touch, to

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bend out a little farther the sharp tooth of the buckle, and then a coating of a yellow viscous fluid, applied freely with a camel's-hair brush from the hollow of an old pomatum-pot that stood on my bureau, and my work was done. Death, as well as the bride, would stand erect in those dainty slippers on the wedding-day. I took back and replaced the shoe, and I carried the brush and the gallipot to the kitchen, where I thrust them deep down into the smoldering hollows of the range fire. Then I went upstairs, to watch out the slow hours of the night in a sort of mad exultation that left no room for wavering in my purpose or for repentance.

The wedding was a very brilliant affair. Laura looked lovely in her white dress and aerial veil and wreath of orange-blossoms, and Dr. Trent was the very realization of a novel writer's ideal of a handsome happy bridegroom. They were married by old Dr Crosland, who had presided at my baptism and at the funerals of my parents, and who wound up his few words of exhortation to the young couple by the wish that they might pass together many happy years. But, before the reception that followed the ceremony was at an end, the young bride was taken alarmingly ill. I had heard her whisper to her mother that she must have hurt her foot in some way, as it was paining her acutely; so I was not altogether surprised when, after growing paler and paler and evidently struggling against her rapidly increasing indisposition, she finally fell back insensible and was carried from the room by her husband. He caused her to be taken at once to his new home, the pretty house that he had taken such pleasure in preparing for her reception, as he declared that he wanted to watch over her every hour and every moment of the day till she was restored to health. But she never rallied from the mysterious stupor that had invaded all her being, and she breathed her last before the noon of the day succeeding her marriage-day.

I never saw despair comparable to that of Dr. Trent. When his bride of a few hours was hidden from his sight in the grave, he retired to his desolate home and shut himself up to abandon himself to his grief. Weeks passed before he would even resume his office-hours, much less go out to attend to his patients. My aunt, in the first sharp anguish of her bereavement, insisted upon leaving Connellsville and going to take up her abode with some relatives in California. She could not remain, she said, in a place where everything reminded her of her lost darling. And it was then that I conceived a project eminently fitted, as it seemed to me, to further the purpose which had become the dominant idea of my life—namely, to induce Dr. Trent to make me his wife. It was to invite his mother to make me a visit of indeterminate length, which might be indefinitely prolonged. Dr. Trent and I would thus be brought together in a natural unforced way, for he could hardly help calling to see his mother after her arrival, and I trusted to the influence of time, to our congeniality of tastes and pursuits, and, above all, to the impression that my fortune might create on Mrs. Trent, to bring about the result that I so passionately desired.

Everything worked as smoothly as I could have wished. Mrs. Trent accepted my invitation, and her presence had the desired effect of luring her son to my house. Very soon, our old terms of comradeship were renewed, and we held many discussions over medical books and periodicals; for the doctor had resumed the practice of his profession with an ardor born of the very blackness of desolation that surrounded him.

I did not fail to set forth indirectly to his mother the extent of my fortune, and the details interested her deeply. Not that she was mercenary or grasping—she had consented readily to the marriage of her son with my penniless cousin; but, when so many thousands per year and so much solid property in the way of houses and farms were to be had for the asking—for I made no effort to conceal from her the extent of my interest in Dr. Trent—it was hardly to be imagined that she would not influence him to ask for it. And then I think that I was really the only person in whose society and conversation he found the slightest pleasure, after the death of Laura. Not that he ever talked to me about her—her name never was mentioned by him to anybody; but we had many subjects in common, and I had moreover become a great favorite with his mother, whose tastes and peculiarities I studied as I had never done those of anyone since

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my father's death. And so it came to pass that, two years after that tragic wedding-day, Dr. Trent asked me, in a calm business-like manner, if I would consent to become his wife.

Even as I listened to the words for the hearing of which I had sinned so deeply, I could not but contrast his wooing with the love-making between Laura and himself—all tenderness and blissful folly and stolen caresses and sweet foolish little speeches. But I had gained my point; the one great object of my existence was attained at last.

We were married very quietly, and, after a brief wedding-trip of a few weeks' duration only, we settled down to our home-life. Old Mrs. Trent did not long survive our marriage. She lived just long enough to be made very happy by the birth of a little granddaughter. I gave her name of Elizabeth to my baby. I did not dare to ask my husband what he would like to have the little one called, for I knew very well that his answer would be "Laura."

We had not been married a month before I realized the fact that the image of his dead wife was still enshrined in the very core of his heart, and that all my love and devotion were powerless to dislodge it. Even the advent of our little Bessie could not lure him to forget the fair creature that he had called his own for a few tragic hours only. Often he would lock himself in his own room for a period of unbroken solitude, and he would come forth from those lonely musings pale and haggard as one under the spell of some fatal disease. I tried to break in upon these dreary self-communings more than once, but was soon made to comprehend, strong-minded and resolute though I am, that there were certain points concerning which Adrian Trent would brook no interference. Otherwise, he was always kind and gentle, in a languid indifferent way, to me as well as to the rest of the world. His little daughter was the only being that ever seemed to arouse in him a spark of genuine interest or affection. I had won my point, it is true. I was his wife, and was called by his name, and ruled over his household; but as for the rest, the dead woman in her grave possessed his heart and soul—not I. Often, in my bitter realization of the truth, I have been forced to ask myself if it was indeed worth while to have stained my soul with such blackest guilt to have gained only the dry husks of what had once been the golden grain of love's richest harvest.

When we had been married a little over nine years, even these were taken from me —Adrian died! His illness was typhoid fever, with all its distressing train of symptoms and alternations of hope and fear, the latter crystallizing finally into the fixedness of despair. I watched over him faithfully, disregarding fatigue or the fear of infection to the very last. And yet his last look, his last word, were not given to me. Just before he died, he turned his head from me and gazed at a vacant space on the other side of the bed, and, with a smile such as I had not seen on his lips through all the years of our wedded life, he sighed: "Laura! Laura!" and so passed away.

And, when I came to set my desolate home in order, I found, hidden away in the depths of a great closet in the room that my father and afterward my husband had used as an office, a small black trunk whose only contents were the white dress and tulle veil that Laura had worn on the last day of her life—her wedding-day. With barely a glance at the contents of the trunk, I closed it once more and locked it, leaving the key tied to one of the handles at the ends. I knew then over what relics, what reminders of dead happiness, my husband had spent so many hours of mournful meditation, and I did not care to disturb them: for in truth I could not endure to look again on the garments that for me were fraught with such terrible associations.

It was long before I rallied from the effects of my bereavement; nor do I think I ever should have done so, had it not been for the presence of my little girl. I had something to live for, since Bessie was left to me. She was a winning, bright-eyed, intelligent little creature, full of caresses and pretty ways, and my all-absorbing devotion to my husband found a renewal in the love that I gave to my only child. I was born to bestow my affections but to few people. Only three persons had ever really taken possession of my heart: my father, Adrian, and now Bessie. And in her growth and prettiness and expanding intellect I found consolation for all my sorrows, except that

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sometimes a sharp thrill of anguish would remind me of that other mother, whose only child—and she, too, a daughter—I had been the means of snatching from her.

Strangely enough, I had been able to stifle all thoughts of the hand I had had in bringing about Laura's death, so long as my husband lived. But, once I had lost him and was no longer anything in this world except a mother—wifehood and daughterhood both being past—I was haunted by continual reminiscences, not of the woman who had been my rival and who had won the chief place in the affections of Adrian Trent, but of the fair-haired girl clinging to her mother's neck with the faint moan: "Oh, mother, mother, I am so very ill! Cannot Adrian save me? Oh, mother, is this death?"

Yesterday was Bessie's birthday. How long ago that seems! Yes, the twelfth of July—a day always to be marked with presents and pleasures. Just thirteen—almost a woman grown. We were more like sisters than mother and daughter. I had always taught her myself, from the alphabet up to history and geography and the higher mathematics. But yesterday was a holiday, because it was her birthday. It was an intensely hot day, and she was suffering from a headache. I was obliged to go out to see my lawyer on important business, so I made her lie down on the sofa in the disused office, as that was a cool and quiet room, and I bade her good-bye with a kiss, and left her with one of her new books—to occupy her, should she feel disinclined to sleep.

I was gone a long time—a very long time—for some hours, in fact. There were deeds to be signed, and new leases to be made out, and papers to be read over, and directions to be given concerning various pieces of property, and I was thoroughly weary before the whole was brought to a satisfactory conclusion. But the lawyer would not hearken to my petitions for a postponement of at least part of the business. "It is so seldom that we get hold of you, Mrs. Trent," he said, in a laughing way, "that, now you are here, you must finish up all your affairs."

At last I was released, and I hastened to return home. The sun was setting and a cool breeze was springing up, so I promised myself the pleasure of taking Bessie for a drive, if her head were no worse. I threw open the door of the old office, gayly calling: "Bessie! Bessie!" as I did so.

But the sight that I beheld there froze the words upon my lips and the life-blood at my heart. In the centre of the room stood a vision of Laura Forbes as I had last seen her, clad in her bridal array—a white figure in filmy robes of yellowish lace and crumpled muslin, and on her feet—oh, heaven! on Bessie's feet—for I recognized the child at a second glance—were the satin slippers, with their glistening buckles. And she tottered forward and fell into my arms, with just such a weak hoarse cry as that which had rung in my ears for sixteen long years: "Oh, mother! mother!"

I snatched the slippers from her feet. There, on the instep of her left foot, was a drop or two of blood, and a tiny tear in the lace-worked thread stocking, and underneath just a deep scratch, not half an inch in length, with a livid line running upward toward the ankle. And that was all—and it was death!

I had come too late. The poison had worked its insidious way throughout her system—aided, doubtless, by the heat of the weather—and all my boasted science, with that of the doctors I summoned, was of no avail. The child, relieved of her headache by rest and slumber, had grown tired of reading, had gone to rummaging in the closet, had found the old trunk with its carefully cherished contents, and had amused herself by dressing up in the garments she had discovered. And so my sin came to find me out and to exact from me full retribution: for Bessie died last night, and with her departed the last tie that bound me to life.

It is written in the Scriptures: "A life for a life," and also: "He that smiteth with the sword shall perish by the sword." I mean to do justice on myself, the murderess, and to make use of the same means by which I sent my cousin to an untimely grave. I have set my house in order. I have destroyed the shoe-buckles, and I have burned the pocket-book, with its death-dealing contents, leaving out only one scale from the paper marked Rattlesnake Venom. Now for a drop or two of warm water on the little yellowish fragment, and I dip into

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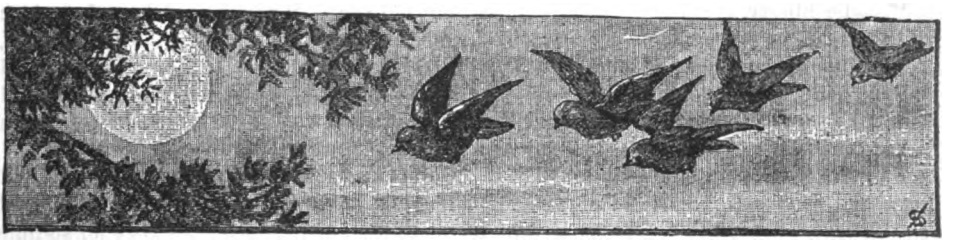
the solution the point of one of my husband's lancets. So—a mere prick, a puncture of the vein in the hollow of my arm—and my work is done. The lancet is very sharp—it gave me no pain.

I wonder why I am haunted, not by a vision of Bessie's face, nor yet of Laura's, but by the remembrance of the wistful brown eyes of the dog that I killed so long ago. I am growing stupid, I think. I will creep into the next room and take my seat beside the bed where Bessie lies, looking so calm and fair. Is it Bessie or is it Laura that I see before me, in that crushed wedding-dress? Bessie—Laura—Laura—Bessie—you both seem very near to me to-day. And what are those words from Shakespeare that keep ringing in my ears? "Sharper than a serpent's tooth"—sharp as a serpent's tooth—sharp—



AT THE WINDOW-PANE.

BY M. E. HARMON.

When I turn my footsteps homeward, hasting through the crowded street,
Passing over pavements sounding to the tread of many feet,
Watch I, as I near my homestead—and I never watch in vain—
For two little eager faces pressed against the window-pane.

Franky with his silky ringlets, Clara with her hair of gold,
Both with blue eyes brightly beaming with the welcome to be told:
Peeping through the summer sunshine, peeping through the snow or rain—
Ever there, two little faces, pressed against the window-pane.

When at length they see me coming, what a merry shout they raise!
Would I change their infant homage for the proudest princes' praise?
God forbid! My heart could never know a more entrancing strain
Than their voices, as their faces press against the window-pane!

Time's swift wheels are rolling onward, and my babies grow apace—
Every day I see new beauties, ev'ry day some added grace;
And I pray that, pure and childlike, e'en as now, they may remain,
When no more their little faces press against the window-pane.

Once, we all were little children—ah! how far our footsteps stray
From the home-room of the mother, into sin's and sorrow's way!
Could there be a power more potent, wayward wanderings to restrain,
Than the thought of little faces pressed against the window-pane?

THE CHESTNUTS.

BY DOROTHY DEXTER.

Through wintry twilights cold and dead,
Each bending toward its mate,
The chestnut trees swayed wearily
Beneath their icy freight.

But, in this joyous month of May,
Another snow has fallen;
And far and wide the air is filled
With birds and bees and pollen.

The chestnuts, too, rejoice at last;
And, when the bright days die,
Hold up their thousand snowy lamps
To light the evening sky.

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TESTED BY TIME.

BY GEORGIA GRANT

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 218.

VI.

CRAVEN led Polly out of the room, into a little alcoved nook adjoining the library.

"We can be alone here," he explained, briefly, to the astonished young lady, and, as she sank into a chair, it flashed across her mind that Louise had managed all this. "Are you angry with me, Polly?" Joe asked, an instant later, and, glancing up into his eyes, she answered.

His next remark was rather inconsequent. "Your friend is an angel," he said.

A smile curved the corners of Polly's mouth, as she demurely inquired:

"Did you bring me here to say that?"

"No," he replied; "I brought you here to ask why you refused to see me, after setting a special time for me to call?"

"Refused to see you?" repeated Polly, in amazement. "Why, I never knew you called!"

"Did you think," continued Joe, reproachfully, "that I would not come, after you had given me permission?"

"Think? I did not know what to think," responded Polly. "I hoped you would write and explain—I could not bear to doubt you!"

"They told me you were out, Polly, and I knew you must have gone out on purpose."

"It was Celeste! I know it was Celeste! She must have told mamma, and mamma—" Here Polly stopped and ended her sentence with an expressive look at Joe.

He understood at once and said:

"Never mind, dear, it is all right now!"

He stooped to take her hand as he spoke, but Polly waved him off.

"Not yet," she said. "I wrote you a note, Joe, and you never answered it."

There was questioning, not mistrust, in the lovely eyes upturned to her lover's—one look into his honest face had banished all her doubts.

"Ah, yes! I had forgotten you could not know about that. I have been out of town ever since you wrote. I came back only the day before yesterday, and found your note awaiting me, as well as one from Miss van Allston. When I read hers, I decided not to write to you until I had called on her, as she requested me to do. She arranged this meeting and begged me to defer all explanations till I could make them in person. Can you forgive me, Polly?"

Polly's answer was to give Joe the hand she had just withheld, and he seemed to find this action more satisfactory than an audible reply.

It was some time before Polly recollected that they had been away from the others too long and might be missed. They went back to the drawing-room, where Joe consigned her to Mrs. Haversham's care and departed. The latter lady, never having seen Joe, asked no inconvenient questions, but suggested a return home—a proposal to which her charge readily acceded, whispering in Louise's ear as she bade her good-night: "Oh, you darling!"

The next day, Polly was told that a European trip had been decided on by her parents, and that they were to start as soon as possible. In her present state of disgrace, she knew it would be useless to remonstrate, so she sat down and informed Joe of the news at once. It occurred to her that Louise might be induced to share her banishment, as she called it; for, in the first joy of reconciliation with her lover, paradise without him would have seemed a place of exile. She suggested the idea of Miss van Allston's accompanying them to Mrs. Brady, who, little suspecting that she would be receiving a foe, not an ally, into her camp, was delighted with the idea.

Louise accepted the invitation with pleasure, and preparations for departure began immediately. Miss van Allston proved herself a kind friend to the lovers by giving them several opportunities for seeing each other at her house. Her sympathies were thoroughly enlisted in Joe's favor since she

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had met him and been convinced of his devotion.

"You are a fortunate girl, Polly," she said, with a little sigh, "to have had two such admirers. Plenty of men may ask you to marry them, but to care for you in that way is beyond most of them."

"I should have been satisfied with one," replied Polly.

It was Louise who contrived that Joe should meet them in New York, at the house of a mutual friend, where the final parting between the pair took place.

The next morning, Polly sailed.

VII.

JULY found our travelers in Switzerland, comfortably settled in the Schweizerhof at Lucerne.

"Don't you think it is much better fun to dine at the table d'hôte?" asked Polly, the day after their arrival.

"Certainly," assented Miss van Allston, who would have agreed to almost anything her favorite wished; and, as Colonel and Mrs. Brady made no objection, the young lady had her way in the matter.

Naturally, everybody looked at the newcomers when they entered the dining-room, particularly at Polly; but, as the beauty was accustomed to admiration, she did not pay any heed to it. In the course of the dinner, however, Louise called her attention to a gentleman at another table.

"He has scarcely taken his eyes off you since we came in," she said. "He looks like a foreign count, so I hope your fortune is made."

Polly laughed at this and glanced in the direction indicated. The stranger was tall, dark, and handsome, and evidently very much interested in their table. The young women took no further notice of him, but amused themselves in looking around the room; and Miss van Allston soon discovered several acquaintances, American and English.

After dinner, Mrs. Brady rested in an easy-chair, and Polly walked about with her father, while Louise was carried off by some of her acquaintances for a chat. In an hour or so, she rejoined the others, and they retired to their rooms. They talked for a while in the family sitting-room, then Miss van Allston declared she was tired, and the two girls withdrew.

As soon as they were alone, Louise's weariness seemed to vanish.

"I have discovered, Polly, that all those glances were not intended for you!" she cried.

"Indeed! Oh, yes! You mean from the mysterious foreigner. Well, has he made you a declaration already? I didn't say they were meant for me."

"No, but admiration that comes in this direction always is," laughed Louise, who went on without heeding Polly's amused "Thank you!" "No wonder he looked. Why, he is an old acquaintance of mine. I met him very often in Washington, three winters ago; he was an intimate friend of the Russian minister's."

"What is his name?" interrupted Polly.

"Count Wallewski. He's a Pole; and, though he hasn't much money, the title is unquestionable."

"Do you like Poles?" Polly queried, looking thoughtful.

"It would be more pertinent for me to put that question to you," rejoined Louise, laughingly. "It is a case of love at first sight with him, I am sure."

Polly smiled.

"You have a vivid imagination, my dear," she said. "But, after having refused a title with money, I don't believe a title alone is likely to prove a temptation."

"It isn't a case of a title alone; it's a title plus a very agreeable man," her friend replied.

"Well, we shall see," remarked Polly, absently; she was not thinking of the count in the least, and this was the end of him for that night—but not altogether, by any means.

The following morning, he renewed his acquaintance with Miss van Allston, and was introduced to her party, to which he attached himself, proving a very agreeable addition to their number. From the first, it was evident that he was another victim to Miss Brady's charms, and her parents discussed him in the guise of a possible suitor. That weakness for titles, which is innate in so many Americans, disposed Mrs. Brady to regard him favorably, while her husband thought him a poor substitute for a rich English earl.

"I don't like these foreigners," the colonel concluded, with that keen patriotism so common in those native Americans who,

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their parents having adopted the land of the free as their own, are fortunate enough to be born in this country.

Count Wallewski was thoroughly familiar with Switzerland, and he made himself useful by contriving and managing various pleasant excursions in the vicinity of Lucerne. He proposed a trip to Vitznau, where he suggested that they should remain all night and ascend the Rigi. The whole party were together in the sitting-room, discussing the proposition and deciding whether they should start the next day, when a small thunderbolt fell among them: Mr. Craven's card was handed to the ladies. Mrs. Brady looked at Polly, then at the colonel, and handed him the bit of pasteboard. He took it, read the name inscribed thereon, and also glanced at his daughter. There was a determined look on Polly's face, which had grown very pale, that made him decide to admit Joe; so, a few moments later, the count saw the man whom he intuitively recognized as a rival. It was a trying moment to Polly; but she summoned all her forces, and Louise was close at hand, so she acquitted herself very creditably. An unusually long time had elapsed without any word from her lover, and she had been anxious; but now, of course, his silence was explained.

Joe did not stay very long. He accounted for his presence plausibly enough; he felt that he needed a holiday, and what place more delightful in summer than Switzerland? Colonel and Mrs. Brady could not gainsay this, nor deny the right of an American citizen to travel in the little republic. The awkwardness of the meeting was carried off by Miss van Allston, who behaved with admirable tact and won Polly's everlasting gratitude.

"Yes," Joe purposed "staying some time in Switzerland," and was "so glad to have found friends." This as if they had parted only yesterday at Bassett's Corners.

After Craven took his departure, the count having previously withdrawn, Louise chatted volubly and apparently as if she recognized in their visitor only an old acquaintance, so no comments were made on Joe's sudden appearance till the two young ladies were alone.

"What do you think papa and mamma will do?" asked Polly, anxiously.

"Do?" repeated her friend, smiling. "Why, nothing, except be civil to him and wish he were in Halifax. What else can they do? As for what the young man means by coming here—I see by your eyes that is the next question you are going to put to me—I don't know. He must explain himself to-morrow." Which he did, for Louise contrived to give the lovers a few minutes together.

"I couldn't live without you, dear," was his first assertion, which Polly received with a grain of salt, "particularly when I learned how that Polish count was hanging about you."

"You shall not abuse the count!" cried Polly. "He's a nice fellow!" And they very nearly had a quarrel then and there. They did not, however; for she soothed Joe's wounded feelings, and he continued his explanations. "After some reflection, I decided to be bold and 'beard the lion in his den.' I am going to try and win you, Polly, by what we used to call in Bassett's Corners 'sheer cheek.' I didn't write to let you know I was coming, because I thought it better you should be really as surprised as the rest; besides, you might have been frightened at my boldness and forbidden me to come."

The trip to Vitznau was decided on for the succeeding day, and, as Joe had joined our party as a matter of course, there was nothing for it but to include him also. The weather proved favorable, and the journey by boat was very pleasant. They carried out their programme, remaining at the hotel over-night and ascending the Rigi in the morning. Miss van Allston did her best to monopolize the count, so as to give Joe and Polly an opportunity for a tête-à-tête; but she was not always successful. They reached the top of the mountain, and Louise, taking possession of Wallewski, led him away from the others, who went to the northern side of the Rigi, where it is most precipitous. Polly looked over and shuddered as the guide told them of a tragic incident which had occurred there during the previous year. A young girl, who had been disappointed in love, had thrown herself down and been instantly killed. Polly listened in silence, looking at her father, who did not appear to be much impressed. When the narrative was ended, Polly sprang to his side and said in a low tone:

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"Will you give your consent to my marriage with Joe, papa?"

"Certainly not," he answered, astonished at the abruptness of the question.

"Then I shall throw myself down," she answered, calmly.

With a little despairing gesture and a smothered cry, she sprang to the very edge of the precipice. Joe saw the movement with horror that almost paralyzed him, but, making a tremendous bound, he reached her side, seized her dress, and dragged her away from the dangerous place.

"Are you mad, Polly?" he asked, in amazement, while Mrs. Brady covered her face with her hands and shrieked.

"Don't be a goose, Polly," said the colonel, sternly. "You have given your mother a pretty fright."

"Forgive me, mamma!" cried the young lady, going to Mrs. Brady's side.

By this time, the count and Miss van Allston had come back, and the matter was explained as an accident. They then turned their steps in the direction of the nearest hotel, where wine and a brief rest restored Mrs. Brady to her usual composure.

"What did you mean by such recklessness, Polly?" asked Joe, sternly, as soon as he had an opportunity. "It looked as if you were going to throw yourself over."

"I was only trying a little melodrama, in order to scare papa into giving his consent to our marriage," was the reply. "I wanted him to think I intended to do so."

"And you came near going over," Joe returned. "You put yourself into great danger."

"Forgive me, please," answered Polly, meekly. "I won't be so foolish again."

After a night's rest at Vitznau, the party went back to Lucerne, where the colonel declared there should be no more mountain-climbing, for the present at least, so far as his own family was concerned. Louise scolded Polly gently for her folly in bringing down this veto, for of course she received a full confession from the now penitent damsel. Worse might have followed, as the result of this escapade; but Colonel Brady found a telegram awaiting him, requiring his immediate presence in America on business-matters.

"It's devilish unlucky," he said to his wife, "that they should send for me just at this time; but I'd lose a big pile of money, mos' likely, if I didn't go. You couldn't get ready to start with me, so I don't see anything better for you than to stay."

"I suppose not," sighed Mrs. Brady; but both she and her husband were more reconciled to fate when they unexpectedly encountered the Earl of Buxton on the stairs. His surprise was as genuine as theirs, for he had not been seeking them, though he seemed pleased at the meeting. A few minutes later, the earl was shaking hands with the two young ladies and being presented to the count and Craven.

"How odd! how odd!" thought Polly, and Louise echoed her words the moment they were by themselves.

VIII.

"POLLY and I were sweethearts twenty years ago," sang Craven, under his breath, while Miss Brady listened, a frown on her brow.

"Not quite so long," she said, with gentle sarcasm.

"No," the singer assented, suspending his song, "but long enough for me not to give you up to a confounded Pole."

"It seems to me," answered Polly, "the question, if there is any, is not of your giving me up, but of my giving you up; and I have assured you there is no danger of that. I know you will never change; why can't you be as sure of me?"

"My dear Polly, you forget how much fewer the temptations in my case are, how much greater the inducement offered," Joe replied, a little sadly.

What Polly said in return, it is needless to repeat; though it sufficed to make Joe forget all about the obnoxious count. But he soon returned to the charge.

"He never gives me a chance to be alone with you; between him and your mother, it is hard lines for me. If it were not that one has letters to write and the other a headache, we would not be having this tête-à-tête now. There's the Englishman: he's more decent—quite devotes himself to Miss van Allston; and, since he's been here, she doesn't play Providence for us and keep the count away, as she used."

Polly could not deny that the faithful

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Louise had been less unremitting in her vigilance since the advent of Lord Cairnforth; but she could not blame her, so she only sighed.

"I have an idea," remarked Joe, a moment later, "that Cairnforth was a former admirer of yours, and is now consoling himself with Miss van Allston."

"There is no law against a person's thinking, even if he does have foolish thoughts," Polly answered, dryly.

"Which is the foolish thought—that he admired you, or that he is consoling himself with your friend?" inquired Joe, with pretended meekness.

"Both," responded Polly, promptly, then laughed.

"A rejected suitor is much more agreeable than one waiting rejection—at least, he is to his fortunate rival." Joe said this in a thoughtful tone. "Now, if the count would only propose!"

"How dreadful of you!" cried the young lady, indignantly. "When I have been doing my best to prevent it!"

"Very foolish of you, my dear. If he proposed and were definitely rejected, he would probably go away and give me a clear field."

"You are terribly selfish," commented Polly, with a shake of the head. "I never thought of that."

"No, not selfish—only clever," said Joe, mischievously; for which smart speech he was severely punished by his justly incensed divinity.

This interview bore fruit a few days afterward, in one which Polly had with the count. Joe felt that he must soon go back to America or lose his position, which he could ill afford to do. Colonel Brady wrote that he would sail in a very short time and take them on their travels, for Mrs. Brady was growing tired of Lucerne. Yet Polly and Joe were no nearer to union than they had ever been. They were getting desperate, Polly mainly from the contagion of Joe's energy. So, in one of their walks, Louise managed to separate the count and Miss Brady from the rest of the party, an arrangement of which he was nothing loath to take advantage.

"Count Wallewski," his companion began, abruptly, almost before he could speak, "I believe in you. Will you justify my belief?"

"I shall be only too happy, if mademoiselle will give me an opportunity," he answered, eagerly.

"To do so," returned Polly, "I shall be obliged to inflict a little of my personal history on you."

"It will be an honor as well as a pleasure to hear it," was the gallant response.

A moment's hesitation, then Polly plunged in boldly:

"Mr. Craven and I are lovers—"

"Ah!" exclaimed the count.

"But we are not engaged, for my parents do not approve," she went on, hurriedly; and then Polly recounted as much of the story as she thought was necessary to enlist her listener's sympathies.

"Mademoiselle," he said, when she finished, "I thank you for honoring me with your confidence. If it is in my power to assist you in any way, I will be happy to do so. I have had other hopes, but they shall be buried."

"Thank you!" cried Polly, with unconscious irony, for she had scarcely noticed the closing part of his speech. "I shall depend upon you, and perhaps you may be able to help me. I feel sure you would be an energetic ally."

As she spoke, she gave him her hand, which he raised to his lips. Thus was Joe's rival transformed into his friend.

That same evening, Polly had a long low-toned conversation with Louise.

"I am certain the count will help us," she said, in conclusion.

"I dare say he will," answered Miss van Allston. "You are mad, dear, but I suppose you will have your own way."

"I think I shall," was the reply, in quiet but decided tones, "for I know what it is now."

"And, since you have found out, you are very determined."

Polly only smiled and kissed her friend good-night.

This was Tuesday. On Thursday, Miss Brady proposed that they should take the steamer to Alpnach-Gestad, returning the same day, and her mother was willing. Craven regretted that he had business-letters to write, so they went without him. Mrs. Brady was surprised at her daughter's willingness to do this, but of course she was only too glad. There was some demur

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on the part of the others, as to leaving Joe behind; but he insisted, so there was no resort but to go. The boat-ride was a very pleasant one, and everybody seemed to enjoy it. Polly was in high spirits, and appeared to be contented with the society of the count.

When they reached Alpnach-Gestad, Mrs. Brady and an elderly widow, with whom she had formed an acquaintance at Lucerne, rested at the hotel, while the four young people strolled about. In the course of an hour or so, Miss van Allston and the earl came back. They had wandered off from the other couple, and expected to find them at the hotel. They set out again to discover them, but, after some search, returned to announce that a couple answering to their description had started to climb Mount Pilatus.

"Polly knew I would not let her go if she asked me. I wish I had made her promise not to climb the mountain if we came here," sighed her mother.

"It was very naughty of her," agreed Louise.

"Very foolish of the count," added the earl, who preferred to lay the blame on someone besides Polly. "We will go and find them, shall we not?" turning to Miss van Allston.

"Certainly," she said; so, after luncheon, they began the ascent of Pilatus in search of the missing pair.

The day wore on, and still the wanderers did not return. The mountain was shrouded in clouds, though it had been clear at Lucerne when they started. The people at the hotel declared that a storm was gathering, which might break before evening. Mrs. Brady was not a nervous woman, but she began to grow anxious.

Late in the afternoon, Joe Craven put in an appearance.

"I concluded you meant to stay overnight, when you did not come back. I knew you did not intend to climb Pilatus," he said.

"But that is just what Polly has done!" cried Mrs. Brady, who recognized that she had found someone who could sympathize with her anxiety, and welcomed him accordingly.

"I will find them," he assured her, when she had finished her recital. "I will start at once."

Mrs. Brady wavered between her desire for another sympathizer at hand and her desire for relief; but the latter feeling conquered, and she let him depart.

Craven had not been gone very long when Mrs. Brady, looking anxiously out to see whether she could not catch some glimpse of the missing ones, perceived two familiar figures approaching—Miss van Allston and the earl.

"You have not found them, then?" she cried, anxiously.

"No," returned Louise, speaking in a reassuring tone, "we have not; and, as it was growing so late, Lord Cairnforth thought it would be best to bring me home and continue the search alone. On our way down, we met Mr. Craven. I felt so relieved, for I know he will find Polly."

"Yes, Joe was here," Mrs. Brady answered, in her emotion going back to the familiar name by which she had known the editor of the Bassett's Corners "Gazette" in old days, "and I was so thankful to see him."

"I would have joined him in his search," said the earl, thinking perhaps that the young man was getting too much credit, "but I thought I had better see Miss van Allston to the hotel. I will go back now."

"No, no, it isn't necessary," cried Louise. "Mr. Craven has secured the best guide that could be found."

The earl glanced at the anxious mother, whose face expressed such entreaty that he reiterated his determination and would have started, had not Louise drawn him aside from the others and spoken a few words in his ear. He came back and said:

"Miss van Allston is right, I think. There is really no necessity for me to go. Mr. Craven has the best guide—he will be sure to succeed."

So they waited together. It was growing dark, and Mrs. Brady's anxiety was just beginning to deepen into alarm, when Count Wallewski walked into their midst.

"Is Polly safe?" almost shrieked Mrs. Brady.

"Yes, yes, my dear madame," was the hasty reply. "Miss Brady is safe at the hotel."

Louise drew a long breath of relief, and Mrs. Brady began to cry a little from nervousness. She was not an excitable woman, however, and she soon grew com-

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posed enough to listen to the count's explanations and apologies. The latter were profuse.

"A thousand pardons I beg of you, madame," he cried, "for my foolhardiness in attempting the ascent without a guide. You may forgive me, but I never will forgive myself! Miss Brady was quite willing, or I should not have done it; but it was inexcusable on my part."

"I wish he would cut his apologies short," remarked Mrs. Brady's friend, the widow, in an aside to Miss van Allston.

"We had no difficulty in finding our way," the count continued, "until the fog gathered so thick that we lost the path. The next thing, we had lost each other."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Brady.

"Ah! madame, I cannot apologize too humbly!" cried the count. "I wandered about for hours in the mist, trying to find Miss Brady. Imagine my despair! At last, just as I was growing desperate, I heard a voice and someone seized my arm—it was Mr. Craven's guide. He seemed like a good angel to me, especially when he told me that Miss Brady was safe. I embraced him for joy. He and Mr. Craven had found Miss Brady farther up the mountain near the hotel, so Mr. Craven took her there, while the guide came to hunt for me. I thought it was better to return with him, in order to assure you of your daughter's safety, while a man whom he had brought from the hotel carried back tidings of me to Miss Brady. Of course, she could not be left alone; so Mr. Craven remained with her, and it would have been unsafe for a lady to attempt the descent when it was growing dusk."

The whole party listened eagerly to the count's story and to the enthusiastic declaration of how much they owed to Mr. Craven, with which he supplemented it. Everybody agreed with him, especially the relieved mother, who was the most enthusiastic of all.

As early as possible on the following morning, Polly made her appearance and rushed into her mother's arms. Joe, who came close behind, was received almost as cordially, and the party returned to Lucerne in high spirits. That same evening, the widow said to Mrs. Brady in a meaning tone:

"Is your daughter engaged to Mr. Craven?"

Then all the good lady's fear of Mrs. Grundy, which she had forgotten in her anxiety and gratitude, returned, and she sat down, very unhappy, to write to her husband. She did not finish her letter, for, before she could do it, a telegram was handed her from him. "Am on my way to Switzerland," it ran.

The days which ensued were anxious ones, not only to Mrs. Brady and the lovers, but also to the little party of friends who were interested in their destinies. Miss van Allston and the earl were drawn close together in their sympathy with Polly. Mrs. Brady gave her sanction to the engagement.

"There seemed nothing else to do," she said to her husband, when she told him the whole story, as she did immediately after his arrival.

The colonel listened in silence to his wife's narrative and to the full confession which Polly poured into his ears later. He did not even speak when she told him how she had planned the mountain episode, to force them to consent to her marriage with Joe, how her courage had failed her so that she would have returned, but that they had really lost their way and been rescued by Joe. When she had finished, he spoke.

"Polly, you may marry Craven," he said. "In the first place, I see you're determined to do it. In the second, I've found out that he saved you from a worse fate."

Then, in answer to the look of amazement in his daughter's face, he explained how he had learned this. He had returned to America on account of an embezzlement on the part of one of his clerks. The man who could throw most light on the embezzlement, a confederate in the theft, was an escaped convict who was dying in the hospital. This man proved to be Hastings. In the course of his confession, he told Colonel Brady the story of the elopement and the way in which Craven had put a stop to it.

"Somehow, I feel as if all things work together for good," whispered Polly, solemnly, as she clung round her father's neck.

Two weeks later, there was a wedding in the American church in Paris, and, after a trip to the South of France, the bride and groom returned to America.

[THE END.]

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WOMAN IN ANCIENT ROME.

BY PROFESSOR A. P. MONTAGU.

IN the history of civilized nations, there has never been a time when the world has watched with keener interest the development of the "woman problem" than now, when by the force of intellect and by intense application women have established their right to compete with men in the territory once held sacred to the latter; and, once admitted to fair competition, they have time and again proved that the feminine mind is, in depth and breadth, equal to that of the sterner sex. The very success of the present has evoked, as never before, interest in the history of woman's place in other days. This inquiry is not limited to her status in the recent past, and the question is often asked of those whose professional duties or whose taste leads them into studies of ancient customs: "What was woman's status in Rome, in Greece, among the Eastern nations of antiquity?"

With a view to answering in part this oft-repeated inquiry, let us consider some of the circumstances that surrounded women, and certain of the privileges granted them, at Rome during the closing century of the Republic and in the early times of the Empire—periods of especial interest in the history of the Roman Commonwealth, when the literature and the customs of this people were essentially typical.

For the sake of comparison, let us say that the condition of women in Rome was far different from their status in Greece. In the latter country and especially at Athens, a woman was, in the eyes of the law and of the law-makers, as well as in the estimation of every man and boy from the days of childhood to the period of gray hairs, a child—or, at best, a giddy maiden, who could not be admitted into association with the "lords of creation," who selfishly kept for themselves all social pleasures and amusements. They idealized the female form in their statues, and yet denied to living woman participation in the simplest pleasures of social life, while they deemed them unfit to appreciate the higher enjoyments of literature and the drama.

Among the Romans, the mother was revered, the wife tenderly cherished, and the daughter an object of solicitude and affection. While this condition of affairs was doubtless common among the Greeks also, they constantly and ostentatiously kept their women in the background. In Rome, on the other hand, open deference was paid to chaste women; the wife shared with her husband the respect of the household and the attention of visitors; she was the teacher and the guide of the children, the adviser and the comfort of her husband. Her wishes were respected and obeyed, and it happened more than once that she was the head of the house; and this, too, before her excellent husband rested in the tomb of his ancestors.

One of the most interesting letters of antiquity is the one written by Cicero to Atticus, in which he lays before his correspondent the woes of Q. Cicero, his brother, whose wife was the sister of Atticus. This same brother was a valiant soldier, who had served with Cæsar in Gaul and had won many laurels on the battle-field; but some dominant force enters every man's life, and this force in his case was Mrs. Q. Cicero. The great consul wrote his brother's brother-in-law that nothing could surpass Quintus's courtesy toward his wife; but, when he ventured to say to her, in regard to a dinner which husband and wife were to give: "Pomponia, you invite the ladies, and I'll send for the boys," the wife, offended because her husband had sent a man to see about the meal, replied: "I am only a visitor here." The poor man turned to his brother and said: "Look at that! I have to put up with these things every day." The dinner came, but not so the lady; she remained in her room, and, when the dutiful husband

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arranged a nice plate of food and sent it to his wife, she scornfully refused to touch it. Though her husband was about to set off upon a long journey, she refused to have anything to do with him.

Far different from this condition of estrangement between husband and wife, which is one of the many facts indicating the position of women in Rome, was the devotion of Cicero the orator to his wife Terentia, and, although he was afterward divorced from her, he was for years a respectful considerate husband. In his letters to her, he addresses her as "his most faithful and excellent wife," and in everything treats her as an equal. It is from letters of this kind that we obtain our best information as to the condition of the women of that time, and the estimation in which they were held by their husbands.

As another evidence of the high regard in which a wife was held, we have a letter of the younger Pliny, devoted entirely to praises of his wife—who, he tells us, was warmly attached to him. She showed her love by her solicitude when he had to argue a case, sending messengers to the court to ascertain how his speech was received, setting his verses to music, and listening eagerly to the comments of friends when her husband recited to them.

This author gives us the story of the courage and the devotion of the famous Arria, whose husband, Pætus, was condemned to death by Emperor Claudius. When Pætus hesitated to take his own life in order to escape the executioner, his wife, whose courage and strong character Pliny could not praise too much, seized a dagger and plunged it into her breast, exclaiming: "It does not pain, Pætus."

The histories tell of the statue of the brave Clœlia in the early period, of the monument to Cornelia, bearing the legend "To the Mother of the Gracchi," and of other honors paid to women whose heroism commanded the respect of their age.

They often appeared in court as witnesses, and their evidence always carried weight. In the days of the Republic, as well as under the Empire, women were permitted to witness theatrical representations and gladiatorial shows and to join in festive dinner-parties. The vestal virgins had seats near the emperor in the Flavian amphitheatre. In the homes of Rome, the most important room was the apartment of the lady of the house, in which, attended by her maids, she carried on domestic occupations. If the wife contributed the larger part to the funds of the family—in other words, if her dowry was more ample than her husband's property—the position of the man of the family was not always pleasant. One of Plautus's characters says: "I have received a sum of money; I have sold my government (of the house) for a dowry."

Women of great learning were somewhat dreaded by these old-time people. Martial says: "Let not your wife be very learned," and Juvenal writes: "Let not your wife possess a set style of eloquence, or hurl in well-rounded sentence an argument deprived of its premise; let her not be too learned in all histories; but let there be some things in books which she does not understand. . . . I hate the woman who never violates the rules and principles of grammar, and, skilled in antiquarian lore, quotes verses I never knew."

From these writers as well as from others, we learn that one of the privileges of woman was an extended education and philosophical discussion. But a privilege which was usually denied them was a full name. A woman who belonged to the Julian "gens" was simply Julia; if she married Caius Cornelius, she became Caia Julia.

Roman women had no part in state affairs, and there is no evidence that they ever put forward any claim to social freedom or political right; they were too closely bound by the fetters of tradition for such a step, nor was the world of men yet enlightened enough to render it possible.

It may be said in conclusion that the condition of women among the Romans was far better than in any other nation of antiquity, and that the conquerors of the ancient world, stern and often merciless to men, were gentle and courteous to the women who deserved their gentleness and courtesy. It is to be regretted that, while we possess the letters of Cicero and of Pliny to their wives and other females, and while these letters show us, as no other species of literature can, their feelings toward women and the regard in which they held them, not a line from a Roman woman has come down to our time.

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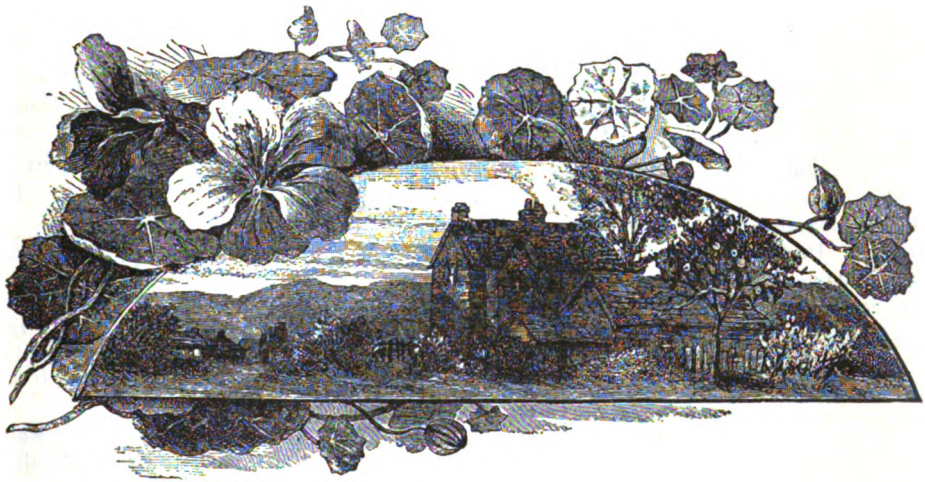
A DREAM OF HOME.

BY ELLA HIGGINSON.



THE sun goes down behind the purple hill,
And all the western heaven flames like brass;
Through mellow scented air the night-birds trill,
And crickets chirp beneath the wind-blown grass;
About the pool where restless shadows creep,
Soft-tonèd frogs are murmuring in their sleep.

Through pasture-lands where sweet-voiced waters flow,
The cattle homeward come with patient tread;
The dogwood-blooms drift over them like snow,
And here the scarlet currant hearts have bled;
The dandelions close their golden eyes
And go to sleep beneath the fading skies.

Now, faint and far, I hear the calling sea—
Calling the red sun to her waiting breast;
Ah, who would not lean down in ecstasy
To kiss those cool wet lips and find such rest?
To press one's cheek on tawny seaweed hair,
And lose one's soul in passionate longing there?

And here, where shade is deep, the old house stands,
And round it winds the darkened time-worn fence;
Above, the maple lifts its broad cool hands,
And all about are summer's pleasant scents;
The bees swoon in each fragrant clover-bloom.
While silver stars shine through the purple gloom.

Inside—ah, me!—in her low rocking-chair,
The patient mother sits with tender eyes,
With weary fingers smoothing baby's hair,
And softly crooning dreamy lullabies;
She hears the far-off echo of the waves,
And sighs—remembering two small daisied graves.

A dream—a dream! I wake and strain my eyes
Through lonely years, to that sweet hallowed spot;
I try to hear the sea—but passionate sighs
Choke heart and throat. Alas! I had forgot:
'Tis but in dreams one walks through old-time years;
I turn my pillow, wet with useless tears.

I hear the throbbing of the city's heart,
I hear its restless pulses beat and beat,
I hear the footsteps through its busy mart.
O God! to hear the wind among the wheat!
To know once more a place to find sweet rest,
And sob my heart out on my mother's breast!

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MISS ELIZABETH'S HENS.

BY MRS. C. W. HILLS.

THE title of my story is not poetical, it is not romantic—only very simple and commonplace. But it implies the fact that Miss Elizabeth kept hens, which she certalnly did.

Miss Elizabeth Ballantyne and her maid-of-all-work, Miss Norah O'Connor, lived together in a tiny cottage in the suburbs of Westbrook, a small sea-port town.

The house was a mere dot to look at, but a marvel of neatness and comfort within. In the summer, bright roses and honeysuckles climbed together over the trellises, and tiny beds of pinks and pansies and other flowers dotted the lawn.

But alas! although Roselawn Cottage was a gem to the eyes of the beholder, a dark shadow was just now hovering over it.

It was a June morning; far out in the bay, the blue waves danced and sparkled in the sunshine, and a few white-winged boats were visible on the water: nearer at hand, the birds trilled gladly in the trees, and the grass sprung greenly on the lawn. All nature was rejoicing, but poor Miss Elizabeth could not rejoice: a great trouble had entered her life.

She sat by the bay-window of her little sitting-room, surveying the beautiful scene before her with an aching heart. She held in her hand an open letter, which she had read and re read, while the tears slowly coursed down her delicate cheeks. She was thinking over her life—its trials, its struggles, and its disappointments. She was an orphan who had been brought up by the charity of relatives and given a good education, so as to support herself by teaching. This she had done faithfully until, her health failing from a throat-difficulty, she had been obliged to resign her position. At this juncture, a widow lady who had always befriended her offered her a home at Roselawn, of which she was the owner, and at her death bequeathed to Elizabeth the property, subject to a mortgage of five hundred dollars, a debt which she had been thus far, owing to unfavorable circumstances, unable to pay.

The letter she had that morning received was from Lawyer Sharp, in a neighboring city, stating that the money was now due, and that, unless the debt were paid within a week, the mortgage would be foreclosed.

Oh, it was hard, this trouble; nothing so hard had ever come into her life before. What could she—what should she do? As if to add to her distress and perplexity, her maid Norah at this moment put her head in at the door, and announced:

"Sure, ma'am, sorry it is I am to thrubble ye; but that black low-lived spalpeen has just throwed another of yer beautiful hins over the garden-fince, and says he: 'Tell yer misthress that I'll be afther wringing the necks of iviry one of them hins, if she don't shet 'em up!'"

Poor Miss Elizabeth raised one thin white hand deprecatingly, as if to ward off a blow, as this torrent of words fell on her bewildered ears, while Norah shut the door with a bang and retreated to her own domain.

And then Miss Elizabeth leaned her head against the window-sill and wept pitifully, for hers was not a courageous and resolute spirit; she was wholly unfitted to bear alone the rude buffetings of the world. In the anguish of her heart, the one romance of her life rose vividly before her, and she sobbed forth a name unspoken for years.

"Oh, Hubert! Hubert!" she cried, "if you had lived, all this would not have been!"

Miss Elizabeth had met Captain Hubert Chester at the house of a mutual friend, in the first dawn of her early womanhood. Their acquaintance soon ripened into a tenderer sentiment, and, when the two parted at the end of three months, they exchanged promises of affection and constancy. Captain Chester was about to sail for Hong Kong, Elizabeth to go back to her school; and it was arranged that, on his return, they would be married.

Elizabeth had been eighteen then; she was now thirtyeight. Twenty long years stretched their weary length between her and the day on which she had bidden her

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young and handsome lover a last good-bye. Only one letter from him had ever reached her. He had died of ship-fever in a foreign port, and Elizabeth was left to tread life's thorny path alone. How sad it all was! How cruel fate had proved!

She rose slowly from her seat by the window and placed the lawyer's letter carefully in her writing-desk. Then she stepped to the mirror to see if the traces of her tears were yet visible—arranging mechanically, as she stood there, the fluffy waves of hair that would curl over her smooth white forehead; for Elizabeth was still handsome and youthful-looking. Then, throwing over her shoulders a dainty morning-cape and putting on a garden-hat, she sallied forth.

A new thought had suddenly entered her mind. The owner of Cliff Villa, the elegant estate whose grounds adjoined hers, was a person whom she had never seen. He had but lately come into possession of the place, and was reputed to possess immense wealth. Perhaps he would buy Roselawn! Since her refractory hens gave him so much trouble, probably he would be glad to be rid of her altogether, and by so doing he would own the whole bluff. Buoyed up by this thought, she determined to see him.

Everything looked so bright and beautiful, as she walked along, that even her sad heart felt a little lighter. But, when she reached the entrance to the grounds and gazed up at the mansion, her courage began to fail and she had half a mind to turn back. Something, however, still seemed to urge her on, and she hesitatingly mounted the steps and rang the bell. Then she suddenly remembered that she did not know the name of the person whom she had come to visit, and, when the colored servant opened the door, she could only faintly stammer forth that she wished to see the gentleman who resided there.

The man, politely inviting her to enter, threw open the drawing-room door and announced pompously:

"A lady to see you, sah."

Elizabeth saw a tall gray-bearded man advancing to meet her from the further end of the long room. Something in his manner and bearing held her rooted to the spot where she stood. He hurried on; the two gazed silently and steadily at each other for a moment, then the gentleman cried:

"Elizabeth!"

"Hubert!" Elizabeth answered, faintly.

After a few instants of confused and broken sentences, there came explanations. Captain Chester, on arriving at Hong Kong, had indeed been attacked with ship-fever, and his death reported. But he did not die; and, being taken through the instrumentality of acquaintances to the house of a friendly Chinaman, he recovered, but during his convalescence became totally blind. For two years, he remained in this condition; at the expiration of which period, his sight was restored by a native physician. When able to make the voyage, Chester took passage on the first vessel to America. He hastened immediately to the city in which he had left Elizabeth, but could find no trace of her. The principal of the school where she formerly taught said that she had resigned her position, intending soon to be married, she believed, but to whom she did not know. He then sought the family in which she had boarded, but discovered that they had removed to the West, and the people who then occupied the house knew nothing of Miss Ballantyne. Nothing remained for Chester but to bear his disappointment as best he might. The captain was in feeble health, and, being cramped pecuniarily, began looking about for a chance of employment, as he did not wish to undertake another voyage. He therefore concluded to write to a cousin of his in Liverpool, who he knew was well established in business there. He speedily received an answer saying that a good opportunity was ready to his hand—an interest in a profitable business—if he would come and take it.

He had remained in Liverpool nearly eighteen years, and had prospered greatly; but his heart still yearned for his native land, and, at his cousin's death, he sold out his share in the business, collected his property, and once more determined to make the United States his home. He had but recently bought Cliff Villa, having fancied it because it overlooked the sea.

A few mornings later, there was a quiet wedding ceremony at Roselawn Cottage: Miss Elizabeth Ballantyne became Mrs. Hubert Chester, and the captain thereby became the proprietor of Roselawn and the refractory "hins."

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THE PRINCESSE DE LAMBALLE.

BY VIRGINIA G. SULLY.

THERE are few epochs in history at once so singular and so attractive as the first years of the reign of Louis XVI. That old régime, which, like the setting sun, shone with such splendor just before its decline—that society, so elegant, so spirituelle, which was hastening with rapid but unconscious steps toward the abyss of the approaching Revolution—that nobility, which in the last days of its power seemed to be endowed with redoubled charm, brilliancy, and grace, and succumbed at last with the dignity of the dying gladiator: all this vividly impresses and thrills both the mind and the imagination.

Never was there a more beautiful and peaceful prologue to so terrible a drama. Those who dreamed that they were dwelling in the age of gold were in reality entering upon an age of iron and blood.

If there was one man who might be fitly chosen as a type of the exquisite suavity of manner, the patriarchal habits, and the amiable and tranquil virtues which characterized the best class of the nobility of his day, it was the Duc de Penthièvre—that good, pious, charitable "grand seigneur," before whom even the frantic Revolutionists were compelled to bow in reverence.

Louis Jean Marie de Bourbon, Duc de Penthièvre, born November 16th, 1725, was the son of the Comte de Toulouse, the legitimized son of Louis XIV and the Marquise de Montespan. His mother was Marie Victoire Sophie de Noailles. He was Grand Admiral of France and Governor of Brittany. He married, in 1744, Marie Thérèse Félicité d'Este, daughter of the Duke of Modena. This marriage was completely happy, but its happiness was of brief duration. He lost, in one month, his beautiful wife and three children. Only two children remained to him: a son, afterward the husband of the celebrated Princesse de Lamballe; and a daughter, who married the Duc de Chartres—Philippe Égalité.

Marie Thérèse Louise de Savoie Carignan was born at Turin, September 8th, 1749, and was married to the Prince de Lamballe on January 31st, 1767. Few women have united so much beauty of person with such loveliness of character. The Prince de Ligne speaks of her as being "as good as she was beautiful." Her portrait hangs in the gallery of the palace at Turin, and represents a young girl whose face wears an expression half-arch, half-wistful. Her

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long fair hair, drawn high off her forehead, is crowned by a diadem and flows down over her shoulders in a sunny stream.

Unfortunately, the young Prince de Lamballe was quite incapable of appreciating the virtues of his lovely young wife. The vicious example of the Duc de Chartres encouraged him in every species of dissipation, and he died the victim of his debaucheries in little more than a year after his marriage, at the age of twentyone.

After a short time spent in retirement at the Abbaye de St. Antoine, the young widow joined her father-in-law and his daughter at the Château de Rambouillet. She consecrated her life to the care of the Duc de Penthièvre, who said at this time: "My own daughter has passed into another home; but my dearest daughter-in-law has come to take her place, and we two must henceforth be all the world to each other."

The Princesse de Lamballe had a profound veneration for the old man, whose saintly virtues won the respect of all who approached him. Madame de Genlis says of him: "There is no private gentleman who has such exquisite, affable, and finished politeness, and no courtier who ever treated women with more deference and held them in more profound respect." The Duc de Penthièvre was the idol of the poor people.

One day, the fishwives stopped him in the midst of a procession, and asked permission to embrace him. He yielded with perfect grace, and said with his ineffable gentleness: "In the order of religion and before God, I am your brother; and, in all earthly things, I will ever be your friend."

One day, during a hunting-party, Louis XV, followed by his brilliant court, surprised M. de Penthièvre at Rambouillet. Their astonishment was great when they found him with a large table-cloth around his neck, and a huge wooden spoon in his hand. The good seigneur was not the least disconcerted, and conducted his guests into the kitchen, where in the vast fireplace the contents of two enormous iron caldrons were boiling. "This," said he, "is the soup for my poor people, and the stewed mutton which is distributed to them once a month. I have it prepared under my own eyes, that the cooks may always have it the same."

The Princesse de Lamballe was not less charitable than her father-in-law; she practiced the strictest self-denial, and gave away nearly her whole income. The peasants on the estate called her "the good angel."

The Princesse and her father-in-law rarely appeared at court during the latter years of the reign of Louis XV, when Dubarry reigned supreme. Their existence was passed in the calm of a retreat where good works were the principal distraction. But the accession of Louis XVI changed the situation. Marie Antoinette, who knew how to appreciate such a nature, wished to keep her at court, and appointed her superintendent of her household in September, 1775.

Never was there a more brilliant dawn than ushered in this reign, which was destined to end in such a fearful tempest. Not a cloud obscured the sky, and the people adored the young sovereigns. It was a time when all France seemed to be playing a pastoral. Marie Antoinette changed her diadem for a simple straw hat, and preferred the dairy of "le petit Trianon" to the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles. The French nobility, more brilliant and careless than ever, tripped gayly over the carpet of flowers which concealed an abyss. The young nobles applauded the republican tirades of the tragedy of Brutus; but, while laughing at etiquette and declaring themselves the enthusiastic champions of the new ideas, they still enjoyed their privileges and the splendor of the court. In the morning, they dress themselves à l'Anglaise in a simple frock coat; but, in the evening, they assume with real pleasure the mantle of velvet embroidered with gold. Democratic taste is only on the surface.

On the threshold of the Revolution, one is tempted to linger over these last enchanting hours of the old régime, which was so soon to vanish forever. Who can evoke without emotion the memories of the joyous morning strolls and evening fêtes in lovely Trianon, or the little suppers in the queen's apartments, where the good Duc de Penthièvre would ask: "Well, Marie, my little madcap, have you danced enough this evening?"

Madame Campan thus describes the sleigh-rides during the exceptionally cold winter of 1776: "The noise of the bells which covered the harness of the horses, the nod-

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ding white plumes which adorned their heads, the variety of forms among the sleighs, which were all richly carved and gilded, rendered these parties a dazzling spectacle. The winter was so severe that the snow remained on the ground six weeks, and the pleasure and excitement of these sleigh-rides in the park of Versailles were shared by a crowd of spectators. The Princesse de Lamballe appeared enveloped in furs, in all the radiant freshness of her twenty years. One might have taken her for an image of spring smiling beneath her sable and ermine."

Posterity has given many tears to this young Italian, who to the warmth of the South added the graces of the North, whose smile was so bright and yet so gentle, whose "blond hair still curled round the pike" on that awful September day.

In the summer of 1787, Madame de Lamballe went to England, where she received marked attention from the royal family as well as from the nobility. But all this time the Revolution was approaching. The Convocation of the States-General in May, 1789, gave the first blow to the royal authority. In July came the overthrow of the Bastille. Then followed the events of the 5th and 6th of October, when an armed mob invaded the palace of Versailles and attempted to murder the queen and insisted on the removal of the court to Paris.

Madame de Lamballe had been some time absent from court, at the epoch of the great favor enjoyed by the Polignacs, and she rarely quitted the château of her father-in-law; but, at the first note of danger, she hastened to the queen. She was at Eu with the Duc de Penthièvre when she learned what had taken place on the 5th and 6th of October. "Oh," she exclaimed, "how terrible! I must go at once!" At midnight, on a dark night and in a fearful storm, she set out to hasten to the queen's side.

At the time of the flight to Varennes, she was sent on a mission to England. The queen wrote and entreated her to remain in that asylum. "No," she wrote again, "do not return—do not throw yourself into the tiger's jaws; the present is too terrible. Although I have courage on my own account, I cannot help feeling uneasy about my friends, especially about one so dear as you are."

But the Princesse listened only to the voice of her heart, and, although convinced that she was going to her death, she immediately set out for France. Before leaving England, she made her will, in which occurs this touching sentence: "I implore the queen to accept a token of gratitude from one to whom she has given the title of her friend—a precious title, which has made the happiness of my life, and which I have never abused, and which I shall cherish to my last hour. I implore her, as a last proof of affection, to accept my watch, that may recall to her the happy hours we have passed together."

Four months had passed since she and the queen had parted, and, in that brief space, what a change had come over Marie Antoinette! Her bloom had fled—her hair was gray! She had prepared for the Princesse a gift which she presented to her on their meeting. It was a ring containing some of her hair, with this inscription: "Blanchis par malheur"—whitened by sorrow.

The hour of doom had struck. The blows aimed at the throne pierced the soul of the Duc de Penthièvre. His daughter-in-law showed herself worthy of him. Faithful friend of the unfortunate, she was near the queen on that terrible 20th of June. The 20th of August, she followed the royal family in the funeral cortége of the expiring monarchy, at the hour when the unfortunate king quitted the Tuileries forever to seek the protection of the Assembly. Only two ladies accompanied them—Madame de Lamballe and Madame de Tourzel, governess of the king's children. They were placed in the "loge du logographe"—reporters' box—a sort of cage ten feet square, railed off from the hall.

After being interrogated at the Hôtel de Ville, Madame de Lamballe was taken to the prison of La Force. The last letter which the Duc de Penthièvre received from his daughter-in-law was written in pencil, from "le loge du logographe" of the Assembly. He offered to Manuel, the procureur of the Commune, any sum to save her, and it is said that the latter promised to procure her release, and accepted 150,000 francs. But, even had he wished to keep his promise, it was impossible; for to plead for the friend of Marie Antoinette, who herself bore the name of Bourbon, might have brought ruin on himself.

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On August 26th, the news of the surrender of the Revolutionists to the allied armies at Longwy reached Paris. Danton and Marat seized the moment to effect the destruction of all the royalists within reach. Numbers of prisoners were led from La Force, only to meet death at the hands of the furious populace. An elderly lawyer named Maton, who was confined in La Force, survived to write an account of the hours he passed there: "One prisoner after another was torn from the prison, to meet his fate. At every opening of the grate, I expected to hear my name called; but we four together in one room seemed to have been forgotten. We all prayed together to the Eternal for help. Our situation was a thousand times worse than death."

Soon after six o'clock, Monday morning, there came a lull. Worn out with fatigue and half dead, the Princesse threw herself on her pallet; but she had not lain there long, before the door of her cell was thrown open and two rough-looking men in the uniform of the National Guard entered and told her to come with them immediately. At the same moment, the noise outside the prison recommenced, and loud cries of "La Lamballe! La Lamballe!" reached her ears. She descended to the hall of the prison, where the men acting as judges were assembled. The hall was filled with armed executioners, whose hands, faces, and clothes were stained with blood, while from the gateway came the roar of the mob, demanding a fresh victim. The Princesse swooned away, but revived sufficiently to undergo her interrogation. The following, according to an eye-witness, were the questions asked and the answers she gave:

"Your name?"

"Marie Louise, Princess of Savoy."

"Your condition?"

"Superintendent of the queen's household."

"Were you aware of conspiracies at court on the 10th of August?"

"If there were any, I had no knowledge of them."

"Then swear to love liberty and equality, and to hate the king, queen, and royalty."

"I will take the first oath, but not the last. It is not in my heart."

Here someone standing by—probably one of Manuel's emissaries—whispered in her ear: "Swear, or you are a dead woman!" She made no reply, but, raising both her hands, pressed them to her eyes, as if to shut out some hateful vision. The judges gave the usual sign of dismissal: "Let madame be set at liberty." This meant that she was condemned; but the Princesse interpreted the words literally, for she turned and made a step toward the gate. Two of the executioners caught her by either arm—perhaps intending to save her, if they could. But, on getting outside among the tigers in human form surging around her, seeing the ground strewed with the dead, and hearing the savage yells that greeted her appearance, her senses again forsook her, and she fell backward between the men, who continued to bear her along. Instantly she received a blow on the head from a club; this was followed by a stroke from a sabre, and then a rain of pike-thrusts brought her, stunned and bleeding, to the ground.

"I have frequently heard a relation of mine," says Madame d'Oberkirch, "describe what follows: He was passing along the Rue St. Antoine, at the moment of the massacre of the prisoners of La Force. Corpses were piled up here and there, blood was flowing in the gutters, like water after a rain. Chilled with horror, and feeling himself ready to faint, he entered the shop of a wine-merchant and asked for a glass of water. While he was drinking it, a troop of cut-throats entered the shop and called for wine. One of these monsters carried in his hand a woman's head freshly cut off, and the magnificent blond hair was twined around his naked and blood-stained arm. In order to empty his glass, he flung the head on the leaden counter of the wine-shop. It was that of the Princesse de Lamballe."

Then the wretches carried this head—alas! so beautiful but an hour ago—to a hair-dresser, who washed it, dressed and powdered the blond hair stained with blood. Then it was borne on a pike by the mob, who cried: "Now Antoinette will recognize it!" They proceeded to the Temple and held their trophy up to the queen's window. "It was not disfigured," says Cléry, who witnessed this ghastly scene; "her fair hair still curled around the end of the pike."

Her old father-in-law died March 4th, 1793, fortytwo days after the execution of Louis XVI.

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"AS LONG AS THE RIVER FLOWS."

BY ADA MARIE PECK.

THE course of the river was between great hills and small mountains whose sides were dotted with villas, while at their feet nestled little hamlets and more pretentious villages. There was one spot at which it broadened into a lake-like expanse, with little inlets where the rushes fringed its edges and where large white odorous lilies floated on its softly undulating waters.

Clarice Reeves always felt grateful that her ancestors had chosen an elevation near this spot to build their home—a great rambling house, with balconies overlooking the river and commanding a view of the country for miles.

"I always thought," she said, one morning, to Hugh Valincott, who had ridden over from one of the summer-resorts a little farther up the river, to spend a "dolce far niente" hour on the wide veranda, "that the ideal life was to be lived on an eminence, from whence one could see the action and turmoil of the world, and yet not be in it."

"The ideal life for me," he returned, "is—where you are, whether on a hill or in a valley."

And he stopped trailing his whip for the amusement of the leonine-looking poodle Tiny, and looked straight into Clarice's eyes and possessed himself of the dainty little hand lying idly on the arm of the chair.

"If I could only be sure," she said, in a half-aside.

"Of what?" he exclaimed. "Of my love?" And again he brought the magnetism of his glance to bear upon her sweet face.

"No," she returned, with a quick proud little motion of her head: "but sure that the gown I have ordered for the next German will arrive in due time; sure that Cousin Lucie will be here on the evening train; sure that I will always have the same relish for chocolates." Then she daintily treated herself to one from the bonbon-holder on the willow table, and held out another for Tiny's delectation.

There was an angry flush on Valincott's handsome dark face, and he rose and picked up his gloves and his riding-whip, which he had just dropped.

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"One thing I am sure of," he said: "that you have no faith in me."

"Who never doubted never half believed," she quoted, with a tantalizing smile.

"Clarice," he said, with a little gesture of remonstrance, "do you think you are using me kindly? I came, this morning, because I could not remain away from you another moment; and yet you treat me only to flouts and jeers. Come into the drawing-room and play for me—my perturbed spirits need soothing."

"As you like," said Clarice, and, with a grave little air of acquiescence, she led the way into the wide hall.

Valincott watched the slight graceful figure with eager eyes. She wore a simple dress of soft white cambric, and a great bunch of cinnamon-pinks was carelessly thrust in her belt.

IT IS PARADISE TO ME.

"A peace-offering," she said, selecting one and giving it to him. "Now, what shall it be?" she asked, seating herself at the piano, after an adroit movement in which she eluded Valincott's too evident intention of beguiling her into the corner of the drawing-room for a lover-like demonstration.

"Whatever pleases you," he replied, with an air of mock resignation; "for you seem not to care to please me, this morning."

"Schumann?" he asked, as she played a soft dreamy air.

"Yes. Did you ever hear Schumann's music likened to the lace-like network of delicate rootlets?"

"No, I don't think I ever did; I shouldn't have appreciated it if I had. I am not equal to such intricate comparisons. Let me ask you, in turn, if you ever heard your hair compared to a shining, waving mass of bronze-brown? Or if," and he bent over and put his hand gently under the dimpled chin and raised it a little, and looked into the beautiful hazel eyes, "anyone ever told you that yours were the sweetest eyes ever seen?"

A few moments after, Clarice stood watching him ride up the river-road. "I wish I could be sure," she was again saying, wistfully.

"Of what?"

"Oh! is it you, Aunt Amy?" And she turned her lovely perplexed countenance toward a middle-aged woman who had just entered the room. "Why, sure of anything," she continued. "Is there such a thing as certainty? Life, love, friendship, wealth, health, happiness—everything seems unstable to me, this morning."

"Megrims," returned her aunt, tersely.

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"Your liver is out of order. A pill, night and morning, will rid your mind of such fancies."

"I do not believe there is a woe in the whole world, from a broken heart to the slightest ailment, that you haven't a panacea for, in the shape of a pill," laughed Clarice. "And now tell me one thing: do you suppose Lucie will be in the least as I expect?"

"Nothing is as we expect. Sometimes it is better, or—sometimes worse," she added, sententiously; for, in her inmost heart, Mrs. Reeves—who was Clarice's aunt by marriage, and filled the place of companion and chaperon to the orphan heiress—doubted the wisdom of her niece's latest caprice of sending for an unknown second-cousin to spend the summer with her in her home on the Hudson.

"It will be something for me to do," Clarice had said. "Her life is meagre; I will give her a pleasant summer. You say she is pretty, and I am anticipating much pleasure in seeing the dear little rosebud make her début." So she dispatched the invitation, and, when it was accepted, sent a delicately worded letter with a generous check; for Lucie Dayton's father was a country clergyman in rather straitened circumstances.

"I was never so surprised," announced Clarice to her aunt, the next morning after her cousin's arrival. "My rosebud has resolved itself into some strange tropical flower. Lucie is simply beautiful; she dresses in exquisite taste, and has, although she is barely nineteen, the 'aplomb' of a belle of several seasons. She quite shines me down; but I am delighted with her, all the same."

"I am glad you like her," returned her aunt, dryly.

Two hours later, the girls were on the broad veranda; Lucie had been for a short drive with Mrs. Reeves, and was resting for a moment before going to her room. She had been looking down the river, watching a distant steamer and some small boats that were setting sail, but had thrown herself gracefully into a chair and was contemplating the ranges of mountains covered with masses of evergreens, and the fleecy white clouds which floated across the bright blue sky and seemed entangled among them.

"You like my home?" questioned Clarice, eagerly, watching the dreamy satisfied expression.

"It is Paradise to me—who have spent my days in that little old parsonage, with its barren outlook."

"I am so glad if you are going to be happy here," returned Clarice, warmly. "But I beg you to tell me if country clergymen's daughters are usually like you, with your grand air and your almost Parisian taste in dress?"

Miss Dayton smiled in a slow inscrutable manner, which might mean anything or nothing, and said: "It is the Reeves blood, I suppose; for I certainly haven't acquired a grand air in that remote country village."

So Lucie sat watching the mountains, while Clarice looked at her furtively. She was tall and slender, and carried herself with exquisite grace; her eyes were velvety black, with delicate arched brows, while her hair was pale-golden—a contrast which Clarice thought would lend itself perfectly to some effective costumes she had in mind. For she meant her to be the belle of the next hop, and to captivate Doctor Darrell.

Hugh Valincott rode up before Clarice had quite made up her mind about the wonderful gown that was to accomplish so much, and she greeted him warmly; she was so eager to present him to her cousin that she quite forgot the vague doubts of the day before, which all his tender words did not entirely remove.

"Now, you two are to be the best friends in the world," she said, in her imperious pretty way. "I want Cousin Lucie to have the happiest summer of her life; and you, Hugh, are to help about it."

Valincott bowed low over the slim hand in its long black glove, and looked with admiration at the beautiful fair face, with its soft black eyes and frame of golden hair.

"If we are going to sit here, I will go for my hat," said Clarice

"Let me ring for it," offered Hugh.

"Don't trouble; I have to see Aunt Amy a moment."

"What do you think of her?" she asked, finding her aunt in the pretty morning-room, busy with her knitting. "Isn't she a wonder?" she continued, eagerly. "Can you imagine how she made the check I sent her go so far? Oh, yes—and Hugh is here; I mean to ask him to stay to luncheon."

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Mrs. Reeves's nose was aquiline and her features sharp; and she looked unusually grim and forbidding at that moment, when she prepared to sit in judgment on the new cousin.

"Do you know what I think?" she said. "I think," and she spoke the words with deliberation, "that you are laying a scheme to destroy your happiness. I hate to see a person approaching a fuse with a match, when the explosion will involve ruin."

Meantime, Hugh, who was never so much at home as when saying soft nothings to a pretty woman, was looking into Lucie's fair face with that air of devotion which made him adored by the sex.

"Of course, I am delighted to know you," she was saying, in her low contralto voice. "I have heard your praises so sounded that I regard you already as the 'chevalier sans reproche.'" Then she looked at him with a glance which seemed to say: "And I find you to be all that you were described."

AS LONG AS THE RIVER FLOWS.

While her words left a sound in his ears of Clarice's having talked too readily of her affairs to the new cousin.

Clarice came back, wearing a simple gray dress and a broad hat.

"I find I have to leave you," she said. "An old lady, in whom I am much interested, has sent for me to write a letter for her."

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"Are you scribe for the indigent old women of the vicinity?" asked Lucie, with a little laugh. "Don't you want a secretary?"

"Yes," gayly assented Clarice. "Will you come with me?"

"No, thank you. I have unpacking to do."

"May I come?" asked Hugh.

"Oh, no; you are to stay and talk to Lucie."

"How can he talk to me when I am unpacking my trunk? I am going this moment." And she bowed gracefully to Hugh and went into the house.

"You have planned so that we shall have but few uninterrupted hours this summer," grumbled Hugh, as they went down the river-path. "Don't walk so fast—let us be leisurely, this morning."

So they loitered in the soft bright sunshine and watched the shadows of the floating clouds mirrored in the calm surface of the river.

"Here are roses—will you have some?" asked Valincott, as they passed a great bush of wild roses in the perfection of bloom. He cut a branch which was a luxuriant mass of pink fragrance, carefully trimmed the thorns, and held it for a moment close to Clarice's cheek, scarcely less pink than the flowers. "The roses suffer by contrast." And, with a tender little smile, he placed them in her hand. "And now tell me if your doubting mood has passed away," he said, as they resumed their walk.

"Yes—entirely. I have perfect faith in you," she answered, turning her lovely flushed face toward him.

"You may have," he said, gently; "for I shall love you forever and forever—"

"That is an indefinitely long time," she returned, with a shy little smile. "Measure it by earthly duration—as long as the roses bloom, for instance."

"No," he said, gravely; "but 'as long as the river flows.' And you?"

"Let me echo your words: 'as long as the river flows,'" she answered, with tender solemnity.

Then that silence born of perfect content fell upon them, and they went on to the little cottage and home again with but few words: while the river whispered to the rushes and sedges at its borders that it was accepted as a type of fidelity; then all its broad swift surface broke into a thousand ripples and sparkles, which might or might not mean that it was laughing at any confidence which might be reposed in it.

Valincott rode over oftener than ever, to idle away his mornings at "The Reeves," as the old mansion was called.

"Now that there are two attractions instead of one, one may be pardoned for coming twice as often," he would gallantly declare. And Clarice would give a pretty little grateful look, while Lucie would smile softly.

"Subtly," Mrs. Reeves would say. "For that girl is nothing if not subtle!" she would declare, angrily. "And totally devoid of feeling, too. She would button her gloves, organize a gunpowder-plot, or assassinate a czar with equal emotion. Just the other day, she coolly asked me which was the richer, Dr. Darrell or Mr. Valincott!" All this Mrs. Reeves would confide to an intimate, adding that Clarice's blindness drove her to desperation, and that so much duet-practicing and boat-rowing was only a pretext for flirtation.

Doctor Darrell, however, refused to transfer his allegiance to the new-comer, or be more than barely polite to her.

"There are no friends like the old friends," he would say, when Clarice accused him of his defection. "Your cousin is very charming, but I have no time for small-talk." And the stalwart doctor, with his fine straightforward face and earnest gray eyes, was very tender in his manner to Clarice, as if he would shield her from impending harm.

That very morning, Lucie and Valincott were on the river. There had been a pretense of learning to row; then they had drifted into one of the secluded rush-bordered inlets, where Lucie was idly trailing an oar in the water, and telling Hugh in low tremulous voice a pathetic story of the barrenness of her life in the old parsonage.

There were tears in the dark beguiling eyes, and a sad downward droop to the corners of the lovely scarlet mouth, while the pliant exquisite figure was inclined slightly toward him.

Hugh had been striving for days against the spell she was weaving around him, and at that moment was struggling with his

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better self. She had been looking down, but she slowly raised her eyes and looked at him through the long lashes, with a semblance of shyness which only half concealed the passion that lay behind it. Hugh's handsome dark face grew pale with emotion, and, when he spoke, it was with a husky voice:

"Let me make your life beautiful," he said. "There are far countries where existence passes like a dream."

"But Clarice?" she murmured.

Valincott made no answer, but took the oars from her and rowed home in silence.

LET ME MAKE YOUR LIFE BEAUTIFUL.

There had been several dances at the hotels down the river—dances at which Lucie had received plenty of attention and admiration; but the gayeties of the season were to culminate in a ball, to which the guests of the other hotels, as well as the residents of the vicinity, were to be invited.

When Lucie made a show of protestation against the elegant dress ordered for her, Clarice would only laugh and say:

"It is so little for me to do. Then just think how fine it will be to have you the bright particular star of the evening!"

But, the very morning of the ball, Lucie was saying to Valincott: "I am simply a fad of Clarice's. She tired of her district-visiting, wore her gayeties out, and wanted to be amused; so she sent for me. And now she has been devising a costume for me, in which I am to reflect credit on her."

They were in the dim fragrant drawing-room, and had been singing together; but Lucie was then touching the keys lightly and looking up into his face with her wonderful eyes. Having made this audacious speech, she smiled in a slow sweet fashion which showed her lovely teeth, struck a few minor chords, and added: "I am nothing if not frank."

"It is refreshing," warmly declared Valincott, with a half-angry feeling toward Clarice for patronizing such a glorious creature.

It was the universal verdict that Miss Reeves and her cousin were the most beautiful girls at the ball.

"Almost in bridal white," whispered Hugh, as he whirled down the long room with Clarice in the first waltz. "Nothing could be more lovely," he added, looking with admiration at the gown of dead-white silk, ropes of pearls, and a great cluster of creamy roses; while she looked up at him a moment, with a shy tender look in her soft hazel eyes, then blushed divinely.

However lovely Clarice was, Lucie that night was the cynosure of all eyes. "A sym-

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phony in pale-gold," declared one of the leading society-men. When the pretty speech was repeated to Mrs. Reeves, she only shrugged her shoulders, substituted "sinner" for "symphony," and whispered it to her intimate. And then, dowager-fashion, the two nodded and talked earnestly behind their fans; for, just at that moment, Lucie passed by on Valincott's arm, in her pale-gold silk, just a little darker than her hair, which had its luxuriance confined by a curiously wrought golden dagger set with yellow stones, while she wore a necklace and bracelets of the same stones, and at her corsage a bunch of pale-yellow roses with amber hearts.

"And you do not even admire her to-night!" Clarice was exclaiming, reproachfully, to Doctor Darrell, as the couple passed them.

"Less to-night than any time. She is Lilith—if we could find her dead lovers, there would be one of her golden hairs around their hearts."

"She has no lovers," laughed Clarice; "I doubt if she ever had one. She doesn't seem to care about them."

"No?" returned Darrell, with an equivocal inflection. And again he looked down with a sad grave air at the lovely head, with its masses of shining bronze-brown.

Later in the evening, Valincott and Lucie had gone out on the great piazza—for "a breath of air," as Lucie said. They had turned one of its many angles and were in a sheltered secluded nook.

"It is cold even here: the breeze comes this way—let me protect you," and he placed her in front of him. But she suddenly wheeled and stood so near him that the roses she wore were crushed against him and filled the air with perfume; her dark eyes were glowing, and her beautiful bare arms gleamed white. She bent her head, so that the fragrant golden hair just brushed his cheek, and sighed softly.

"You sigh—are you unhappy?" he asked, tenderly.

Then she softly raised her bewildering eyes, and he saw in them what men saw in Lilith's eyes, in Circe's eyes, in Cleopatra's eyes—and drew her head to his breast and held her close to his heart for a moment; then he released her, and they stood looking down the river, where the full moon made a long shining pathway on the water.

"See!" said Lucie; "a golden roadway, leading where?"

"To bliss, if you will go with me. Let us row down the river," he said, in a low constrained voice.

And she silently followed him down the narrow path to the boat-house.

"In the club-house are rugs," he said; "they will serve for protection against the dampness."

He wrapped her in one, but not before she had put both soft white arms about his neck and clung to him, and he had covered her face with kisses.

Then, placing her carefully in the boat, he loosed it from its moorings, and, with long steady strokes, sent the frail craft out into the narrow glittering track of the moon.

An hour and a half later, Mrs. Reeves came up to Clarice with an anxious air. "Everybody is going home," she said. "Where is Hugh? and where is Lucie? They have been gone from the ball-room a long time."

"I thought perhaps they were in the card-room. Will you kindly speak to them, Doctor Darrell, and ask Mr. Valincott if he will please order our carriage?"

Darrell returned with a grave face. "I cannot find him," he said. "He has not been seen for an hour or more."

"Undoubtedly Lucie has been taken suddenly ill, and he has gone home with her."

"Possibly," assented the doctor; "I will see if your carriage has gone." And he hurried away.

"It is here," he said, returning shortly after. "Shall I order it for you?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Reeves, with decision. "Come, Clarice!"

"Say something to people," implored Clarice, with a white face, when they reached the dressing-room. "Say that Lucie is ill and has gone home. I think we shall find her there, do not you?" And she looked at her aunt with pitiful entreaty.

"Oh, very likely," returned her aunt, evasively.

"Permit me to accompany you," said Doctor Darrell, who stood waiting for them with his overcoat on and hat in hand. "My man will drive over after me."

Clarice could not join in the conversation on the way home, for her heart was like a leaden weight; but she eagerly ran up the

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steps and touched the bell, while the doctor was handing her aunt out of the carriage.

"Miss Dayton has come home?" she questioned the sleepy maid, who replied that she had not.

"Are you sure?"

"Quite sure, Miss Reeves."

"I do not understand it." And she turned to her aunt and Doctor Darrell, with a strained anxious look in her lovely eyes.

Mrs. Reeves did not trust herself to speak, but turned away with set teeth and firmly compressed lips, while Darrell tried to reassure her.

"They have been unavoidably detained, and will undoubtedly soon be back." Then he looked at his watch. "It is after three now. They may be waiting for daylight."

Clarice was deathly pale, and her teeth were chattering as with an ague-chill.

"Here, child—drink this," said her aunt, who had sent the maid for wine. Then she wrapped her in a fur-lined cloak and stood with one arm protectingly around her, while the doctor said that he would go in search of the truants.

"You must try and get some rest," was his parting injunction.

But Clarice only walked back and forth from the drawing-room into the great hall, while Mrs. Reeves bemoaned the day that Lucie Dayton, with her beautiful face and false heart, entered the house. "I never trusted her," she said. "And she has enticed Hugh to his ruin."

"Don't—don't say that; you hurt me," exclaimed Clarice, putting out her hand with a gesture of entreaty. "Do not condemn him until there is proof."

Then the day dawned, showing pallid streaks of sky between great dark rifts of clouds; and a slow drizzling rain set in, and dripped, dripped, from the veranda, in mournful accompaniment to the river's sullen murmur.

Clarice still paced the floor, her face wearing the pallor of death, while great dark circles were under the beautiful eyes. The roses hung from her corsage, crushed and faded, and their petals were strewn over the carpet and seemed, to her, typical of her blighted hopes.

Her aunt tried to comfort her, and her maid followed her about with an extra wrap and urged her to take some light refreshment; while Tiny even offered his dumb sympathy and whined dismally and got himself rolled up in the train of her dress.

There was an hour of dreadful suspense, and, when at last footsteps were heard upon the porch, Clarice hastened to the hall. "I told you they would come soon," she said; "now we shall know all about it."

But the door opened only to admit the doctor, who came up to her with a grave face.

"You have something to tell me!" she exclaimed. "Say it quickly, and tell me all—even the worst. Anything rather than this uncertainty!"

"Some men found an empty row-boat—" He paused, shocked by her ghastly face. "Can you endure the rest?" he asked, gently.

Her lips were dumb, but she bowed her head and went up to him and clasped her hands around his arm, as if for support.

"The bodies of your cousin and Mr. Valincott were washed ashore, and have been carried to the boat-house. His friends have been telegraphed for," he continued, "and will be here on the next train. I await your directions regarding Miss Dayton's remains. One thing more," and Doctor Darrell bent low over the slight figure and laid his hand protectingly over the cold little fingers that were interlaced on his arm: "your cousin was Valincott's wife. They rowed down to that little hamlet below the hotel, and were married by a justice. It is thought that, on their way home, their boat was overturned by the wake of a steamer."

Clarice bowed her head on Darrell's arm in mute agony.

"Lean on me," he said, tenderly. "Let me comfort and protect you, as if I were your father or brother."

Mrs. Reeves came close to the doctor's side, and said in a low voice: "As for this matter upon which you wish Clarice's decision, I will take it in my own hands. The wife's place in life or death is by her husband's side. Now, will you help me get this poor child to her room, and leave a prescription for her?"

The tragedy that overshadowed "The Reeves" was a nine-days' wonder, and then was forgotten; there were so many fresh happenings to take its place in the minds

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of the people. To Clarice, whose life hung in the balance for weeks, it was like the memory of a terrible dream. Her illness spared her a keen realization of the facts: she did not see Lucie's broken-hearted father, or hear Hugh's mother deplore his inconstancy. But she did realize more and more, as time passed, the unfaithfulness of her lover and the treachery of her friend, and it required all the strength of a resolute will to prevent her sweet nature from turning to a bitter misanthropic one. She clung to Mrs. Reeves, who, with all her grimness, had a warm motherly heart, and confided in Doctor Darrell.

After a time—a long time, in fact—the doctor ventured to plead his cause.

"No," answered Clarice, gravely. "I have no heart to give. And then, would you have me be unfaithful, too? I promised Hugh that, as long as the river flowed, I would love him."

The doctor said no more, and time passed —on wings, to most people; but, to Clarice, so slowly. For Darrell's visits were less frequent, and she missed them more than she cared to own; then rumor connected his name with that of a fair young widow, and, when he did come, she met him with restraint and a wholly changed manner.

"I do not see," he said to Mrs. Reeves, "why my little friend has so changed toward me."

"Do you not?" she returned, with a shrewd little smile. "If you were a looker-on in Venice, you would be wiser."

It was drawing near Christmas-time, and the month had been the coldest December known in years. Clarice stood, late one afternoon, looking out at the snow-crowned mountains and dreary dismal landscape, at the bare brown branches of the trees outlined against the cold gray of the winter sky, at the leafless shrubs and utter absence of life, and she felt that the scene repeated itself in her heart—so barren and desolate, its summer hopes all fled. The revivifying finger of spring might touch nature and give it sunny skies and green fields and leaves and flowers, but what could bring back her lost joys? And now the faint new hope that had begun to stir and tremble in her heart was dead, too! She sighed deeply and came back to the open fire with a shudder.

"Aunt Amy, we will close the house and go to New York. I cannot endure this."

Then she crouched over the fire dejectedly, and sat lost in reverie until a deep pleasant voice at her very side caused her to start.

"Building air-castles in the coals?"

"Oh, is it you, doctor?" And she sprang to her feet, holding a little hand-screen before her face to hide the swift blushes that would come and go. "I had only reached as far as the foundation of my castles. But did you fall with the snow? You came as noiselessly, and you brought some with you."

Then she shyly glanced at him, standing there so stalwart and erect, with a fine glow on his face and a few snowy flakes clinging to his dark beard. He brushed them off and looked down at the petite figure, half sadly and half tenderly.

"Will you come to the window with me? I have something to show you," he said. "Do you see the river?"

"Yes; it is frozen clear across. Is not that uncommon?"

"Has it no significance to you? To me, it is a symbol that I may hope; for, as it no longer runs visibly on its swift course, are not you absolved from that old promise?"

There was a tender light in his fine gray eyes, and he held out his arms as if he would enfold her in them. "Will not you come to me?" he said.

She stood irresolute a moment: she had felt herself so bereft, so forsaken, so buffeted by the waves of sorrow, that she could not at once grasp the idea that she might sail her storm-tossed boat into a safe harbor. Then, with a shy little smile and downcast eyes, she faltered: "I cannot help coming—because—I love you," and laid her head on his breast with the confidence of a child, and began her life anew.

GIVING.

Love that asketh love again,
Finds the barter naught but pain;
Love that giveth in full store,
Aye receives as much and more.

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MARIE VALDIMAR.

BY MRS. CARRIE L. MARSHALL.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 210.

II.

N the limits of the city, they reached the prison-castle of Schlosselberg, at whose gates the coach stopped. The closed gates swung open as it did so, as though they were expected; Marie was pulled roughly out, and the gensdarmes, one on each side, started to carry her in, when Jan sprang after them. He struck out blindly right and left, striving to wrest Marie from them; and she, gagged as she was, fought with all her feeble strength. He caught hold of one of the gensdarmes and dragged him to the ground; it was then that another, seizing the coachman's long whip, dealt him a blow across the face which sent him reeling from the pavement, and, before he could recover himself, they had carried Marie, still struggling wildly, inside, and closed and locked the gates again.

"Then I turned and ran home as fast as I could," said Jan, in conclusion, "and I am here, and Miss Marie is there in prison; but see: I have a piece of one of the demons' uniform!" He held it up appealingly, as though he thought a piece of one of the demons' uniform might help them.

Catherine had not heard his last words; she only waited to hear: "Marie is there in prison," and, before one could observe her or divine her purpose, she had slipped out of the door and was running wildly down the street in the direction of the castle. The rain beat upon her uncovered head, and the wind caught and loosened her long black hair and sent it streaming backward like a banner. She neither felt wind or rain nor heeded the darkness, but ran on, on, crying wildly:

"Marie! Marie! Marie!"

Peter had sprung after her as soon as she opened the door; but she was too quick for him, and was invisible in the black night before he could lay a hand upon her. He paused an instant on the threshold.

"Stay here, my children; I will bring your mother back, but I cannot bring Marie."

The castle sentinel, pacing to and fro and cursing his luck that his beat should fall upon such a stormy night, had just discerned a ray of comfort in the thought that daylight and relief could not be far off, when even his stolid composure was a little shaken by seeing a wild distraught figure rush out from the gloom into the circle of light which fell before the gates, and, running up to them, begin to beat upon them, crying: "Marie! Marie!"

"It is a mad woman," the soldier muttered, "and here's another!" But the other was a man.

"Who is this woman?" demanded the sentinel, sternly. "Is she a lunatic?"

"No, she is not a lunatic; she is only a mother," replied Peter.

He got her home as best he could, and the broken household took up its daily life again. They knew that nothing could be done for Marie; they were not allowed to communicate with her, and were themselves, they well knew, under police surveillance. One significant fact alone told them where to look for the author of their calamity—Colonel Alexis Leefovsky's visits entirely ceased. But he waited upon Marie in her prison; she had been kept in solitary confinement for a week, utterly ignorant as to the charge or charges laid against her, whether her family were implicated, and what her own or their fate was to be, when she was one morning conducted to the gloomy hall which served as a reception-room, and saw Alexis, as he had begged her to call him, waiting to receive her. She ran up to him, with both hands extended, her face beaming with pleasure, and not for a moment doubting that he had come to effect her release. But a certain change in his face and manner struck her; she drew back, hurt and startled, and the little outstretched hands fell unnoticed at her sides.

"Marie," said Colonel Leefovsky, gravely, "I am sorry, very sorry, to meet you in such a place as this."

"The sorrow is all your own, then," returned Marie, with a gleam of her old

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playfulness; "for I am glad to meet anybody here."

"I fear that you will have good cause to say so," said the colonel, sighing, "if you continue obdurate."

"Continue obdurate?" Ominous words! They had spoken of Michael as "hopelessly obdurate."

"How can I be obdurate, when I don't even know what I have done?" asked Marie, the quick tears springing to her eyes. "Do tell me, Alexis!" she continued, lifting her face with the appealing look of a child, "what have I done?"

"It isn't exactly what you have done," said the colonel, with some embarrassment, "but your knowledge of what others have done; if you will tell what you know, like a good girl, you will be set at liberty at once —I can promise you that."

"What others have done? What do you mean?"

"You know perfectly well, Marie, that your father is suspected of plotting against the Government—"

"I do not know it," interrupted Marie.

"Very well; you know it now, for I tell you so. Now, I take a great interest in you and your family, and, as soon as I heard of your arrest, I determined to try to prevent you from sacrificing yourself by any fancied scruple in regard to filial duty. Your family are suspected—probably no act of yours can prevent their being exiled; but you can save yourself. Tell freely what you know, and you shall go unpunished."

"You promise a great deal, Colonel Leefovsky," said Marie, coldly. "Have you authority for your promises?"

The colonel hesitated a moment. It seemed to him that the prospect of immediate freedom might bring her to terms and save annoying delay in the execution of "justice" as he understood it.

"Yes, I have," he said at length. "If you will frankly and truthfully answer a few questions, Marie, I can command that door to be opened, and you can go forth at once, free."

"You mean, colonel, that if I will, like Judas, betray my own to death or exile, I will be spared to drag out a life of shame and remorse as best I may."

"Don't be foolish, Marie; I mean nothing of the sort. As I said before, it is not probable that anything you can say or do will have the slightest effect upon the ultimate fate of your family. I simply urge your confession as a measure of safety for yourself—and me. Cannot you bring yourself to do that much for me? Think of the grief it would be to me, if you were permanently imprisoned or exiled! Oh, for my sake, Marie, confess!" He bent toward her, his dark eyes shining, his handsome face flushed, earnest, and impassioned.

Marie drew back a step, covering her face with her hands. "I dare not, I dare not!" she sobbed. "Would you respect me any the more, believe the more in my fidelity, if I were to purchase freedom by being false to my kindred, just to save you a little pain?"

"A little pain? Oh, Marie!"

"Much pain, then; but I have little reason —I must say it—little reason, Alexis, to think that my fate, whatever it may be, will affect you very deeply." She spoke sadly and dispassionately, though her voice was choked with sobs, and the baffled colonel felt that his hold upon her was loosening.

Indifferent to her as he really was, he did not like to urge his claim to personal consideration; further, it was so hard to simulate a passion which he did not feel, even with the certain prospect of official promotion in view as the reward of his zeal in ferreting out offenders.

"I see that you are in an obstinate frame of mind to-day," he said, coldly, after a moment's silence. "Perhaps another day you will be more willing to listen to reason."

He turned upon his heel, the great door closed after him with a resounding clang, and the guard, entering, silently conducted Marie back to her cell. She was kept in absolute solitude for another week, at the end of which time the colonel called again, this time being admitted to her cell. She was so worn with confinement, so weakened by grief and want—for she loathed the coarse food which was placed before her, and barely ate enough to keep her fainting soul and body together—that the colonel would have failed to recognize her in any other place. She stood looking at him silently, while he noted the hollow cheek, the sunken eye, the hopeless lassitude which hung like a blight over the young figure.

"You are very much changed, Marie," he said, gravely.

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"Am I? I have no toilet-accessories here, as you see," with a glance around the bare room, "so I cannot see how I do look."

"But you do not need a glass to tell you that you suffer?"

"No; I suffer."

"And still you remain obstinate?"

"If that is what you call being true to my people, yes; but will you answer one question of mine, Colonel Leefovsky?"

"Possibly."

"How is it that none of my family come to see me, and yet you can come? Do they know where I am? But they must know; Jan saw me brought here. Why do they not come to see me?"

"They are not permitted to come. Political prisoners are never permitted to receive visits or letters from their friends. No, while you stay here, you are as absolutely cut off from your kindred as though the grave had already closed over you. Yet I presume you are determined to stay?"

"Yes, God help me! I will stay until the grave closes over me, before I will betray my family."

"You have never been asked to betray them. You put a false construction upon my request, which is made for your sake alone. But I am glad," with a slow ironical glance around the cell, "that you enjoy your seclusion. I observe that it has one recommend—you get plenty of light. Plenty of light," he repeated, slowly, with a look which seemed to measure the height and breadth of the window.

Unable to shake Marie's resolution, he soon withdrew. A few more days dragged by so heavily to the poor girl in her solitude, with no resource save her own thoughts—thoughts which brought no hope of release and freedom, but only pictures of the life-long imprisonment which had been so many times the doom of the political suspect—that it seemed to her that her reason must soon give way, when one morning her heart gave a glad throb as she saw the shaggy head of a workman peering in at her window. Here was a human being close enough to speak to, and no guard in sight! She hurried to the window, her eyes sparkling eagerly and a question trembling on her lips; but the man, whose heavy dull face wore a look of unmistakable compassion, pointed a warning finger downward. A guard was standing at the foot of the short ladder, and two other workmen stood beside him, holding something which looked like a sheet-iron box. This they lifted up, dragged up the ladder, and, before Marie could comprehend their purpose, they had fitted it over the window, covering it completely and so closely that only a narrow streak of daylight showed at the bottom; the cell was so dark that she could not see the opposite wall, six feet away.

In this terrible prison, she remained for ten days longer—ten days which she only recognized by the tiny strip of light at the bottom of the iron hood. On the morning of the eleventh, her cell-door swung open, revealing the stern figure of the warden, and behind him—a brilliant and striking contrast—Alexis. She put up her hands to shield her eyes, blinded by the sudden strong light.

"Whew!" whistled Colonel Leefovsky, under his breath, "but it is dark in there! As I am not a prisoner, warden, will you kindly leave the door open while I speak with this lady?"

After the warden had withdrawn a few steps, he turned to Marie, smiling: "Well, my poor Marie, I am bound to help you, in spite of yourself. Read this, and then tell me if you can think of any reason why you should not tell what you know, and so secure your release from this horrible hole."

He handed her a large sheet of paper, closely written; she glanced it over and uttered a cry of dismay:

"My father has confessed? But no, no! There is some mistake; it is not his writing."

"Really, Marie, you are too obstinate. Could it not have been written at his dictation?"

"That is true, Colonel Leefovsky; but it is so hard to believe that he has yielded."

"Yielded? As to that, there are ways enough of making anyone yield; but you can see for yourself that this confession is voluntary."

"I don't understand—" began Marie, with a puzzled look.

"You understand, I suppose, that he is naturally anxious for your restoration to home and liberty?"

"Oh, yes! such a motive would have had more weight with him than anything else on earth."

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"Very well; now, the only thing remaining for you to do is to corroborate this testimony—or stay: to make sure, perhaps it would be better for you to make a separate confession. It is a mere matter of form, since the Administration has in this, as you see, all essential particulars," said the colonel.

"All that are essential for sending my father into exile, I presume you mean. It is true that what I can say will not matter now. I will answer any questions you wish to ask."

"I wish to ask?" retorted the colonel, with a reproachful look. "You speak as though I were interested in persecuting you. I am only working in your behalf; but I will call the warden."

Under the careful questioning of the warden and two of his aids, Marie told clearly and circumstantially all that she knew of her father's opinions, acts, and hopes. They could not be called designs, since Peter had not got beyond simply hoping for a better form of government. "He thinks the Tsar and his officers very, very cruel," said innocent Marie, candidly, "and that the only way to secure a better form of government is by educating the people to an appreciation of liberty."

"That was the reason, I presume, that he and Elizabeth joined the Circle for Self-Instruction?" said Colonel Leefovsky, in his gentle voice.

"Oh, yes, that was the reason. Elizabeth longed to go to the people, but father could not bear to part with her," answered Marie.

"Your mother and Ivan—do they belong to it?"

"Oh, no; they quite approve, but mother has so little time to spare, and, as Ivan is going to school, father thought that it might take his mind from his studies."

"Very thoughtful in your father," commented the warden, with a smile. "And now, can you give me any idea of the work done by the Circle for Self-Instruction, of which your father and sister were members?"

But Marie could only say vaguely that it was for the enlightenment of the people; the meetings were secret—she had never attended one of them.

"Then you cannot say that they were not revolutionary centres?" asked the warden.

"I have never heard them spoken of as such; they were simply for the better education of the people."

"To bring them to a just appreciation of liberty and a republican form of government, and to denounce his gracious Majesty, the Tsar—but still, not revolutionary. Go on."

Marie was silent; she had no more to tell, and only the fact that confession had already been wrung from her father could have extorted this much from her. She had expected, as the colonel promised, immediate liberty; but she was still kept in imprisonment upon some pretext, though the hood was removed from the window and she was allowed books and better food.

In a week or so, she was brought out and conducted before the Ministry of Justice—to be tried, she supposed, though she could not imagine what for; later, she found that her presence was only required as a witness. She cowered in a corner of the witness-stand, scarcely daring to lift her eyes, conscious of her own changed haggard appearance and of the curious observation of those around her, when her own name was called:

"Is the witness, Marie Valdimar, present? Stand up, Marie Valdimar!"

She stood up, with her attentive face turned toward the portly member of the Third Section, who, calmly assuming the position which should have been occupied by the prosecuting attorney, read in a clear voice Marie's recent "confession." Then he turned to her.

"Marie Valdimar, do you acknowledge this to be your full and free confession, without coercion?"

"Without coercion!" Marie thought of the midnight seizure by brutal force, of the weeks of torturing solitude, of the darkened window, of the loathsome food placed before her; but, humiliated and abashed, she made a slight gesture of assent.

"That is sufficient; you may sit down. You have heard the confession acknowledged by the prisoner's own daughter, your Honor—acknowledged to have been given without coercion; we have no further testimony to offer."

He sat down; but Marie, with a sudden overmastering terror clutching at her heart, still stood, looking wildly around. "The prisoner's own daughter!" Where was the prisoner—or prisoners?

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On the other side of the room, in the felons' dock, sat a little group of four. Marie looked at them, and the court-room, the lawyers and judges, the silent spectators, all seemed to start up phantom-like and swing in the gathering darkness around and around in a wavering circle, slowly—slowly—were they sinking into a fathomless abyss of oblivion, or was she? She clutched the railing in front of her, her eyes starting, her figure swaying as if rocked by a strong wind; unconsciously she groaned aloud, again and again. Father, mother, Elizabeth, and Ivan all looked at her.

"Sit down!" said the sheriff, pushing her rudely back. There was a little commotion in the prisoners' dock; Peter had sprung to his feet, but was pushed down again at the point of a naked sword. Marie sank back into her seat; she did not faint, but sat looking at the judge with a stony face and a pain at her heart as though a strong cruel hand had seized and was crushing it in a slowly tightening grasp; her quick brain already realized what had happened: There was no other testimony—then the confession which she had been made to believe her father's was forged, and she had been deceived into betraying them! She, who would have died gladly, willingly, before one of them should be injured—she, who was as true to them as Heaven itself, had been made to appear as their betrayer! Her eyes began to blaze, and a scarlet tinge glowed in either wasted cheek. She looked around again.

"Alexis is not here," she thought, "but I can find him. Oh, yes, I can find him!"

Her eyes fell again upon the little group. Peter sat erect and stern, listening to the long-drawn accusation against himself and family with an unmoved face, while even Ivan—haughty little Ivan—cast defiant glances at the court. Elizabeth looked as usual, save that the expression of quiet suffering on her face was intensified: much as though a sculptor's hand should have struck the telling lines in a marble face deeper—deep enough to speak, in its voiceless calm, of unutterable anguish. She looked at her mother, who had turned away her head after the first glance in her direction, and, with eyes fixed steadfastly upon the judge, looked at her no more. Her mother! Was this hollow-eyed, gray-haired, bent old woman her mother? What had become of the rosy dimpled face, the sparkling eyes, the laughing lips, which had beamed upon her with so much love and pleasure only three months ago?

"They have broken my mother's heart," thought Marie, and the tears fell unnoticed upon her clasped hands.

The trial proceeded.

"If you repent, sir," said the judge, turning to Peter, "you will be recommended to official clemency; otherwise—"

"I do repent!" cried Peter, springing to his feet, "I do repent!" His voice rang to the vaulted roof. "God alone knows how truly I repent that, having had a chance to plunge a dagger into Colonel Leefovsky's heart, I did not do it!"

The family were exiled, all but Marie, who was exempted "on account of her great service to the Government." The father was sentenced to ten years of penal servitude, and, surviving this, the exile was to continue for life. The rest were only exiled, their terms extending from five to ten years. By some oversight of an opportunity for official cruelty, they were not separated, but, almost immediately after the trial, were started out on the great convict-road, on foot, for the penal settlement nearly two thousand miles away.

Marie was set at liberty as soon as the trial was concluded. She walked feebly home—a long distance, to her weakened frame, and not made without many pauses for rest; but she kept on persistently. She had a desperate purpose in view, and her weakness filled her with impatience. She meant to eat and sleep, to gain strength; she must have more strength. She reached the old home at last; the little shop was empty, as though it had been gutted, but the house was undisturbed. She walked slowly to the back door and listened, fancying that she heard a noise within. She was sure of it. A dull feeling of disappointment came over her, as she thought of finding strangers where she had hoped for solitude. She knocked timidly. An ugly scarred face peered out. Only faithful Jan! Marie looked at him piteously. "Jan! Jan!" she said, faintly. Jan closed the door.

Colonel Leefovsky was so gallant a soldier, so admired by the ladies, that it was nothing surprising that he should receive a dainty little note asking him to meet the writer,

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a lady, at an obscure little hotel on the outskirts of the city. His fair friends seldom patronized such out-of-the-way places, and it was with some hesitation that the colonel accepted the invitation; but for the phrase "You and I know each other very well and have often met," he probably would not have gone at all—even the messenger's description of the lady as "young and pretty" would not have induced him to run the risk, for it was a risk. He knew himself to be not greatly beloved by many of his seeming friends, but the chance phrase decided him. "It may be Mina van Gersten," he thought. "Mina has been long away, and we certainly were rather spoony on each other before she left. It would exactly suit her to appoint a meeting in some such place as that; she's too romantic for common sense."

Arriving at the hotel, not without some trouble in finding it, he was ushered into a neat stiff little reception-room, and, on sending up his card, was bidden to wait. "The lady will be down in a moment." The servant had hardly closed the door after uttering these words, when it was again opened, and Colonel Leefovsky saw before him the white face and blazing eyes of Marie Valdimar. She advanced slowly toward him without a word, her eyes fixed upon his.

"Marie!" he said, involuntarily lifting his hand as if to ward off a blow, "Marie, I—"

Marie's right hand, concealed in the folds of her dress, was suddenly raised, something flashed brightly in the sunlight, there was a sharp report, and Colonel Leefovsky staggered back, as a pistol-ball neatly clipped off the upper half of his left ear; but he recovered himself in an instant, and, before Marie could fire again, he had wrested the pistol from her and was holding her down upon the floor with his knee upon her breast. But she made no resistance, knowing herself to be powerless. The scandalized innkeeper came rushing in with a couple of gensdarmes, and among them they dragged Marie to her feet.

"What a shocking thing!" cried the innkeeper, glaring at Marie. "Oh, you wretch, what would you have done?"

"I would have killed him!" said Marie, quietly. "I am sorry that I missed, but I'll do better next time."

"I'll take care that there shall be no 'next time,'" said the colonel, wiping the blood from his face.

The morning was bitterly cold, with a heavy fog rolling in from seaward, and the guards, who had been kept waiting beside the long line of convicts—chained and manacled like so many wild beasts—swore roundly at the delay and at each other as they stamped about, trying to keep warm, and wondering profanely if they were not to breakfast before reaching the next station, ten miles distant. They were waiting for some papers—a sort of official clearance-bill—and, as the day advanced, a crowd began to collect to see the prisoners off. The guards, meeting an acquaintance now and then, relaxed a little of their vigilance. It was then that a man, who had been standing quietly in the freezing air since three or four o'clock in the morning, began edging his way toward one of the convicts, upon whom his eyes had been steadily fixed; apparently he saw nothing else. One of the bustling officials glanced at him and remarked to a comrade: "There's a gallows-bird for you; he ought to be shoved off with the rest." His square Teutonic face, pinched and blue with the cold and originally ugly, was rendered hideous by a livid scar which stretched straight across his face, almost from ear to ear. He kept his post with silent persistence, never moving except to edge a little closer, as opportunity offered, to the one person whom he saw to the exclusion of everything else; at last, he was close beside her, and, lifting her dull eyes, she saw him. He stood beside her—the last association with her happy girlhood, the one familiar though not the only pitying face in all the gazing crowd, the last link between herself and her ruined home. She lifted her manacled hands with a sudden heart-rending terrible cry.

"March! March!" was the order given, and the long sad line fell into step; the bitter wind whistled mockingly behind them as they turned toward the great snow-covered steppes, hundreds of miles of which must be traversed before they reached their journey's end. What did the journey matter to Marie? She could see them and tell them the truth. What mattered it that she was sentenced for life? Her life would not be long.

[THE END.]

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CUPS, VASES, AND GOURDS.

BY ANNETTE FOX.

IT is probable that those much-discussed prehistoric ancestors of ours employed their hands as substitutes for cups until the use of shells and gourds suggested itself to their dawning faculties. When the art of pottery began in some form to be cultivated is beyond the reach of archeologists to discover, but very likely it dates away off to the era in which human intelligence became sufficiently developed to note the fact that marks made in wet clay remained there after it had hardened through exposure to the sun.

No matter how far back we go in history, the potter's craft and that of workers in bronze and metals are found to have been exercised. The ancient Egyptians likened the Creator to a potter who fashioned his clay on a wheel and was both the author and destroyer of mortals. The Assyrians, whose empire was founded about a century later, possessed bronze cups wrought in a marvelous fashion and embossed with figures of men, winged animals, and strange mythical beasts of various sorts. Many such cups are to-day in the British Museum, having made part of the interesting relics discovered by Mr. Layard during his memorable excavations among the ruins of Nineveh.

In Exodus and Numbers, we find mention of similar drinking-vessels, and it will be remembered that Joseph had a metal cup which served for divination. Such cups appear to have been common among the Egyptians, though it is not known what liquid was employed for foretelling the future. It is odd to reflect that the old wives' habit, preserved even to our day, of telling fortunes by the grounds left in a tea-cup, can claim an origin so remote and boast kinship with a religious rite.

Those ancient Egyptian and Assyrian drinking-cups were rather like very deep saucers; and the shape is still common all over the Orient, where even yet change is a word that scarcely has a significance. Persia has preserved this form from remote days, and one not dissimilar was a favorite among the Greeks; theirs closely resembles our modern shallow tea-cup, minus the foot.

When we reach the Romans, we meet with cups fashioned of every possible material, and their shapes were simply legion. It was the custom to have wine brought to the table in the receptacles in which it was kept; these were either large bottles of glass or leather, or earthen vessels with pointed ends, termed amphoræ. As these vessels could not stand upright, the wine was emptied into a great bowl called a crater, into which water was then poured, as none of the Roman wines would appear to have been drunk without dilution.

From this bowl, the liquid was poured into cups which among ordinary folk were of glass, wood, or terra-cotta; but the wealthy patricians had them of amber, brass, silver, and gold, engraved in wonderful bas-reliefs. They had too cups of valuable woods exquisitely carved, having also silver ornamentations which could be taken off at will. It was a common practice among the rich to offer each guest a drinking-cup as a present, at the close of a feast; and often, in such cases, valuable rings or precious gems were attached to the handle. I think the most beautiful among the cups preserved from those by-gone days are those made of amethyst, or the Chinese agate with its rich prismatic tints somehow caught countless ages ago when it was a liquid suddenly consolidated by subterranean heat.

When, after more than three centuries of dominion over Britain in the early centuries of Christianity, fierce home dissension and decaying power forced Rome to withdraw its legions from that island, the

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imperial tyrant was succeeded by the Teutons or Saxons, a race much ruder in

COPPER TANKARD.

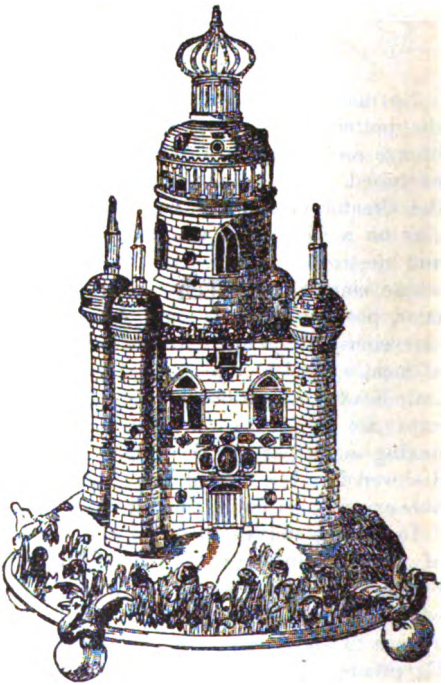
manners and with very crude ideas of luxury.

The new conquerors carried with them horns and cups useful enough, but valueless as treasures; and they soon began to copy the table-plate left behind by the departed invaders. In early Saxon graves, articles in this borrowed style are found, usually of bronze or richly gilt copper; but the generality of the cups are of wood, though some of them have silver rims and are bound with silver hoops.

The horns of animals were employed for drinking-purposes, by the descendants of the early Saxons. In his interesting work, "Homes of Other Days," Thomas Wright remarks that "the drinking-horn was in common use among the Anglo-Saxons." He mentions one belonging to Witlaf, a king of Mercia, which must have been very valuable, as he left it to the Abbey of Croyland in order that "the elder monks might drink from it on festivals, and in their benedictions sometimes remember the soul of the giver."

The hooped cup, "by which every man was to measure his draught," lasted a long while in England. Shakespeare makes Jack Cade promise his companions that, when he comes into power, "the three-hooped cup shall have ten hoops, and seven half-penny loaves shall be sold for a penny."

Tankards as well as cups were in use among the Romans, and later, among the Saxons. The one represented in the illustration belongs to the early part of the Middle Ages and is a splendid specimen of workmanship. It is of great size, made of burnished copper and lined with silver. The ornamentations are especially fine; there are three engravings of mythological subjects: one of a river-goddess clasping an inverted trident and holding a vessel under her arm, from which water is pouring; above the figure is a goose standing among the sedge;



SILVER SALT-CELLAR.

and the mouth of a fish issuing from sea-weed forms part of the handle.

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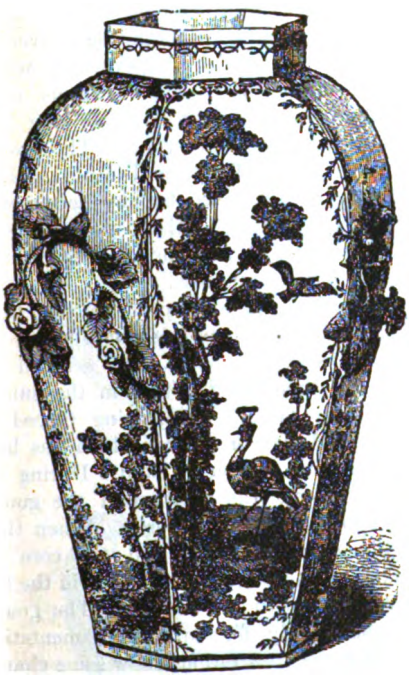
In mediæval days, both in England and among the Latin races, salt-cellars became table-ornaments of great importance. This may in part have arisen from the fact that at that era the gentry and their servitors dined at the same table, and the salt-cellar marked the dividing line between.

Salt on the table was also a sign of good luck, and from the most remote times it was considered the emblem of incorruption, and was employed alike by Egyptians, Jews, Greeks, and Romans, in their sacrifices. It is from the latter nation we get the superstition that the spilling of salt brings ill fortune.

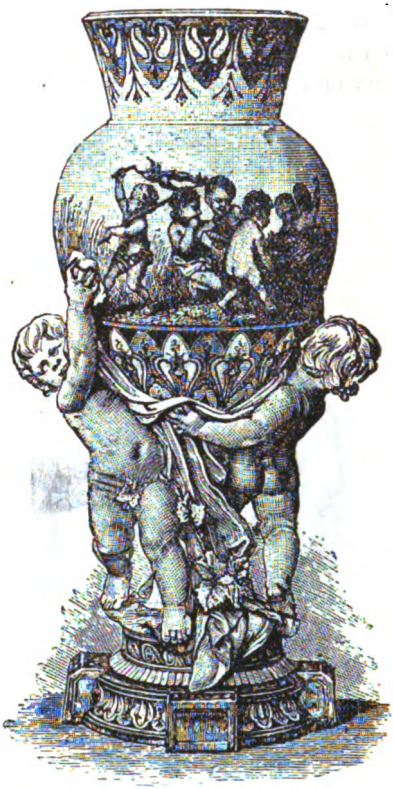
A few years ago, a wonderful silver salt-cellar was sold at an auction in London, for two hundred and twenty pounds—about eleven hundred dollars of our money. The auctioneer informed me that he had bought it a good while before, in the town of Exeter, for five pounds; it of course belonged to some person who had no idea of its value. It was made in the shape of a bell and was a



HEXAGONAL VASE.

quarter of a yard in height, divided into three tiers, with an elaborately wrought band about each tier.

The salt-cellar given in the illustration is supposed to have belonged to Charles I, owing to the form of the crown. Its shape resembles the Tower of London, and it is made of silver and gold and decorated with



WEDGWOOD VASE.

costly jewels. It is altogether a unique and very valuable specimen.

Both in the Middle Ages and in our own era, porcelain holds a rank equal to that of the most precious metals, for table furniture and decorations. For many centuries, the Chinese justly claimed pre-eminence in this branch of the ceramic art; within the last hundred and fifty years however, countries in Europe have, according to the taste of the Western world, surpassed the greatest triumphs of the Mongolians. The first white-china factory was established at Dresden in 1700, and the fame of the porcelain of that city is world-wide. English and French china has long been made of a composition of clay and flint which fairly vies with the marvelous kaolin—a species of white clay found only in a certain mountain—whose delicacy and brilliancy so long enabled the

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Chinese to retain their supremacy in the manufacture of porcelain. The Sevres china of France and the numerous fine sorts made in England are too well known to need special mention.

Ever since the World's Fair in 1876, the china craze has been so wide-spread throughout the length and breadth of our

IVORY PORCELAIN VASE.

land, and such scores of books have been written on the subject, that there would be literally nothing fresh to relate. The very school-girls can discuss learnedly on ceramics, and pick out a valuable specimen of china at a glance, and name not only the country in which it was made, but give its special appellation and the approximate date of its production.

But, though I cannot hope to tell anything new, and so modestly refrain from entering into further details, I think the illustrations of the preceding vases are well worth looking at. Indeed, I will go so far as to say that I fancy my readers have never seen finer specimens of the three different kinds of china, even in the galleries of Europe.

The hexagonal vase is of Old Worcester, and is a triumph of art in every respect; it possesses an added interest from the fact that it is said to have once belonged to Lady Hester Stanhope. To my taste, the Wedgwood vase is especially beautiful—Flaxman never drew a more graceful and effective design.

Among the most highly prized English china is the so-called Doulton ivory porcelain. The large vase represented is a model of this particular work. The porcelain is soft and delicate as ivory itself, and the vase is covered with an elaborate tracery of flowers and leaves exquisite in form and color.

In the South of France, as well as in Italy, Corsica, and Dalmatia, the converting of gourds into drinking-vessels, water-bottles, powder-horns, and various other useful or ornamental articles, has long been a flourishing branch of trade. The process is not at all difficult, and could without difficulty be attempted by any person with a taste for painting. The bottle and pear-shaped varieties are the gourds usually selected for the purpose.

When the gourds are perfectly ripe, those of suitable shape and without blemish are selected, and the outer skin scraped off. They are then dried, either in the sun or in a gently heated oven, being placed on a wooden board or tin tray which has been covered with a layer of sand. During the drying process, the position of the gourds ought to be frequently altered. When thoroughly dry, the seeds and the core are shaken out through a small hole in the top, or removed with a wire loop. The gourds are then ready for surface-ornamentation, of which our illustrations show some characteristic and striking examples.

The Dalmatian drinking-cup and the Italian water-bottle are decorated in the same way. The design is first traced on the surface with a pen and India-ink, and then filled in with oil-colors in red and

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DALMATIAN DRINKING VESSEL.

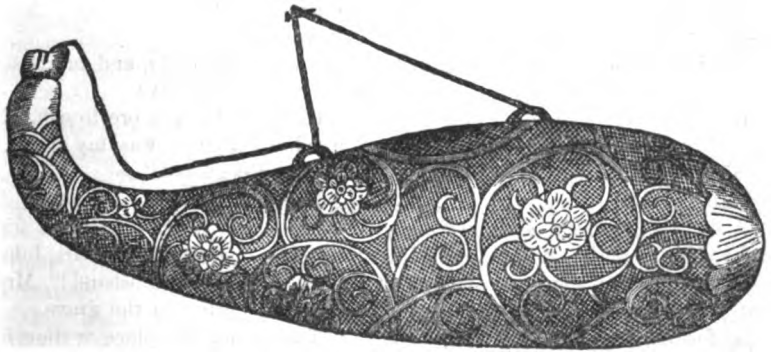
gold-brown. When these are dry, the whole is covered with a coat of French varnish.

The Corsican water-bottle and the powder-flask are somewhat differently treated. First, the surface must be oiled; and, when this has been so thoroughly done that there can be no danger of the lines breaking out, the ornamentation is slightly cut or scratched on the surface. The whole is then rubbed over with a mixture of lamp-black and oil, which sinks into the engraved lines and brings them out in a most effective manner.

Specimens of this sort of work are rare in America, and they are so exceedingly quaint and pretty that they invariably excite the admiration of all beholders. I have given directions for the process, because it has occurred to me that women with artistic tastes might find a source of profit in the accomplishment.

ITALIAN WATER BOTTLE.

CORSICAN WATER BOTTLE.



POWDER-FLASK.

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THE GAP BETWEEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 256.

CHAPTER X.

"THAT is the man—that is John Arthur."

As the woman pronounced these words, a shiver ran through the crowd, low exclamations could be heard, and the persons nearest us retreated a little. Mrs. Milton sobbed aloud, while James Hornby waved his hand commandingly toward Doctor Arthur, as if ordering an evil spirit aside.

I thought then, as I still think, that my cousin voluntarily or involuntarily made some sign when he reached the spot where my husband and I were standing, which warned his companion who we were.

The procession filed down the steps in the clergyman's wake, and entered the cemetery at the back of the church. The Episcopal burial-service was read, and the coffin lowered into the grave; during the service, John and I stood quite alone on the outskirts of the throng.

"Shall we go now?' he asked me, as the men began to shovel in the earth.

Just then, James spoke to Mrs. Milton, and they moved on, Squire Leonard and Doctor Nash walking just behind. The people separated to let them pass; I saw James look round, then he swerved a little to the left, so that their course was full in our direction. He stopped when close to us—the crowd stopped too.

"Mrs. Milton, you recognize that man?" he asked, in his deep voice.

"Yes, I do," she sobbed, and, nervously shaking her handkerchief at John, added in a shrill treble: "I know you—you are altered with that beard, but I know you! I knew you in California, when you ran away from that poor creature we've just buried yonder."

John's arm tightly pressed my hand as it rested in his, but I did not need that sign of warning and encouragement. I felt perfectly calm—not a pulse quickened, not a quiver shook my nerves.

"And yet, madam, this is the first time I have ever met you," my husband answered, quietly.

"I saw you again, a few weeks ago, in Cincinnati! You came into a shop with that unfortunate girl there, and I heard somebody call you Doctor Arthur!" she gasped.

"Ah, then it was the similarity of name, not my appearance, which attracted your attention—you did not recognize me!"

Mrs. Milton hesitated, and John repeated: "You did not recognize me!"

"Are you trying to browbeat this lady, sir?" demanded James.

"The moment I heard the name, I knew who you were!" the little woman cried, in a sort of dogged desperation.

"That is, the name made you fancy you knew," persisted John, with the same quiet steadiness.

"So you will try to browbeat her!" James exclaimed.

An angry murmur ran through the crowd, always an excitable one in that region; but the clergyman, who had drawn near, lifted his hand, saying:

"Hush! hush!"

All was still again, and my husband said slowly and distinctly:

"I have nothing more to ask. Mrs. Milton admits that it was my name, not me, that she recognized."

"I can swear to your being the man! You are—you are! You can't frighten me out of my memory! You are John Arthur, and you were her husband!" Mrs. Milton moaned, pointing to the grave.

"This is not the place or time for explanations," the minister said, hurriedly.

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"Nor should I have attempted any, sir, had they not been forced on me," John replied. "Since I am publicly addressed, I must answer. This lady did not know me; that is plain—my name is the foundation of her error."

"It isn't—it isn't; I can swear—I am ready to!" Mrs. Milton cried; but she was growing so hysterical that James yielded to some hasty low-toned expostulation from Doctor Nash, and led her on to the wagon, which drove off in the direction of my mother's house.

"Come, Amy," my husband said, softly; and we passed on through the crowd, which stared at us with unsympathizing or angry eyes.

At the gate, a few persons stopped and spoke to both, but these were nearly all of the humbler class of my husband's patients; scarcely one among our equals, those whom I had known since I was a child, offered a greeting.

We walked arm in arm up the village street, and reached the entrance to our home.

"This is very, very hard on you, my poor child," said my husband, as we passed along the avenue.

"Oh, John, what can they do?" I asked, growing frightened for the first time. "They can't arrest you—"

"Not since that poor lady is dead," he replied, when I stopped, unable to finish my sentence; "but they can persecute and torment us. We shall be completely ostracized until the matter is cleared up. Do you think you can bear it? Would you rather go away for a while?"

"And have them say you were afraid? Never!" I cried. "I would not stir if they stoned us—if they burned the house over our heads!"

"My brave, brave girl! And it won't be long that we shall have to endure this trouble."

"What are you going to do, John?"

"I shall telegraph to a couple of well-known men in San Francisco; Nash used to be acquainted with one of them—a Doctor Everett."

"And their evidence will be sufficient to settle the matter?" I asked.

"Yes; they both knew me well—were acquainted with my place of residence, my habits, everything about my daily life. I shall ask them to telegraph that satisfactory proofs will be sent, and their affidavits can come by mail. The telegraphing will take a little time, because the nearest direct point of communication with San Francisco is Gallipolis."

"How shall you manage?"

"Mark Warner is going down on the boat to-night; he kindly asked if there was anything he could do. He is a sensible fellow, too, and will make no mistakes."

"Oh, John, we might have done this at once!"

"It did not seem necessary," he answered; "I was confident that, when Mrs. Milton had an opportunity really to see and talk with me, she would perceive her mistake."

"Oh, she saw and heard what James Hornby told her to!" I cried, impatiently. "She is the sort of woman whom any person she trusted could make believe white was black without the slightest difficulty."

John smiled again at my energetic assertion as he said:

"There are some patients I must visit, dear; but I will not be gone any longer than I can help. I don't want to leave you alone to-day."

"I shall get on very well—and you must see Mark Warner, too; do that first," I urged.

"He is to call here later. What a head for remembering everything the small woman has!" John said, trying to speak playfully, though his sad eyes were so full of tenderness that mine filled with tears as I looked into them.

CHAPTER XI.

I HAD tried to appear composed, in order not to distress my husband; when I was left alone, I broke down for a while, though my suffering was caused by the thought of the wrong and misrepresentation so unjustly heaped on his head.

He came back sooner than I expected; the reason for his return proved that our ostracism had actually begun.

"I was told at almost every house that my services were not required," John explained; "my patients had sent over to the Corners for Doctor Jackson to attend them."

This place was a little hamlet about a mile off, which could not even boast a more distinctive appellation than "the Corners," and its medical practitioner was a man of very limited knowledge and still less ability.

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"The crazy creatures! But they can't get on without you!" I said, in mingled pity and indignation.

"It appears they think they can, at all events," John replied, with a smile, while he patted my shoulder as a warning not to lose patience. "It was actually amusing, to hear the excuses made—several persons declared they had heard I meant to give up my practice at once."

"Why, John, that wretched Doctor Jackson will make all sorts of dreadful blunders," I said. "Everybody knows, too, that he drinks; people can't trust to him!"

"No, no; they don't mean to, for any length of time, my dear," John rejoined; "they expect to have a new physician. Mrs. Thomas told me that a proposal had been made to young Doctor Henderson, of Mayville, to try his luck here."

Mark Warner's opportune arrival changed somewhat the current of our thoughts and conversation. He was a quick intelligent young fellow, understood readily enough all John's instructions, and put a cordial good-will into the matter, also, which was of itself a kind of encouragement. He went away, promising to send the telegrams early the next morning, and I was able to think that John's justification would be only a matter of time.

The day passed, and we kept more cheerful than I fancy most persons would have been able to do under similar circumstances; we were supported, too, by that great love whose might only strengthened and broadened with this demand upon its powers.

We had a number of visitors; but, with the exception of Mr. Lane, the Methodist minister, his wife and sister, they were all poor and ignorant men and women whose hearts my husband had won by his kindness during the epidemic which had first brought him to the village.

"Amy," John said to me, when we were alone again, "you must be prepared for fresh developments. I feel sure there is some decided step in contemplation. Your cousin is at the bottom of it; but either Mr. Lane and the rest don't know what it is, or did not choose to tell."

The next morning brought the disclosures—worse, far, than the unsettled fears which had troubled my mind.

John had ordered his horse saddled, in order to go up Yellow Creek, along which he had numerous patients, by whom his visits would possibly be better received than they had been in the village. I was busy in the store-room, and the striking of the clock reminded me to wonder that John had not called me to say good-bye.

"Has Uncle Jack brought the doctor's horse?" I asked Ruby, as she entered.

"Yes'm," the girl answered, looking odd and scared; "but Marse John he's talking with Squire Leonard and the new constable, that thar Mr. Briggs, in the porch."

"Just wipe up this flour I have spilled—I'll be back in a minute," I said, and went out.

My heart beat so rapidly that I could scarcely breathe; but, when I neared the hall-doors, it seemed to stand still. John saw me as I reached the porch, and beckoned; he was pale, but very calm. The old Squire looked troubled as he stepped forward with a hasty greeting, while the constable shuffled back a few steps and became intently interested in a bird's nest in the trumpet-vine.

"Good morning," the Squire said, holding out his hand; "I hope you're pretty well."

"Thank you," I replied, coldly, and hesitating sufficiently, before I gave him the tips of my fingers, to bring an extra shade of color into his florid face.

"Amy," my husband said, "I am sorry to have you distressed, but Squire Leonard tells me that he has a warrant for my arrest."

"I don't well see how that can be," I observed. "Is this another cousinly attention on James Hornby's part?"

"No, no!" put in the Squire, quickly. "I thought I'd step up with Mr. Briggs before he acted on the warrant, and explain. I can't help myself, you see; I must fulfill the law."

"John," I said, "don't keep me in suspense!"

"My dear, it seems that unfortunate lady had the Squire make out a warrant before she came to our house; and now James Hornby, as your nearest male relative, insisted that it should be served."

"That's the way," the Squire added. "I kept the matter to myself when the lady died so suddenly—or, at least, I only consulted with Doctor Nash and a few others. But, since Mrs. Milton is ready

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to swear, and your cousin means to act, why, I'm bound—"

"John, can this infamous thing be done?" I interrupted.

"I believe it is legal enough; your cousin acts in what he calls your interests."

"Against my will? He can bring trouble and evil report on me by doing this, and we are powerless to help ourselves?" I demanded, hotly.

"You see," interposed the Squire, "your cousin expects—and, as I understand it, your mother does too—that now you'll—you'll leave the doctor, as they wished at first—"

I did not stop for him to finish; I turned to my husband again, asking:

"What can they do, John?"

"I shall be obliged to give bail for my appearance at the next term of court," John said. "I must go down with the Squire to his office to take the preliminary steps, then we shall ride up to Mayville; the matter must go before the magistrates there."

"I will come to the office presently," I said; "I must see my mother now."

I put my arms about my husband's neck and kissed him; he smiled approval of my composure through the pain—all for me—which dimmed his eyes. But, if he had feared that I might break down in the least, he was mistaken—I should not even flinch, where any human gaze could see me.

After the three descended the steps, I ran into the hall, took my hat, and set out through the orchard at a quick pace, filled with a storm of indignation which overpowered every other feeling.

As I approached the house, I could look directly into the apartment in which my mother habitually spent the morning. She was sitting in her accustomed corner; James stood at an open window, and Mrs. Milton sat close by—I was sure they both saw me.

I crossed the porch and entered the room. Before I could speak, my mother called:

"Daughter, you have come; I wish you had done so before, but this house is open to you."

"I have come," I said, "to learn from your own lips if what I have heard is true."

"Ah," sighed James, "I fear no penitent spirit has brought you."

"I want to know, mother, if it is possible you are countenancing that man in his attempt to blast your daughter's reputation and ruin her life?" I continued, rapidly.

"If the Lord chooses me as the humble instrument for punishing a hardened sinner, your mother, like myself, must accept the burden, grievous as it may be," James said, not pharisaically, but with the grim composure and authority which an old Covenanter might have displayed under similar circumstances.

I did not even glance toward him, but again addressed the rigid figure in the great arm-chair.

"Mother," I cried, "I insist on your answering me. Have you no natural feeling for your child? Have you no care for the good name of your dead husband's daughter?"

The cold gray eyes met mine unwaveringly; not a line of the stern face softened; the voice which replied to my passionate pleading might have come from a figure of stone.

"Who am I, to rebel against the Lord's will?" she said, slowly. "Daughter, months ago I foresaw and told you that your wicked rebellion would receive punishment. I entreated that the retribution might be spared, but I was warned in the night-visions that my prayer could not be granted. The punishment is terrible; and I, though innocent, must bear my part. Shame and disgrace have fallen on this house; you brought it, but I shall not send you hence."

"If you persist in this horrible wickedness," I cried, "I would sooner beg my bread—die in the alms-house—than let this roof shelter me for a single night."

"Blind and hardened—hopelessly hardened!" groaned James, and his groan was echoed by Mrs. Milton; but my mother sat upright and immovable.

"And you are perjuring yourself," I said, turning on the little woman so suddenly that she shrank down in her chair in fright; "you don't mean to, but it is perjury! Because my husband bears the same name as the man who deserted your friend—perhaps because of some chance likeness—you let your desire to avenge the wrongs of the dead lead you into crime!"

"Oh! Oh! I mustn't be talked to like this!" she moaned.

"You admitted you were in doubt—why not give us the benefit of it, as well as to

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fling it in on the side of vengeance?" I continued. "Think—think: it is not my husband you are injuring so much as me. I am a woman—you might better murder me outright than take away my good name."

"Oh, I can't bear this—she calls me a murderer!" sobbed the little woman. "It's not my fault—that man is the one I knew in California; I will swear to it—I must! I don't want to hurt you—I'm sorry for you; so will everybody be, if you'll only leave that wicked wretch and come back to your mother."

"There is still time, daughter! Come! Come!" my mother pleaded, with a sudden softness in her voice.

"You will be pitied, not blamed, Amy, except for having at the first defied your relatives," added James. "This man must meet the punishment he merits."

Still deaf to his voice and blind to his presence, I went on:

"Mother, if you had only waited! My husband's innocence will be established in a few days; but you know that evil report, however thoroughly proved false, is hard to kill. Only wait—wait! We have telegraphed to San Francisco for evidence."

"To whom?" Mrs. Milton asked, quickly lifting her face, which she had hidden in her handkerchief.

"To Mr. Joseph Hardman, a banker, and Doctor Everett—"

"They've both been dead over a year," broke in Mrs. Milton.

"Another proof of the man's wickedness, Amy," said James; "he only pretended to send, in order to deceive you a little longer."

"If they are dead, there will be others who can swear that they knew him, mother," I urged.

"They mightn't have known he was married," said Mrs. Milton; "I found afterward that few folks did. His wife staid shut up at home, and so did I, having just lost my husband."

"Amy," pursued my cousin, "you see how every straw you snatch at breaks in your grasp. Don't fight against the truth any longer. Submit—take up your burden; it may yet be blessed to you."

"Mother, listen to me!" I cried, still appearing neither to see nor hear James. "It is your child pleading with you for more than her life—for her honor! Let this matter drop; give us time, and everything will be made clear."

I threw myself on my knees and caught her hands; she began to weep, and I saw her lips move—she was praying.

"Mother, as you believe in God—as you hope for mercy!"

She freed her hands, though not ungently, pushed back her chair, and looked at me, gray and cold again.

"When you show signs of repentance, you can call on Him—He will not hear before," she said.

"Your mother can do nothing," James added; "even if she had the wish to go against her conscience, she is powerless."

"Oh, the case would fall through, if you didn't push it," Mrs. Milton exclaimed, in a tremulous tone, which showed that at least her womanly feelings were touched by my appeal.

"And leave her daughter to this evil man?" cried my cousin, in his most terrible voice.

"James is right," said my mother. "Amy, add no more: I cannot see my child live in open disgrace, while human law can protect her from her own willful sinful blindness."

I rose, stunned and dazed; I heard my voice, strange and unnatural, say drearily:

"God help me! I have no mother any longer!"

Then I turned and fled; if I had staid an instant longer, I think I should have gone mad.

CHAPTER XII.

My mother's house stood near a road which led from the hills and joined the turnpike at some distance below the village, so that I had rather a long walk before me.

Once out of sight and earshot, I was forced to sit down for a while and collect my strength; but the remembrance of what awaited my husband soon banished the numbing despair which had overpowered my nerves, and I rose and hurried on. I was outwardly calm enough by the time I reached Squire Leonard's office, in which I found Doctor Nash, who greeted me with a face of pity that only rendered me colder and perhaps more defiant.

My husband and the Squire were occupied in the back room, while Briggs, the constable, lounged in the doorway between the two apartments and chewed lazily at a wisp of straw.

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"They'll be out soon," the doctor said, in a sepulchral voice, which I suppose he considered suitable to the occasion — the voice in which he always spoke when there was death in a house.

I remembered what John had said about the necessity for finding bail, and I abruptly asked the old gentleman if I could act.

"I—I don't think that in this State a wife can go bail for her husband," he answered, hesitatingly.

"I thought you all expected to prove that I am not Doctor Arthur's wife?" I said, in a tone under which my listener winced.

"Amy," he rejoined, angrily, "you shouldn't set your friends against you; you will need all the support they can give you."

"My husband's friends are mine—no other man or woman can be my friend," I interrupted. "But it is useless for us to argue, Doctor Nash. Will you do something for us? Will you go bail in my place?"

"I can't do it, Amy; I can't, indeed," he replied. "I have given my word. You have no idea, poor child, how strong the feeling is against Arthur in the neighborhood. At a meeting we held Saturday night, we all agreed that not one of us would lift a finger to help him in any way."

"And you and the rest call yourselves men!" I exclaimed. "Oh, stand back—let me go out! I can't breathe the same air with you—it chokes me!"

As I reached the door, I heard my husband speak my name; I waited on the threshold till he reached my side.

"Wife," he said, "please tell Uncle Jack to bring my horse down here. Mr. Briggs and I are going to Mayville; you mustn't be troubled if I'm not back till late."

There were some men and boys hanging about the house; I kissed him before them all, and walked away. When I reached home, I found the old servant waiting, with Selim in readiness.

"Uncle Jack," I said, "saddle Whitefoot for me; the doctor and I are going to Mayville. Be as quick as you can."

By the time I had put on my riding-habit and given Ruby some necessary orders, my horse was saddled, and I rode back to the village, followed by Uncle Jack, leading Selim.

John was standing in the door of the Squire's office; he only smiled when he saw me—I think my resolve did not surprise him.

We rode up the street, Mr. Briggs ambling behind on a remarkable mouse-colored beast which seemed to have been begun as some nondescript sort of animal, and only converted into a horse at a late stage of development. I remember thinking this at the time in a vague way, just as I noticed the curious spectators at doors and windows as we passed.

The interview with my mother had left me so dazed that for a while nothing seemed real; it appeared so incredible that any woman could be convinced it was her duty to behave as she had done, that it took both significance and actuality away from all things.

We had a ride of eight miles to the rambling cheerless old county-town, and, long before we reached it, John's dear words had restored me quite to myself. Our appearance was the signal for a subdued excitement, which showed that the whole story was as well known there as in our immediate neighborhood. Let me hasten to add, however, that my husband and I received every kindly attention in several quarters in which the slightness of acquaintance rendered the sympathy as gratifying as the moral support was made satisfactory by the worldly position of the bestowers.

Bail was procured without any difficulty; indeed, two prominent gentlemen offered their assistance in the most friendly manner, and the necessary proceedings were soon completed.

My husband retained the services of Lawyer Pearson, a man well known throughout the State, and whose goodness, as well as that of his sweet little wife, I shall never forget.

Before bed-time, we were at home again, and our changed life began—as unlike anything belonging to our previous experience as if we had been suddenly flung into a new world.

We received confirmation of the news Mrs. Milton had given me: both the men to whom John had telegraphed were dead.

Although he had lived exceedingly retired while in San Francisco, not making a dozen acquaintances in the whole town, there were persons who could testify to the fact that he was not married, certify to his place of residence, and afford other satisfactory proofs;

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but these matters could not be arranged by telegraph. Somebody must go to California, and we had decided to ask the lawyer whom John had employed to send one of his clerks, when we were unexpectedly granted a most generous and efficient ally in our dilemma.

An old friend of mine—Will Philbrick—came on from St. Louis to visit a relative in the village. He hastened to our house, and was more than kind and sympathetic to my husband. Like James Hornby, he had once wanted to marry me; but, so far from showing any prejudice against John on that account, he declared that the man whom I had selected to be the nearest and dearest to me must be worthy of esteem, and he wanted to call him friend.

He was going on business away out toward California, and he offered to continue his journey as far as San Francisco, promising that, if John would put his interests in his hands, they should be carefully and thoroughly attended to. He shortened his stay in order to start the sooner, taking with him, you may be sure, the thanks of two grateful hearts.

My husband advertised widely for the missing John Arthur, stating the fact of his wife's death and the trouble caused by his disappearance; and, as the journals in different cities began freely to copy the accounts of the affair from our county papers, we were able to feel that everything possible was being done.

I had few visits; a little knot of acquaintances still clung to us, but their society brought me slight satisfaction, because I could not put aside misgivings that their behavior rose from sympathy where I was concerned, rather than from belief in my husband's innocence.

As for the neighborhood in general, I think it condemned me more severely than John; certainly this was the case with the feminine portion, as I speedily had ample proofs. Former acquaintances, when we met, would pass with averted eyes or indulge in glances of scorn and horror, getting out of my path as if there were contamination in my contact. The very children were taught their lesson, and, one morning, as I encountered a little girl, the daughter of a member of James Hornby's congregation—a woman, too, whom my husband had aided when she was in a sad pecuniary state—the child shrank away from my greeting and called out, in the hearing of her playmates:

"I'm not to speak to you; mother says you are dreadfully, dreadfully wicked, and, if you don't take care, you'll be put in jail, too, or sent out of the place."

Still, these things hurt me less than one would have deemed possible; their very sting brought the recollection that I bore them for the man I loved, and for his sake I could bear bravely the becoming an outcast and pariah—aye, I think I should have exulted in martyrdom itself! Whatever might overtake us, I possessed the prop and stay of my great affection. This support could never fail me, for my love was founded on a rock—the certainty of my husband's worthiness; and no seeming proofs, however overwhelming—not the evidence of an angel—could have shaken it!

I had not seen my mother or James; it was impossible for me to go again to the house till I could carry the testimony which would vindicate my conduct, though I can conscientiously affirm that toward my mother I felt sorrow rather than anger.

CHAPTER XIII.

A FEW days after Will Philbrick's departure, John was called to Yellow Creek, to visit a sick person; there were still people who sought his services, though the new doctor had already accepted the invitation to establish himself in the village, and was at present visiting Doctor Nash, as my husband had done on his arrival.

Left alone, I fell to thinking about the letters from poor Annie Arthur which I had found and had saved at John's request. A sudden impulse seized me to destroy these; I could not even wait to obtain my husband's consent. They had been haunting me like a nightmare for some time, and I wondered that I had not told him I could have no rest while they were in existence.

The epistles were securely locked in my writing-desk; but so many things which I should have confidently pronounced impossible had happened of late, that I could not leave their exposure at the mercy of some unforeseen or improbable chance.

I had some letters to write, so I carried the desk down into the sitting-room and established myself in a favorite corner, deciding to finish my task before I destroyed

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the documents which to his opponents would have appeared such formidable proofs of my husband's guilt. Perhaps John would be back by that time, and, though I knew he would not oppose me when he saw how nervous I was, I could not bear to take the least step which might imply a disregard of his wishes.

Still, though I was interested in what I wrote, those letters would not leave me in peace—I must burn them!

I took a fancy taper from the mantel and lighted it, took the letters out of the drawer, but I could not go further till I had examined their contents again. There might be some passage or line John and I had both overlooked, which, carefully sifted, would prove of importance.

I studied the pages for a while; but, so far from finding anything of the nature I sought, the bitter sarcastic sentences only seemed more perilous; to any person but me, they would have held convincing evidence of being addressed to my husband.

"Oh, I must burn them! I can't wait!" I said, half aloud, holding the fatal sheets toward the candle.

As I lifted my hand, it was seized in a gripe of iron which relaxed my hold, the letters were snatched from it, and James Hornby's voice said in my ear:

"Destroying evidence! Not even blind and crazed, as I trusted, but a willful, hardened sinner—the deliberate accomplice of that wicked man!"

I started up, uttering one low moan, and wrenched myself free from his grasp.

"Give me those letters!" I cried, springing at him more like a wild animal than a woman; but indeed, for the time, I was absolutely mad. "Give me those letters!"

He thrust me back, and, quick as a flash, the letters were buttoned in an inside pocket of his long black coat. I darted at him again—I tore his neck-cloth—yes, I smote him full in the mouth with all the force of insanity; but I was speedily overpowered and pushed back into a chair.

"So you are crazy, after all!" he said, in a tone like the grating of iron against iron, holding me with one hand while he drew out his handkerchief with the other and wiped some drops of blood from his lips. "Sit still, Amy! Yes, crazy! If all other means fail to force you out of this pit of infamy, at least your mother can shut you up as a lunatic."

The threat terrified me; I could not tell whether there was any possibility of my relatives' possessing such power, but they had done so much that the menace chilled the blood in my veins, though I rejoined, with the energy of desperation:

"I will have you arrested for stealing—that is what will happen; you can't harm me!"

"You are a minor, living openly with a man who committed bigamy; the final proofs of his guilt are in my possession!" James replied, in that same grating, monotonous voice. "Take care, Amy—take care!"

"The letters were sent to him by mistake," I panted, "oh, before he ever came here! There's a passage in his journal, with the date, which proves this!"

I fell on the floor at James Hornby's feet; I begged and implored; I told him the history of the papers; I offered to show him the page in John's journal referring to them.

He listened, cold and unmoved.

"How completely astray your brain must be," he said, "when you cannot see that the note in the diary was added lately, for your benefit."

I sank back in my chair, dumb; I might as well have appealed to the door of a tomb for mercy, as to that stony face—no proofs could shake the confidence of his pre-conceived belief.

"Let me take you home," he continued; "your mother will receive you—our thoughts have been with you during all these weary days you have kept away from us! Come, Amy—leave that man to the shame and prison from which nothing can save him now—nothing!"

As he spoke, he struck his hand against the pocket in which the letters were hidden.

I struggled to my feet; I pointed to the door.

"Go!" I said. "Remember this: my husband's innocence will be fully established; but, if it never could be—if he were sent to prison for twenty years—I should be waiting at the gate when he came out! If he were the wretch you try to believe, he would still be a better man than you! Go!"

And James Hornby left me without another word.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

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OCTOBER FLORAL NOTES.

BY JOYCE RAY.

OCTOBER is a busy month for repotting, transplanting, removing offshoots from plants, dividing perennial roots, etc.

Bulbs intended to be ready for early spring blooming are now to be planted—tulips, hyacinths, snowdrops, jonquils, crocuses. Lilies, irises, and phlox must be taken up, once in four years, and their roots divided. Campanulas, lychnis, primroses, violets, daisies, etc., may also be propagated by dividing the roots, before this month ends. Cut the stems from dahlias; leave them for one week after this operation, then take up the tubers and store them in a cool dry cellar until May.

All shrubberies, beds, borders, and hedges should be set in order for the winter. Clear out all dead stalks and leaves; but, if any plants are left over, do not spade up the ground, as the roots would be in greater danger of being killed by frost.

The barberry makes a very ornamental hedge, and should be set in the autumn. The mezereon pink is the earliest of the flowering shrubs, as it comes on several weeks in advance of the forsythia.

Lilium auratum is a beautiful plant, and should have a nook in every garden. It ought to be planted in October, in a bed or border, after carefully removing all offsets. Do not give it too moist an abiding-place, nor put any manure around the bulbs, as either treatment would cause them to rot.

It should be borne in mind that it is better to sow all hardy bulbs in the autumn rather than in the spring, as in the first-named season the foliage is ripened properly, and the plants will bloom well the next year.

If any plants are troubled with scale insects, the pests should be removed at once, as they are not only filthy, but they spread rapidly. They are best overcome by scraping them off with a knife, and then washing the bark once a week with whale-oil soap.

It is better to have one nice thrifty plant than a floral hospital. It makes no difference how common the variety; any kind of plant is always beautiful, if grown to perfection. A quarter of an ounce of sulphide of potash, dissolved in a gallon of water, will destroy mildew on roses and chrysanthemums; apply it with a small syringe.

If mealy bugs are found on plants, use fir-tree oil, which may be obtained at any druggist's. The oil should be used in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a gallon of water. Apply it with a syringe quite forcibly. One of the best fertilizers for flowering plants is Bowker's plant-food, kept by seedsmen and druggists. Do not neglect at this time to lay up material for compost, which will be needed in the spring. After grape-vines have been pruned in the autumn, dry straw, hay, or leaves make a good covering; but earth is the best of all. Do not use fresh manure, as it is too heating and will injure the beds.

Carnations for winter blossoming must not be pinched back any longer. About the middle of October, they ought to be brought into the house and set in a rather cool place, for they will not do well in dry hot temperature, even if they manage to struggle along and keep alive therein.

While the weather is still pleasant, other plants intended for winter culture should be removed to the house gradually, so as to become used to their new location before the fires are started. The plants which have been out-of-doors during the whole summer should be placed in the veranda or some other sheltered place early in the autumn. As the nights become cooler, the pots must be taken in the house at sunset, and, when the weather is very chilly and windy or when there is a cold rain, they should be kept inside until finally settled in their winter quarters. Any sudden change from heat to cold must be avoided as carefully as with delicate children.

Morning-glories are nice for winter, grown in hanging baskets or in pots to be set on brackets, or they may be trained to grow upright against a trellis, and will evolve a perfect mass of bloom. In the house, the

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flowers grow to about half the size they attain out-of-doors in the summer. Seed for winter use may be sown as late as October.

Be sure to have an abundance of Roman hyacinths for the house this winter; if you have ever tried them, you will not need the advice. The bulbs are very cheap, and good ones will produce from two to four pure white and deliciously fragrant spikes of flowers. The Romans are the cheapest of all hyacinths, and the prettiest. No other variety can be depended on to flower by the holidays. Bulbs intended to blossom by Christmas should be potted early in October; more can be planted later for January and February supplies.

From three to five bulbs may be put in a three-inch pot, and from six to nine bulbs in a six-inch pot. Fill with good soil, somewhat sandy, push the bulbs into it, almost over the head, ram the soil firmly round them, then plunge them under ashes to the depth of eight or more inches, and allow them to remain there for a month. By that time, they will have formed many roots and pushed up tops about two inches high; and, if placed in a greenhouse frame or window, they will soon begin to grow and flower freely.

It is surprising that the mignonette, with its unique fragrance, is not more grown as a winter flower, though it should be remembered that the pretty plant does not want too much warmth. If a number of small pots are filled with loam-sand and a little manure, a few seeds sprinkled on the surface, covered over to the depth of half an inch and then placed where there is little artificial heat, they will soon grow into nice plants that will flower in January and through the spring months. The variety known as the tree mignonette is the best for winter culture and can be raised with the greatest ease.

Iregia refracta alba is a charming house-plant. The leaves are long and narrow, like those of a lily; the flowers are pure white, trumpet-shaped, borne in racemes, very beautiful. Its fragrance is exquisite, and one flower alone is sufficient to perfume a whole room. As the bulbs are quite small in size, a six-inch jar will hold from six to nine of them.

Do not water bulbous plants too often nor too much. It is the roots, not the bulbs, which take up the water; and the roots are usually near the surface, and, if too much water remains around the bulb, it is liable to rot. Hyacinths that are grown in glasses should be carefully watched, as the water must be kept as even as possible with the top of the glass, and, when fresh water is added, it should be warm.

Cacti are queer plants, worthy of culture for the sake of watching their vagaries of growth, and they bear very beautiful flowers.

Achania malvariscus is a shrubby plant which blooms the year round. It will endure a good deal of neglect and is seldom troubled with insects of any kind, but it needs plenty of water. This plant should find a place in every collection.

Browallia elata alba is an excellent plant for window-culture, if it can have plenty of heat, full exposure to the sun, and a moist atmosphere. Both the ordinary and the variegated forms of the Ficus elastica, or India-rubber tree, make very handsome window-plants. The variegated form does not show the variegations so clearly when young; but, as it grows older, the greenish-yellow parts change to a cream-color which is very effective. The Ficus Harrisonii and Major variegata are lovely trailing plants for hanging baskets, bracket-pots, and vases; they grow well in the house, or may be wintered over in the cellar if desired. The best winter-blooming fuchsias are storm-king, speciosa, serratifolia, and Earl of Beaconsfield. The Escholtzia Californica is an excellent annual for winter bloom; sow the seeds in October or November, and they will come into bloom in a few weeks and remain so all winter. The flowers are very pretty, of a bright-yellow tint, which on gloomy days will make a spot of sunshine. The alternanthera likes plenty of heat and can be grown very successfully in a warm light place, but the temperature must not fall below sixtyfive degrees at night.

Anthericum variegatum makes a fine plant for indoor cultivation; in shape, it resembles the Pandanus utilis, or screw-pine. The leaves are edged with white; the outer ones are drooping, while those in the centre grow upright. It is a lovely ornament for a jardiniere, owing to the abundance of its foliage. It bears small white flowers on good-sized spikes, and does well in a somewhat shady location. One of the chief requisites for its comfort is plenty of water.

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Is a stylish walking-costume, of fine reddish-brown cloth. The skirt is plain

No. 1.

and even all around, of suitable length for walking. The bodice is made in a coat-shape, with loose fronts, opening over a separate waistcoat of Suede-colored chamois-skin. A flat trimming of brown ostrich-feathers trims the fronts and neck of the coat. The vest can be made in other material than the Suede chamois. Tan-colored cloth, embroidered or braided, either in silk, or gold and silk mixed, of a darker shade, or even trimmed with a passementerie, will

No. 2.

make a very elegant vest for this costume. Six to seven yards of fiftytwo-inch cloth will

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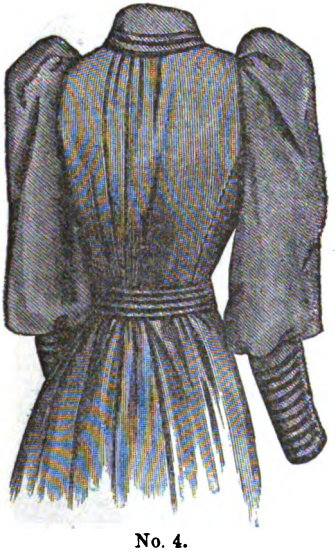
make a full costume of this style. Two yards of feather-trimming will be required.

No. 2—Is a handsome tailor-made costume

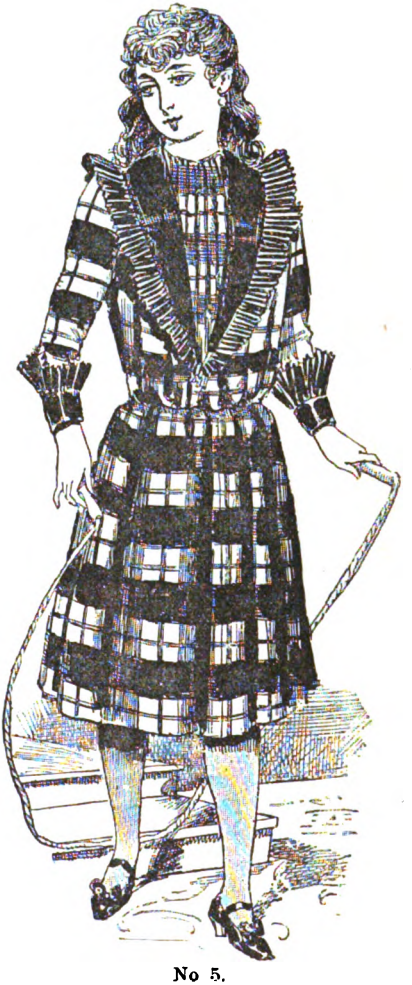
No 3.

for the street or carriage. It is made of myrtle-green lady's-cloth, upon a silk foun-



No. 4.

dation. The skirt is plain, the edge of which is cut in tabs six inches deep. These tabs are lined with silk and stitched down one side and across the bottom by one row of machine-work. Two small buttons of Jersey silk finish the upper point of each tab, as seen in the illustration. The bodice is pointed back and front, buttoning on the left side. The basque of the bodice is set on under the pointed waist and cut in tabs to match the skirt, being finished in the



No 5.

same manner. High puffed sleeves, with deep cuffs reaching to the elbow. The edge of the cuff is also finished by being cut in tabs two inches deep. Close standing collar. Six to seven yards of lady's-cloth will be required for this costume; thirty buttons of a larger size are used upon the bodice.

No. 3—Is a model for a dressy bodice for a house-gown, of either cashmere or Hen-

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Nos. 6 and 7.

rietta-cloth, or of some soft corded silk. The vest and upper part of the high puffed sleeves are ornamented by small embroidered spots, either done in silk or else in beads sewed on. The frill, which stands up high around the neck and down the fronts, is of silk cut on the bias and doubled, being then plaited and graduated to the point of the bodice. The sleeves open on the inside seam and are fastened with nine small buttons closely arranged. Buttonholed loops are used as fastenings.

No. 4—Shows a very simple waist and sleeves for a house-gown. The deep cuffs, collar, and belt are trimmed with rows of narrow worsted braid. The same trims the edge of the skirt Any self-colored cashmere or camel's-hair goods will be useful and stylish from its simplicity, made up in this manner for every-day wear.

No. 5—Shows a frock in tartan cheviot. Box-plaited skirt. Blouse bodice, opened V-shape and framed with facings in darker

No. 8.

velvet, edged with silk plaitings. Cuffs to correspond. Full vest of the material or of the same silk as the plaited ruffle.

No. 9.

Nos. 6 and 7—Show two little frocks for a girl of four years and a boy of two or

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a little older. Cashmere or fine wash-flannel are the materials most in use. No particular description is necessary, as the illustration shows how the dresses are made.

No. 8—Shows a stylish sleeve. The cuff is of a star or daisy pattern, of black lace over a plain surah silk cuff of a shade to correspond with the material of the dress. A vest to match may be used in trimming the bodice, or a yoke with full gathered fronts.

No. 9—Shows a very stylish and warm winter coat for a little girl of four to five years. It is made of tartan cheviot cloth. The coat-part is cut waist and skirt in one, but with the fullness allowed to lay the skirt-part in box-plaits back and front. A waistband crosses in front. The straight round pelerine is cut in fine notches on the edge, and bound with a narrow silk braid stitched on by machine. Full sleeves into loose straight cuffs. Turn-over collar.

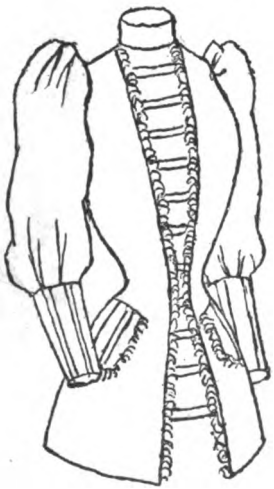
COSTUME JACKET: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

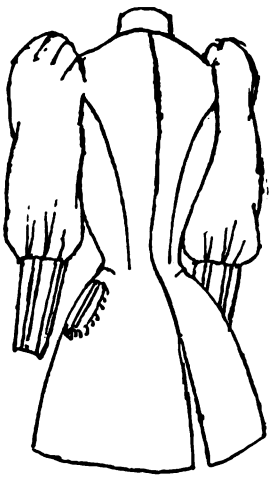
BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month a jacket pattern for a walking-costume. It consists of seven pieces:

1. HALF OF FRONT.
2. SIDE-FRONT.
3. HALF OF BACK.
4. SIDE-BACK.
5. SLEEVE.
6. CUFF.
7. COLLAR.

This jacket is for a thirtysix-inch bust. Allow all seams. The letters and notches show how the pieces join. The materials for the costume are lady's-cloth or camel's-hair, and velvet for the plastron, cuffs, pockets, and under-border of skirt. These parts are all decorated with fancy galloon to resemble Pekin velvet, otherwise known as striped velvet. We give also the front and back in outline. The vest is a separate piece.





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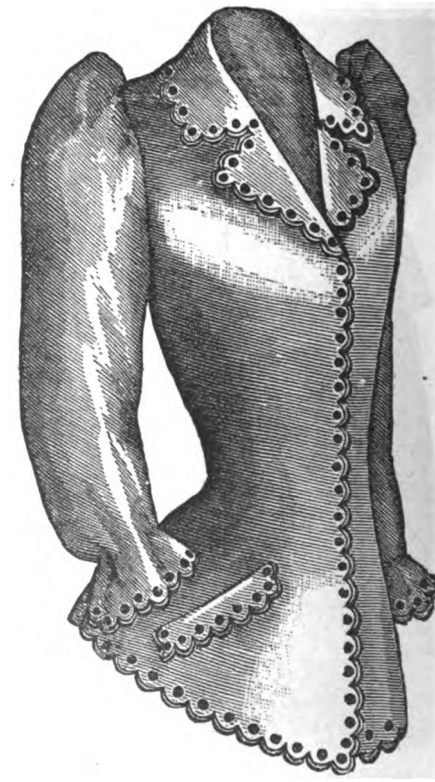
FALL JACKET.

Fall jacket, of heather-colored tweed or black camel's-hair, lined with silk or farmer's-satin. It is made double-breasted and ornamented with two rows of bone buttons. The basque is not cut with the bodice part, but sewed on to the waist, which is slightly pointed back and front. The rolling collar is faced with silk of the color of the jacket or of a pretty contrasting one, and the pocket-flaps may be of the cloth, or of the silk like the facing of the collar, if it is of the color of the cloth.



MATINEE.

This pretty garment, to be worn in the morning, is most economical, as it can be used over any kind of skirt, provided the colors will at all assimilate. Our model is of red cashmere, scalloped and embroidered in black silk. Gray, dark or light blue, brown, or black, all look well for these pretty jackets; and surah, flannel, or camel's-hair can be used.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

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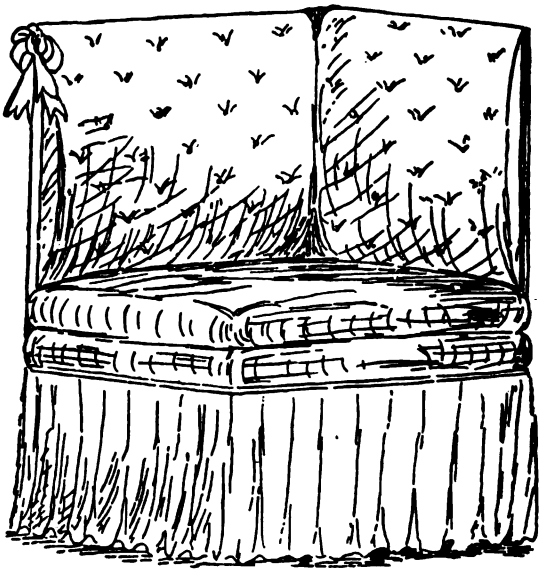
A CORNER-SEAT.



For the simple decoration of a corner, say in an upper hall or bed-room of a country house, we give this most useful and inexpensive model. Any carpenter can make a box seat, square and of a convenient height. A double cushion of ticking, stuffed with hair, is used for the seat. Two pillows, either of hair or feathers, form the back; these may either be held in place by being suspended in proper position from small ornamental brass nails, or there may be a frame back added to your box seat. The whole now is to be covered with some pretty cretonne, velours, or any other material you may think suitable; a valance of the same is tacked upon the front of the seat. A bow of ribbon decorates one of the pillows, as seen in the illustration. Indeed, this corner-seat admits of so much variety and ingenuity in its coverings, etc., that any lady of taste may readily adapt the suggestion to her own use. An old-fashioned brocade dress-skirt would make a gorgeous covering, while a pretty cretonne or Madras gingham would also be most effective. By the exercise of a little taste a very pretty seat may be made.

CARD-BOARD TRAY, ETC.

In the front of the book, we give a design for a card-board tray, which may be found useful as a small tray on the toilet-table. It can be made with mill-board and covered with paper, and any paper design or engraving will serve for ornament. But the original of the one given is a very dainty affair indeed. To make it, cut the exact size and shape of the design, and pale eau-de-Nil satin or silk or paper, for lining and covering the card-board. Each panel of the satin to be embroidered in the design given, and before covering a very stout card or mill-board—the last is the best. The waved lines in the design are a Japanese imitation of a spider's web, and should be embroidered in stem-stitch with very fine gray sewing-silk; the leaves in the natural tint of a nasturtium-leaf, and the flowers an orange-yellow and scarlet. The panels are each sewed together, and, after lining the tray, a gold cord is sewed round the edge.

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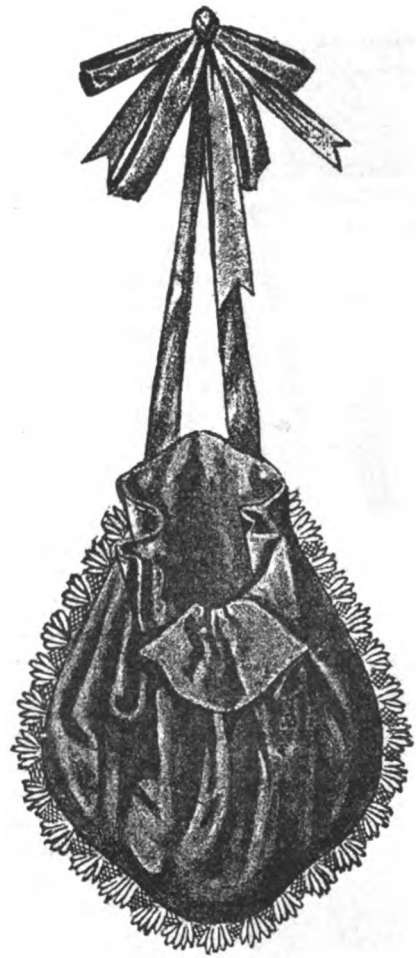
WALL-POCKET.



A faded Louis XV hand-screen has been used for the back of this receptacle; the unscrewed handle is replaced by the ribbons, ending in a cluster of loops and ends. The bag itself is made of plush, lined with satin of a contrasting color; or a bit of old brocade will be more elegant. Of course, the coloring will be determined by the place in which the bag is to be hung. Gold or silver lace ornaments the edge of the pocket. Such pockets are most useful in a bed-room, for soiled handkerchiefs, collars, etc., or they can be used as a substitute for a waste-basket.

BRAIDING-DESIGNS.

On the same colored sheet with the card-board tray are two pretty braiding-designs which are useful for many purposes, but are especially suitable for the front and back of a slipper, either braided or done in chain-stitch.

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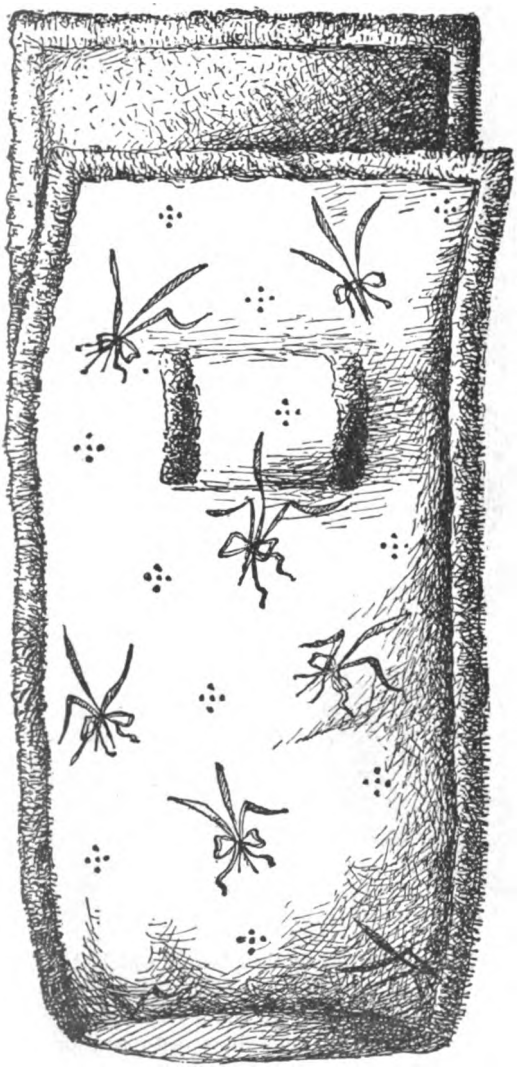
CARRIAGE-RUG AND MUFF COMBINED.



The carriage-rug which we give here is so easily made, not expensive, and really so comfortable an article on a journey, that we desire to put it within reach of all. The flat wedge at the bottom can even be fitted with a foot-warmer. The outside is of thick soft serge or cloth, on which powderings of leaves are worked in soft crewels. Supposing the material to be of dark-blue cloth, the leaves might be worked in olive greens, and the ribbon knots all in pale blue, or part might be in a light shade of terra-cotta. The rug is lined and trimmed with fur; an old fur cloak, which is past duty in its original form, could easily and economically be utilized for the purpose of lining such a rug, using the best parts for the top. Fur must also be introduced into the muff part in front of the rug. The whole thing should of course be made large and loose, so as to fit comfortably over the dress of the wearer. For a long cold drive in winter, or for sleighing, nothing could be more delightfully cosy and warm.

EMBROIDERY ON FLANNEL. (SEE COLORED PATTERN.)

The two designs for flannel or woolen embroidery of any kind are especially pretty for a baby's blanket; the branch of forget-me-nots can be done in blue.

ALPHABET. (SEE COLORED PATTERN.)

The small alphabet-pattern is of a suitable size for handkerchiefs, doylies, etc., and can be done in either red or white marking-cotton.

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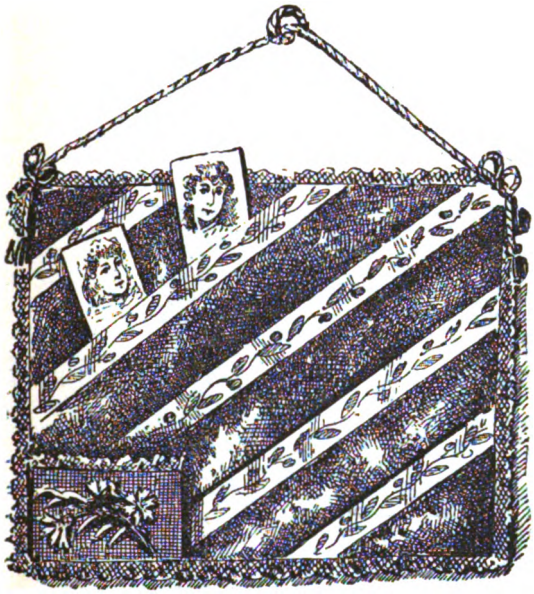
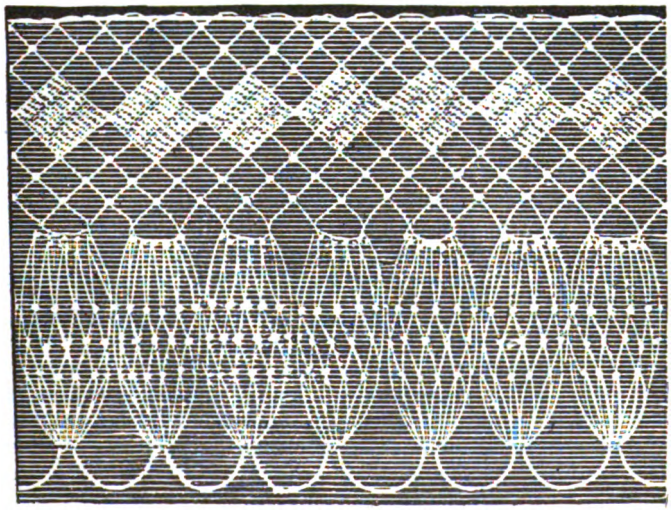
HANGING PHOTOGRAPH-FRAME.



The foundation is a thin board of white wood, covered with garnet plush, and ornamented in one corner with a spray of wild flowers, embroidered upon linen scrim, headed by a bit of gold lace. Bands of Pompadour galloon are placed diagonally to receive photos, cards, etc. These bands may be embroidered upon satin ribbon—say pale pink, blue, or straw color—with designs of small flowers in natural colors. The whole frame is edged with gold lace; gold cord and tassels complete the frame.

NETTED DESIGN FOR VALANCE BORDER.



This design is easily netted from the pattern given, and when finished, washed, and stiffened, each group of stitches is pushed out into balloon shape. It lasts for many years. Good netting cotton is to be used with a long steel netting needle, and a bone mesh less than a quarter inch wide. The heading of the design is first netted in a long

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strip, five inches in width. This is then darned in diamond shape, and with the same cotton. Then sufficient length of the netting is gathered on a string, and either pinned to a lead cushion, or by a strap is crossed over the foot, and the netted border done thus:

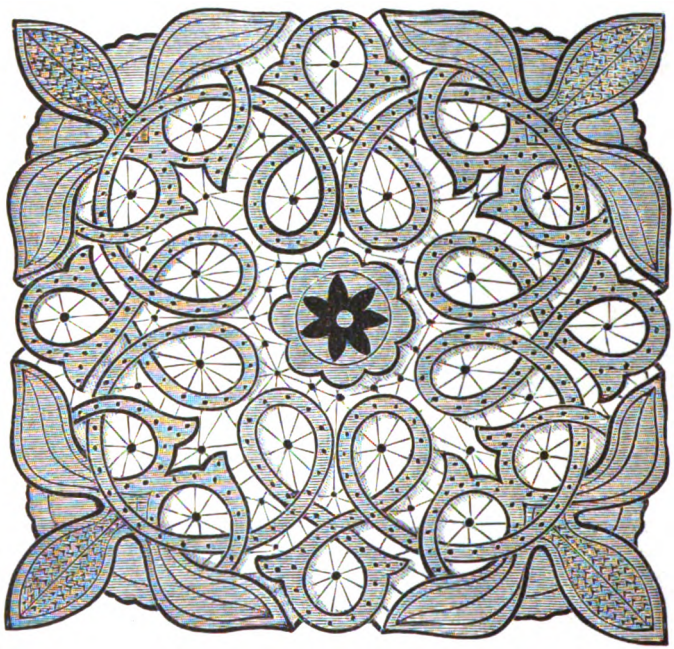
With the cotton twice over the needle, or with a large mesh, net six stitches in each diamond.

Second and third rows—Once over the small mesh.

Fourth row—One row with the wide mesh.

Fifth row—Gather the loops into one stitch, netting with the wide mesh.

SOFA-PILLOW.



The foundation of this handsome design for a sofa-pillow is of Turkey red satine or the ordinary Turkey red plain calico. The design must be enlarged to the proper dimension for a sofa-pillow—say twenty inches square. After the pattern is outlined upon the foundation, button-hole all the edges of the larger portions of the pattern, using white linen floss for the work. Fill in the web-like lace stitches, also with the white linen floss, using a finer thread and doing the work in outline stitch. The little centres are done in lace stitch, darning around the centre knob. The star in the centre of the pillow is worked solid. This white embroidery upon the red is very effective. Make up the pillow on either a down or feather pillow, backed with the same Turkey red. A ruffle made of the Turkey red, with a scallop on the edge, done in button-hole stitch, makes a pretty finish—or the finish may be made with a coarse torchon lace.

SPRIG OF FLOWERS.

The graceful sprig of pinks, grasses, daisies, and roses, which we give on the supplement, can be done in one color or in the natural colors of the flowers; in the latter case, the bow-knot should be in a delicate shade of blue.

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

THE GENERATION OF OZONE.—We owe the following clear and comprehensive summary to the courtesy of the Detroit "Pharmaceutical Era":

During the half-century which has elapsed since Schoenbein discovered ozone, scientists, attracted by its specific active properties, have studied this highly interesting and valuable gas and endeavored to adapt it to various uses in industrial arts and medicine.

The want of a practical and inexpensive method of generating ozone has as yet precluded its utilization to any great extent. This difficulty has, however, now been overcome. The important hygienic functions of ozone in nature are well known. The beneficial action of the air of mountain and sea-side resorts is mainly due to the amount of ozone contained in the atmosphere. Further, ozone is capable of acting directly on bacteria and microbes, and thus furnishes us with a means of rendering the human system proof against infectious diseases.

It is an acknowledged fact that during epidemics the amount of ozone in the atmosphere diminishes and sometimes even disappears completely. At the time of the cholera, a decrease of atmospheric ozone was repeatedly observed. In any case, a certain proportion of ozone is undoubtedly of immense benefit to the welfare of mankind.

Electricity is the chief source of the generation of ozone. During thunder-storms, there is always a considerable quantity of ozone formed, and this is the cause of the invigorating and refreshing condition of the atmosphere which generally follows such electrical discharges.

Owing to its strong oxidizing properties, ozone has of late been extensively used for bleaching-purposes, and has the advantage over chlorine that it does not affect the material itself. Vegetable and mineral oils are deodorized and bleached. Water is completely sterilized when subjected to the action of ozone. In the aniline-dye industry, it is also extensively employed.

The application of this gas to the various industries is so manifold that in many branches it shows promise of effecting a complete revolution. Most satisfactory results have also been obtained medicinally with ozone preparations.

A STUBBORN MIND conduces as little to wisdom as a stubborn temper to happiness.

TWO USEFUL CONTRIVANCES.—It is often difficult, in small bed-rooms, to find accommodation for best dresses. Any carpenter can make an ingenious contrivance which will be found as useful as it is simple. The article is merely a wooden box on castors, fitting underneath the bed, long enough to hold dresses folded almost at full length. It must not be quite so wide as the bed, and must have a handle at either side, so that it can be drawn out easily.

When space is limited, and an ordinary bureau or dressing-table takes up too much, a strong easel can be converted into an artistic dressing-table. The easel should be draped, and a mirror placed firmly on the cross-bar—which must be a wide one—that was intended to hold the picture. A three-cornered table is placed just below the mirror, covered with a fall like the drapery at the top. This table will hold all the necessaries of the toilet and look ornamental besides. The point of the table fits into the corner. If desired, a second shelf could be added to the table, to hold extra things. The pincushion could hang at one side. A carpenter can make the easel and corner table.

FOR SMALL ARTICLES about the house, such as book-covers, blotting-cases, wall-pockets, and the like, a revival of the darned backgrounds once so popular has taken place. The design is merely outlined and lightly filled in, and hence is doubly effective against the darker and artistically irregular stitches of the foundation. The work is easy, the worker's attention being mainly required to keep the lines of stitches quite straight. It is advisable that one who has not tried the work before should run a few straight lines of darning across the material, at intervals of about three-quarters of an inch. These will serve as guides to the other lines. For linen, fine crewel wool will be found more effective than silk; but flax threads will work in better for such small articles as postal-card cases or letter-pockets.

THERE IS SO MUCH cheap window-drapery now, that, when curtains begin to go, they may as well be replaced by new. Holes in lace curtains can be darned in a coarse checker-work that imitates the mesh.

"'PETERSON' improves with every issue. It is a feast of good things served in a most attractive style."—Republican, Glen's Falls, N. Y.

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SOURCES OF COLDS.—Many mothers appear to accept with resignation the repeated and violent colds from which their children suffer, as providential and unavoidable. A cold is by no means always due to exposure: indigestion, constipation, a lack of scrupulous cleanliness, the unwise habit of sleeping in the underclothing worn during the day, unaired bed-chambers—all or any of these things may have far more to do with a child's tendency to cold than the keenest breath of the bracing winter air.

Mothers should understand it is a fact, whether or not they can see why it should be, that numerous colds and sore throats are directly traceable to indigestion and errors in diet. Quantities of greasy food—fried meats, pastry, and the like—ill-ventilated rooms, and continued constipation have to answer for many cases of croup and putrid sore throat. All these things weaken the system and render it far less able to resist changes of temperature. Every bed-room should have a thorough airing each day, more especially if several children are obliged to sleep together. This is to be avoided, if possible; if not, always lower a window slightly from the top—or, if this cannot be done, raise it from below. There is frequently bad air enough generated and breathed in the sleeping-apartment of small children to supply them all not only with colds, but with a sufficient number of so-called "malarious" diseases to last a year, perhaps longer.

PLEASANT TO CHRONICLE.—A noted authoress writes: "It will interest you to know that the circle of King's Daughters to which I belong has a number of beneficiaries among the very, very poor people, who have so little that is refining and elevating in their lives. We have a good many years' numbers of your magazine on hand, and we have been using them as a sort of circulating library. It would do your heart good to see how the magazines are appreciated, and the power for good they are becoming. Somehow, they seem to supply so many needs, physical as well as spiritual. They are so full of clean, pure, helpful, and elevating matter."

STOCKINGS are now woven with double knees. The knees are patched by laying a square cut from an old stocking underneath, and darning on it. Heels are patched in the same way, but patched toes are apt to produce corns on the wearers. Scraps from cutting new garments should be kept, and not consigned to the rag-bag nor snipped into carpet-rags, till the garments themselves are past wear. In patching lined clothing, the patch must be slipped between the lining and the cloth.

AN EXPERIMENTER finds that, contrary to general opinion, a growth of ivy over a house renders the interior entirely free from damp. The ivy extracts every possible particle of moisture from wood, brick, or stone for its own sustenance, by means of the tiny roots which work their way into the hardest stone.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Mary St. John. By Rosa Nouchette Carey. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—In these days, when so much of the fiction that goes broadcast across the land is objectionable in tone, style, sentiment, and every other possible respect, it is a subject for congratulation to see that an author like Miss Carey retains a strong hold on popular favor. She never writes a novel which is not interesting in plot, and she has a happy faculty of making her numerous characters stand out clear and individual. Indeed, one can pay her the compliment which George Sand once offered to the late Mrs. Gaskell: "She writes books which delight men of the world, and yet are so pure and elevated in tone that they may be put into the hands of young girls without fear or scruple."

Osborne of Arrochar. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard: New York: Chas. T. Dillingham. The publishers have issued a pamphlet edition of this novel, which well deserves the popularity it has attained. Miss Douglas's tales always repay one for the reading, and the present story in many respects ranks among the foremost, if indeed it may not be called the best she has ever produced. The descriptions are written with force and vigor, the conversations are natural and sparkling, and the author has not contented herself with asserting over and over that her hero and heroine are clever—she makes them say bright things and do sensible ones.

Misjudged. By W. Heimburg. New York: Worthington Co.—It is seldom that a writer produces so many novels in such rapid succession that comparison between them does not prove unfavorable to the more recent works. Such, however, cannot be the verdict in the case of the gifted German lady who writes under the nom-de-plume of W. Heimburg. The work before us is in some respects the best that we have read from her pen; it is artistic in plot and has been written with great care. The translation is by Mrs. J. W. Davis, and the volume is handsomely bound and illustrated.

Intimations of Eternal Life. By Caroline C. Leighton. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This volume of essays will deeply interest every thoughtful person who inclines toward that philosophy which has for its basis the credence of an intimate relation between the seen and the unseen. The various papers show wide reading and deep research, and the author is a woman of strong reasoning-powers, who writes after a scientific

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method, and possesses besides an attractive style and a host of picturesque fancies that brighten her pages like gleams of sunlight.

The Hidden Sin. By Miss Eliza A. Dupuy. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This novel forms a sequel to "The Dethroned Heiress," which was noticed last month in our book-column. It is written with great power and will prove highly attractive to that wide class of novel-readers who want stories replete with incidents and strong situations. In the same cheap edition, the publishers have issued "The Count De Camors," by Octave Feuillet, a book which helped to make the popular French writer's reputation.

Just Impediment. By Richard Pryce. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—Although we are familiar with the author's name, this is the first of his novels which has come into our hands. Mr. Pryce is undoubtedly a clever man; his plot is as original as it is daring; the dialogue helps to tell the story; the characters are well individualized, and there are none which seem superfluous.

Jenny's Ordeal. By Leon De Tinseau. New York: Worthington Co.—A story full of plot and counterplot, of strong incidents and dramatic situations, with a happy ending to all the misunderstandings and troubles. The book is liberally illustrated, well bound, and printed on admirable paper.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

SAND BAGS A BLESSING.—The sand-bag is invaluable in the sick-room. Get clean fine sand, and dry it thoroughly. Make a bag about eight inches square, of flannel, fill it with dry sand, sew the opening carefully together, and cover the bag with cotton or linen. This will prevent the sand from sifting out. Heat the bag quickly by placing it in the oven. After once using this, you will never again attempt to warm the feet or hands of a sick person with a bottle of hot water or a brick. The sand holds the heat for a long time, and the bag can be tucked up to the back without hurting the invalid. It is a good plan to make two or three of the bags and keep them on hand ready for use at any time when needed.

CHILBLAINS.—One of the common annoyances from winter weather is that form of local congestion known as chilblains. They result from chilling the feet beyond immediate repair, and both skin and subjacent cellular tissue are in a high state of irritation, which often becomes so serious as totally to disable the sufferer. One of the best remedies is to use sulphurous acid. Not sulphuric acid—that is worse than useless, for it destroys stockings almost instantly. The acid should be rubbed on, night and morning, with a small sponge, giving time for each coat to dry, and repeating the application three or four times. Using once will relieve pain.

TO LADIES.—For the complexion and for light cutaneous affections, *Crème Simon* is superior to the vaseline and cucumbers; it whitens and perfumes the skin. J. Simon, Rue de Provence, Paris; *Park & Tilford, New York;* P'rs., Drgsts., F'y G'ds Stores.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS may be made at any time during the year, at the price paid by the club. If enough additional names are sent to entitle the getter-up of the club to a premium, we will cheerfully send it.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

COOKING FOR INVALIDS.

Minced Meat for an Invalid.—Chop half a pound of good raw steak very fine, melt a quarter-ounce of butter or good dripping in a pan, then lay in the meat, with a light seasoning of pepper and salt, and keep stirring it all with a fork or a wooden spoon till the meat is lightly browned; then strew in some freshly made white bread-crumb, one small onion very finely chopped, if this is allowed, and half a teacupful of water; stew all very gently together till done, stirring it constantly to prevent the meat going into lumps and hardening. Serve either in a wall of mashed potato or with fried or toasted sippets and a poached egg. This is the Scotch way of doing "minced collops," and, if rightly managed, is most appetizing. Rissoles are made of a fine mince of any kind of meat or game, delicately seasoned and bound together with an egg or two. This mince is then laid in spoonfuls on rounds of fine puff-paste, which are folded over and either dipped in egg and breadcrumb or fried plain. Another version of this are "croquettes"—that is, the same mince, shaped like balls or corks, dipped in egg and breadcrumb and fried, without the paste.

Beef-Tea.—By far the best way to make beef-tea, and that recommended now by doctors, is the following, which, however, is useless if required in a hurry: Take one pound of gravy beef, cut it in small pieces, and pour on it three-quarters of a pint of cold water. Let this stand eight hours—all night is best—then pour off, put about a quarter of a pint on the beef, and let it stand about half an hour. Add this to that already poured off. The whole of the goodness of the meat is extracted in this way. The extract is very often given raw or slightly warmed, and this has been given to tiny babies in necessity. If wanted cooked, it should be allowed to simmer for half or three-quarters of an hour in a tightly closed saucepan, so that none of the goodness may escape in the form of steam.

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Chicken Panada.—Cut some delicate slices of cold chicken, put the white meat into a mortar, pound it to a paste with a little weak broth or milk and water, season with a little salt, a little white pepper, a grate of nutmeg, and a very small piece of lemon-peel. Mix with broth, or milk and water, to the consistency of cream; boil gently for a few minutes and serve with two or three strips of light milk-bread, toasted a pale golden-brown. This conveys great nourishment in small compass.

Oyster Toast.—Open twelve oysters, put them into a clean saucepan with their own liquor, a quarter of a teaspoonful of white pepper, a wine-glassful of milk, two cloves, and a small piece of mace; boil for three minutes. Mix one ounce of butter with half an ounce of flour, put it in small pieces in the pan, stir well, add one teaspoonful of lemon-juice and the same quantity of moist sugar; when nearly boiling, pour the mixture over the toast and serve.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

The fashions for autumn are beginning to make their appearance, gradually and slowly it is true, but still decidedly. The period for modifications in the styles that have now been in vogue for eighteen months past has arrived, and it is now understood that over-skirts, very slightly draped at one side, will be popular. Dresses so arranged are shown in striped materials, with a narrow stripe at wide intervals on a dark ground, the stripe being in the same color as the ground, but in a paler shade. Light-blue stripes on a dark-blue background, or pale-green upon dark-green are shown, and also a white foulard striped with black. In this design the over-skirt has the stripes running horizontally, while in the dress itself they are longitudinal. The corsage is made with a plaited plastron and high puffed sleeves, and is trimmed with ribbon the shade of the stripes, put on jacket-wise and to form a girdle, and also surrounding the puffs at the top of the sleeves. Rosettes of ribbon at the base of the plastron and at the sides of the sleeve puffs. The under-skirt is bordered with two narrow ruffles of black lace. Another striped toilet is in black foulard, striped at wide intervals with rows of very small white leaves. The corsage is slightly fulled in front with jabot ruffles in black lace continued down its entire extent. It is finished at the sides with plain panier draperies, made with the stripes running horizontally, and edged with narrow black lace. The skirt is bordered with a flounce of black lace, a quarter of a yard in depth. Heavier striped materials in Pekin, that is to say, in alternate stripes of satin and faille, are made up with the skirt-widths cut bias and joining up the back of the skirt. One of these toilettes, in pale pink faille and black satin stripes, with the corsage trimmed with black lace embroidered with jet, is extremely picturesque and pretty. Another way for making house-dresses for autumn is to have the gown cut Princesse (all in one) from under the arms to the hem, after the style of a low-necked ball-dress. The upper part of the corsage division, and the high puffed sleeves are composed of velvet, usually in some hue contrasting with the material itself, but if the stuff is striped in two colors, the velvet must be in the tint of one of the stripes.

For evening dresses, brocades and satin are the leading materials for toilettes for married ladies, and for young girls crépe de Chine, or chiffon with trimmings of satin ribbons of the same hue as the dress. A very elegant toilette worn at a recent soirée, at the house of the American Minister at Paris, was in pale-blue silk in very close narrow stripes of faille and satin, and brocaded with tiny pink roses. The corsage and skirt were ornamented with elaborate draperies in very fine point lace. The heavier brocades are in solid colors, and are usually cut Princesse, and trimmed with ruffles in silk gauze, matching the dress in color. The most magnificent of white laces are used to form the jabot ruffles or the fichus of these toilettes, antique point d'Angleterre or point d'Alençon being the laces chiefly employed by Worth for such purposes. Finger-wide watered ribbons of a color contrasting with that of the dress, such as pale-green on pink, or pale-blue on lilac, are used for trimming the corsages of toilettes in colored satin. On white satins, garlands of pink roses without foliage are a good deal employed.

New styles of shoulder capes are shown for fall wear, that convenient wrap contesting the palm of popularity with the Henri II short cloak, which has become rather too popular to be really fashionable. One of the most original forms, is in dark solid-colored brocade, lined with a delicate shade of satin on some contrasting hue. A full puff of gauze is set on either shoulder, the gauze being of the same color as the brocade. From this puff, the seam is left open to the edge. A high collar, finished with a row of black ostrich feathers, closes the cape at the throat. Another new wrap, is a short cloak in bengaline, with a cape nearly as long as the garment itself, in white or black lace falling over it. The cloak is finished at the hem with a ruching of lace, and has an ornament in cut jet, forming a collar and a long narrow plastron, set at the neck. Deep pointed tippets in black curled ostrich feathers, are also shown for fall wear, anticipating the furs that will come in later.

Hats and bonnets show as yet no signs of change, except in the substitution of fruits for flowers in the trimming. Strawberries, cherries,

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and even small plums and lady-apples are to be seen on black straw or lace hats.

With the cooler days of autumn, horseback exercise will become one of the favorite pastimes of the hour. Ladies' riding-habits are now made with the skirt somewhat longer than heretofore, falling from five to six inches below the stirrup. The newest corsages are: the one a jacket in jersey-cloth, and the other a pointed corsage, buttoned in front, and prolonged at the sides and the back into a deep full basque. The skirt is, as usual, gored so as to be absolutely without fullness, so the last named style of corsage is probably the most advantageous. In the way of hats, the fair horsewoman can take her choice—the high hat, the melon-shaped one, and the sailor-hat, all being worn.

The rage just now in the line of jewelry is for rings, which are worn in profusion, and are composed of the finest gems. It is in good taste now to display at least three on the ring-finger of each hand and two on each of the little fingers. The middle finger may also be decorated with a ring or two, so that the forefinger and the thumb are alone left unadorned. Under no circumstances should a ring be worn on the forefinger. Bracelets are positively tabooed at present for street wear, or for demi-toilette. Brooches in precious stones for full-dress occasions are made unusually large, and are generally worn set on one shoulder, or at the left side of the corsage. Necklaces in diamonds, or in pearls are largely in vogue. All trinkets for every-day wear, except the long slender watch-chain, must be very simple and unobtrusive.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

FIG. I.—VISITING-DRESS, OF GREEN WOOLEN, with skirt slightly draped in front, and a band of green velvet around the bottom. The coat is of green velvet, rather full at the back, opening in front over a cream-colored waistcoat fastened with large silver buttons. The revers and standing collar are faced with silk of a lighter shade of green. Long full sleeves. Small toque of green velvet, with curled cock's-plume in front.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF RICH BLACK SILK. The train is long and narrow. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a wide flounce of black lace, festooned on under black satin ribbon and bows. From the paniers at the top falls a deep jet trimming. The bodice is plain on the shoulders, with some fullness at the waist, opens over a plain piece ornamented with jet, and has a jabot of lace on each side of the opening. Long sleeves, with falls of black lace at the hands.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF VIOLET-COLORED CAMEL'S HAIR. The bottom of the skirt is edged with a loose plaiting. The jacket has a plain basque attached below the waist, and opens over a full skirt of violet silk of a darker shade, with a frill falling below the waist. Sleeves of the silk. Small hat of violet silk, with darker violet feathers.

FIG. IV.—WALKING OR HOUSE DRESS, OF GREENISH-GRAY LADY'S-CLOTH. The Princesse over-dress is trimmed around the bottom with five rows of black velvet ribbon. The front under-dress is quite plain in the skirt. The bodice crosses from the right to the left side, where it is slightly draped under side-bodies of black velvet, which form a jacket. Six large Wedgwood buttons ornament this jacket, which has a high collar at the back. The neck-band is trimmed with rows of narrow black velvet.

FIG. V.—VISITING-DRESS, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED BENGALINE. The skirt has a very small train, and the front is trimmed with several rows of gold braid. Small paniers are added below the waist. The full bodice is trimmed from the arms to the point of the waist with bands of gold braid, and a long jabot of lace falls from the neck. Quite full sleeves, with rows of the braid around the lower arm. Hat of gold-colored braid, trimmed with black velvet and pink roses.

FIG. VI.—BONNET, the crown of which is composed of black velvet. A piece of gold embroidery edged with jet beads covers the front, which is trimmed with black lace put on in fan-shape. This lace is stiffened with a small black wire. Gold butterfly in front.

FIG. VII.—DEEP CAPE, OF BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR, lined with dull-yellow satin. The hood is lined with yellow satin and drawn in shape by a black cord with tassels. The black turn-over collar is faced with the satin.

FIG. VIII.—WALKING-DRESS, OF WOOLEN, laid in plaits, each plait machine-embroidered. The jacket-bodice, of the woolen, has the basque, sleeves, and rolling collar also embroidered. The bodice opens over a skirt-front. Felt hat, trimmed with satin ribbon and feathers.

FIG. IX.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF FAWN-COLORED WOOLEN. The skirt is edged with a band of black velvet, set on beneath a narrow strip of embroidery, and it is slightly draped in front. The jacket-bodice opens over a vest of black velvet, is trimmed with buttons down each side of the front, has a rolling collar and full plaited basque. Sleeves with black velvet cuffs and loose at the top.

FIG. X.—BONNET FOR WEDDING-CEREMONY. The transparent foundation is covered with white net and edged with rows of pearl beads; white ostrich-tips. For a concert or reception bonnet, light-green or blue feathers may be substituted for the white ones.

FIG. XI.—INVALID'S DRESS. The skirt may

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be of any soft material. The jacket of light-blue cashmere, with waistband, cuffs, and handkerchief-collar of foulard, spotted with blue of a darker shade.

FIG. XII.—ULSTER, OF HEATHER-COLORED CHEVIOT. Rather close-fitting in front, trimmed with two rows of large horn buttons. Sleeves full, with cuffs also trimmed with horn buttons. Shoulder-cape with Medici collar.

FIG. XIII.—BACK OF ULSTER, with plaits confined at the waist by a band. Pockets ornamented with horn buttons. The pointed hood is lined with heather-colored silk. This cape is made to put on or off at pleasure.

FIG. XIV.—BLACK VELVET HAT, trimmed with black velvet ribbon and feathers.

FIG. XV.—LARGE CAPE, OF BLACK RIBBED SILK, for an elderly lady. The front falls closely to the figure and is attached to a lining at the back, admitting of armholes. The cape is cut nearly straight all around, but would look equally well slightly shorter at the back; it is high on the shoulders. Bonnet of black velvet, with aigrette in front.

GENERAL REMARKS.—The soft woolens which are now so popular lend themselves readily to the slight panier drapery which is fashionable, but then paniers do not look well on the street, under the long jackets with basques that are now worn. In order to combine the two, some few jackets are made with paniers in place of the plain basque.

Skirts are made a little shorter for walking, but, for the house, the back of the skirt touches the floor and sometimes lies a quarter of a yard upon it. For more ceremonious occasions, it is made longer. It still clings in front and falls in straight plaits from the waist down. The front is usually trimmed at the bottom with a flounce, which is prettier if put on in festoons or with two or three narrow ones; but short women should be as sparing as possible in the use of flounces.

Gored skirts are absolutely necessary when they are cut with a train, however slight.

Pockets made on each side of the skirt are again appearing; the great inconvenience to which women have been subjected for the past few years in hunting for purse or handkerchief in the gathers at the back has caused a revolution in favor of pockets. As yet, they are only slits cut a little slantways and finished with some slight trimming to hide the entrance, though it is probable, before the winter is over, we will have them ornamented with buttons and made more conspicuous.

Bodices are close-fitting in the tailor-made gowns, but with waistcoats, revers, or some other trimming; for house-dresses, they are still with full plastrons and much trimming. They are long-waisted and made with high bands or collars, for ordinary wear; for evening wear, the bodice is often cut more open in the neck and trimmed with lace or chiffon.

Waistcoats of Louis XV style are popular for the house; they have long basques in front, richly embroidered or made of old brocade, and have long simulated pockets. Over these waistcoats, jackets are worn, with long fronts which do not meet.

The styles seem to be gradually changing, as these waistcoats, pockets, festooned flounces, paniers, true-lover's knots, etc., would indicate. Before the winter is over, we will most likely have lost the simplicity of the clinging little trimmed skirts, and the pendulum of fashion will have swung again to something nearer the Watteau styles. These are feminine and pretty and nearly always becoming.

Capes of all styles are too comfortable and useful to be dispensed with, and moreover have the merit of being becomingly worn over the small paniers. They are generally made larger and fuller than they were a year ago, and have high shoulders; they are called cloaks by some.

Jackets, with basques of all styles, are popular, and a contrasting waistcoat which can be hooked in or taken out at pleasure will convert a plain one into a very dressy affair.

Hats and bonnets have been worn in such a variety of styles that it would seem that there is nothing more to say about them: we give in our illustrations the latest fashions, which it will be observed are not extravagantly large, though the shapes are so different.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, FOR A YOUNG GIRL. The skirt, of brown woolen, is edged with a narrow ruffle of the same, headed by a band of colored embroidery. The jacket, of fawn-colored cloth, opens over inserted pieces of brown cloth and has trimmings on the shoulders, cuffs, pockets, and collar, of embroidery like that on the skirt. Sash of brown silk, finished at the ends with fringe. Brown felt hat, trimmed with brown ribbon and fawn-colored feathers.

FIG. II.—HOUSE-DRESS, OF WINE-COLORED AND GRAY STRIPED DELAINE. The skirt is gathered to the waist under a belt finished with a ribbon rosette in front. The plastron is of gray surah. The back and sides of the bodice are jacket-shape and have two long tabs or bretelles coming from the shoulders. Full bias sleeves with gray surah cuffs.

FIG. III.—BOY'S COSTUME, OF BLUE CLOTH. The skirt is laid in large plaits. The jacket opens over a full front of gray plaid silk, and has a large collar. The loose sleeves have broad plaid silk cuffs.

FIG. IV.—GIRL'S BONNET, OF CREAM-COLORED SILK, made with a Normandy crown and trimmed with a bow of cream-colored ribbon.

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AN AUSTRIAN GIRL.

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Fig. 6. Fig. 7. Fig. 8. Fig. 9.

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DESIGN OF ORANGE AND ORANGE-BLOSSOM; IN APPLIQUE AND EMBROIDERY

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RUSTIC BARBERING.

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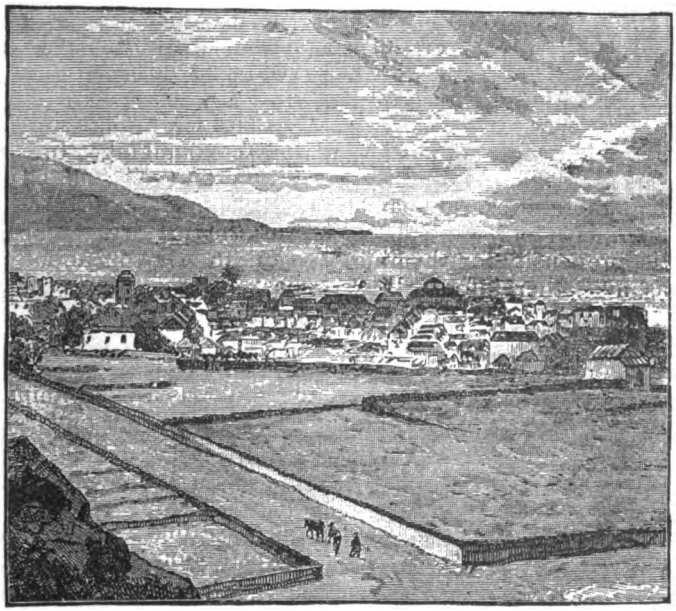
PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. C. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1891. No. 5.

THE ISLES OF MANY NAMES.

BY MRS. MARCIA B. LONG.



OROTAVA.

THEY are set down on maps and charts as the Canary Islands; but certainly nothing, animate or inanimate, short of a Spanish prince ever owned so many varied appellations as these loveliest of all the great Atlantic's children.

They have been famous since the days when the Romans used to seek their semi-tropical climate for health or pleasure; and that inveterate letter-writer, Pliny, invented one of their prettiest cognomens—the Isles of the Blest. They were called the Purple Isles, too, owing to the exquisite haze which so often hangs over them as one approaches from the sea. The Fortunate Isles was a favorite title for the group during a long period, perhaps because their health-giving air rendered them such desirable abodes for the sick and suffering. They have received various other names in different centuries, but those here set down have always kept their hold, and are as familiar in our ears as they were in those of the ancients.

The Romans and the Spanish Moors were never weary of visiting and praising these beautiful oases of the mighty water-desert; but in the English records of later centuries they sank into insignificance, compared to their neighbor Madeira, whose lovely shores made a sort of Garden of Eden banishment for the numerous delicate-chested children of Albion.

Even a quarter of a century ago, few passenger-ships stopped at the Canaries, but now they are as easy to reach as Madeira, and offer as many attractions in the matter of hotels and general comfort. The family consists of seven islands, which lie only a few hours' sail apart, each of the group possessing a marked individuality and some special charm. The best known and most frequented of the group, however, are Teneriffe and Grand Canary, their favorable posi-

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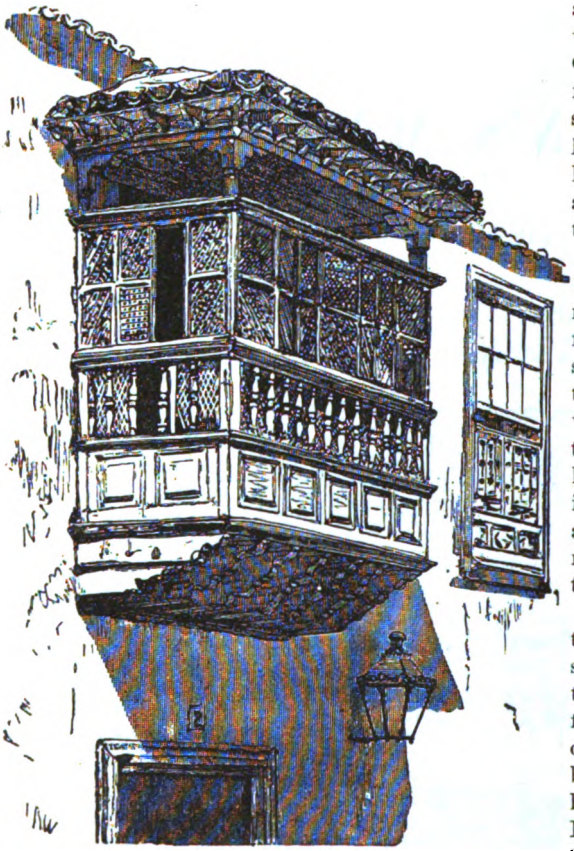

A BALCONY.

tion having caused them to be selected as the ports for the regular lines of English steamers.

The rivalry between the two islands is very great; the upholders of each have much to urge in favor of climate and national beauty; but, where the eye meets perfection on every side, it is difficult for the unprejudiced traveler to decide between the claimants. Teneriffe can boast the distinction of being believed the island described in the legend of the Garden of the Hesperides, in which grew the dragon-guarded golden apples. It can certainly show to this day "dragon-trees" which are indigenous to its soil; and, no later than 1867, a giant tree of the species perished which was seventy feet high, forty-eight in circumference, and was stoutly declared to be as old as the Pyramids.

Seen from the ocean, the view of Teneriffe is remarkably striking, and the celebrated mountain, El Pico (the Peak), stands up from afar like a mighty sentinel. The voyager lands at the port of Santa Cruz, but, fine as is the view, the full beauty of the island is not yet seen and the Peak is completely hidden. In order to visit the loveliest portions, it is necessary to take a small steamer to Orotava, or, better yet, to drive the distance of twentysix miles. Humboldt extols the route and says that it runs through a valley; but, while fully agreeing in the praise he bestows, I must venture to declare that it is hardly to be called a valley, in the strict sense of the term. The district is rather a long sweep of mountain slope, intersected by a fine carriage road, and stretching away in terraced or rolling land to the very border of the ocean.

There are really two Orotavas—the lower, Puerto, close by the shore, and the upper town, called the Villa, lying some two miles further back. The celebrated garden of acclimatization is situated between the two places, and from here, too, is made the ascent of the Peak, which towers nearly thirteen thousand feet above the sea and stands in solemn and solitary majesty in the midst of the plain.

The Villa is situated on a slope at the base of the Peak, and lies a thousand feet above the port, so that the streets which traverse it longitudinally are nearly as steep as those of Malta itself. The town is quaint in the extreme—Spanish and Old World looking, with quaint houses of native pine, in some cases the wood left unstained, and colored and hardened by the oozing out of the resin. Other of the dwellings are painted in brilliant hues which one feels it difficult to forgive their owners, but almost all delight one with broad wooden balconies, exquisitely carved in capricious designs that are partly Italian and partly Moorish.

The people wear no national costume, but, as a rule, the women retain the graceful Spanish mantilla, and the men of the laboring class sometimes sport cloaks made of brilliantly striped blankets; but, as these are expensive, the wearing of them

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stamps their owners as industrious and well-to-do.

Centuries ago, the Spaniards dispossessed, and tried, in accordance with the mild theories of old days, to annihilate the aborigines; but it is said that a strong mixture of Guancho blood still remains in the inhabitants, and the assertion is supported by the fact that their complexions are much less swarthy and their expressions much more frank and open than is common with the natives of the Peninsula.

A fresh ramble, and always a lovely one, can be found in the neighborhood of the Villa for each day of a lengthy sojourn. As one passes along the steep streets toward the mountain slope, the doors and windows of the houses stand open, and the rooms look clean and neat, though, as a rule, rather bare of furniture, beyond a bed, a few chairs, and other commonplace necessities.

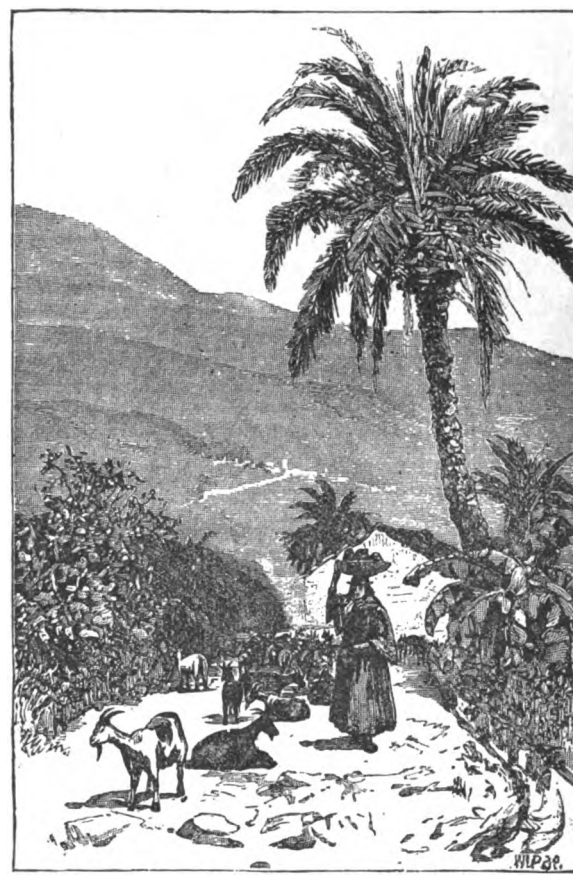
Higher up, a level plateau is reached within the confines of the town, on which stands a fair sized church quite free from tawdry decoration, with a ceiling of unvarnished pine which time has softened to a tender brown shade. From the steps there is a fine view of the mountain, the town, and the broad sweep of the ocean in front.

Beyond the square stretch green lanes, though not always so well shaded as one could wish, for, if there is a lack in the landscape, it is the paucity of trees. Fine forests formerly existed, but they were ruthlessly felled, and now it is only in certain tracts that anything approaching a wood can be seen.

Orotava certainly deserves still to be called a garden, for everywhere the soil is laid out in parterres, and flowers of all sorts and hues grow in rich abundance, while almond, orange, fig, and every species of fruit-tree flourish, not to mention the stately palms which are the glory of the island.

The peace and quiet are delicious; one occasionally meets a boy riding a donkey, or a woman driving her goats, but all passers-by are civil and talkative, and the further one wanders, the more enticing grows the promenade. One passes through golden fields of sugar-cane, long sweeps of wheat and Indian-corn, through orchards gay with blossoms or bright with fruit, and, though the sun may shine hotly, the heat never becomes oppressive and the air is always fresh and invigorating.

The Grand Canary offers many attractions to visitors; the hotels are as comfortable as those of Teneriffe and the scenery lovely, but there is no mountain which can compare with the Peak of Teneriffe. Canary can boast a cave village unchanged since the era when the aborigines dwelt there, and it possesses the crater of an extinct volcano which is the most perfect to be found in any land.



BY THE WAYSIDE.

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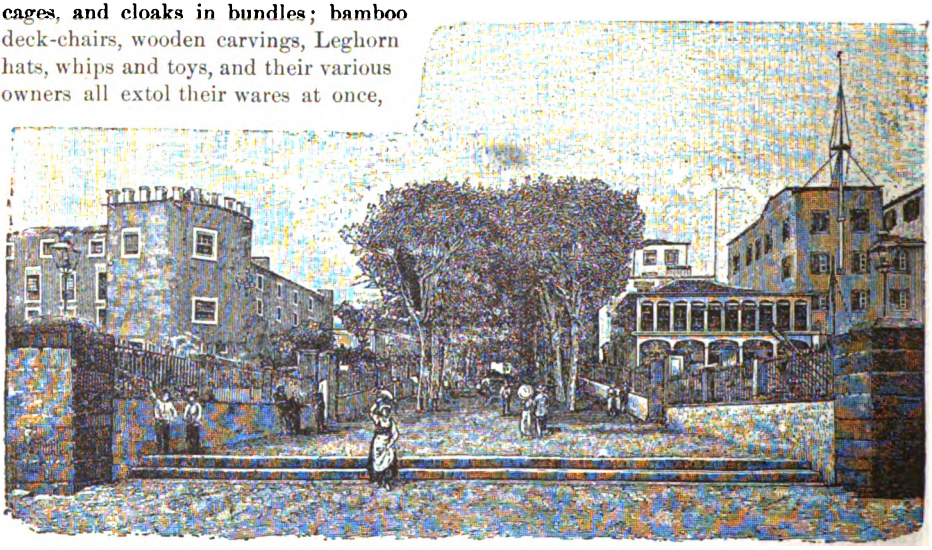
From September to May is usually the season for visiting these delightful spots, but their highlands, like the hills of Madeira, offer retreats which are cool and comfortable even in midsummer.

Madeira lies only about two hundred and fifty miles away, and, for my own part, I have never been able to decide whether to give the palm to that island or to its stately neighbors. The landing at Madeira is an odd experience; it really seems as if there is a human water population — a densely peopled floating city about—so crowded together are the boats of all shapes and sizes which surround the incoming steamer. These barks are heaped with merchandise of every imaginable sort; there are canaries in cages, and cloaks in bundles; bamboo deck-chairs, wooden carvings, Leghorn hats, whips and toys, and their various owners all extol their wares at once, entreat customers and quarrel with each other in the same breath.



THE ENTRANCE TO FUNCHAL.

Naked urchins turn somersaults in the water to earn a few pence, and a regular aquatic carnival seems to be going on among boat-loads of young men and boys, who do not appear in the least to care whether or not they fall overboard, and there is an indescribable babel of tongues and laughter, with the brilliant sunshine illuminating the scene.

The capital, named after the bay, lies spread out for nearly a mile along the beach, with irregular streets stretching up the steep hillside. It was far from a clean place when I first visited it years ago, but, since the gutters have been put underground and the streets paved, there is no fault to be found. A broad square opens on the port; the town contains many handsome residences, and the poorest dwellings are neatly whitewashed and noticeably well kept. The people look like Portuguese, but they are more alert and better natured, and by their fondness for bright colors make themselves artistic bits on the landscape.

Funchal possesses several showy churches and a handsome cathedral which dates back to 1508 and was the gift of one of the Portuguese kings—really built, it is said, at his personal expense. There is a fine hospital, too, erected by the mother of the ex-Emperor of Brazil; it stands on a large open terrace with a southern exposure and is surrounded by a beautiful garden, its advantages making it altogether a really ideal abode for the sick and suffering.

Coasting, tobogganing, and indeed any other form of locomotion, palls after one has essayed a "carrinho," which is the sledge of Madeira. This is used for descending the steep mountain road above Funchal, and is a basket contrivance on runners, guided by one or two men, according to the number of passengers, and held by stout thongs of hide. It is a new sensation to rush down the incline of two thousand feet in about three minutes, and I think few persons really enjoy it until the descent has been tried several times,

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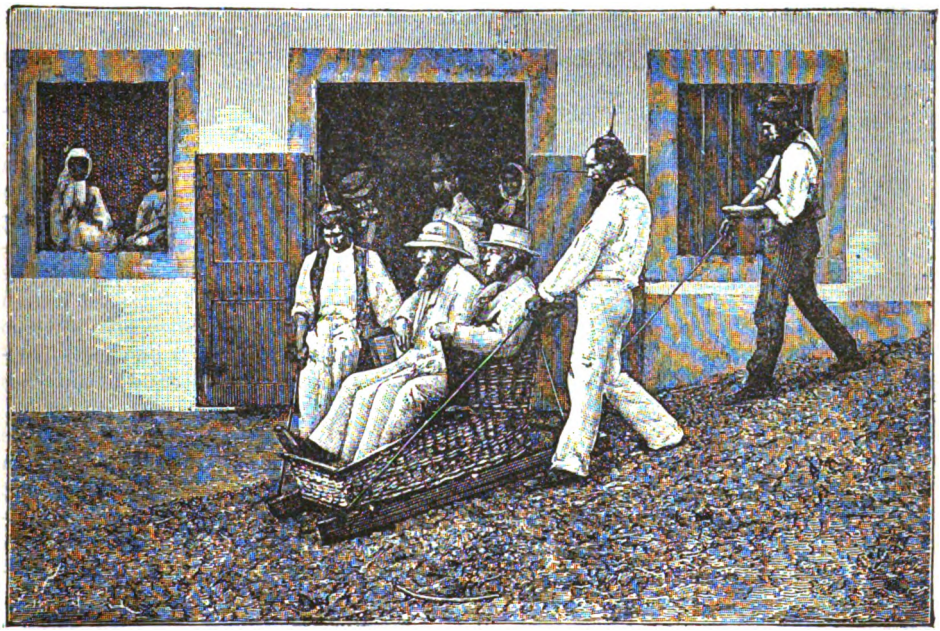
though the undertaking is safe enough, for accidents are rare indeed.

Toward sunset, the descent affords a charming picture of the town, lying below a mass of light walled houses — pink or yellow stained, red tiled and gray roofed, nestling among thickets of olive, laurel, and cactus— with glimpses on either hand beyond the streets of beautiful gardens and hill sides bright with the scarlet orchilla. The scene is more like the realization of one of Turner's most glowing landscapes than any description that words can give.

There is a wonderful garden of tropical shrubs in which one sees ferns growing to a height of twelve feet, and specimens of cactus more than half as tall. The old square is pleasant to lounge in; the Convent of Santa Clara, perched on the top of the the hill, deserves a visit, and one can purchase from the nuns feather flowers so lovely and lace so exquisite that no woman could resist the opportunity. The feather flowers made in Madeira are marvels of ingenuity, simulating the natural leaves and buds in absolute perfection. The great hotel tempts one to a prolonged stay; it was formerly a convent; the refectory is the dining-room, and opens on a great colonnade in which the Sisters once walked or worked, and below is the garden which was the pride of their hearts. The place is as beautiful as ever; it is a garden such as one must go to the Canary Islands or Madeira to see—a bower of roses of every hue and sort, roses growing into veritable trees, roses clambering over every trellis, every jutting arch, and filling the air with perfume.

The costume of the peasantry is picturesque, especially that of the women, which consists of a striped petticoat woven in bright colors, an embroidered bodice with white chemisette and short sleeves, and to this, when needed, is added a blue or scarlet baize cape with a falling collar, bound in some contrasting hue. This collar is curiously scalloped, and the women of the different parishes can be told by the number and shape of these scallops. The odd pointed cap is worn by women and men alike and is a very jaunty and becoming head-dress.



"CARRINHO," THE MADEIRA SLEDGE.

The climate of Madeira, like that of the Canary Islands, is simply perfection; I know of no air at once so soothing and exhilarating; then, too, a short journey offers one a complete change of season. In the winter, one can live in Funchal—or, better still, in some villa in the environs in a delightfully

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PEASANT GIRL AT MADEIRA.

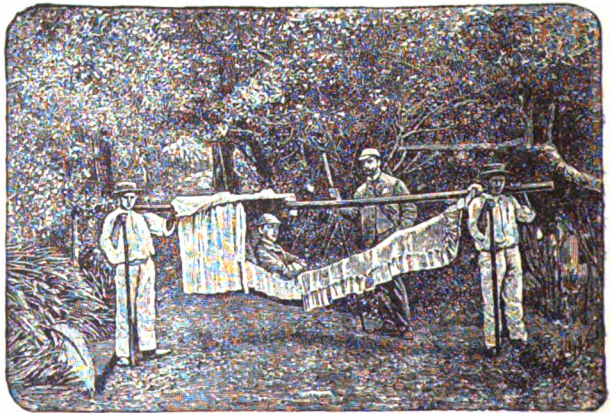
semi tropical atmosphere, though free from any of the debilitating effects which such a climate usually produces. As spring comes on, one ascends the hill road and finds much the same climate as that offered in the winter down on the shore, and, when the summer sun begins to blaze, there are numerous retreats among the mountain tops in which again one finds delicious spring and shade-tempered sunshine.

Magnificent roads wind up the hills in a series of zig-zags, and the garden-like appearance continues almost to the summit. Of course, comfortable carriages can be procured without difficulty; but persons who love the perfection of comfort or wish to indulge in new sensations should essay the national hammock.

The bearers are among the best tempered, most obliging, and patient human beings that I ever encountered in any country; young and old alike possess these valuable and enviable qualities. The fact became so patent last season to an invalid of our party, that he decided amiability and sympathy must have become hereditary characteristics in the families whose male members have for many successive generations pursued the by no means easy calling.

Then, too, the stalwart fellows support the hammock so deftly on their shoulders, and avoid so carefully any possibility of jar or jolt, that a delicate and sensitive person rests as much at ease as if seated in his own dressing-room in a rocking chair, and, no matter what susceptible nerves or tender joints he may be troubled by, soon feels a complete sense of security that no misadventure will happen to irritate the former or add to the aches of the latter.

Winter and summer alike, one fairly lives out in the open air, in Madeira; and I have never found any spot so admirably suited to sufferers from pulmonary complaints or those afflicted with that terribly trying malady known as "nerv-



MODE OF TRAVELING IN MADEIRA.

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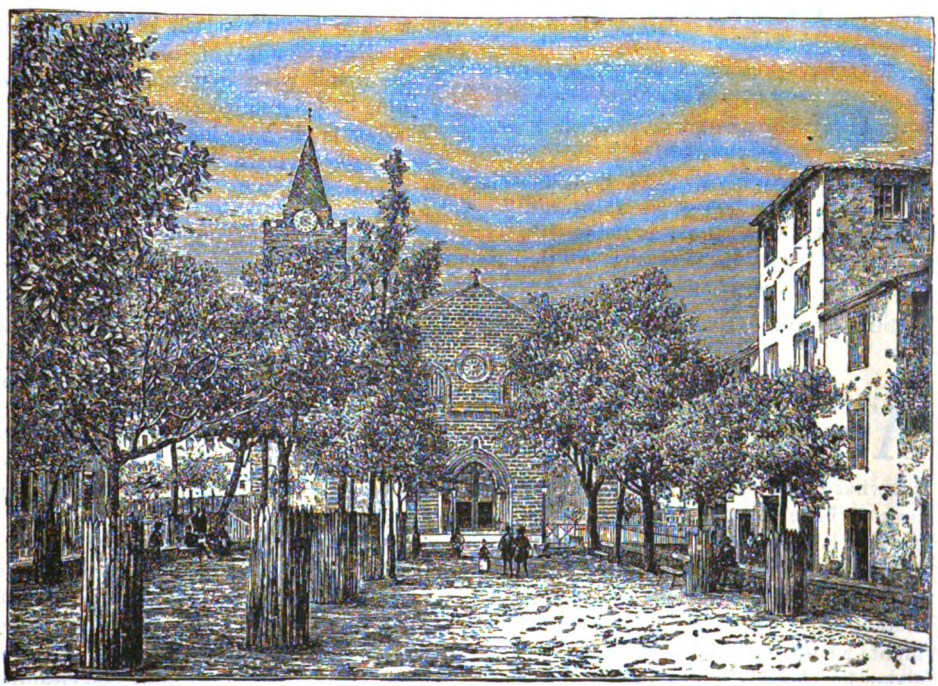
ous prostration," which has become so common in all countries in this high-pressure century.

Every good thing that can be said about the climate of this favored spot applies equally to all of the group of the isles of many names. It is idle to attempt to laud any one of the islands at the expense of the other, so far as balmy and beneficial atmosphere is concerned; though, of course, Madeira, Teneriffe, and Grand Canary as yet carry off the palm in the matter of hotels and material comforts.

Unless to persons so completely wedded to what is called "society" that constant excitement has become as necessary as his poisonous dose to the opium-eater, it would be, I think, impossible to find places of residence more fascinating than either of these beautiful spots, of which my space has permitted me to give a description so meagre that I feel it can afford only the faintest conception of the reality. It would be impossible to exaggerate the life-bestowing properties of the climate, and no pen or brush could fitly portray the peculiar brilliancy and softness of the landscape and the sky.



THE CATHEDRAL OF FUNCHAL.

I have made several visits to the Canaries and Madeira, and spent many delightful months at each in turn.

I have never left either one of the islands without the keenest regret, and never thought of returning without a glow at my heart—a feeling of mingled content and exaltation such as can only be produced by that perfect beauty which "is a joy forever."

ENTREATY.

BY HATTIE HORNER.

As some lone bird that o'er the desert sailing
Beholds a spot of green with waters fair,
And, heedless of its mission—fainting, failing—
Descends to drink, to live, to linger there;

E'en so my soul, while o'er life's desert flying,
Beheld the fount of love within your heart;
Forgetting fate, it sank athirst and dying,
To live, to love. Oh! will you say "Depart"?

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A BIT OF POTTER'S FIELD.

BY VALENTINE MARCH.

I.

ATTENTION! LADIES AND GENTLEMEN!

FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

BENSON'S GREAT TRAVELING PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY WILL BE IN EAST CRAWFORD FOR ONE WEEK ONLY!

SUCH STARTLING OPPORTUNITY NEVER KNOWN BEFORE!

Cabinets, 99 cts. a dozen; crayons, photographs, tintypes at unheard-of prices. Never, if you live to be as old as Methuselah, will you have such a chance again!

COME EARLY!

EMBRACE THE OPPORTUNITY NOW! AVOID THE RUSH!

AH! that was a chance in a lifetime; the tide should be taken at its flood. True, it would not lead on to fortune; but what a comfort it would be to the mother-heart to have just one tintype, if—if— But the words were never spoken by Clarissa; she dared not even think that the weakly bit of humanity she rocked in the low wooden cradle—who cried by day and fretted by night, whose big hungry eyes followed her about her homely duties in the old house-boat—might— But she went no further.

The tiny fingers, too, were white and thin; how could they ever gather the strength and muscle of a fisherman's hand, like his father's? Clarissa, though, had destined her first-born for better things. Often she sat in the old shanty-boat on the river bank, rocking the cradle, looking over at the waving fields of Kentucky corn, the yellowing leaves of tobacco, flanked by tempting green watermelon-patches, luring crisp-headed pickaninnies into forbidden ground. The hills looked green afar off, everything was so peaceful and quiet over there, and cool; while here, on the Indiana side, the sun beat down mercilessly till it was almost stifling. And, while she rocked the cradle, the mother's day-dreams were of her boy's future. What would it be? What could it be, with such surroundings? Then she would say. "Anyhow, he shan't be just like us common folks—he shan't!"

Ah! poor ignorant mother, how did you know—how could you tell so truly? And then, all unmindful of his bright future. Benjie would weep and wail till the low crooning lulled him to sleep.

Clarissa might have had music in her soul, but it seemed loath to leave its dwelling-place, coming only by fits and starts; still, it served its purpose, and the fretful child slept.

Benjie laid full claim to all the mother's love. In that, he was rich—in nothing else. If Clarissa had had to divide it among eight rough towheads, like her neighbor, Benjie's riches might have been less. His wails and tears, therefore, were not for lack of love, but for a doctor's care, fresh air, and pure food; he might just as well have cried for an Aladdin's palace or a few hanging gardens.

On the top shelf of Clarissa's cupboard was a tin can, with a picture of a huge tomato on the outside, wherein a small sum had been hidden before Benjie's coming. This would pay for a tintype, the last few cents. Clarissa had worked hard for it, washing and cleaning house for Mrs. Adams, who was kind in her way and gave her some old fashioned baby-dresses, which were quite a treasure to Clarissa, saying: "You might have them as well as anybody—they will just get yellow laying there; they've been there now—let me see—yes, thirty year."

"Yes, take them along, Clarissa," she said, wiping away a tear for old remembrance's sake; "but, to my way of thinking, poor people oughtn't have so many children. I hope Ben's fishing will be better next week. Try and keep him straight, if you can, Clarissa."

Sometimes Benjamin senior noticed his son, even going to the verge of loving the helpless thing; but the pitiful crying exasperated him intensely, especially when he would come home with an empty skiff, uttering fearful maledictions on buffalo, perch, and salmon.

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"Drat that thing, Ris! what's he always bellering for?"

"He ain't well, Ben, Benjie ain't," she would answer, softly. "Look how pore he is; something's the matter of him."

"Wal, I'd shut him up somehow," the father would say, seizing his pipe from the shelf (for by hook or crook, Benjamin must indulge in this luxury, whether there was a potato or a pinch of flour in the boat), and seek more congenial friends at the corner grocery.

Once he hesitated as he walked up the river bank, and made as though he would go back; but the softened lines of a moment died away, leaving it harsh as before. Why, they would be there, just the same, when he came back, "him a-bellering and her a-trying to sing." Only a glass or two up to Jim Blin's, and he'd be back. Maybe Ris did "git a little lonesome-like, sometimes."

II.

BENSON'S great traveling gallery was radiant with success, never allowing itself to tire while taking the counterfeit presentments and goodly shekels of the good people of East Crawford. Like Valambrosa leaves they came, as if possessed with the idea that they were about to die off, and that the most precious legacy they could leave behind to comfort the bereaved would be a picture. Other motives, higher than vanity, actuated many East Crawforders; but that, I fear, most of all. There was one youth with an air unmistakable; but vanity is not always objectionable—far from it. How delightfully frank and quaint is Samuel Pepys, as he writes in his Diary: "To church, where I found that my coming in a periwig did not prove so strange as I was afraid it would, for I thought that all the church would presently have cast their eyes upon me; but I found no such thing." And this: "This morning, I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvet, and a new beaver which altogether is very noble." The fancies of the youth, gorgeous with a bright red neck-tie, and "the down of youthhood still on his chin," had turned loveward with the glad springtime, and the shadow of his richly oiled locks surrounding his beaming face and lovelit eyes was for a maiden—his first love. He waited patiently for his turn, but was gallant enough to give way to a gay group of school girls, who had to leave in ten minutes for the ferry-boat. However, five sweet "thanks" and five entrancing smiles was a reward that did much to make the sacrifice pleasant.

The first, though, to avail themselves of the greatest opportunity of a lifetime, not content to bide the nine hundred and sixtynine years to prove the truth or falsity of the photographer's words, was a family group of three generations. Tiny Grandmother Chance, with her seventyfive years, a wiry representative of the past and perfect, had in charge two dangling boys of the imperfect age, each with a painfully conscious air—evidently more of an inheritance from the paterfamilias, meekly bringing up the rear with a gingerbread-eating infant, than from their grand dame. "Jinnie, you take Ikey and Mat 'longside of you; I'll set twixt Jake and Ebenezer," she said to the materfamilias, who was assuming a rigid unnatural attitude before the camera; "and, George, take Mindy's gingerbread away, and set her in your lap. Mind," she cautioned, "mind you keep that baby quiet."

At the beginning of his career, Mr. Benson had laid in a bountiful supply of patience, which he found at times needful as chemicals. For this occasion, he drew largely therefrom. The dangling youths were not a success, though they strained every nerve to look natural as possible, popped their eyes and sadly abused the privilege of winking. Then Ikey cast a blur over the group by a violent sneeze, for which he received a ringing box on the ear from Grandmother Chance; and when Mat, who had never been known to smile before, tried to obey orders and look as pleasant as possible, he made such a ghastly attempt that even his father, who was seldom asked an opinion, expressed himself in words I trust my pen may never record, on seeing his eldest hope in the guise of a laughing hyena.

Near the door, Clarissa sat patiently waiting with her baby. The child was still fretful and tyrannical, insisting on being carried about the room until her tired arms ached and she had almost decided to give up the greatest desire of her heart—a picture of her first born. But, just as she was about to leave, the Chance cavalcade trooped out and her turn came next.

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"Now Benjie'll see the nice bird in the black box; you'll be a good boy, Benjie, won't you?" coaxed the mother. As her son made no rash promise, she continued: "Benjie shall have this," holding before him a rubber cat, past all recognition from the many bites of poor Benjie's uncut teeth. He had decided on his line of conduct and was staring with big eyes, waiting for the promised bird, when a word of encouragement from the artist unnerved him. No man but his father had ever spoken to him before, and kind words were not within the scope of his vocabulary; it moved him to tears and howls—fortunately, though, not till the deed was done.

"Is the likeness took?" Clarissa asked, in fear and trembling; she was hardly strong enough to bear any great disappointment now. Yes, she was assured, the shadow of the homely little soul, with his big mournful eyes, was taken; the tawny hair brushed so smoothly and the string of beads around the throat were all very natural. "Now, honey, don't you cry," begged Clarissa, as she set the baby on the floor, while she untied her cotton handkerchief and produced ten pennies; then, taking him up, she was gone, clasping to her bosom both precious substance and shadow.

III.

In the farthest corner of the East Crawford Cemetery, as if shrinking from the sad grandeur of costly granite and marble, uplifting their polished columns heavenward —whither, it was to be hoped, the souls whose memories they preserved had gone—were three little graves. Grass was beginning to cover two of them. They were of the same size, with little painted head-boards, on which the names of "James Albert and Maggie Priscilla, aged one year," were partly hidden by two large red peonies, trying to cover the sadness with their showy blossoms. The graves were the last resting places of twins, in whose short careers their two young hearts had loved the same things; for the little tin cup, the white shells, rubber dolls, broken china animals, on that of Maggie Priscilla, aged one year, were duplicated on that which covered the baby form of James Albert.

Winter's snow and rain had sadly tarnished the shining tin cups, and the broken legged cats and dogs sank in the earth, tired of waiting for the clasp of tiny warm fingers again.

A woman with a sad young face came slowly down the graveled walk. It was a sweet face once, on which hard lines were just beginning to come. Doubtless hers were the arms that had held these little ones, and watched for one short year the wonderful events in the new lives—the first smile, the coming of the first white tooth, or the first attempt at standing alone.

The quiet playgrounds needed an orderly hand to set them aright, but they did not belong to her.

As she stood a moment, comparing them with her own little bare grave beyond, a field-sparrow flew out of the tin cup under the peony's shade, where it had built a home and treasured five eggs, safe and secure in this sacred spot.

She felt sorry for that other mother with empty arms, who, like herself, could not buy even a parcel of ground to call her own; she wondered, too, if the loss of two could be much harder to bear than that of one little ewe-lamb.

Placing a basket on the ground, she took from it a little bag of grass-seed, which she sprinkled over the surface, still moist with spring rains, ready to receive it in the dark mold, transform and send it forth again in fresh blades of green.

Down the walk came the sound of footsteps. "Nobody's coming here," the woman said to herself, bitterly, arranging a border of muscle shells around the grave. Ben had brought them home on days when the fish fought shy of the nets and were the "beatenest things to ketch he ever seen." The footsteps came nearer; but she went on with her task, and no one heard a husky voice call: "Ris!" Then, taking heart, it whispered louder: "Ris! Ris!"

The woman's heart was in her work. She heeded not.

The basket was almost empty now; the white border was made. A little vase stood at the foot of the grave, a string of red beads under a glass case at the head, and the old rubber cat, with which she had bribed Benjie when the "likeness was took," stood like a battered and grim old sentinel in the centre. Benjie had always loved it.

Someone says that, when death comes, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity; and the penitent man coming down the walk groaned in spirit: "Pore little

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feller! Pore Ris! 'Tain't likely she'll speak, I've been so blamed mean; but God help me, I'll be a man, if Ris'll help too." He was coming nearer now.

The woman's work was done, and, as she stood looking at it, a new sense of her dreary loveless life, of the precious loss of the one thing that made her want to live, came over her. "Oh, Benjie!" she cried, "my pore little boy, why can't I go too?"

Two rough hands were stretched out to Clarissa, and the strong frame of the fisherman shook, as he pleaded: "Oh, Ris! if you'll only forgive me this once, God help me, I'll be a good man."

Forgive? Truly, there was much to forgive; but above the sea of bitter remembrance, of harshness and neglect, rose the little bark, love—the little craft whose first sailing had been so smooth, so happy.

Often, in Clarissa's heart, had there been something like a prayer for Ben, that he might be a better man and a kinder, often a longing for Ben's old love; and "the prayer of love is never in vain, the tears of love can never be lost."

"There's Benjie, up in heaven," thought the mother; "and he can see down here, if I don't forgive him." "For our dead are never dead to us until we have forgotten them," George Eliot beautifully writes; "they can be injured by us, they can be wounded; they know our penitence, all our aching sense that their place is empty, and the kisses we bestow on the smallest relic of their presence."

Yes, Benjie would feel sorry if he could know.

Clarissa's mother and step-father had offered her a home with them in their neat house-boat, some miles down the Ohio. "Just you come down here and live, Claris," Mr. Wilkins said; "you'd better have no man, than one what drinks and goes off."

Whether Mr. Wilkins, fisherman, had eaten more freely of his stock-in-trade and acquired more brain, I know not, but the boat assumed a more cheerful air after he laid a hand on the helm of the family craft. Instead of rickety doors and broken windows and a generally debilitated appearance, the home took on a chipper aspect and a neat coat of green paint. The home was comfortable and Clarissa welcome. Would she go?

"I'll never ask you to try me agen, Ris," pleaded the husky voice, as a weather-beaten face was laid on Benjie's grave. "Claris, can you forgive me?"

There was a hearty welcome to a home with mother and step-father, far kinder than her own had ever been; here was a weak man to be helped, loved, and saved—a lifetime's work.

The field-sparrow flew back to its nest under the red peony, happy and proud in its coming motherhood, just as the mother, who had lost so much, yet hoping for better things, laid her hand in the rough one on the little green grave, and whispered: "Yes, Ben, I'll forgive you—and love you, too."

WHEN.

BY FREDERICK PARK.

When I lay thee down to rest
  In thy last long slumber, sweet,
With the roses at thy head
  And the lilies at thy feet,
Tell me, will thy soul and mine
  Evermore or never meet?

Will the clinging kiss of love
  Lingering on thy pallid cheek,
Printed there by lips that strove—
  Vainly strove thy name to speak—
Will it guide thee to me when
  I shall come thy place to seek?

Shall I ever hear thy voice
  Calling through the quiet air?
Shall I ever see thy face
  As I used to see it, fair
As heaven, with the sunbeams
  Nestling in thy golden hair?

Wait for me, for I shall come;
  I shall see thee once more, sweet,
And the roses at thy head
  And the lilies at thy feet,
I shall gather them for thee,
  For thy garland, when we meet.

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CHRISTINE.

BY M. G. MCCLELLAND.

I.

BLUE signifies truth, red signifies love, and the union of the two colors makes purple—truth warmed and vivified by love; love strengthened and upheld by truth. So much for the symbolic ribbon. Now for the cross. A cross symbolizes sacrifice—'take up thy cross,' etc. Silver stands second in importance among the metals, and metal signifies uses. Gold stands highest: celestial good—good to the soul. Silver comes next: spiritual good—good to the neighbor: that fits in also with the sacrificial shape. How it all interplays, spiritual and natural—shape, color, and substance—with their meanings. We work out all things by the rule of three."

Thoughts like these flitted through Alice Sylvester's brain, as she pinned on the small silver badge of her order, settled her bonnet, and fitted her gloves to her shapely hands. Then she took up a little basket filled with buttered rolls, apples, and bits of cake, pressed the white napkin into place, pushed a book into her pocket, and departed on her mission. It was her day for visiting the women's ward of the city hospital, and it behooved her to be on time, else the management would be put out In institutions, one must work by rule and line.

Outside, the sun shone and the breeze sported, wandering hither and yon, lifting the leaves of the trees and mischievously whisking them over, disclosing thereby many secrets of the wrong side—slugs and caterpillars attached, or cankerous spots and blotches where sun-scald and mildew had gotten in nefarious work. There had been rain the previous night, falling on the just and the unjust alike, and cleaning up the side streets and alleys as effectively as the great thoroughfares. Above was the vastness of the infinite; measureless blue depths, of which the eye would weary but for the relief of clouds whereon the sight could rest, as does the thought of man on an indefinite something interposed between time and eternity.

After a few minutes' walk, Alice Sylvester turned into a cross-street and paused before a trim brick cottage which stood back from the street in a well-kept yard. "I wonder if she will be ready?" was her thought, as she swung the gate together behind her. Then experience supplied the addition: "'Twill be the first time, if she should be."

Her ring was answered in person by the lady of the house—Mrs. Frank Rose. She wore a breakfast wrapper, and her head was adorned by a tiny lace cap.

"Not ready, Mary?"

The question affected surprise.

Mrs. Rose laughed.

"No; and I'm not going to be. I can't go to-day. The baby was sick all night, and is restless still and as cross as Cain, poor little man. You must go without me. I intended to send word to you before breakfast, so that you might get somebody else, but I forgot it. I've been so busy and so worried."

"I'm sorry about the baby," Alice made answer, sympathetically; "it's his miserable little teeth, of course. Taken all around, from start to finish, teeth are one of mankind's most active curses. Scientists say that future generations won't have any, either to get or lose. That scores one to the good for coming ages. I am specially sorry you can't go with me, because this is hospital day and you promised to sing for Christine Arnesen, that poor Norwegian girl. She seems to like music—at least, she listens as if she did; and, once when you sang to her before, a far-away look grew in her eyes as if memory were quickened. She's terribly hard to get in touch with."

"She is indeed," the young mother agreed; "women who neither talk nor cry always are. Give me a loquacious or a tearful woman, for choice, every time. Wind and

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salt-water make breaches. Your dumb sort baffles me. And life is so short for skirmishing around walls with raised draw-bridge and dropped portcullis."

"One can't help feeling that there must be lots inside, though. And being baffled stimulates interest. I always want to see over walls."

Again Mrs. Rose laughed.

"Come up on the top step and tip-toe, then," quoth she, with a suspicion of mockery in her tone. "I can show you what's behind walls, in nine cases out of ten."

Alice did as she was requested, stepping into the doorway and lifting herself upward as much as might be. Opposite was a vacant lot, walled in with a high plank fence. From her coigne of vantage, she could see a space of naked and tumbled-up ground, garnished with broken bottles, fragments of lamp-chimneys, and empty tomato-cans—some of the jetsam of civilization. In the centre of this inviting place, a couple of crop-eared mangy curs—canine gamins—wrangled and fought over a heap of garbage.

The eyes of the woman brooded for a moment, then they lit up: she pushed out her lip saucily at her companion. "Somebody will come along presently and clear away the rubbish and build a fine house there," she declared. "It will be a home, with clean and happy life within it—married life, and the blessing of little children. You will see."

"Make an allegory of it for the Norwegian," suggested Mrs. Rose. "That will be better than my lilting other folks' lays to her. Hers is an imaginative race, even among the lower classes. Make a fine story for her, out of your own head, and tack a stalwart moral to the end of it."

"Like the hurt in a sting-worm's tail," gibed Alice. "That's loving kindness, isn't it? People do so enjoy being preached to, and hunger so mightily for stories with possibilities for personal application."

"Then keep the moral out of the tail," smiled the young mother; "make vertebra of it. Let it start at the nape of the neck—say, your second sentence—and extend even unto the caudal appendage. Incorporate it, as soul within body; 'build to it,' as Mark Twain would say. Good-bye, for the present. My baby is making the welkin ring inside. Don't you hear him?"

Alice Sylvester went on her way with her thoughts busy. The case of the Norwegian interested her, perhaps because the woman herself was different from the ordinary rank-and-file of feminine beneficiaries, with their facile tongues and endless capacity for making the worst of every situation. Her work among the poor wearied her often, although she hardly liked to admit it, even to herself. Their petty malice and spite, their colossal envy and selfishness, jarred on her, and rendered the constant strain on her sympathy and endurance doubly wearing. But here was a woman who made no demand on sympathy whatever—who, if she had any burden save physical pain, was satisfied to bear it squarely on her own shoulders, who wrapped a mantle of silence about her, and, whether she acted her part with grace or not, evidently wanted no on-lookers from another class.

It was hard, and Alice felt piqued and baffled, and the more so because she was a tender hearted woman and accustomed to be met half-way. Moreover, she had been, in some sort, the Columbus of the Norwegian. But for her, the hospital authorities would never have actively interested themselves in the case of the alien; but for her, the woman might have passed straight from her pallet of shavings into the infinite, without evidence of any sort that her exit would be regarded as other than a blessing to herself and a relief to overweighted humanity.

"Thar's a mighty sick woman in t'other room," Grannie White had announced, seven weeks before, when she had gone to pay her customary visit to the old paralytic. "I dunno who she is, or what ails her, more'n she looks to be powerful bad off. Thar ain't nothin' but men folks livin' up here, in the fifth story, 'ceptin' her an' me. I ain't much account for nussin' 'nother. Ther women from downstairs comes up once in a while an' 'tends to her some; but they ain't able to do much, an' look like her fever keeps a-risin'. I 'lowed the ladies mout take intrus'."

The lady to whom the communication had been made had taken "intrus'." She had gone straight into the adjoining den, without a thought that the fever might prove infectious. She had looked around pitifully at the nakedness, the destitution, of the place, and her pity had culminated when her eyes had fallen on the miserable pallet which it

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would be satire to call a bed. The sufferer upon it had lain in a stupor, her eyes half closed, her breath coming in catches. A mass of blonde hair lay along the floor, for there was no pillow; the ragged shawl had been moved aside by the restless tossings of the fevered head, and the shavings had become enmeshed and tangled in its fair length. The neck was thin, with starting bones, and the half exposed breast looked flat and emaciated.

Alice had done what she could, and then gone straight to the hospital authorities and had the poor creature removed to a clean and comfortable bed in the women's ward of the city hospital. Nobody in the house in which she had lived and sickened seemed to know much about her. She had passed in and out, had paid the rent for her quarters, such as they were, had been civil when spoken to, but never avid for conversation. "A still-mouthed creeter," they had voted her. Then, knowing her to be a foreigner, and being fully occupied with their own struggle for existence, they had given her little thought or attention—so little, in fact, that they had not even known of her illness until a workman, who occupied an adjoining room, had been disturbed by her delirium, and so driven to investigation.

Her trouble was brain-fever, the hospital physicians said, and they had had much ado to pull her through with life.

The patient was convalescent now and quite able to converse, if so inclined. Alice had seen her many times, and had talked to her in a gentle tender way, hoping to touch her heart with kindness, and so move her to the relief of speech. Judging others by herself, after our involuntary and most mistaken custom, she thought it would be helpful to her beneficiary to talk; then, too, she herself would know so much better what to say if she could get at the secret of the other woman's life. The sadness of the sea-gray eyes grieved her, the impenetrability of the white face baffled her, and, unconsciously, she grew impatient with the silent tongue.

Being a woman, she could not take impersonal views and give the requisite margin. People are not made alike.

The hospital-ward was clean and orderly. The nurses moved quietly about, finishing up a few odd jobs; for all the heavy work of the morning—the patients' toilets and breakfast, the bed-making, floor-cleaning, and taking of temperatures—was over. Alice Sylvester entered with a head-nurse who was making her round of inspection. The little basket was deposited on a stand near the door, for the patients in this ward were on special diet, and in no wise must be tempted. After a few pleasant words, the nurse went about her business, leaving the visitor to go whither she would unhindered.

This was customary, and the young lady, with pauses here and there, made her way to the bed at the far end of the ward. Its occupant was awake and lifted a little upon her pillows. Her eyes held recognition for her visitor, but nothing else.

"How are you to-day, Christine?"

The query was put in a specially gentle voice, and with an air of cordial interest. The young lady was determined not to feel thrust away.

The tone of the answer was quite as soft, but there were peculiarities of intonation, and the voice was rounder and fuller.

"I am better—a great deal, I thank you."

The visitor seated herself.

"Come," she said, cheerfully, "that's pleasant hearing. And your looks bear you out. You've improved fifty per cent. since I was here before. We'll soon have you about again, as vigorous as the daughter of a Viking. You are pulling away from danger every minute."

From this she went straight on, talking gently, so as not to disturb the other patients. She told of the brightness of the day outside, and tried to make the other realize it: the sunshine on the flowers, the fleecy whiteness of the sailing clouds, the exquisite blue of the sky, the soft stirring of the breeze, the witchery of the shadow-designs, wrought in filigree against the house-sides. She spoke of her friend and gave the reason for her non-appearance, and promised that the treat of music should not be lost, only temporarily deferred. As she murmured on, her eye was quick to note changes in the other's expression—disappointment when she found there would be no music, and regret for the cause. Of the first she did not speak; but, when told of the baby's suffering, her eyes darkened, as does the sea when twilight comes, with clouds. Under her breath, she said softly: "Poor baby! poor little child!"

"Come," thought the quick witted one at

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the bedside. "This is better—a great deal better. She can be moved. She is dumbly responsive to two influences, at least—music and little children. Let's test her imagination. A Scandinavian should take to imagery as an eider duck to sun warmed water. I'll try her with a story."

Aloud she said: "Shall I read to you a little? You can stop me when you're tired or have had enough of it."

And again the silent one replied with her formula: "I thank you."

The story Alice Sylvester told was not in the book upheld before her—it was not in any book at all, but took shape before her inner vision, incorporated itself in language, and so was born into the world that day. And, as the story grew and developed, the pity in the eyes of the narrator changed to sympathy and comprehension, and gradually the desire to give assistance in the way most satisfactory to herself gave place to the nobler aspiration—that she might be accounted worthy to render aid at all.

This is the story:

"Among the tender and beautiful legends of the Rhine is one which gives to every stream and fountain a guardian soul, a 'spirit of the water,' whose life is bound together with the life of the stream, and whose mission is to keep it pure and flowing. With the free glad rivers, mountain streams and torrents, the legend grandly deals, picturing the strength and beauty, the fierce joy and wild exuberance, of the spirits embodied in such wonderful creations—the toil, the strife, the music, the rejoicing and power of water in its might, the cruelty of it, and the tenderness.

"With streamlets, rills, and dimpling springs, the legend laughs, showing how the water-spirit murmurs and sparkles, indulging itself in a myriad witcheries and gambols. Most beautiful is this, and the heart rejoices with the water-spirit's joy, and the footsteps linger and pause wherever the silver ribbon of a brook crosses the path, or the bold burst of a wayside spring forces itself into the sunshine.

"But the saddest, tenderest part of all the legend treats of water which has become the thrall of man: the spirits of fountains, wells, and watering-places in the public marts, where the people congregate. Subservient to a master will, these spirits, like other servants are dependent for well being on a master hand. When the fountain is pure, orderly, and carefully tended, the water leaps and flashes in the sunlight, casting itself heavenward, to fall again to earth in a myriad prismatic colors—rainbows of marvelous beauty. Then the spirit is content, glad and satisfied in a service glorified by love and comprehension.

"But, when neglect allows the fountain to become choked and foul, when the inlets are cut off and the vents obstructed, then the spirit languishes, frets, and moans, while the moisture trickles like heavy tears, instead of lifting itself heavenward with joy. And, if no heed be taken of the sorrow of the thing imprisoned, it will pine and dwindle until its place knows it no more. Then the fountain is dumb and the well dry; and, when weary creatures come, distressed by heat and thirst, they must pass onward, uncomforted; for the song of the water is hushed, and its life-giving presence removed to places that are more worthy.

"With legends like unto this astir within his brain, a student wandered by night about the streets of his native city. The night was very beautiful, fair and still, with a full moon, and an atmosphere as soft and sweet as the breath of a sleeping child. It was the hour at which life ebbs to the turn, and the student moved slowly, so to speak, alone in a slumbering world.

"Into a court-yard he turned at last, passing through a rent in the dilapidated enclosure. The place was unkempt and miserable, and in one corner was an unused well of the old fashioned sort, with uprights and a windlass, both broken and decayed. Half the planks of the wooden cover were gone, and those remaining looked rotten to the touch. The student stooped for a stone, and, bending over, let it fall into the well. A sullen murmur of imprisoned air, displaced by the falling substance, came to his ear, followed by a sodden splash. This water could not leap or flash, even under a blow; it just shuddered, and cringing circles eddied and pushed against the slimy sides of the foul pit. It was the home of frogs, newts, hideous water-lizards, and of rats that swam at will and harbored in dens in the crumbling masonry. Its ragged mouth gaped even in the moonlight, suggesting uncleanness, and inviting to suicide, perhaps, or murder. The

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place seemed forsaken of all, in its unsightliness, its misery and hopelessness.

"With a shudder of disgust, the student was about to turn away—what could be done here? what learned? Then another thought came, and he bent again and pulled away the broken planks of the cover, letting the moonlight into the dank depths. The soft rays touched the water—down, down, a fathom, it almost seemed—and appeared to concentrate in a quivering point like a great star.

"Was it glamor of moonlight, or did the light increase to a pale wan glow that lit up all the surface of the water and part of the green and neglected masonry? Moss grew in the crevices, with water-weeds and grasses, bleached and unwholesome as corpses. The surface of the water was dull and expressionless, like the face of one who has exhausted suffering and waits in despair.

"At one point only there was life, and there the light concentrated, and slowly brightened, until the scene was clear and plain as though set upon a mimic stage.

"Beside the eastern wall, leaning against it, with bowed head and loosened tresses, appeared the shadow of a woman. Her hands were clasped and hung straight before her, and her sad eyes were downcast. Her unshod feet were buried in the ooze that formed the bottom of the well, and the quivering of the water caused her garments to move and shiver. Slowly, she unclasped her hands and pressed with them against the water—once, twice—in impotent effort; the ripples caused by the movement circled leadenly and then subsided: there was no other response. No change had been made, no change seemed possible, and the spirit bowed again. No more light, no more sunshine, no more usefulness; caged forever in a foul prison, growing fouler with each year until purity should be transmuted into poison, and the spirit of life into a demon of destruction, with an assassin's dagger under its vaporous cloak.

"With pity, the soul of the watcher grew sick, and, to him, it seemed cruel that such things should be unhindered. Was there no hope? Could there be no remedy? It seemed a hard thing—an unjust thing, left so.

"The light trembled an instant, then burned with a stronger, clearer radiance, and close beside the tortured one appeared a form far different. This was a noble figure, tall and strong and very beautiful—'a shining one of God,' with eyes of tenderness and a brow illumined with the light of truth. From the Infinite had come deliverance for pain.

"With firm fair hands and mouth that smiled, the Shining One caressed the spirit of the well, and, bending, raised her listless hands, holding them awhile for strength and comfort, and guiding them at last to a portion of the masonry wherein was a crevice wider than the rest. Then he stood aside, attentive to her need, but leaving the work for her, as is the law and must be.

"And lo! a tiny cleft, that slowly broadened like the empty channel of a stream—and the water gave a soft deep murmur of release, and circled rapidly, ebbing into the newly opened channel, impatient to be gone, away through the cleansing earth and out into the sunshine of love, life, and usefulness once more. Lower it sank, and lower; down, down, until the unsightly grasses, that but now fringed its brink, hung high above it. Lower still—down to the surface of the mud and ooze, from which it drained away, leaving the well dry and dead forever, powerless for evil as it had become powerless for good.

"And the student raised himself at length, fully satisfied, and passed out from the enclosure and through the silent streets to his home; for he knew that the strange thing he had witnessed was a miracle of daily happening, the operation of a regenerative law which is celestial."

When the story was finished, Alice Sylvester forbore to raise her eyes for many moments. She was moved within her soul, and the tears were close. For a while, there was silence; then the head on the pillow turned toward her, and the sweet full voice said yet again: "I thank you." That was all.

But the woman who had ministered went on her way satisfied. She was content to leave these things to work out such end as might be.

II.

In the suburbs of a Western village, back from the grassy road which did duty as a continuation of the main street, well set among handsome trees, stood a substantial

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two-story brick cottage, with peaked roof and deep veranda. About it was a look of home, of sunshine and comfort, as though the people who lived there were not mere birds of passage, perching for a month or a season, but regular life-tenants, who loved the place and loved to be in it, and to expend time, taste, and money in proving their affection by bettering its condition.

In the rear of the house were gardens which somehow had a classified look, as though their reason for being was other than simply to supply food for the body and pleasure for the eyes. Near the house were large conservatories, in which were represented, as far as space would permit, many sections of this full and beautiful world. Palms, strange writhing cacti, ferns in variety, exquisite lilies and mosses, orchids and air-plants of mystic development, all spoke of the world of the tropics, the wonderful countries below "the roaring forties," with their generous warmth and richness of color. Curious specimens of coniferæ and Podocarpus macrophylla, dwarfed to inches in height and cramped into porcelain pots, told of Japanese ingenuity and patience. Lotos and papyrus spoke of the Nile, and strange jungle-grasses, reeds, and shoots of bamboo of the land of the Thug and the cobra.

From the vales of Cashmere and our own land of the South, there were roses—roses in wondrous profusion and an infinite passion of color: white, like the crest of a cloud in the summer; pink, like the heart of the sea-shell; yellow, like gold from the Rockies; and red, like the fire-glow "down in the heart where the heat is." And between these full notes of the symphony came half-notes of shading—cream-white and pale saffron; red played into pink for the treble, and down into black for the bass-notes.

It was a beautiful place, that rose-house, and a good place to be; the stillness and warmth soothed brain and nerves, while the perfume and beauty excited and stimulated the imagination. All that was fair and beautiful within a nature must come to the surface, in a place like that.

A woman, moving among the flowers, sang to herself, in a soft monotone, a queer little melody with a sort of spinning-wheel whir to it. It was quaint and foreign, and the picture it suggested was of a low-browed cottage with heavy thatch and roof-timbers plain in sight, a background of mountains that touched the sky, a patch of pasture and a cow-house close at hand, and, in the cottage-doorway, a peasant woman in costume, rocking a wooden cradle with her foot and timing the hushing-song to the whirring of her wheel.

The woman among the roses was tall, full-breasted, and vigorous; her fair hair lay in abundant coils between her small ears; her face was strong-featured and pale, and her eyes were the color the sea is at twilight. She moved about, snipping off faded leaves and spent blossoms, there and here, as one accustomed to the place and familiar with the plants she tended. Presently she began to cut living roses, buds, and blossoms of various shades, and to arrange them in an old Satsuma vase. She turned her head from side to side, viewing the effect of her color-combinations, shading pink through blush into white, and through salmon and buff into yellow. She cut no high-colored roses; although just beyond her, almost touching her hair as she stood, was a wealth of crimson and red. The person for whom these flowers were gathered did not love the color of life full-bodied.

For herself, the woman reached one, a great deep-hearted warm-petaled Jacqueminot, and fastened it in the bosom of her gown. Then she took the vase in her hands and passed out of the rose-house, closing the doors carefully behind her.

As she made her way along the path to the house, the door of another conservatory, where the palms were, opened, and a man's voice called cheerily:

"Come here a moment, Christine; I've something to show you."

She demurred.

"Your mother may want me," she answered. "I'm taking her flowers to her."

"Nonsense!" spoke the voice again. "My mother is asleep, and you know it. Come: I've been waiting fifteen minutes while you pottered in the other house."

Christine obeyed. It did not occur to either that he might have come to her. He was a scientific botanist, this son of her employer—a masterful man, and one well accustomed to having his own way. He stood in one corner of the palm-house—a burly broad shouldered figure, with iron gray

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hair and beard. On a table in front of him was a heap of loam, beside which lay a bundle of plants wrapped in moss, as though newly taken from a packing-case.

Christine advanced to the table and watched him, while he untied the bundles one by one. At first, she thought he wanted her to help him pot the plants. There was a tiny birch sapling, with a bunch of leaves at top, a little fir, a juniper, and two or three bunches of heather. Christine caught her breath at sight of them, and a strange homing look came into her eyes. Owen Goddard looked at her and nodded.

"From Norway," he said. "I got them because I thought it would please you. They are from the lower Romsdal—from near your old home, in fact. We'll pot them for a while, until they recover from the voyage and root firmly again; then you shall show me whereabouts they can best be planted."

Christine said nothing.

He turned to her quickly. "Are you pleased?" he demanded. "Or does the sight of them make you homesick? I did not think of that. Men are clumsy brutes, you know, even when they mean well. If this stuff hurts instead of pleasing you, we'll throw it away." He began to gather the bundles together, as though to suit the action to the word.

Christine staid his hand. "They don't hurt me that way," she said. "My home was gone before I came away. My parents were dead, and in the Romsdal valley there were none others left near enough to care to make a home for me. The old pastor loved me—and one other, a woman; they alone. In the years, they too are dead, perhaps. They were old. It is not that: it is the thought, the kindness—" She paused.

"What thought?" he demanded. "My thought of you? How can that hurt? It is true and strong. Look here, Christine: I've been trying to get a chance to say this to you for weeks—ever since I came home this last time, in fact. I don't know how to put it graciously, to woo in soft periods, like a man used to making love. I can't make love—I can only feel it. I'm a blunt fellow, whose life has been spent in study and investigation of things rather than of people."

His face was earnest and his voice grave; he spoke in short sentences.

"No thought of love ever came to me until that time a year ago. Then I learned what a woman can be to a man—more, I learned what you might be to me. I love you, Christine. I want you for my wife. Will you come to me?"

She dumbly shook her head, and made a movement as though she would leave him. He stepped between her and the door, and took hold of her hands—vase, flowers and all. The breath of the roses lay between them like incense.

"Not so fast, Christine," he said, masterfully. "A man is not so to be treated. I've a right to speak, and you shall listen. For days you have been as illusive as mountain-mist. Sometimes I've fancied you guessed my intentions and were determined to evade me, if you could. But you shall not. I love you, and I want you. What can stand between us save lack of love on your part? And that—do you love me, Christine?"

He bent his head and tried to look into her eyes. Christine averted her face, but its pallor increased; her eyes must be schooled before they could meet his.

"Do you love me, Christine?"

Still silence. Her head was turned; but he bent suddenly forward and touched her throat with his lips. The blood leaped from heart to brow, as if in answer to his kiss; the woman panted a little, and stood trembling.

Goddard unclasped her hands, stepped back a pace, seated himself on the edge of the table, and proceeded to argue his case:

"I had to do it, Christine. You won't say yes, and you dare not say no. That would be a lie. We both know it. You can't lie, Christine—it isn't in you. That's one reason why I love you—why I want you. You are trustworthy."

He paused a moment, and then proceeded easily, as one who checks off difficulties and removes them:

"Its your pride, Christine—that is at the bottom of all this. You would like to bring your husband other treasure than your love. You say, perhaps: 'This man is wealthy, has reputation, has social status; for me, I have nothing. I will not go to him with naught to bestow save love.' Now, that is wicked of you, Christine—more, it's untrue. And, I take it, the real thing is pride—the pure uplifting article scorns untruth. The other sort of pride is, at root, naught but selfish-

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ness, and should be cast out along with other devils. Do you think wealth, reputation, and social status amount to much with a man, if he's got to be made a pariah of for possessing them? If I've done well, must I be punished for it?"

Christine moved her shoulders impatiently. None of this was in her mind. If she could only show him what was! If she only dared show him!

Goddard proceeded:

"Put material values aside. They have nothing to do with the supreme question between man and woman. What I want—what every true man wants, to glorify and uplift his life—is the clean, pure, strong love of a woman. He wants her brave heart to beat in time with his, her pure eyes to look hope and love into his, her gentle hands to soothe and minister to him, her fragrant womanly life to surround him like an ennobling influence. This is what I want, Christine—what you can give me. Come to me, my love—come!"

He bent toward her and extended his arms: his eyes burned with a soft light.

Christine shrank away from him as though in terror; she tried to speak, but her lips were parched; her heart beat heavily, with strokes that seemed to take away her breath.

"I know it all, Christine," her lover wooed: "the long struggle you have had with life, the brave fight you have made. Do you think I have been blind, all these years you have lived with us—that my mother has not spoken? I know how you have watched and tended her. I know how you have striven to improve yourself; how you've read and studied, while other women would have slept or amused themselves. I know how you have tried to make up for lack of opportunity and culture in the past, by extra work in the present. I know the courage, faithfulness, energy, and love you have shown—going your own way quietly, asking help of none, working to noble ends with brain and hand. How could I help loving you? How could I help wanting you for my wife?"

The lips of the woman were compressed to a white line; her soul wailed within her; she shivered, as in a cold wind. It was true—this picture he showed. She had done those things—those noble womanly things; but back of it all—away in the past! Do deeds never die? Was there no possibility of growing away from what had been?

Her lover talked on, showing her the thing as he saw it—reasoning, persuading, pressing his suit earnestly, manfully. At last she could stand it no longer, and turned her white face toward him.

"Let me go now," she whispered through white lips. "I must think. Wait a little! Oh, be patient! There is something I must do—something I must say. Give me time to think."

"How long?" he questioned.

Something in her tone compelled him; but he was still resolute to gain his point.

"Until to-morrow; give me until to-morrow. I will answer you then."

She broke away from him and went swiftly into the house.

When her work for the day was over, and the gentle invalid with whom she had lived for six peaceful years had been made comfortable for the night, Christine went to her own room to work out for herself the problem of her life.

The room was airy and comfortable; it seemed rather the chamber of an honored guest, or daughter of the house, than that of a paid subordinate. The walls were prettily frescoed, the furniture was handsome, there were dainty trifles on the bureau, and books everywhere, on the tables and the hanging shelves against the walls. A pretty desk stood open, with a pile of silver on it, a little ledger, and a key-basket. Christine was housekeeper now, as well as loved and trusted companion to Mrs. Goddard—Christine, who was the daughter of peasants—Christine, who was a woman with a past.

It was that past which had hold of her now, which was reaching through the years to claim part and parcel with her present.

She moved about restlessly, straightening and moving things without being conscious of it. She had not intended to deceive them—these people who had trusted her, who had learned to love her. Few questions had been asked, and she had volunteered little information. That was all. Silence was so easy, and until now there had been no need that she should speak. Why should she hold an inquest over the past with every new acquaintance? Now it was different; now

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there was change and responsibility—a stern necessity laid upon a proud woman, who had grown and developed into scorn of untruth.

She never thought of running away. Where could she hide from a lover like Owen Goddard—a man with a masterful will, and abundant resources at hand? She could not refuge behind his mother's opposition, either. Mrs. Goddard was a liberal-minded woman, and had herself sprung from the people. Besides, she loved Christine, and was dependent upon her for daily comfort and ministration. No; the issue must be met, not dodged. And, moreover, it was not in Christine's nature to slink away like a coward.

She crossed to the mirror and looked at herself—not with the dimpling joy, the softness, the exultation of a woman who knows herself beloved, but with the critical gaze of a surgeon at a subject. There was something here that must be uncovered and dissected. Beside her reflected face, as it were, looking over her shoulder, she beheld another, like it and yet unlike. It was the face of a girl of fifteen—passionate, ardent, self willed; it had a certain wild animal beauty which had worn away from the older face. What was the connection between them? Why should the face of the girl of fifteen seem to underlie that of the woman of thirty?

Christine turned from the mirror and paced the room as a caged animal will pace its den. She was fighting with temptation, eye to eye, hand to hand, foot to foot. On the one side was a secured home, an honored name, peace, love, happiness—and a lie! On the other, the world again, the old battle against adverse conditions—and truth. Herself between, weighing the balance.

Her thought went back to the valley of Romsdal again—the old home from which a love token had been brought for her pleasure. A love token! She flung away from the thought with a choked feeling, as though the past had her by the throat, like a bandog, and worried her. She had been the prettiest girl in the Romsdal valley, half a lifetime ago; the people said so. At the weddings and dancing bouts, who was invited to show off her grace and skill in the dance so often as she? The other girls had envied her, particularly when it had been Eric Ericson who led her out—Eric, who was lusty and strong, who could throw any man in the valley, and in the dance strike off, with his heel, the hat of the tallest in the room. There had been whisky at those dances—great quantities; and the men drank, and sometimes the women—just a little glassful to brighten their eyes. God above! how it sickened her now to remember!

After the death of her parents, she had gone to Christiana to live. The old pastor had gotten her service. She was eighteen then. Two years later, she had come to America, with some people she knew. She had been told that service was light here, and wages higher than in the old countries. The friends with whom she had come had left her alone in the great city and gone to some other place, where were more Norwegians. She had had a hard time, for the things she knew how to do were not in demand, and there had been nobody to teach the stranger new ways. Finally, she had fallen ill and been taken to a hospital. There she had been tenderly nursed and cared for.

She had not spoken her gratitude to them; she was a foreigner, and a woman of few words. But she had borne it in her heart. A sweet faced lady had come to see her often in the hospital. She wore a silver cross on her breast, and always, when she—Christine—recalled the kind lady's face, the silver cross came with it. Once while she lay ill, a story had been told her—a story of an imprisoned soul which had been divinely helped to work its way out of a foul place. She had thought often of that story, and had tried to work her own way out from the evil and ignorance of her past.

The silver cross lady had gotten her a place as nurse with a friend of her own, when she had left the hospital. She had lived in that place a good while, trying to be faithful and to learn, for she saw that knowledge was needful. When the dear God had taken the little one to Himself, the poor mother had been grateful for her care of it during life, and had found this place for her as companion and assistant to a lady whose health was failing.

Here she had been six years, learning all the time, and making herself useful and honored. At first, she had seen little of Owen Goddard; he had his own pursuits, which kept him sometimes away for months in foreign lands, making botanical researches

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She had come to know him well only a year ago, when his mother had been more than usually ill and they thought that she would die.

The idea that Owen might come to love her never crossed her brain until lately. Then she had fought the knowledge off—knowing that she loved him, and that it must not be. She had knowledge, culture—she had striven upward toward the light—and what had come of it? An awakened conscience, an enlarged sense of responsibility, and the light which showed her that, though her past should forevermore be hidden from the world, it must stand always revealed unto her; she might deceive others, but never herself; blind others, but be ever powerless to cloud her own sight.

What was it Owen had said? "You cannot lie, Christine." No, she could not—even by silence.

That story—it came back to her—it haunted her: the water drained away, "out through the cleansing earth, out into the sunshine of life and usefulness once more."

She would tell these people who loved her the story of her life, hiding nothing; and then, perhaps, they would forgive her and let her go away—not as a craven renegade from gratitude and truth, but as a woman who had taken up her cross, as it were, and would bear it.

There were places in the world for women such as she—places which might be held with truth. She had knowledge and culture—she would gain more. In the great city, there would be work. The lady with the silver cross would show her what to do.

When, at last, she laid herself upon her bed, worn out with the struggle and the victory, the sky was reddening in the east; and, while she slept, the sunlight came in long level rays through the unshuttered casement and touched the fair hair, flung backward over the pillow, making of it a nimbus above the pale face and folded hands.

THE SWEETEST FLOWER.

BY DONALD R. M'GREGOR.

I WANDERED out at early day
Into a sweet parterre,
And by the lovely scented way
I found a rose most fair;
And so I mused beside the flower,
This first that I did see,
And sang with all of passion's power
To win the rose to me.
Sweet! sweet! sweet!
No rose can sweeter be;
There cannot be in all the world
A sweeter flower than thee.

But, straying from my worship there,
A changeful scene was shown:
I found that roses just as fair
On every bush had grown;
And so I wandered far and wide,
On each rose gazed and passed,
And sang with all a lover's pride
Unto the very last.
Sweet! sweet! sweet!
No sweeter rose has grown,
The sweetest flower in all the world
Is that we call our own.

BON VOYAGE!

BY NELLIE C. TUCKER.

ACROSS the pathless ocean sails
The ship, and toward the Old World's shore
She bears thee onward. May the gales
Be favoring ones that waft thee o'er.

New scenes await thee to unfold
Their treasured riches to thy gaze,
And veins of unexplored gold
Will brighten unfamiliar ways.

So, bon voyage! Whate'er thy fate,
Take my best wishes for thy weal,
And friendship's trust inviolate
Shall prove what I can not reveal.

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AT THE HANDS OF A RIVAL.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

I.

"I WANT you to make a call with me this evening."

"Y-e-s? Where? I haven't really got the time, but—"

"You must take time. It is important—very important; and—and—"

"And, therefore, I'll go. I'll go, of course. But I thought I had met every man in town whose acquaintance is worth having. Three months is not a short time, and I've been no laggard. Who's the fellow this time? What is his business? How is he going to help us? Is it as president of the Consolidated Overland and Transcontinental Stage and Express Company, as Treasurer of the United Miners' Banking Association, or as owner of the Prince Imperial Mine, that I am to go? Has the man horses to sell, money to lend? Or does he want to get in on the ground floor of the most promising mining-enterprise in the West?"

Fred Blake smiled at his friend's words; but his smile had something of gloom in it, after all. Looking at him, one would have guessed that the other's lightness of manner hurt him—hurt him sorely. But Jack Clinton was not looking at him—he was watching the afternoon sun sink slowly down between two giant peaks, and almost touch the rugged ridge between them; he was turning, ever and anon, to see the twin shadows creep blackly toward the east. Afterward, remembering that day, he wished he had looked Fred in the face, and listened to what was behind the spoken words, as well as to the words themselves. Fred wished it then.

"The individual owns no horses, has no money, and never gave a moment's thought to the doubtful possibilities of mining-stock speculation," said Blake, gravely. And prosperous Jack Clinton, who changed everything he touched into money, turned a wondering and protesting attention toward him in spite of himself. "So you'll simply go as a man."

"Well?"

"And call on a lady."

Jack Clinton whistled.

"A—a lady?" he stammered.

"Yes, a lady," asserted Blake, emphasis falling as sharply as it would had someone dared dispute and deny: "Miss Margree Carlon."

Clinton shrugged his shoulders.

"I have heard of Margree Carlon," he said, shortly.

"You never heard anything but good of her," replied Blake, hotly.

Clinton shrugged his shoulders again.

"I have never heard anything evil," he admitted, quietly; "though, I must say, I've never put myself in the way of hearing anything at all. It isn't to her discredit that she has no money; it's not her fault that she has neither education nor family; and I suppose she couldn't prevent some gray-headed old simpleton of a doctor, somewhere down East, sending Mrs. Forsythe out here, in this fresh atmosphere, to die more slowly and less comfortably than she would at home. I think, however, or would if I'd ever taken the trouble to think of the matter at all, that, with all the world before her, Miss Margree might have done better than become Mrs. Forsythe's hired girl, and—"

"She hadn't the world before her to choose from; you have had too much money, and had it too long, to leave it quite possible for you to understand how narrow a choice is sometimes offered want. But her place as Mrs. Forsythe's companion is an honorable one: the one is a lady, so is the other."

"I haven't the energy to dispute you. Really, I don't care. To please you, I'll even go and make the acquaintance of this woman. But you'll never convince me that a woman of the style I should admire would allow herself to become stranded in this wild mining-town."

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"I tell you, man, she's as good as an angel, and—"

"Undoubtedly," with another shrug of the shoulders; "I'll take your word for it; I know your taste."

Blake's face flushed, but he affected not to notice the sneer.

"Beautiful as any woman you ever saw."

"I'll grant it, if that'll please you," responded Clinton, and actually yawned.

"A woman that any man might be proud, glad—"

Clinton turned suddenly, and caught his friend savagely by the arm.

"You don't mean," he growled, "you don't dare to mean—"

Blake gave one amazed glance into his face, and then answered him, gravely enough and somewhat reproachfully:

"You know me too well to have the right to ask such a question as that—unless I've allowed myself to speak too strongly. You know there's a little woman in New England who is waiting for me to make my fortune. You know that not even such a woman as Margree Carlon can be more than my friend. But with you it is different; you have no one—you never had. You have money—money enough to last you and children and children's children. You need a home—and home life. You need to learn that there is more in life than horses and banks and mines; you need to love, and to be loved. I want you to see Margree Carlon; I want you to love her; I want you to marry—"

"See here," growled Clinton: "have you gone crazy? Are you going to turn matchmaker, out here in this desolation, instead of attending to sober and prosaic business? I don't understand you. If absence from New England, and someone, is making you so senselessly sentimental as that—why, the sooner you go back and take a dose of matrimony as a cure, the better for you, and for your friends. As for me, I didn't leave Boston, to come and bury myself in this wilderness, without making up my mind to let nothing swerve me from business. And nothing shall. I'd go and see horses, even if I didn't buy; for we need horses in the express and stage business. I'd go and look at the property a fellow wanted to give as security for a loan, even if the bank had nothing to spare at the time; for another day it might have. I'd sit and talk mining-shares with any would-be purchaser the whole evening long, though there isn't any of the Prince Imperial mine for sale. And so, while I tell you that when I marry I shall marry culture, family, fortune, and in a community where one doesn't have to ask questions as to antecedents and character, I'll even go with you and see Margree Carlon. But I shall not marry her; I shall not love her; I—I will see the property, but I will not purchase!"

"Jack Clinton, you shall not talk like that of any woman—not in my presence. Least of all shall you talk in that way of Margree Carlon."

"Indeed? And why not, pray? What is she to you? What are you to her?"

"I think I never told you of it, but she saved my life a year ago—helped in the sick-room when I was down with the fever, and no one else could or would do what she did. The doctor gave me up; so did my friends. But she never did: she saved me. The doctor said so himself."

"No, Blake, you never told me that. Until now, I supposed a good constitution and a fairly decent doctor did the business for you. But you can't step aside from the usual run of things in romances with the ease you anticipate. She saved your life—very well; your friend isn't going to marry her because of it." And Clinton laughed.

"For God's sake, don't do that," cried Blake; "don't do that! You don't understand; you can't guess. Her life is in shadow—shadow—and—"

"In shadow? As the plain yonder is? See! The day is done. There's a star—just on the edge of the sky. The mountains have crowded their shadows over all the world to the east. But the light is coming—coming. It will be moonrise soon. I shall not forget that the one who saved your life saved my best friend. But there must be another man. Is there no other man?"

"Oh, yes, there is another man. There always is."

"With money?"

"Confound you! Can you think of nothing but money? Is money the end and aim of all things? Yes, the fellow has money."

"And—and—good looks?"

"Yes, confound him! with better looks than yours."

"And—and—"

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"And that is all—all. No one knows his real name; no one knows his business; it would be dangerous to inquire. I pray she may never know."

"Well, it's getting late. To please you, I'll go. In a couple of hours, say. Will that be early enough? Will that do?"

"That will do."

"Send word to the wonderful—"

"See here, Clinton: be serious, if you can. Margree Carlon loves you!"

Jack Clinton reeled back as though someone had struck him. His face grew pale as ashes.

"Don't—don't jest on such a subject," he gasped.

"Jest? I am not jesting. I am telling you the plain and simple truth. I didn't mean to tell you; I didn't mean to give you that advantage in the coming days and nights of the future. But I have had to. You have forced me to it. Please be kind to her—as she was to me. She saved my life, you know; and—she loves you!"

"Loves me? Why, Blake, I never saw her."

"No matter; she has seen you. Lately, she has seen you every day, and—"

"And you're her messenger, are you? This is the style of the mines and the mountains, is it? She loves—loves me? And the—the creature has told you so, has she?"

"No, sir. She has told me nothing. She is not one of that sort. But I know; I know, and—"

"Excuse me," said Clinton, abruptly, extending his hand for a farewell clasp, and then hurrying away up the rocky path, "but I must be alone for a little—to think."

He walked rapidly for a quarter of a mile or so, then paused at a turn in the road to look down into the valley, away at the moonrise, and across the river to the mountains, which were brightening with the glory of the night. He paused, and—

Ping! Z—z—z—p! There was a rifle fired, somewhere down the path over which he had come. The ball brushed his clothing, as high as his heart, and struck sharply against the ledge of rock just beyond him.

Clinton walked to where the ball had struck, stooped and picked it up, and put it in his pocket. He smiled, grimly enough, and didn't manifest half the anxiety another man in his place would have shown. He had faith in the luck which had always been his. He did not look for another shot; and no other shot came. But the incident furnished food for thought, as he walked on toward the straggling mining-town. The most unfortunate fact in the whole matter was that it was not the right one thinking, nor in the right way. There was the president of the Consolidated Overland and Transcontinental Stage and Express Company, for instance, thinking of the sharp fight that occurred a few days before, in which the would-be plunderers of a richly laden coach were beaten off with some loss of life; he wondered, vaguely and dreamily, if any one of the freebooters had it in mind to hold him personally responsible. Then the treasurer of the United Miners' Banking Association took up his peculiar line of thought; it might be true, though it hardly seemed possible, even in this wild place, that the men who had endeavored, within less than a month, to obtain money on worthless securities, had determined to try again soon, when the most acute intellect against which they had pitted themselves had been compelled to change worlds. Then there were the men who had claimed an interest in the Prince Imperial mine; and here was the owner, who had beaten them at every point in the suits they had brought. And—

That was all. That was actually all.

The strong man, unscathed, had a self-satisfied contempt for the poor marksmanship of his assailant, and a feeling that another attempt would be equally futile. He had learned, in three months of this rugged life, to feel that an experience of this sort was quite possible at any time.

But the man, shorn of all official distinction, plain Jack Clinton the man, he never thought till long afterward of connecting the shot with his contemplated call upon the lady who was his friend's friend; it was long before he knew that the shooter had the reputation of never missing, and realized, with a curious sinking of the heart, that a twig, somewhere along the airy path of death's messenger, must have been the reason for his having found the affair a farce rather than a tragedy. Long, long after, he knew how near he came to failing to call upon Margree Carlon.

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II.

THE only hotel in the little mining-town was a rudely constructed affair. Its patronage came almost entirely from two sources: from a very few invalids who had a hope that the mountain air meant more of life than Eastern home-comfort promised, and from a large number of individuals whose only visible means of support seemed cards, dice, and sometimes the revolver.

Mrs. Forsythe and her companion had the best rooms in the house, though that was saying little for either their spaciousness or their comfort. It was pleasanter on the broad piazza, that lovely summer night, than it could possibly have been in the stuffy little room the ladies called their parlor. So it was on the piazza that they received their callers; it was there that all the evening was spent; it was there that polite invitations to come again were given—invitations that might mean much or little; and there that polite promises of future visits fell from the lips of the gentlemen—promises that might mean nothing or everything.

The scene, that night, was a beautiful one: to the east, a lovely plain, flooded with moonlight, and with every imperfection in it blotted out by the night; to the west, far away, the mountains; nearer, the hurrying river; and, nearer still, rough hills, tree-clad, with the roughness and the verdure reaching to the very piazza's edge. Not just the place where a prudent and thoughtful man would have cared to seat himself to spend the evening, after some unknown foe had tried his skill in shooting at him; but Jack Clinton hadn't his choice in the matter at first, and later he forgot to care. Prudence and thoughtfulness, in Jack Clinton, got some very hard blows that night.

The call on the two ladies, the invalid and her companion, was a peculiar one. Clinton had never known anything like it. But Clinton's experiences had all been Eastern and conventional, in matters of this sort. He wondered, from time to time, if Blake found it all his hopes had promised; it annoyed him to find that he could not tell, that Blake seemed anyone but Blake for the time being. And, as the evening went on, he so longed to know; and Blake had been here much longer than he had. For a little, the acute man of business, the shrewd money-getter and manager of men, wished he knew the woman side of humanity half as well as Blake did.

Clinton acknowledged to himself, rather reluctantly and protestingly, that he had never seen such beauty as Margree Carlon's—and that before he had let her shapely hand slip from the grasp in which he had taken it when Blake introduced him. Dark, tall, quick, lithe, with eyes unfathomable, that neither drooped nor shrank, she was a revelation to the man. He caught his breath sharply, as his hand touched hers, and mentally cursed himself, a moment later, for being such a fool.

Clinton had been asked to call on Margree Carlon. You know the spirit in which he had consented. He did not care to call—not until he saw her, touched her hand, heard her speak. After that, it seemed as though his call was on Mrs. Forsythe, not on her; she monopolized Blake, with whom she talked with the most ceaseless vivacity, and to whom she must show this scene from one end of the piazza, and that peculiar effect of the moonlight from the other. It gave Clinton a feeling of anger at his friend to see all he saw, hear all he heard; though he could but ashamedly admit, before the evening was over, that the cause was a nearer and less impersonal one than pity for a waiting woman in New England.

"Honestly, Mr. Blake," said Miss Carlon, at the end of the piazza farthest from the placid and mentally unseeing invalid and her unwilling and angry guest, "what is your friend's real name? Where is he from? What has he done?"

Clinton could see Blake's square jaw quiver as he shut his white teeth down upon his lip, and guessed that his friend bit as hard as he did himself. But Blake's answer was inaudible.

"Oh," said Margree Carlon, doubt or a dangerous counterfeit of it in her voice, "I do hope you are not mistaken. Respectable people cannot be too careful, you know, in so questionable a place as this."

After that, though I suppose it true that Miss Carlon's voice had been pitched a trifle too low for the invalid's slightly impaired hearing, conversation flagged, even on the part of good old Mrs. Forsythe, and leave-taking soon followed. Mrs. Forsythe shook hands with both the gentlemen, and unconditionally asked each to call again. Miss

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Carlon shook hands with Blake, and rather overdid the impressiveness with which she urged him to call at any time—or so Clinton thought, or at least hoped. For him, she had only a stately bow and an invitation to come again "when business would permit, with Mr. Blake."

It is hardly any wonder that the two young men walked down the mountainous path in almost utter silence. It is no wonder that each was busy with his own thoughts. Poor Clinton! Poor Blake! One had found, at last, that in his world, henceforth and forever, money must be a secondary thing, and, unless he might win it for the sake of another, the winning it would not be worth the effort; he had found that, when he married, if God sent him the undeserved good-fortune of marrying at all, he should not go home to New England for his wife, to seek and find, woo and win, some maiden to whom the life now his would seem unreal and impossible as a fevered dream; he loved Margree Carlon—loved her, loved her, loved her; he always would—always: it half seemed as though he always had. And what was it that Fred Blake had said? truthful, honest, sensible Fred Blake. Was it—could it be—that he had said she loved him? Well, he found something of hope in that, albeit he had so little that even a more experienced man might have dared call confirmation; so little—so little! How much—or little? He had caught her restless glance turned his way once or twice, when he fancied her inattentive ears did not quite follow all that Blake was saying; she had raised her voice, when she impertinently dared doubt him, more than the ordinarily interested woman might have done. And that was all—all; it was all he had to prove that his friend was neither false nor foolish. In view of all men know and believe—in view of what is and was and will be—we may almost safely say that a greater change had fallen into the life of our hero than would have been his had the breeze of evening swung the branch of some mountain tree aside, instead of in the way of murder's effort, and allowed the bullet to go where the height of human skill had meant it should. Poor Clinton!

And the other man was turning over and over in his mind all that had happened, and trying to solve several theoretically pretty but practically annoying problems. Margree Carlon had served him; she had saved him—kept him from the grave. He had meant to serve her—to save her, though he had never quite decided how far the salvation in her case would go. Sometimes he had feared that she had more than life at stake; sometimes he had feared that her soul was in fate's balance. And he was trying, trying hard, to determine where and how and why he had blundered and bungled; he was wondering desperately whether it was really true that he had failed utterly. Poor Blake!

Mrs. Forsythe went in when the gentlemen left. She had good reason; the evening was really growing chilly, and her lungs were far from being strong. But Margree Carlon lingered. I suppose she had full faith in the healthful activity of every fibre and cell in her fair body. And I suppose, too, that it would have made no difference if she hadn't had. I don't doubt she was quite as willing to die as to live.

A man came hurrying up while she stood there, a fellow with desperation and dissipation written in every line of his face and indexed in every impetuous motion he made, but a man whose beauty of face and gracefulness of form no man drawing his life from a race living where winter ever falls can ever more than envy. Dark, lithe, quick, tall, with eyes as steady as Margree's own, and as deep, unless alcohol's might had unsteadied them a trifle and muddied their erstwhile purity, he seemed a fitting mate for such as she. Even Jack Clinton, could he have seen them together, must have admitted that.

The man did not come up on the piazza; he stood on the ground, a foot lower than its level. He did not approach the woman; but something in his glance compelled her to approach him.

"Well?" she said, leaning over the railing and looking down at him.

He scowled.

"It isn't well," he said, savagely; "it never was. Will it ever be?"

"How should I know?" she demanded, softly, her face turned a little into the shadow and out of the moonlight; "why are you here?"

Something in voice or attitude seemed to madden him, or it may have been the shadow of a blush he fancied he saw creep

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along her shadowed cheek and brow. He reached up and caught her hands, hurting them cruelly.

"You do know whether it will ever be well or not, you merciless woman," he exclaimed, fiercely; "and no one else does. Are you ice, or are you coquette? Will ice ever melt? Will women ever cease playing with the hurt hearts they win? You know why I am here!"

"Not until you say."

"Say? What is there left to say? You know what I mean, as well as though I did say it. You know the question I have asked you—asked you—and asked again and again. Eleven times in the three years you have lived here, and—"

"Twelve, sir! One more would be thirteen! Thirteen is an unlucky number, you know, and I suppose you don't dare—"

The man had never seen her in such a mood, and he had seen her in many in the three years during which he had followed her. She never seemed so near yielding as she did now. Heaven had never seemed to stoop so near. The hell of the gambling-den and—and some other terrible deeds—had never seemed so vague and unreal. The man almost forgot who and what he was—who and what he had been—and what might happen, sometime, if some new-comer should remember the days of the old, or some false friend betray the secrets of the recent. He was, for a little, lifted above himself; in thought and feeling, he was ready to put a woman's love in place of the pardon of outraged human law or the forgiveness of God.

"Dare? Dare?" he cried. "As though there were anything I would not dare for you! Do you mean—can you mean—"

"I mean nothing, until your words are straightforward and definite. What can a woman mean? Ask me again!"

A gasping sigh broke from the man's lips, a sigh so fierce and strong that the very winds of night, in forest and on mountain-side, seemed to hush themselves in awe to listen.

"Ask? Ask?" he said, while he reached for slender waist and stately shoulders in a frenzied attempt to drag her down to his own level. "I'd ask a thousand times for one kind answer. I'd ask, with the blaze of a burning world brightening the east, if you'd only say that you'd take eternity to try to learn to love me in! I love you, Margree Carlon! Will you marry me?"

She stooped—stooped—until the man's hot lips had the coldest kiss that ever man had from other than a dead woman. Then, as she disengaged herself from his eager arms and turned slowly away, she said gravely: "Yes, I will marry you!"

"If—if she'd said that three years ago—or two—or—or one," muttered the man, as he staggered blindly away in the darkness, "I might have been a better man. Ah, well, it's too late now, altogether too late. She'll marry me. She has said she will; and I say she shall. I think now that I've always known it would end in this way, and yet—yet—"

Something seemed to trouble him. He paused abruptly to fight something out with himself, then started nervously and moved on again. And yet I doubt his having been in any particular danger where he stood; an old saying asserts that lightning never strikes twice in the same place; it wasn't likely any man's bullet would pass him, to flatten itself against the ledge just at hand, that had stopped the one sent after Jack Clinton's fortune and future.

"She'll marry me, because she loves another," he said, with an evil smile; "what a fool she is. And he—he must be punished. How? Let me see: she'll marry—marry— It is the very thing! It is better than—than—"

He paused suddenly and looked fearfully and suspiciously about him. He was actually talking aloud.

"Better than anything else!" he concluded, in a most non-committal way.

And, at that very moment, Fred Blake was trying to get some puzzling question settled and certain in his sleepy brain.

"The two best shots in the city," he said to himself, and then awoke with a start to confirm the statement to his consciousness.

"The two best—best—"

He awoke again for a minute or two, and tried to concentrate his tired mind on the matter.

"The two best—and I wonder which shot at him and missed? Was it Pietro Zetta, or was it—could it have been—Margree Carlon herself?"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

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THANKSGIVING TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

BY PLEASANT E. TODD.

THANKSGIVING DAY, the chief festival of New England, is perhaps an outgrowth of the Puritan spirit which, while believing that Christmas and other feasts of the Episcopal Church savored of a papistical leaning toward times and seasons, yet felt the need of some holiday, and so fixed on one suggested by the Mosaic ritual.

From the year when Roger Winthrop first celebrated Thanksgiving, with the Indian chief and his followers for guests, regaling them on fowls and venison and amusing them by feats of marksmanship, it has retained its earliest characteristics—hospitality, feasting, and worship.

With its observance to-day, we are all familiar: the reunion of friends, the daintily spread table laden with viands gathered from far-off lands as well as from home, the gay dresses and gayer faces—one could almost fancy that the spirits of our ancestors must haunt the board and invoke blessings on the scene.

If it were in the power of some mental photographer to reproduce the picture as it appeared two centuries back, it would possess a strange interest. It was about this period that the gala day became regularly established.

Two hundred years ago, Boston was a thriving town, with all the self-centred and self-satisfied feeling which constitutes it the "hub" to-day. We can imagine the group which would be gathered to celebrate the day in one of those old brick mansions with its wide generous front, overhanging stories, and irregular diamond-shaped windows, each refusing with sturdy independence to copy its neighbor.

Early in the morning, the country guests would arrive—husband, wife, and children—the horses furnished with their loaded pillions. There would be joyous greetings and laughter and wholesome frankness. Doubtless there might appear new arrivals from England to be welcomed. Afterward would come the walk to the old North Church, where they would hear the godly Doctor Cotton Mather discourse, perhaps surprising his hearers by the advocacy of greater toleration toward Quakers and Anabaptists.

On the return home, the host would make a détour in order that he might show the visitors the prosperity of the town. He would convoy them past the feather-store, the new State House, the Governor's mansion, would point out the grammar school with its broad low front, and show reverentially the wooden dwelling in which Doctor Mather abode.

As they entered their host's mansion, they would be greeted by savory odors, and, in the dining-room, the long table, covered with linen spun and woven by the women of the household, would be laden with tempting viands. There would smoke the great haunch of venison, flanked by a wild turkey, a very giant of golden-brown crispness. There would be turnips, carrots, beans, and, as a rare treat, potatoes. A plum-pudding, made after a recipe handed down from English forefathers, would stand in the midst of pumpkin pies, doughnuts, and white bread. Days before, wheat would have been pounded in a mortar and carefully sifted, in order to have flour for the composition of these delicacies.

While the party gather about the table, we will try to fancy how the different persons were attired. The farmer-guest would wear a decent coat, waistcoat, and small-clothes of cloth spun and woven by the hands of his wife, with long woolen stockings knit by the same hands, a woolen shirt, silk handkerchief, and shoes with shining silver buckles. His city brother would appear in garb a little finer, but very plain, because his rigid sense of duty caused him to sacrifice luxury in dress or home.

The ladies would wear camlet or poplin gowns, the sleeves reaching to the elbows and edged with long ruffles which set off to advantage the plump round arms. Each matron would wear a white apron and a "strap cap" meeting under the chin, or

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a more coquettish "round cord" head-dress not covering the ears. The shoes would be of broadcloth, with heels an inch and a half high, and pointed toes turned upward. On the street, they would wear camlet cloaks, masks for the face, and very large muffs. Richly clad those ladies would be, and it was their boast that a fashion had scarce appeared in London more than three months before it was adopted in Boston.

Conversation was not likely to flag. There were tidings to hear from England, and the new-comers would tell of the dissatisfaction felt because of King James's despotism or of the treaty of Ryswick. Mingled with the gossip of home-life, they would speak of the cruelties of Jeffries and the fortitude of Dissenters. In turn, these fresh arrivals would wonder over the Indian corn and be told how the blackbird brought the first kernel thereof, and the crow dropped the first bean, and so both were counted sacred by the red men.

Then the mention of the Indians would rouse sad memories of the havoc wrought during the previous year by the savages. They would talk of how Mrs. Dustan had been carried from the bed on which she lay with her young babe, and relate how the babe was killed before her eyes and she and her nurse were carried away prisoners; they journeyed for several days, and then, one night, Mrs. Dustan, aided by the nurse and an English boy, killed the ten savages as they lay asleep, and took their scalps. Armed with this awful booty, the two walked back to Boston, where they received fifty pounds from the Assembly, beside gifts from friends.

Dinner over, the party would gather in the withdrawing-room and around the great fireplace, the gaping jaws of which were wide enough to permit the children to sit in the corners. In this apartment would be arranged the treasures of the house: the relics of English life; the antique writing-table, curiously carved, holding the family library—Shakespeare and the works of Massinger and Milton; the lute, the virginal, the enormous bellows, and old arm-chair with its quaint form—all would have crossed the ocean.

The new-comers from England would have with them the latest works—Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest" and the "Pilgrim's Progress." They would bring, too, copies of the "News-Letter" and of the "London Gazette," scarce five months old, which would be scanned by the young folk with curiosity and by the elder with something between a smile and a tear. They would speak of the new college of Hartford so near to their hearts, and regret exceedingly that its resources did not allow of a larger purchase of modern books for the library, since, in consequence of needful models, the style and manner of American writers did not equal those of England.

Hunting-stories would be told, and the English guests would hear how the flights of wild pigeons had darkened the skies. While the men fell to boasting, talking of the number of deer and elks they had killed, the good wives would discuss the medicinal virtues of roots and herbs, relate how the cancer-root cured king's-evil, and partridge berries were a sure cure for dropsy, and the country matron would tell how Newton's family had rid themselves of jaundice by drinking an infusion of bleeding root.

But, as the day wanes, the duties and habits of the times force the guests to depart, and, while we speed them on their way and turn again to the feverish life of the present, with an almost unconscious sigh we paraphrase the words of the Scottish poet and declare: "From scenes like those, New England's greatness springs."

MIRAGE.

BY JEAN HALIFAX.

I SAW you in a dream last night:
So far yet near
You seemed, I reached my hand to you,
To prove you here.

But, with the smile of other days
Upon your face,
You vanished, and a misty cloud
Stood in your place.

Was it a mirage, mocking, haunting
A desert way?
Or shall we meet again, dear love,
Some glad sweet day?

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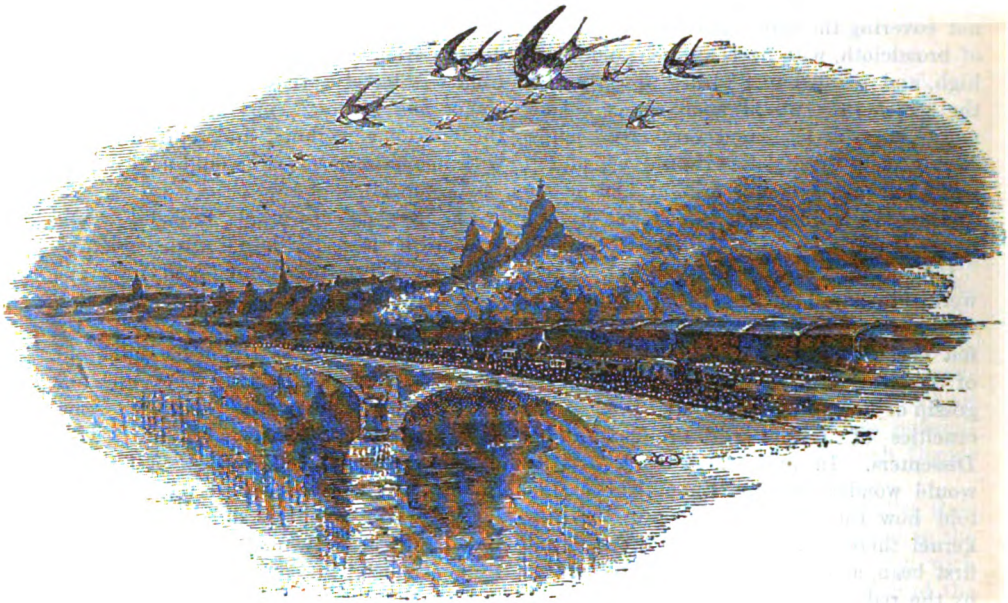

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS.

BY MINNA IRVING.

SINCE the dim white light of the midnight moon
  Rose up at the call of the city's clocks,
I have bruised my feet on the stony streets
  For mile after mile of silent blocks;
And now, when the first faint rose of dawn
  Has touched the world with a new delight,
I stand on the bridge o'er the broad black stream
  That has moaned for my soul the livelong night.

The moon grows pale in the dome above
  And fades and fades, like a wreath of snow
On April banks, or a ghost that melts
  In air when the cock begins to crow;
And the froth is green on the sullen wave,
  And under the bridge a dead man goes
With sea-weed clenched in his rigid hand,
  And, pinned to his coat, a wet white rose.

How the pitiless glare of day reveals
  My threadbare coat with its shiny seams!
Oh, where is the gold I meant to win,
  And where the grave of my rainbow dreams—
The halls of pleasure, the praise of men,
  The warmth and the wine of women's lips?
'Twere best to follow the dead man's rose
  By the low dark wharves and the rocking ships.

Above my head is a whir of wings
  And a wavering line in the blue bright dome:
Their pinions tipped with the morning's gold,
  The birds of the air are flying home
From the alien fields that are seared with frost,
  To the tropical gardens, slumberous sweet,
Where the myrtle leans to the rose's kiss,
  And the lily swoons in the windless heat.

Though fair are the lands to which they speed,
  Yet on with the birds I would not go;
But back to the woods from which they came,
  With the fires of the sumach all aglow.
Where the brown nuts drop in the mellow noons
  And hide themselves in the withered leaves,
And a late lone katydid chirps away
  From a sheltered bough in the sad gray eves.

Oh! birds that fly in the mist of dawn
  Over the city, did you see
A farm-house old in a purple vale,
  Where a fair little maiden prays for me?
Would she take me close to her warm white breast
  If I knocked to-day at the ivied door,
With my haggard face and my shabby coat
  And the ghosts of the hopes that are no more?

The birds drift over the azure rim
  Of the farthest horizon, one by one;
But sweet is the message they brought to me,
  For I turn my face to the rising sun,
Away from the lamps that mock the day
  With their sickly glare, and the river's foam,
To the autumn woods and the maid who waits
  And the gray-haired mother! I too go home!

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THE SPELL OF DOBY'S HOLLOW.

BY INDA BARTON HAYS.

THE public free school numbered ten in the Superintendent's register, and located under a spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, had been for some time without a teacher. It was not for want of the usual appropriation nor for lack of interest, and certainly for no scarcity of raw material, as children were only a little less plentiful than coons and persimmons and other products indigenous to that part of old Virginia.

The scholastic chair remained empty simply because no one was brave enough to fill it. The last teacher, a martinet, had quickly been rendered "hors de combat." Her predecessor, a romantic young lady, tried to govern by love; but she gave up her theory—and her school—when the eldest male pupils, imagining her kindness a personal tribute, decided to settle their respective claims with "pistols for two."

So another appointment was awaited with much interest, which was not lessened when the new teacher, Miss Bertha Stuart, alighted at the little railway-town and was met by old Mr. Marten, commonly called "Daddy Dick."

Daddy Dick was an influential patron of the school, but to board at his house meant to "carry the war into Africa." For Daddy Dick's son, Morris Marten, was the ringleader of the school riots, and really, as he facetiously styled himself, "The Terror of the Teacher's Trail."

Marten's family had already one other boarder, a gentleman representing the capitalists of a bark-company. This gentleman, Herbert Redmond—"Captain," he was styled—divided his time about equally between the peelers' camp, on the slope of great Humpback, and Daddy Dick's.

He was a handsome athletic man, with that easy grace and dash about him peculiar to those who live much in the outer air and bear authority. He was as alien to his surroundings as Miss Stuart—whom, by the way, he regarded as only another victim for the Moloch of Doby's improvement: with pity, perhaps, that this sacrifice was so fair. For, if any doubted Miss Stuart's ability to control Doby's school, none questioned her beauty. She looked—as she was—like a glistening diamond among rough gray rocks.

Monday morning came. Bertha, with the younger Marten children, had reached the big farm-gate, when Captain Redmond joined them.

"Bub," said he, "ride Eagle to the cross-roads, and," as he bowed, "with Miss Stuart's permission, I will walk through to the school-house."

Bertha assented. They passed out to the beaten red road. Around were the mountains vivid with the autumn hues, the air delightfully clear and crisp. The path wound through a shady copse, and the children ran on in advance.

"If the fates are as propitious as your first school-day," said Redmond, "your success is assured."

"Success must come from within," argued Bertha, "and not from fate."

"One might have known you a skeptic," said Herbert, "though I do marvel at your temerity in taking this school."

"Oh, I had a fancy for the mountains. It is good, sometimes, to leave the rich lowlands for the steep rough places."

"And the rough people?"

"Yes," she smiled; "it may be my mission to lead them into smoother paths."

"Seriously," said Redmond, "if you will pardon me, you seem fit for no such Quixotic mission; and I wish," he added, impulsively, "that I might even now persuade you to resign."

The earnest expression of his gray eyes a little startled Bertha, and she did not reply. Reckoned by physical lights, they had known each other but a few days.

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As they walked silently on, Redmond wondered at his interest, for he knew it was widely at variance with his usual passivity. Somehow, as the sun came through the woods and brightened with golden flecks the dainty girlish figure, he felt an insane desire to shield Bertha from contact with the boisterous children, whose voices they heard as the path widened again to the road.

The school-house was in a thicket of pines, back against Doby's mountain. As Bertha and Redmond approached, a crowd of youngsters ran down the mountain path, shouting as they scrambled for the chestnuts lying brown and bare in their burry caps, or dragged down the wild grapes clambering everywhere in tangled profusion.

"See," said Herbert, mounting his horse as Bub came up, "the enemy swoop down in force. Consider me your knight-errant if in distress."

"Thanks," responded Bertha; "it is not so bad as that."

Yet a desolate feeling swept over her when the last sound of his horse's hoofs fell on her ear, as she opened the school-room door.

They were a rough set, these children—almost as primitive as their native hills. Even their names were peculiar. There were six Glasses.

"We's a whole set," grinned the eldest, as he gave in the singular pseudonym of Creek Jim Glass. The Martens were the brightest pupils: Morris, who was nineteen years of age, tall and straight as an Indian, being well advanced for his reputation.

Creek Jim was Marten's ally; they handled knives and pistols with a freedom born of familiarity, and dramatized at recess the tales read surreptitiously in school, when Creek Jim, as a savage scout—war-paint and all—dragged off the least little girls, terror-stricken, in supposed abductions.

Bertha sighed for the easy lowlands before many days were over. But she minded much less, as time went on, Creek Jim's brutal amusements than Morris Marten's evident desire to be near her. His love-verses on the blackboard and his lurking looks of admiration filled her with repugnant anger. When, one evening, Captain Redmond galloped down the mountain road and passed the school-room window, the sight of the big gray horse and its stalwart rider gave Bertha cheering comfort.

Business detained Redmond around Afton just then. Rides, walks, pleasant conversations followed. There were long rambles in the wooded Hollow, where the children searched for nuts, and Bertha and Redmond gathered autumn leaves, with the eerie shadows slanting down from Doby's Knob and folding these two, weaving about them a spell wrought perhaps of their isolation, and, one afternoon, a longer horseback trip. Bertha, in her close habit, with the fresh wind blowing the curls of her golden hair and deepening the wild-rose color in her face, was so fair a sight that Herbert felt his pulses thrill.

"As in the old days when he rode with her,
With joy of love that had fond hope to bride,"

he thought, as he helped her mount.

These were young days, but love was telling the old story to the listening hearts of both. The hazy warmth of Indian summer kindled the blood with the desires of spring, and there was exhilaration in the autumn air as they rode between the purple hills or through the forests aglow with cardinal.

"These mountains give one a sense of loneliness," said Bertha, when the horses walked, half in light and half in gloom, under some jutting crags.

"Yes, I think so," agreed Herbert, "though my busy life has made me callous. And now," he added, with a closer pull on Eagle's rein, "they shut me in with a loneliness I would not break."

Bertha pointed to the circling landscape.

"Surely," she cried, "if the friends we love in the outer world were here, this would be Utopia."

"It might give pleasure," said Redmond; "I doubt that it would make unalloyed happiness."

"Are they not synonymous?" asked Bertha.

"Not exactly," he corrected; "fewer friends may yield greater joy. In the nearness of this seclusion, nature would give a propinquity of soul that might even," with an ardent look, "quicken the power of love."

"To change, perhaps, with its locality," suggested Bertha.

"Ah, that was unwarranted," said Redmond, dropping down from the skies; "I mean, that, with one congenial heart here, love might—"

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But Bertha whipped up black Gyp as she glanced back, and challenged him to a race.

Through the soft twilight, they rode up the lane to Daddy Dick's, Gyp's shiny satin relieved with great bunches of golden-rod in her bridle.

As they neared the gate, Morris Marten came out from a corner of the rail worm-fence. The boy's face was transformed. Bertha had seen it full of villainous mischief, but with nothing like the man's look of jealousy and hatred that blazed now in his black eyes and marred his swarthy features. It was just a flash; for, as Redmond came abreast, Marten vaulted the fence, and they heard his rude mocking laugh float back.

"There's an untamed devil in that boy," said Redmond, "that will bring him to the gallows yet."

School number ten was winning a name for good order such as it had never known. Bertha had not tried to control Morris Marten. He came and went at will. She had been quick to perceive that he was older than his years, that he had the impulses of a man and of a bad one. There was a dogged insistence in the way he followed her about and forced his awkward attentions on her, that she found it hard to avoid.

For Herbert Redmond and Doby's teacher, the mountains had worked their spell. Herbert's "nearness of soul" had been welded. Often, when he was absent, Bertha watched the dim blue ranges, and she knew that, on peak or rugged slant, wheresoever he was, there too was the world of her heart; while the love-light deepened in Redmond's eyes and spoke what words had not yet said.

These last had been busy weeks for him. Forest-fires were in the mountains, and it was necessary to "ring" immense spaces to protect the peelers' camp. Even Doby's Knob had not escaped. But the wished-for rain came, the fires were thought to be extinguished, and Captain Redmond was away.

It was Friday evening, the end of the first school month. Bertha staid this evening after school hours to write up her report, telling Bub to wait without. The other children had gone home, and she had not seen Morris since recess.

She had finished her work and fastened the one open shutter, and was turning to leave, when a hand pushed the door quickly ajar, took the key from the inside, and forced the lock back with a loud click. Astonished, she sprang to the shutter just closed. It was already made fast. The other two windows she tried in vain to loosen. Instinctively, she knew whose hand had locked her in, and called to Marten to open the door. For all answer came the laugh she had heard once before and the firing of a gun, apparently at the back of the school-house wall.

Did the boy mean to murder her?

Brave as only women of her conscious integrity are, the recollection of his diabolical face as she had seen it, and of his stealthy Indian-like movements, filled her with terror. She placed the benches closely together in the middle of the room and sank upon them, trembling. There were sounds as of feet rustling among the fallen leaves, and the rush of the wind, which was rising.

After a time, she heard again the faint echo of a gun discharged. Through the darkness rose the screech of the night-owl, and, clear and shrill, the whistle of the trains at the tunnel above. After that, cold and wearied, she laid herself with what comfort she might upon a bench and fell asleep.

Herbert Redmond came to Afton on the 12.50 express that night, and started down the precipitous mountain road to Daddy Dick's. Dark as pitch and not without danger was the way, but Eagle knew every step; and Herbert's thoughts were full of Bertha, as he turned the abrupt descent to the open road and knew he would pass the little school-house, hallowed that day by her presence.

A smell of burning leaves was in the air, and, as he came in view, he saw fire had broken out again on Doby. Further on, a large blaze shone in the Hollow.

When abreast of the school-house, Redmond was shocked to see the rear end in flames. He pulled Eagle aside and up through the trees. As he neared the house, shrieks—piercing and full of anguish—broke on the night's stillness.

In a maze of wonder, he rode nearer yet, sprang from his horse, and was surprised to find the shutters propped from the ground by poles. He took one away, struck loudly against the door, and called to know

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who was there. The answer gave him a maniac's strength, as he tried to force the door, which did not yield. With all the power of his strong voice, he told Bertha to undo the blind from within, mounted, and got Eagle close under the window, and, in another moment, had her insensible form in his arms.

Dead he feared she was, as the ruddy glow showed the white pallor of her face.

"Oh, my dove!" he cried, with a bitter groan, "you have indeed been a prey for these vultures!"

One indecisive look he gave to the shorter route that led to Marten's.

"No, no," he muttered, half distracted; "better the mountain wilds than there!" and spurred Eagle up the mountain road he knew so well.

Redmond took off his traveling-cape and wrapped it about Bertha; he chafed the cold hands and blew his warm breath on her hair, damp now with the mist, as he held her to his bosom.

Life came back. Little tremulous sighs shook her. She moaned when Herbert called her and kissed her with the passion of grief, but she did not speak or seem quite conscious as she clung to him.

It was daylight when Herbert struck the level mountain ridge, and rosy dawn had tinged the heights when he drew rein before a small cabin on the farther side of Humpback.

On the evening of the third day from Bertha's rescue, her widowed sister arrived at the isolated mountain hut. Bertha had shown no consciousness since that terrible night when she lifted her hands imploringly to Redmond. Fever coursed through her veins, and her cries always to be "let out" were pitiable.

It was a long fight, but life and love won. There came a day when she awoke from a natural sleep, and her eyes looked up into Redmond's face with the light of reason and of love in their brown depths.

Redmond had attended to his business with an abstracted heart these anxious days, going from the camp to Afton, back often in the night to the lonely cabin where his love centred, once to Marten's, where his suspicions rested. His efforts to discover anything definite had been futile. Many rumors filled the Hollow. Marten's house was watched, and officers searched for Morris, who had neither been seen nor heard of since the fire. Creek Jim Glass had also mysteriously disappeared.

On this evening, when Herbert left the hut, he had gone but a short distance down the narrow bridle-way when he saw a skulking figure through the bushes. He drew his pistol and cried:

"Stop! you murdering scamp, or I'll fire!"

The man turned and showed the freckled face and shifting eyes of Creek Jim Glass.

"Is it you?" said Redmond. "I thought it was Morris Marten."

"It's me, capt'n," whined Jim; "fur the Lord's sake, don't shoot. I'm a'mos' dead now."

He was the half-starved shadow of himself.

"Here," said Redmond, dismounting and holding out his flask. "Where's Marten?" he asked, presently.

Creek Jim quavered.

"Capt'n," said he, "say you won't be so tur'ble hard on me, an' I'll tell. Nobody kin tell but me, an' I was afeard to till I seen her erlive! Oh, capt'n," hysterically, "ef you knowed what I felt when I could 'a' let her out an' didn't!"

"Ah!" said Redmond, "you do know, then. Jim, deliver up Morris Marten—he's the master villain—and I'll befriend you. Where is Marten?" he repeated.

"Dead, capt'n!"

"Dead?" echoed Redmond. "When—how did he die?"

"His gun went off thet night, and shot him in the side," said Jim, brokenly.

Redmond walked away. It was one of those glorious days in October, when the soul takes on an added strength from the bracing vitality of the earth, and death is as a legend, far off and impossible. This was an outcome least expected, a retribution beside which his own failed. He turned to Creek Jim, who was rocking his body in woe.

"Jim," said he, "why were the doors and windows fastened?"

"So's Morris could talk love to the teacher. Morris said, ef he had a chance, she'd come eround. Ef she ergreed to run off, so well; ef she cut up, we was goin' to put her in Slooper's Cave, like we read erbout, till—till—" he hesitated as he saw Redmond's

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pulsing veins—"she'd ergree to hev Morris. I come down with Morris's horse when the express whistled; but the school-house was a blazin' pile, an' I thought they was gone. Nex' mornin', down the Hollow, I found Morris's gun an' a puddle o' blood. At the school-house, folks 'lowed Miss Stute was burnt, 'cause they found her watch in the ashes. I got skeard, an' hid the gun an' raked leaves on the blood an' hurried home a nigh way me 'n Morris knowed. In Dismal Gorge, I foun' him. Dead, capt'n," he sobbed, "an' stretched half-way under the rocks. I 'lowed he'd dragged on to meet me."

Jim paused for breath.

"I kivered him up, capt'n, with the rocks an' the bushes, an' put out to the mountings. Here I bin sense, ha'nted by ghosts a-telling me they was both dead an' I'd hev to swing fur it. But, thank God!" he finished, "she's erlive, fur I seen her thro' the door."

His strength failed.

"Come," said Redmond: "I will take you home and see that no harm befall you."

The next day, these facts were made known, corroborated by Creek Jim. Morris Marten's body was found. Indignation at his guilt was great, though what deeper crimes his vindictive passions aimed at would never be known.

Among the guests at the Ridge House, next summer, were Captain Redmond and his lovely wife. And once more Bertha rode among the familiar mountains, and Herbert felt their witching spell:

"As in the old days when he rode with her,
One year ago had made his pulses stir."

THE CAVERN OF CARE.

BY ELEANOR W. F. BATES.

DEEP in the cavern of care,
Murky and thick is the air;
Grief and woe and despair,
Venomous sisters three,
Are gloomily sitting there
Fulfilling their destiny.
Whenever a stranger passes in
That cavern of care, there rises a din
Of shrieks and yells, of groans and sighs,
A terrible discord of cries;
And its under-current seems to say
In a warning way:
"Beware!
Beware of the cavern of care!"

Come out of the realms of cheerlessness
Into the fields of fearlessness,
Where rivers of rapture run!
Sing loud with the birds
A jubilant harmony of sweet words,
And look, look up to the sun!
Flee far away from the cavern of care,
Where those pestilent sisters of darkness fare—
Grief and woe and despair.
Hark! the very echoes repeat and say
In their mocking way:
"Beware!
Beware of the cavern of care!"

TENTED.

BY JENNY TERRILL RUPRECHT.

I KNOW a little willful heart,
That dwells within a mystic tent
That was not formed by hand of art,
But from love's own sweet self was sent;
This heart slipped through the open door,
When it was closed forevermore.

It seemed to thrive in bondage there;
I, willing, let it captive be,
And never gave it thought or care:
Why should its thralldom worry me,
When it obeyed love's sly behest
And never asked me what were best?

The lover weaver wrought too well
The tent held fast by silken knot,
And lured this heart therein to dwell,
To beat for him—and I forgot;
But he guards well, through shade and shine,
The little willful heart once mine.

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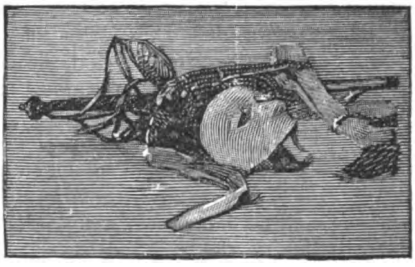
A DOUBLE DRAMA.

BY KATHARINE ALLEN.



IT was six o'clock. The great drawing-room of the Wallingford country-house was empty, save of stillness; and there was so much of that, it was oppressive. The chairs and tables were scattered about as usual, and the lights burned low in the magnificent chandeliers. In the dimness and the shadows, the marble statues on their pedestals gleamed ghostly white, and the great columns which supported the roof looked like giant spectres so tall their heads were lost in the clouds.

At five minutes past six, servants entered and began to remove the furniture. Soon, the room was literally empty; but it did not remain so long, for the intruders quickly returned and filled the space with small light chairs and nothing but chairs, while a man mounted a step-ladder and took down the portière which separated the front from the back drawing-room, revealing a green curtain. Then the servants vanished, and the great apartment was once more left to stillness and shadows.

If silence held triumphant sway in front of the scenes, behind them it was quite different. In the "greenroom," as Aldyth Gordon called it, all was excitement and confusion. The two apartments opposite the stage, which was the back drawing-room, had been turned into dressing-rooms, one for the ladies, the other for the gentlemen, and the intervening space curtained off from the rest of the hall to serve for general use. Here most of the amateur company were rushing about, everybody getting in everybody else's way. In the midst of this warring of the elements, and quite undisturbed by it, stood Aldyth Gordon issuing orders.

She was accustomed to ruling her little world with the exception of her autocratic mother, and she had a genius not only for acting, but for managing amateur theatricals. Under her direction, the actors retired to their dressing-rooms, while she remained to inspect the stage and offer some suggestions to the prompter before going upstairs to her own chamber to dress for her part.

Could Miss Gordon have known what was happening in another part of the house at the moment, she would hardly have gone through her task with such serenity.

At a quarter past seven, she was back in the greenroom, where her services were immediately claimed by her brother Dick. He was a handsome girlish-looking youth under eighteen, handsomer even than usual in his fanciful costume as he leaned back in a chair to receive some finishing touches from the hands of Aldyth and an assistant, and making them laugh by his jests.

If Miss Gordon could have known what had happened in another part of the house while she was dressing, and could have heard a conversation taking place in the smoking-room as she applied the powder-puff to her brother's cheek, she would not have said with such complacency:

"There, Dick, you are all right! Don't get in the way any more than you can help, before it is your turn to come on."

Even while she was uttering that counsel, Kitty Gordon, her younger sister, was standing in the doorway between the smoking-room and the library, fairly wringing her hands in dismay.

"What shall we do?" she groaned. "You can't play!"

"Hardly," rejoined the master of the house, from the sofa on which he was lying.

"Does Aldyth know?" was Kitty's next question.

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"No, but she must be told—everybody else. too; the play can't go on without a hero! We might have someone read the part, though; that would be better than nothing."

Kitty was about to reply when she perceived a servant with a telegram, waiting to pass her. She stepped aside to allow him to enter, and would have walked away had not an exclamation from the occupant of the sofa arrested her.

"By Jove, Miss Kitty, this is luck!" The young lady looked at the speaker in amazement. He had torn open the telegram and read it, and his whole countenance had cleared. "Jack Alroyd's back from the Himalayas! The telegram must have been delayed, for he may be here any minute."

"Jack Alroyd?"

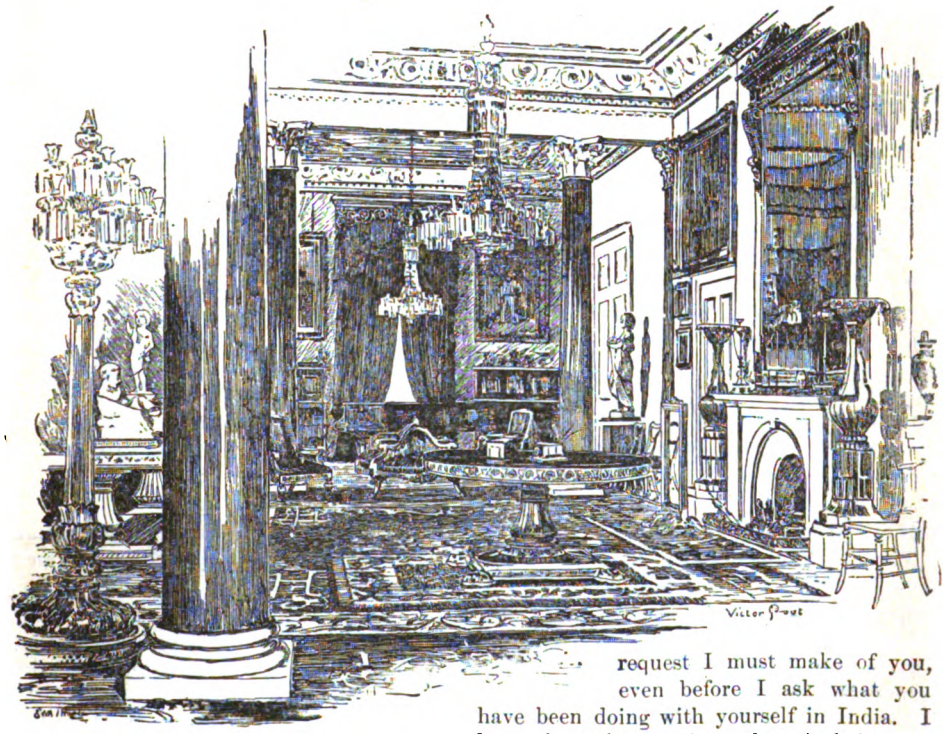
Kitty Gordon did not realize that her tone was almost a shriek; but her companion did, and, when he saw how pale she was, immediately leaped to a conclusion.

"Mr. Alroyd," the servant announced.

"Show him in, James," said the master. "How jolly!" said Robert Wallingford to himself, as the young lady vanished. "I think I have read your secret, my little sister-in-law that is to be! Ah, Jack, my dear boy, how are you?" This to a young man who entered and came toward him with both hands outstretched.

"Hello, old fellow! I am awfully glad to see you!" cried the new-comer. "But what does this mean?"

"I fell over a chair and twisted my ankle a little while ago, that's all," laughed Wallingford. "It's nothing serious—doesn't hurt except when I move; but it's deuced inconvenient just now. That brings me to a



request I must make of you, even before I ask what you have been doing with yourself in India. I have plunged into private theatricals lately."

"Private theatricals?" echoed Jack, in amazement. "Why, they used not to be in your line, my boy."

"Not a bit," was the laughing reply, "and I doubt whether they are now; but I'm in for them, all the same. They are a fad of Aldyth's—Miss Gordon's."

"Aldyth Gordon, did you say? Has she a sister Kitty?" asked Jack. He had grown a shade paler under his bronze.

"Yes," answered the other, noticing this.

"I used to know them," began Alroyd, but his friend interrupted him:

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"Why, of course you did; she told me all about it."

"She? Who?"

"Oh, Aldyth, to be sure. We're acting your play."

"My play?" Jack's face had grown very dark, though by this time his friend was too absorbed to notice him.

"Certainly—the one you wrote for Aldyth; you both acted in it," answered Wallingford, astonished at the other's dullness.

"I don't think I understand," said Jack. "When and where do you act?"

"Why, here and now—how stupid of me, not to explain! Mrs. Gordon and her daughters are spending a week with me; this house is so much better adapted to theatricals than theirs. To-night we give the play, next Tuesday a grand ball. Mrs. Gordon is managing everything. You can guess my request by this time: I was to play with Miss Gordon, and now there's this confounded ankle—I want you to be my substitute."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jack.

"Not at all; you played with me two years ago. You wrote the thing—you must remember something of it."

"Why, there isn't even time to dress."

"Oh, yes, plenty," responded Wallingford. "It is five minutes to eight; the curtain need not rise till half-past—the musicians play first. My costume is in the other room; it will fit you as well as if made for you."

There was an instant's pause. Alroyd drew back into the shadow, and, when he spoke, his voice sounded odd.

"Very well," he said; "let me have the part, so that I can refresh my memory while I am dressing."

At a quarter past eight, the musicians had begun to play, and Kitty Gordon was seated on a lounge in a corner of the audience-room. Her bosom friend was beside her, but Kitty did not look exactly happy; there was an anxious expression on her face.

"What will mamma say? What will mamma say?" she kept repeating to herself.

Poor Kitty! How she longed for someone in whom to confide her perplexities. She glanced at Edith Mayford, and wondered whether she might not whisper them in her sympathizing ear. While she was hesitating, her friend spoke:

"Will the engagement be announced while you are here?"

"What engagement?"

"Aldyth's, of course."

"I don't know," answered Kitty. "I am not even sure that they are engaged."

"But your sister would never accept all these attentions and this hospitality, if she did not mean to marry Mr. Wallingford."

"Mamma expects it, and Aldyth means to do so, I think; but you can never be certain of things until they happen," said Kitty.

"I wonder Aldyth cares to play Lady Betty," remarked Edith, "considering the last time she took the part. Everybody knows Jack Alroyd was madly in love with her when he wrote the piece, and I always believed she had a fancy for him, though she wasn't the sort of person to carry her heart on her sleeve. How did it happen that this particular play was chosen?"

"Why, you see," explained Kitty, "some blundering person happened to say, in the presence of Mr. Wallingford, how well the rôle suited Aldyth—that it had been written expressly for her. Two or three others who were left of the original company sang its praises so enthusiastically that nothing would satisfy him but a repetition of it. I know Aldyth didn't want to play it; but she had no good reason to offer, so at last she yielded."

"Do you think she cares now?"

"I—don't—know." The response came slowly. "There's mamma beckoning to me; excuse me a moment, Edith."

It was twentyseven minutes past eight, and, back in the greenroom, Miss Gordon was in a state of excitement because the leading gentleman had not yet appeared.

"Dick, please go and see whether Mr. Wallingford is ready, that's a good boy!" she said.

Her brother obeyed, and returned in a moment with the answer that "Lionel" would be there immediately.

At twentyfive minutes of nine, the curtain had risen, and Lady Betty, the first nervousness over, was playing her part well. Lionel, her lover, entered, and she rose to greet him with a smile of welcome; but it died away when she saw it was not Robert Wallingford. A second later, she recognized the actor, and grew ghastly pale under the paint and powder.

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"Is it a ghost?" she whispered; but the hand that took hers in greeting was a live man's. There was a pause, which seemed ages to Aldyth, but which scarcely lasted long enough to be noticeable; then she realized that for some inexplicable reason it was Jack Alroyd in the flesh, who had come back to play Lionel once more. She realized something else, too—that a hundred eyes were turned on her, among them the master of Wallingford's, and, with the instinct of a proud nature and determined will, she resolved not to break down.

If the sudden appearance of Jack Alroyd caused consternation on the stage, it was equally productive of that feeling in the audience. Poor Kitty, prepared, was spared the shock of surprise; but she almost held her breath to see how Aldyth would bear the ordeal, though she never dreamed that

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he had come on her sister without warning. Edith Mayford sank back on the sofa and gazed at Kitty in an utterly dazed fashion. As for Mrs. Gordon, conspicuous among her guests in the front, it dawned on her very slowly who the Lionel really was, and then amazement nearly paralyzed her. When the first stupefying effect of astonishment had passed away, consciousness awoke to active fears, and she had to struggle almost as hard as Aldyth to regain her self-possession. To everybody in the room, this substitution of another in place of Mr. Wallingford was a surprise, while, to the persons who knew Jack Alroyd and had seen him play the part before, it was even more.

In the general excitement, no one noticed Mrs. Gordon, nor that a sofa on which the master of Wallingford was reclining had been brought in and placed by the door. The air was full of whispers of wonder and conjecture which Mrs. Gordon could not satisfy; she could only smile and shake her head. As soon as was possible without exciting notice, she made her way to the corner in which Kitty sat in a tumult of anxiety far from agreeable.

"In heaven's name, Kitty, what does this mean?" she whispered, when she reached her daughter's side.

In as few words as she could, the young lady explained the situation; but it took some moments for Mrs. Gordon thoroughly to comprehend. When she did, it was only the proximity of Miss Mayford that prevented her from uttering a storm of reproaches to Kitty. Assuming her society mask, she crossed over to Mr. Wallingford, whom she had just perceived; but her younger daughter knew by experience that the sympathizing glances with which that gentleman was favored during the next few minutes were far from expressing her mother's real feelings in regard to his accident and his choice of a substitute for the hero of the play.

"Mamma blames Robert," Kitty was thinking; "but how can she, when she has done her best to keep every whisper of past times from him? He doesn't suspect!"

Aldyth summoned all her resolution to enable her to play her part; but, though she managed, after her first betrayal, to conceal every trace of emotion, she was not strong enough to throw her heart into her acting and forget herself. It was exquisite torture to feel the touch of Jack Alroyd's

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hand, and yet know that he was looking at her with hard scornful eyes. If all the people who were wronged, or fancied they were, by Aldyth Gordon—the man whom she loved but would not marry, the man whom she had made up her mind to marry though she did not love him, the mother who feared that all her cherished ambitions would be destroyed by her—if all these could have looked into her soul during that three-act drama, they would have felt themselves amply revenged. Was it centuries before the curtain fell on the first act? It seemed so to her. There were whispers among the audience, in the intermission which followed, that were not intended for the ears of the hostess.

"Miss Gordon did not play nearly so well as usual." "What was the matter with Aldyth?" was said all over the room.

It was not necessary for either Mrs. Gordon or Kitty to hear these whispers, for them to know that Aldyth was playing badly; but they were not surprised. Mr. Wallingford, watching her from his position on the sofa, saw it too, and, with that fatuous complacency which helps to blind us to others' sufferings and fattens our own delusions, attributed it to the change which had been made in the rôle of Lionel.

The second act began, and Aldyth did much better. Lionel was not on the stage; perhaps that had something to do with her self-possession. Miss Kitty was sitting by the invalid now; he had begged her to come. He would have liked to draw his companion out a little on the subject of Alroyd, but he perceived that she was too absorbed in Lady Betty's acting to talk much.

"You are very fond of your sister, are you not, Miss Kitty?" he inquired, with an amused smile at her earnestness.

"Indeed I am! I would die this minute, if I could save her from any trouble!"

Mr. Wallingford was somewhat astonished at this melodramatic outburst on the part of the usually quiet Kitty.

"I hope such a thing will never even be needed. Most people think she is a very fortunate girl."

It was no conceit in regard to himself that caused the young man to say this, but he knew the value of the master of Wallingford in the eyes of his little world.

"I think so too," answered Kitty.

"Thank you, Miss Kitty," he said. In this case, at least, he instinctively realized it was himself, not his possessions, which called forth the words. Could he be as sure of the sincerity and unworldliness of her sister?

The curtain had fallen on the second act of the play, and the performers, with the exception of those who had to make changes in their costumes, were in the greenroom, laughing and chatting. Among the former was Jack Alroyd, who stood in the gentlemen's dressing-room. He was adding the mustache which was supposed to have grown in the three years assumed to elapse between the first and third acts, thereby helping to alter his appearance. He wore the dress of a troubadour, his mandolin under his arm, and in this guise was to return to the lady of his love when the curtain rose. He had left the operation of dressing until the last minute, although he had the whole of the second act to devote to it. He had been unable to resist the temptation of watching Aldyth on the stage from a coign of vantage behind the scenes, and had despised himself for his weakness.

"I wonder whether it was fate that made me shave off my mustache last summer, so as to prepare me to play the part of Lionel as well as I did two years ago?" he was thinking, when there came a knock at the door. "Come in," he said, and Dick Gordon entered.

"Remembered I'd forgotten something," he explained, "and the curtain goes up in a minute."

"Does it? I must hurry."

"Queer that you should turn up just in the nick of time, wasn't it?" Dick remarked.

"Yes," assented Alroyd, with a grim smile. He doubted whether Mrs. Gordon or Aldyth would have considered that the appropriate phrase.

"Jolly fellow—Wallingford," went on Dick, patronizingly; "make a good brother-in-law."

"Have you secured him in that capacity?" inquired Jack, carelessly.

"No, but Aldyth has done so for me. Hark! they're calling us. We must go!"

If Aldyth had not done herself credit in the first act, and had only risen to her usual level in the second, she fully redeemed herself in the third.

"I have never seen her play like that," whispered Wallingford, and Kitty nodded,

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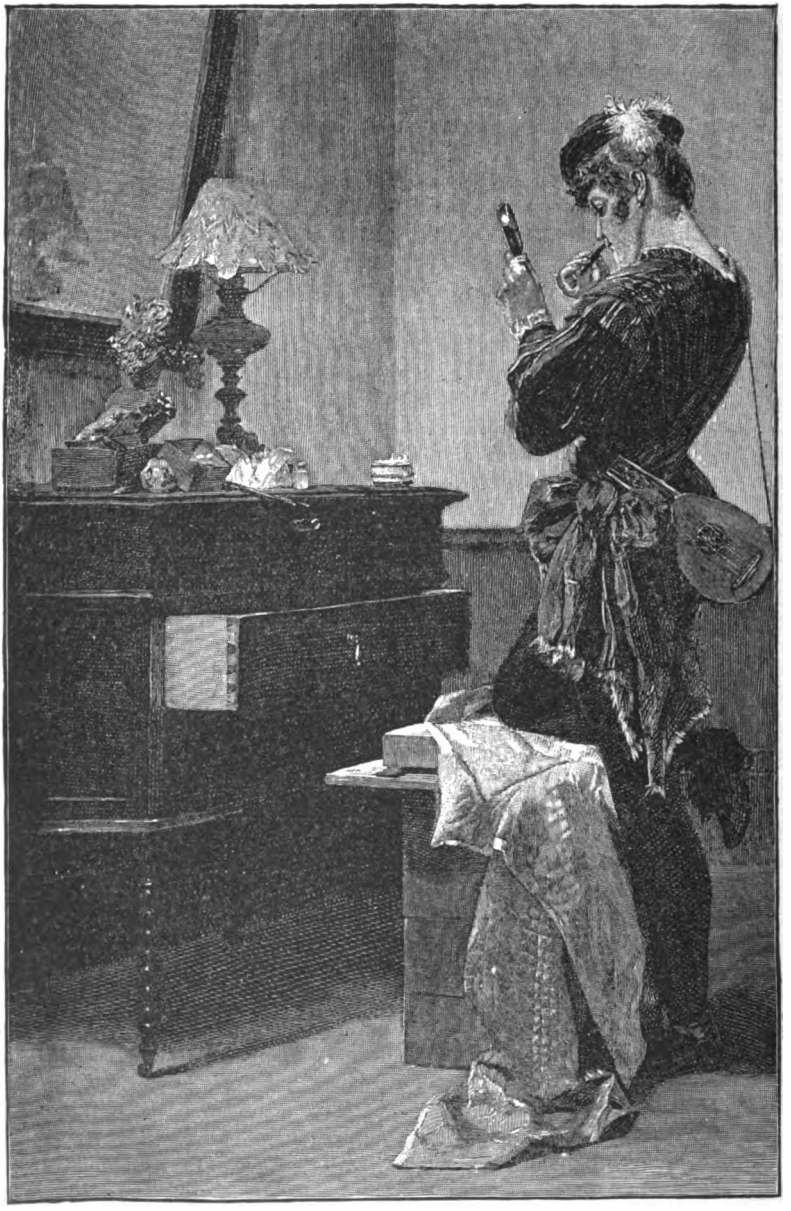
but did not speak; she knew the reason why.

When Lady Betty first recognizes her lost love, and tells him he has come back too



late—that she is pledged to another—her voice was the echo of despair, and her eyes expressed the sorrow her words could not. Were these two playing to the roomful of interested spectators, or only to themselves? There was a passion in Jack Alroyd's pleading which had not been there when he first played Lionel. He had forgotten, in the intoxication of the moment, that this girl was false to him, had completely given him up—that she was engaged or as good as engaged to one of his best friends. He only remembered that he loved her, and that she had once loved him. For a little while, they

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forgot the rest of the world; but the world was looking at them and making its comments. Those who had known of the old romance whispered: "It is not all acting." Mrs. Gordon dug her nails into the bit of lace and cambric she held in her hand, until it was almost in shreds. The master of Wallingford admired the talent of his two friends in blissful unconsciousness, while poor Kitty, looking at him, thought: "Oh! if I knew what to do—if I knew what was right! If I were only sure of my own motives!"

After various woes and troubles, the play ended happily, as plays should, leaving the happy lovers united forever, and the curtain went down amid loud applause.

"Let me congratulate you, Miss Gordon; you are an admirable actress," Jack whispered, as he released the hands he had been holding in a lover's clasp. He had come to himself, and was proportionately bitter at his own folly in forgetting.

"Ah, heaven! if it only were acting!" murmured Aldyth.

"What do you mean?" Jack said, sternly, his fingers closing over hers with a clasp of steel. She did not answer, but there was a look in the eyes upturned to his which no amateur, at least, however skilled, could have feigned. "Have you forgotten, Aldyth?" he went on.

"Forgotten?" she repeated. "And I have tried so hard to forget!"

By this time, the curtain had risen and they were bowing to the enthusiastic audience, while they returned to their former attitudes. Then the hero and heroine of the occasion were almost dragged off the stage and overwhelmed with congratulations. Aldyth moved as if in a dream until she found herself facing Robert Wallingford. He took her hand and said in a low tone:

"I am very proud of you, Aldyth. Can I have my answer to-night?"

There is a courage born of desperation, and it came to Miss Gordon's aid now. She must speak at once or never, for she did not trust her own strength.

"You have had your answer from the lips of Lady Betty—forgive me, please."

It was a minute or two before he understood, then he glanced at Jack and was silent. A few moments afterward, he looked down into Kitty's anxious eyes and said:

"I have made a great mistake, Kitty dear."

The younger Miss Gordon did not reply, but I think Mrs. Gordon's ambition may be fulfilled after all, sooner or later, though not in the way she had planned.

AH! HAD WE KISSED!

BY LUCIEN ARNOLD.

AH! had we kissed each other once,
  What words our tongues had said!
Quick wit and tender haerts were ours,
  And eager fancies, easy led;
A thousand thoughts to fill our hours,
  And many words to deck them with;
We read and rode and talked and walked,
And every tender token balked
  By mutual consent, and yet—
  Ah, yes! I'm sure that I regret
The opportunities we wasted,
The sweet delight we might have tasted!

'Tis well and wise to learning have,
  But love—I here declare no salve
Commensurate to love's hot wound,
No poppy pill potent to bound
  The woes of love repressed. Ah, no!
  And now I think you thought so too!
For once you wrote: "We never kissed—
Why not?" Why not? Indeed, we missed
  The finer part of our sweet days,
  So fair and fond they were! No lays
Of mine, no words of yours could say
In half so sure and pleasant way:
"I'm fond of you!" "You're dear to me!"
  As could a kiss tender and free!

A thousand times I watched your eyes,
  Your dear brown eyes, and made a prize
Of your white hands, and, 'neath the moon,
  Heard you speak tender words—not love!
Ah, no! you gave all else. That boon,
  The dearest boon from God's above,
We frowned upon, and doubly scorned.
I was a boy, and wise; you, warned
  By one false heart, feared love a snare;
  So moonlight fell on your soft hair,
And your frank gentle eyes looked oft
In mine; our words were low and soft.
  We'd hope and youth and love, and missed
  The highest joy—we never kissed!

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FOLK-LORE OF THE FINGER-RING.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

NO other ornament, among the many worn by mankind during the ages since our Mother Eve first wove garlands, has been so generally admired and prized as the finger-ring. Its form emblematic of eternity, and its material so precious, might well cause it to be chosen as the magic link by which lovers are united, and absent friends held in fond remembrance.

Although so small as to be almost insignificant, it has been associated with all the great events of life. The ring was once used as the credential of ambassadors and the mark of kingly authority, equal in importance to the crown and sceptre. The little circle appears and reappears all along the stately march of history, and in folk-lore—the old tales and legends which are the common property of all nations—it is always the centre of interest.

To-day the finger-ring is merely admired for its beauty or value, but in other ages it was worn as a talisman or charm against the evil eye, or demons, or sickness and death. Sometimes the virtue was in the stone with which the ring was set, at other times the power lay in the device or magic letters engraved upon it. The Arabians were full of this strange lore, and have to this day a book called "Salcuthat," which treats exclusively of cabalistic rings. These were often made of wood, bone, or other cheap material, and set with gems which bore an occult charm. They believed that each month of the year was under the spell of some gem or precious stone, which exerted its power over the person born at that season. This credence in natal stones was by no means confined to the Arabs; it has appeared in the literature of nearly every nation. Of course, the meanings varied with time and nationality; but the following is a well-known list showing the gem appropriate for each month, together with its special significance:

January, garnet; constancy.
February, amethyst; sincerity.
March, bloodstone; courage.
April, diamond; innocence.
May, emerald; success in love.
June, agate; health and long life.
July, carnelian; contented mind.
August, sardonyx; conjugal felicity.
September, chrysolite; antidote to madness.
October, opal; hope.
November, topaz; fidelity.
December, turquoise; prosperity.

That strange set of philosophers who called themselves Gnostics, wore rings with gems engraved with mystic figures, whose meaning was known only to the chosen few. In that quaint German folk-story, "Reynard the Fox," the hero tells of his ring, which bears the "three names that came from Paradise." These were uttered when Adam "received the oil of magic from his son Seth," and such was their strange power that "whoso bears them can never be hurt by thunder and lightning, nor witchcraft, nor sin, nor heat, nor cold."

Solomon was said to have inherited from Jared, the father of Enoch, a ring by the power of which evil spirits might be rendered harmless. He also owned another by the aid of which he could fly through the air, and which, like the ring of Gyges, made its wearer invisible.

In the Middle Ages, there were devotional rings, on which were engraved the names of Jesus, of Mary, and of the different Apostles, and these were considered preventives against the plague. We read of rings bearing figures of the different gods and goddesses and possessing distinctive qualities which controlled the wearer. Thus Hercules gave strength, Orion brought victory in war, and Pallas bestowed wisdom.

Certain rings possessed a medicinal virtue: a copper ring, with the figure of a lion, a crescent, and a star, was considered a cure for dropsy; one with a dog and lion prevented pestilence; and one with the image of a hare cured rheumatism. Rings of pure gold were supposed to cure St. Anthony's Fire, and those of silver were prescribed for convulsions.

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A ring made of sixpences collected from bachelors was said to cure heart-disease, if worn by a maid on her fourth finger; while one made of silver given by twelve maidens was a panacea for rush of blood to the head. Rings made from the chain on which criminals had been hung were at one time in great demand as remedies against all sorts of disease, while those made of three nails taken from a coffin-lid exercised a magical power over headache.

Galen, the father of medicine, declared that a jasper stone set in silver would cure fevers and dropsies, stop hemorrhages, and baffle witchcraft. Emeralds also possessed great healing virtues, and moreover insured chastity and a good conscience. "For which reason," said the old writer, "it is the choice of ecclesiastics."

The turquoise was supposed to have qualities second only to those of the jasper. We have all pitied poor old Shylock for his loss of the turquoise ring that he would not have lost "for a wilderness of monkeys." This gem was thought to strengthen the sight and spirits of its owner, baffle enemies, reconcile man and wife, and remove any peril about to fall, besides possessing a power which some poet mentions thus:

"The compassionate turquoise, that doth tell,
By looking pale, when the owner is not well."

Shakespeare refers to an old wife's tale about the hidden virtues of a gem, in the noble lines:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head."

This toadstone, or "precious jewel," was such a favorite among the ancients that many classic writers give explicit directions how to find it, and also how to use it to obtain great good luck. Many other jewels, now little prized, were employed as charms by our forefathers: agate cured the sick and won the love of women for its wearer; amber was an antidote for all poisons; amethyst cured drunkenness, and, if the sun or moon were engraved on it, became a shield against witchcraft; bloodstone checked bleeding; carbuncle cleared the eyesight; coral hindered the delusions of the devil, while the diamond was an antidote to many poisons; the opal cured sore eyes, and the ruby changed its color to point out danger to its owner; sapphire checked sudden flow of blood, and topaz increased wisdom and prevented lunacy.

Rings were often made of certain materials that conferred on them the healing power, and history tells us of the curious practice, once prevalent in England, when the king blessed rings, the wearers of which were always saved from epilepsy. A ring was brought from Jerusalem and given to Edward the Confessor, which had the power of curing cramps.

The finger-ring has played an important part in history as well as tradition, and literature also is full of countless fancies which have clustered about the quaint little circlet.

The Bible frequently mentions rings, and from it we learn that the Jews have worn them in all ages. Signet-rings of gold, silver, and bronze were worn by the old Egyptians, and often they were engraved with the image of the sacred beetle, which was the symbol of immortality. Homer makes no mention of rings, but, in the time of Solon, it is related that every free Greek wore a signet, either of silver or gold. The Spartans, those disagreeable people who took pride in being like nobody but themselves, wore iron rings, and the Romans followed the fashion for many years. But, as the latter nation grew rich, the love of ornaments increased till everyone wore rings, from the emperor down to the slave, and they were even placed on the fingers of statues, which on festival occasions would be a blaze of glory with precious stones.

Roman rings were often of great value. Faustina sported one worth two hundred thousand dollars of our money, and Domitia boasted a still finer, worth three hundred and fifty thousand. Many noblemen wore rings on each finger, while Martial tells of one who wore sixty rings daily, or six on each finger, and did not remove them at night. One of the most beautiful pictures in history is that of the Doge of Venice when he wedded the Adriatic with his golden ring, throwing it into the blue water and saying: "We espouse thee, O sea, as a token of our perpetual dominion over thee."

The story of the signet-ring of the Borgias, by which they poisoned their enemies, is one of the tragic memories of days when men and manners were not like those of our

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own. It is not pleasant to think of the little finger-ornament acting a part so cruel, but Hannibal constantly carried about with him a poison-ring, and Pope Alexander possessed several such, by means of which he destroyed his foes.

A ring that once belonged to the Borgia family is now in the possession of the British Archeological Association. It is of gold, slightly enameled, with the date and a motto engraved inside. In the ring is set a tiny box, opening with a slide, through which the owner was wont to drop the poison into the wine of his unsuspicious guests.

Official rings have always formed part of the ornaments of those in high position. Episcopal rings are of great antiquity. At his consecration, a bishop of the Roman Catholic Church is invested with a ring, by which he is vowed to the Church. The papal signet usually possesses the following stones: a ruby, as indicating glory; an emerald, for tranquillity; and a crystal, for simplicity and purity. It is not worn by the Pope, but is kept for sealing apostolic letters. A signet-ring of steel, called the ring of the Fisherman, is also given to the Pope. A new one is made when each pontiff is elected, after which the old one is broken with a golden hammer. Cardinals wear their signet-rings on all occasions, save on Good Friday, when they are put off with great ceremony.

Rings for scientific purposes, galvanic rings, and rings with which all sorts of queer fancies are associated have been made and worn, and their history would be almost endless. Many rings owe their value to the inscription either on their surface or inside. It is said that the fashion of having mottoes or "posies," or "reasons" as they were called, was of Roman origin. Roman lovers gave them to their sweethearts with such mottoes carved inside as "Love me, and I will love thee," "Remember me," and others of like meaning. Books containing long lists of such fancies were once quite popular, and some of them still linger in old collections

The sentiment is often made by using stones whose first letters were made to spell the words, as—

Lapis lazuli.
Opal.
Verde antique.
Emerald.

The word "Dearest" is made thus:

Diamond.
Emerald.
Amethyst.
Ruby.
Emerald.
Sapphire.
Topaz.

One of the prettiest little bits of sentiment in modern history is the story of the betrothal-ring given by Princess Alexandra to her lover, the Prince of Wales. It bore the stones whose initial letters spelled his pet name, which was "Bertie," showing how "all the world's akin" in matters of the heart. These were the stones in their order:

Beryl.
Emerald.
Ruby.
Turquoise.
Jacinth.
Emerald.

Betrothal-rings are of German origin. Those of Luther and his Catherine are still preserved. They are of gold, and the workmanship is very elegant.

The wedding-ring is supposed to date back to the Romans, and its primitive form is that of the signet. The literature of the betrothal-ring and wedding-ring is full and most interesting. Shakespeare makes mention of the fashion in many of his plays. Who does not recall the trouble that befell Bassanio and Gratiano, in "The Merchant of Venice," when they gave away their sweethearts' rings? How beautiful the words with which the stately Portia presented the ring, and how grave the warning!

"Which, when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love."

No wonder Bassanio was afraid to meet the lady to whom he had so lately said:

"When this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from thence.
Oh, then be bold to say: Bassanio's dead!"

Almost every poet has spoken of the ring, honoring it as emblem of affection, and some of the sweetest expressions of marital love are found in the quaint mottoes inscribed in old-fashioned wedding-circlets, a few of which are well worth recording anew:

"Let us share
In joy and care."

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"United hearts
Death only parts."

"A faithful wife
Preserveth life."

"The ring and giver
Are thine forever."

"Knit in one
By love alone."

"Love only me
As I love thee."

"In love and thee
My joy shall be."

An old writer tells of a nobleman who had engraved on his fourth wedding-ring this motto:

"If I survive,
I'll make them five."

In a curious old book called "Swinburne's Treatise of Spousals," we find an elaborate explanation of the reasons for placing the wedding-ring on the fourth finger of the left hand. "Because it is the received opinion of the learned and experienced in ripping up and anatomizing men's bodies, that there is a vein of blood passing from the fourth finger to the heart, called 'vena amoris,' or 'love's vein'; and so the wearing of the ring on that finger signifies that love should not be vain or feigned, but, as they do give hands, each to the other, so likewise they should give the true hearts also, whereunto that vein extendeth."

Many superstitions linger about this small "reminder of a stronger link," and it has been recommended as a cure for all sorts of evils. Its loss foretells the sudden dissolution of the wedded partnership, and so widespread is still the effect of this belief that the most advanced thinker among womankind turns pale at the very idea.

In the days of Elizabeth, it was the custom for widows to wear a "robe and ring" as a token of their wish to live alone until death. These articles were assumed with much ceremony, but were not infrequently thrown aside for a new wedding-ring.

Mourning-rings have always been worn, especially in England, and in old wills we often find small legacies left for the purpose of providing such mementoes. These rings were often quite elaborate, containing the hair of the lost one, or a small portrait concealed beneath a signet-stone. They were often given away at the death of kings, and some exceedingly valuable ones in memory of Charles I are to be found in private collections.

The ring has ceased to have any importance in Church or State, but, as a token of plighted troth, it will always be loved and have a special meaning for its owner. About it are entwined the deepest sentiments of the heart, for to the old it brings back tender memories, and to the young it foretells the building of a new home.

A FLOWER FOR MAMMA'S GRAVE

BY SARAH DUDLEY BURNS.

"LADY, please, will you give me a flower?"
Was what I heard a small voice say
As I answered a timid call at my door,
One cold and dreary autumn day.

She had seen the beautiful blossoms
In the window, from the street;
Had come, that she might ask for one,
With eager faltering feet.

"Yes, dear," I said, "you may have a flower,"
And I reached for a tea-rose red;
"No, no, not that!" and she grasped my arm
And shook her pretty curly head.

She pointed to a lily white.
"Why this one, child?" She sobbed and said:
"I want it for my mamma's grave,
For don't you know my mamma's dead?"

Much as I prized my peerless flower,
And this one watched with zealous greed,
I loved the motherless waif still more,
And she had found a friend indeed

I cut for her the waxen flower,
And others, too, I freely gave;
Then clasped her dimpled hand in mine—
She led me to her mamma's grave.

I fancied, far above the earth
The angel mother looked and smiled,
Rejoiced to know the pure white flowers
A friend had found to love her child.

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IN TEMBLOR TIME.

BY CECIL CHARLES.

I.

THE cuartel guard eyed her and murmured among themselves. The policemen regarded her in doubtful silence. The ox-cart driver leaned on his long pole and grinned. The saunterers stared and looked curious, but she seemed unconscious of the general scrutiny. She had a white tired look in her face; her eyes were very dark and sad.

She crossed diagonally through the park, halted a little as she emerged in the other street, and gave a quick upward glance at the cathedral towers. After a moment of hesitation, she went on down the deserted way. As she passed along in the silence and the sunlight, she suddenly seemed to realize herself unwatched. A spasm convulsed her pale face; tears sprang into her eyes.

"Too late!" she said, with a choking sob. "Oh, heaven! am I too late?"

"Poor thing!" The man hardly knew what else to say. "Poor thing!" He stood looking over the counter at her, and she in turn looked at him, with a whiter and wearier face than before. On entering the shop, she had felt the blood rush so hotly to her head that for a moment she could hardly see.

The walls were lined with shelves of bottles. There were tins of canned meats in stacks, and strings of various articles suspended from the low ceiling. It was a dingy place, a veritable Spanish-American "delicatessen shop" and wine-store combined.

She spoke correctly and fluently the Spanish she had learned while in Mexico with her husband that year. There was no difficulty in understanding her. Three or four customers stared and commented audibly on her appearance. Pretty and "sympática," they agreed. The proprietor regarded her with mingled perplexity and compassion. She was looking for her husband—Don Santiago? Don Santiago had gone away—he knew not where. No, he did not think Don Santiago had been ill—or at least very ill. Don Santiago had not told anyone he was married. To be sure, he had had a lady's photograph; but then—

The considerate old Spaniard broke off suddenly. It did not seem to him the photograph had been the likeness of the pale lady who stood before him, but he had not the heart to tell her so. Don Santiago had led a gay life in that gay little city since his arrival, some three months previous. He had come there to look up certain mine-owners—had been sent by a great company in New York. He was an engineer by profession, it was understood. No, Don Santiago was not ill; the shopman was quite sure he had gone away. But, even as he said so, there was a look in his face that made the pale lady before him grow still colder at heart. She felt that he deceived her. She stood irresolute for a moment.

"Pobrecita!" he murmured again. She had come thousands of leagues—no, thousands of miles; and she had ridden alone all the long way from where the railway left off! And, now that she had arrived, not to find her husband! It was too hard! If she liked, he would send to inquire of a man who might know all about Don Santiago's departure. Yes, he would do so. She should go to her hotel and wait. He would advise to her to go to her hotel and rest and have some breakfast.

She thanked him with a hopeless look and turned to go. But, even as she passed through the door, she heard one of the men who had stood listening speak in an undertone. The only words she caught were "Calle del Laberinto."

Calle del Laberinto! She said it over, as she passed out into the sunlight. Something

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told her that was where she should find her husband. In the "street of labyrinths"! She walked aimlessly, not knowing what direction she took. It was a divine day—the twentyninth of December, in a land of eternal May! Fountains plashing, scent of roses and jasmine, scarlet gleam of pomegranate blossoms, sky of azure with only here and there a downy bit of cloud! And, through the narrow streets, one could see far away the tops of the beautiful mountains wreathed in violet haze.

There rose music by and by. Joyous holiday music! To be sure, she had heard that now were the "fiestas," the feast-days. To-morrow would occur the great bull-fight provided by the Government for the people, one and all. Ah, to be sure! Had she not heard of it all on the train coming up from the port? Had she not been told of it on reaching the capital? The fiestas, indeed!

But she was looking for "the street of the labyrinth." She had not walked far when suddenly she noticed a sign on a house, and read the name of the very street she was seeking. She turned into it and walked irresolutely for some squares. Then she came to a "tienda," and, going in, made inquiry. But the woman who kept the store could tell her nothing. "Se fué," that was all—he had gone away. A dizziness overcame the lady; she staggered into the street. She could not see, in spite of all the lovely sunshine.

What was the use? Why had she come to this strange Southern city in search of him? Why had she been so mad? He did not love her—he would not care if she were dead! Otherwise, he would have written to her. Four weeks without one single word! Four long weeks of agony, and two weeks more spent in making the voyage to find him —six weeks since she had had news of him! And she loved him—he was her husband!

II.

SHE found herself back in the Park again. She did not know how she had reached there. The sun was setting. She heard the bells ringing for six o'clock; she heard trumpets braying and the rattle of drums: a band was playing. There were crowds of people about, happy and garrulous. Crowds and crowds of people, in twos and threes; she was the only one alone. Now and then, the young men stared at her—more in surprise than admiration, for she was white and worn and disheveled. She sank down on a bench, exhausted; she had no strength to traverse even the little distance to her hotel.

The people swarmed to and fro. There was a great brilliancy of scarlet and yellow and pale-pink and azure—the beautiful silk pañuelons of the country—and there were dusky faces of great beauty. A weak man might easily be dazzled by the curve of ripe lips and the languor of midnight eyes set in a soft Spanish face turned sidewise over a shoulder draped with a rose-hued silken shawl! A weak man might forget the wife who loved and longed for him in the bleakness of the North, three thousand miles away!

Dusk had fallen. She rose to go back to the hotel: she might hear something of him there. She must nerve herself to hear the truth. She dreaded it, otherwise she would have made inquiries at first—she was so proud. To have to say: "I seek my husband. I know not his whereabouts. He ceased to love me and failed to write to me!" Could she bring herself to do this? A shiver ran through her. She had registered simply "Mrs. Gray." There were doubtless other Grays here besides James, or Santiago, Gray.

She was turning out of the Park at the northwest gate, when she ran against three persons—a man and two women. It was quite dark; she could only distinguish that one of the women was young and slender, the other stout and matronly. She did not look at the man; she only shrank back—for she had heard his voice—and stood with her heart beating horribly fast and her hands like ice. It was her husband!

She followed the three, walking on the other side of the street—a street so narrow, one could plainly hear what was said on the further side. She heard them say they were going home. They walked in the direction of the street she had sought that afternoon. She walked after them thus until they stopped at the door of a comfortable-looking residence in the Calle del Laberinto. Here he said good-night or good-bye to the ladies and left them. She followed him as he turned down the street, followed him like a thief—she, Elinor Gray—she, his wife!

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He went into the house. She remained across the narrow way, waiting, irresolute for a moment. Then she saw him come out again and go further down the street. Did he not live there? She went over and entered. There was an old woman sitting in the large bare-floored parlor. A candle shed its dim light on naked walls and stiff wooden chairs. Yes, Don Santiago lived there, but he had gone out. He might be back soon—he might not. He had probably gone to a ball. That was his room, through that door. The señora was a friend of his? Did she know he was going to marry the señorita García? At least, that was the talk.

Elinor Gray did not reply at once; she sat and listened. The old woman looked at her curiously, and suddenly an idea seemed to flash across her gossipy old mind.

"Are you a sweetheart of his?" she asked.

Elinor answered slowly: "I was his sweetheart once."

III.

Las ocho! Eight o'clock! That was when the first sign came. The old woman sat staring at Elinor with face of terror and tightly clasped hands. "Maria santísima!" What was that? The house had shaken! A cry outside of Temblor! earthquake! In another moment, Elinor sat alone. The old woman had flown into the safety of the street.

Alone in the house! She rose and went toward the door of his room. There was a small lamp burning on the table. Yes, yes, it was his room. There was a hat, there a coat of his; here were some books and papers. On a fly-leaf was his name, in her own handwriting. And he was courting the señorita García! She was conscious of a great fire in her breast—the fire of jealousy, of righteous anger, of injured insulted womanhood! He should see! She would await him there in his room. She blew out the light and threw herself on the bed.

She did not know how long a time passed. Her brain was in such a whirl, her heart beat so terribly, her face was so on fire! Was she ill? She hoped that she was ill and might die: that was the only thing left her now—death!

Hark! Voices loud in the street—wild excitement. Was the house shaking? She had not realized it. She had so lately left the ship by which she had come, that motion did not seem strange. There was wild terror in the streets; something made her sure of it. But, for herself, she had not one single fear; her own inner anguish was too great to permit of physical terror. She heard the creak of walls, but cared not. The house was old; the roof was one tremendous weight of tiles and heavy rafters. Well, what of that?

She heard a bell strike three. A little later, she heard someone enter the house. Quick footsteps approached the room where she lay. She heard the striking of a match. He lighted the lamp, and, turning, caught sight of her lying there on his pillow. He stood for a second, dumb, pale as death. Then—

"My God!" he said, and made as if to embrace her.

But she waved him away.

"Stand back!" she said, in a clear low voice. "Do not touch me. You have lost the right!"

"Elinor!" he gasped. "How—"

"Do not touch me!" she said. "Do not touch or speak to me!"

Husband and wife! Thus they met, after long months. Her brain rang with the words: Husband and wife!

"Elinor!" She heard him speak her name. "For heaven's sake, be sensible; this is no time for quarreling. We are in deadly peril here. Another shock may follow at any moment. Come!"

She paid no attention to his command.

"Come!" he repeated, peremptorily.

"With you?" she suddenly exclaimed. "Never!"

"Come alone, then; I'll go first. But don't stay another second under this roof. Do you hear? The walls are settling—the beams are sinking. Come!"

Just for a moment longer, he hesitated. There was a look in her face that stung him—a look of calm contempt, of unspeakable superiority. Then, with a flash of anger, he turned and fled from the place. Out in the street, he waited.

"She will follow me," he told himself. "I cannot force her."

But, even as he spoke, he felt again that mighty terrible sensation, like a strong electric shock. The earth rocked, and he fell headlong. He heard the vast sickening

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shriek of humanity, mingled with the crash of falling timbers. After seconds which seemed hours, he was on his feet again, staggering toward the door of the house in which he had left his wife. He brushed the blinding dust from his eyes. The house was a hopeless ruin, and he could not see or breathe for terror.

IV.

DAY broke, and still he crouched among the adobe ruins that covered the sidewalk. Someone touched his shoulder.

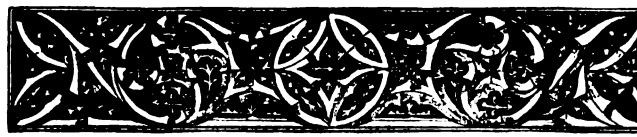
"Let me alone," he moaned. "Let me alone! I have killed her; I have killed my wife!"

With the crash had fallen away all the months of folly that separated them; he realized what had been and what was. He felt that he would give his life to undo the terrible thing that he had done. It was a murderer's remorse which he felt.

The hand still lay on his shoulder.

"Come!" said a low voice.

He turned and looked up with dazed eyes, and there his wife stood—unharmed!



THE CRICKET'S SONG.

BY MRS. A. GIDDINGS PARK.

"CREAK! creak! creak!" The year is growing old!
The warning voice of the cricket sounds
Like a prophecy often told.
It pipes from the bristling stubble fields
Where the waving grain late stood,
From the leaf-strewn banks of the silent stream,
From the depths of the tangled wood,
From the wreck of the blighted garden-beds,
From the roadside wild and bare,
From some crevice warm 'neath the old hearth-stone,
From lone nooks everywhere!

"Creak! creak! creak!" The year is growing old!
The sumach's banners are all aflame,
The maple's crimson and gold,
While tints more fair than Tyrian dyes
O'er the landscape wide are spread:
Brown and scarlet, russet and bronze,
Of every hue and shade;
And the sun, as if to excel them all
As he sinks to his royal rest,
With gorgeous drapery decks profuse
The chambers of the west.

"Creak! creak! creak!" The year is growing old!
The mountain's brow is wrinkled and bare,
The night-winds sigh in the wold,
The daisy has lost her dainty frill,
The aster is pale and wan,
The blue-fringed gentian haunts lonely glens,
The eyebright the wandering stream,
The golden-rod's gold is turned to rust,
The alders with corals are dressed,
The thistle-down floats in the chill autumn air
Like a spirit in vain seeking rest.

"Creak! creak! creak!" The year is growing old!
The dry leaves rustle at every gust
And soon will lie dank in the mold,
The ripe nuts fall from the swaying branch,
The birds to the southward have flown,
The crow from the dead pine's topmost bough
Calls loud in his monotone,
The spider is busy weaving a veil
Of patterns of choicest lace
Finer than antique art e'er knew,
To cover the dead year's face!

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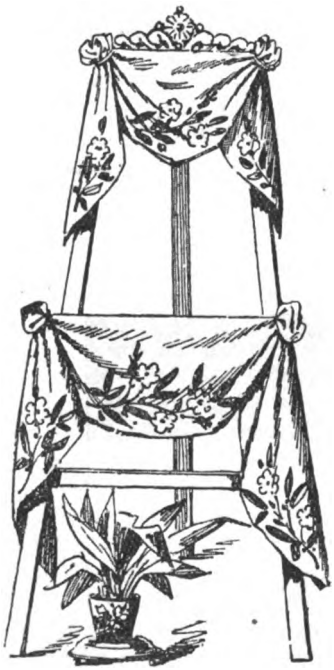
UPHOLSTERING AT HOME.

BY MARGARET V. PAYNE.



I HAVE already talked a good deal in this magazine about house-decoration and upholstering, and have tried by specimens of my own efforts and those of my friends to show how comparatively easy it is to acquire the trained skill which makes the difference between professional and amateur results.

There is one rule which cannot be too firmly impressed on the mind of every woman who from necessity or choice takes the adornment of her rooms into her own hands: it is, that, when several variations of one color are employed, they must be the shades which harmonize. I regret to say that I have seen indigo and sky-blue put into intimate relation, and an artist friend of mine gave up the acquaintance of an estimable lady because she actually had blue and yellow-green in juxtaposition.

But, as I have very little space accorded to me this month, and certain examples of home-made upholstering which I want to describe, I must leave the matter of general arrangement for the present.

Nowadays, a variety of easels is desirable, and a handsome easel bought at a shop rather comes under the head of an expensive luxury. The illustration which heads this article is a sketch of a home-made affair, of which I am not a little proud. I bought an easel made of common pine for a dollar, and covered it with silver enamel, over which, when dry, I drew a black line down the centre. The decorations were of green velvet, embroidered with floss-silk. Gold enamel could be employed on oak or mahogany—any color, in short, best suited to the room in which the easel is to stand. Then the draperies need not necessarily cost much. Instead of having the wide piece at the top, any effective bit of stuff could be thrown over it, and a small scarf could be substituted for the lower decoration. Instead of the plush, soft silk or woolen stuff would look pretty.

Next, I want you to admire my novel screen, and, when you have done so, just read the description and see how easily it was manufactured. I took an ordinary clothes-horse with three compartments, and ebonized

A NOVEL SCREEN.

the wooden frame—made it a beautiful soft black; then I covered the open spaces with

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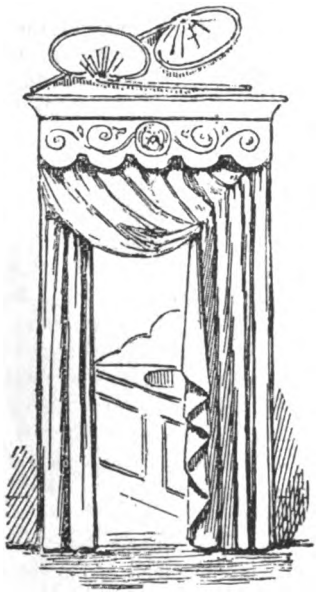
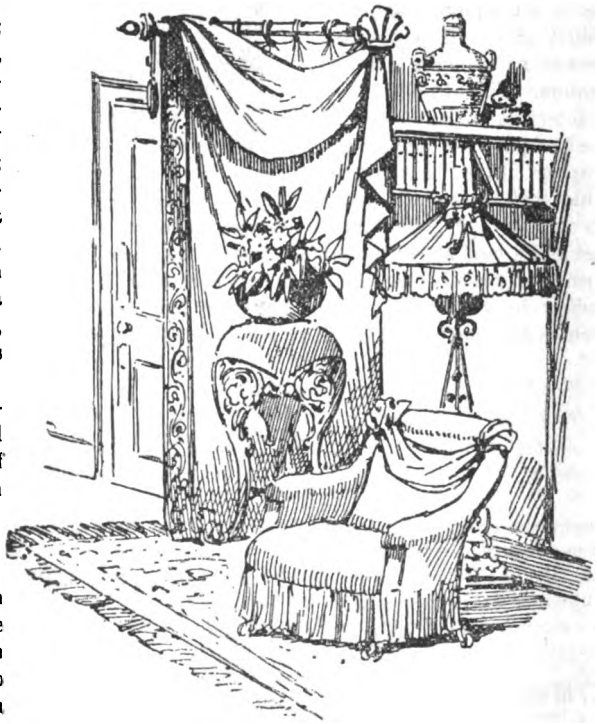


a soft gray sateen which looked like silk. Into the top of each compartment, I drove at either end a long strong nail, to add to the height and to form a head on which the drapery could be caught. This drapery was straight and fastened securely to the nails by narrow ribbon; but, before tightening the folds, they were arranged as represented in the sketch. The drapery in this case was of yellow silk, trimmed with black plush; but any material can be employed, provided it is a stuff that will fall in soft easy masses. I used once three cheap woolen table-covers, which produced a fine effect; and lady's-cloth, braided or embroidered, looks exceedingly well.

A cozy corner is what everybody loves in a room, and nothing is easier to arrange, if you set about it rightly. Fasten the end of a pole securely to the wall, and, on the pole, hang a pretty curtain. It is well also to fasten a wooden lath against the wall, so that the curtain can be tightly tucked in from top to bottom, in order to prevent the possibility of a draught, which is as fatal to the success of your cozy nook as a wicked word to the security of a fairy palace. The fitting-up of the recess must be left to individual taste. My pet nook holds a small cabinet with a row of books, and a quaint old jar on the top; a table with a flower-vase; a standard lamp, an easy-chair, and an ottoman. An arrangement of the sort is nice in a bed-room, if one sits therein a good deal. A corner fitted up as a sewing-nest or to hold one's writing-desk gives the chamber a very dainty finished look. It is the curtain somehow that does it, I suppose, by affording that sense of privacy which we all love.

A portière is always much nicer than a door, wherever the latter is not a necessity. When one's bed-chamber opens into a dressing-room—or, if the house does not permit that luxury, into one's sewing-room or sitting-room—a door, to me, nowadays looks out of place. I think the draping of the little sketch is a pretty arrangement. A stiff valance goes across the top, beneath which the curtain is arranged so as just to allow space to pass with comfort.

I confess to a liking for an old-fashioned



A COZY NOOK.

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dressing-table with pretty draperies, and always have one in my own room: a friend declares, because I am devoted to the days of Louis XV and admire the Pompadour style of dressing and decoration. I cannot help it, if the beautiful marquise was a wicked woman; we owe to her the privilege of combining blue and pink in our dresses, and, if she did not originate my favorite dressing-table, she at least lent it her name.

The table given in the illustration was very inexpensive, but it was exceedingly pretty all the same. I manufactured it last summer, among other odds-and-ends which I evolved out of my ingenuity to supply the numerous lacks in several rooms of a furnished country cottage which we had taken for the season.

The only table at my command had square ends, so I nailed very stiff pasteboard over so as to make rounded corners. Then I nailed laths at intervals lengthwise along the back, so as to support the drapery. First, I covered the table with rose-colored sateen, bringing it up over the slats, which projected about two feet and a half above the table. The sateen formed a curtain to the floor, of course ending in a wide flounce. The rounded corners had curtains tacked over the pasteboard, so they projected beyond the table-covering. About the upper part and the sides, I draped dotted Swiss muslin edged with lace, and fastened the folds to each support by a rose-colored ribbon bow. The thing was neither æsthetic nor artistic, according to the ideas of to-day; but it was as pretty as possible, notwithstanding, and had an indescribable elegance which is frequently wanting in æsthetic combinations.

A TWILIGHT SCENE.

BY MARIE M. PURSEL.

SWEET summer lowly dropped her banner down
In mute surrender to fair autumn's crown;
The hills in purple state rear up their heads,
While graceful lilies nod in garden-beds;
The sighing grasses wave in evening breeze,
Beneath the waving branches of the trees.

Far in the west, upon his couch of gold,
The glorious sun in majesty behold!
Cloud upon cloud, impearled with richest sheen,
Rolls on to add new beauties to the scene,
To deck his bed with gems of color rare,
And tint the sky with hues divinely fair.

Afar sounds faintly now the vesper bell;
Earth seems to sink beneath a peaceful spell,
While scarcely do the flowers their fragrance cast
In languorous sweetness till the hour is past;
The bird's low twittering in its downy nest
Proclaims the hour of nature's peaceful rest.

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THE GAP BETWEEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1891, by Frank Lee Benedict, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington, D. C.]

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 351.

CHAPTER XIV.

A WEEK went by—a wearing, dragging, terrible week, to support which with fortitude called for an expenditure of vitality greater than an ordinary year would have required. There were seven days and nights, with twelve hours in each separate day and night, to count as the almanac reckons; but only the human being who has lived through the same period of racking suspense can form the least idea of their apparent length.

I do not exaggerate when I assert that there are whole years of my life which actually appear no longer to look back over—I could almost say seemed scarcely longer to live through.

The remainder of that purgatory, although protracted nearly two weeks beyond, passed much more quickly—appears much shorter in reviewal. I think this is always the case in seasons of trouble: one grows accustomed to the mental burden, just as one does to that of physical pain. Any person habituated to bodily suffering knows from experience that one can learn to go on with daily work, be cheerful, even to take a certain amount of enjoyment, under the ceaseless ache which at first seemed too acute for nerves or sinews to endure.

There were still a few invalids who insisted on having my husband's care; but, with one exception, they lived at a distance from the village, so that frequently he was absent for hours at a time. On two or three occasions, I had my horse saddled, and accompanied him on his rounds; but the weather was unsettled and the roads in a shocking condition, and, as I had managed to catch a severe cold, John objected to my undergoing the fatigue of the long rides, and I could not bear to oppose him, especially as my common sense told me that, unless I guarded my strength, I should risk adding to his distress by breaking down physically.

So, during a considerable portion of each day, I was thrown on my own resources, and I knew that I must keep myself occupied in some fashion. Of course, the mental effort required either in reading or writing became very difficult, as the continued strain of anxiety told on my nerves; but my flowers and flocks of fowls and pigeons gave me a good deal of occupation, and I took to cultivating my culinary gifts, which had never been much or very willingly exercised. I succeeded so well as to excite old Chloe's admiration, though the strong prejudices of her race caused her to fear that such employment was derogatory to the dignity of her mistress.

"Nat'rally it makes a difference, 'case ye only preforms it for play like," she observed, one morning; "still, it ain't jis' quite de thing, Miss Amy, and it would be bery decomposin' if de Gubner of de State should happen into dis part ob de country to pay a visit, as he did once when old Marse Jeffreys was alive."

"I think there is no danger of the Governor's appearing at present, Chloe," I said; "so I can make my queen-cakes in peace. I like to see what I can do, and you mustn't mind if I bother you a little."

"Laws, honey," cried Aunt Chloe, "I'd stand on my head, ef it could please ye; an' I'd make ole Jack too, an' that slightin' Ruby—I would, shoh! Jis' go ahead and do what yer pleases, Miss Amy."

She choked a little and invented an errand into the pantry, but was unusually cheerful when she returned. Her tact and kindness of heart, like that of the other two servants,

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were, as I believe I have already said, without a single flaw from first to last.

During the week, two persons called to see me from among the small knot of neighbors who tried to show us a little countenance, and, one afternoon, Lawyer Pierson and his wife came down from Mayville and spent several hours, which was a great pleasure both to John and myself. One must have been ostracized by a community to realize how deeply one appreciates such attention, or, for that matter, to comprehend how much resolution it requires on the part of the person who bestows it.

There were still three weeks to pass before court would be in session; this interval would give time for Will Philbrick to return with the required evidence. But even the certainty of the final result could not prevent the miseries of the present; and, though I hid them carefully, dismal presentiments began to haunt me, sleeping and waking. No shadow of doubt in regard to my husband ever crossed my mind, but physical weakness left it a prey to awful dreads—you may call them fatalistic or Calvinistic, as you please; the meeting of extremes gives the words the same significance.

Since we had been so hardly and so unjustly tried, might not the infliction be carried further—even to the impossibility of procuring the evidence needed until after the trial was over and the taint of prison disgrace had fallen on my husband? Tales of innocent men who had spent years in captivity recurred to me with appalling distinctness and would not be driven away, and my solitary hours became seasons of torture which increased as time went on.

Doctor Arthur was always gentle and cheerful; every personal feeling seemed swallowed up in sympathy for me. The one ceaseless corroding trouble which underlay his composure was that I suffered through my love for him—that love which he had so proudly believed could shelter my life from every ill!

He did not tell me of the frequent annoyances and even insults he encountered in public—of a sort, too, which neither dignity nor common sense would permit him to resent. But I learned enough from faithful Ruby's ill-advised sympathy and Uncle Jack's belligerent remarks to understand how the species of pin-and-needle torture he was forced to undergo must gall and wear on a nature like his.

I made no effort to see my mother again; even if she would consent to receive me, which I much doubted, I felt that I could not endure either her pity or reproaches where my own blindness or wickedness —whichever she might term my conduct— was concerned, and hear another word said against my husband I was determined I would not, even from her.

I had of course told John exactly what happened in my interview with James Hornby, though before doing so I extracted a solemn promise that, no matter how indignant he might be over the story I had to tell, he would take no step to punish the person in fault.

It was a good while after hearing my account before John could trust himself to talk with me about it. As soon as I had finished the details, he went straight out of the room, and I heard him walking up and down the veranda for a full hour— I was thankful enough that I had his pledge!

Two or three days passed before we said much in regard to the affair. We had no means of knowing whether James had shown the letters to my mother or to any of the neighbors, but I told John I felt confident that he had not done so.

"You think he would not consult with Nash or Squire Leonard?" my husband suggested.

"He is not a man to consult with anybody about anything," I said. "He has a will of iron and the fullest faith in himself—he wants no advice."

"I really do not think him possessed of overweening self-esteem," John observed.

"Perhaps not; but he believes thoroughly in his own intuitions—he is confident that he is always guided and always guided aright," I insisted. "Oh, it is difficult to understand James unless you know him well —he is not like the men of to-day."

"He is one of Cromwell's Roundheads who missed his century," said John, with a smile.

"That is it," I rejoined, "and he is harder and more resolute than all the Pilgrim Fathers put together."

"The trouble is," John continued, "the conviction that he has a special mission for

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punishing the wicked blinds him to the fact that he enjoys doing it and is gratifying a spirit of revenge under the name of duty."

"That is James Hornby!" I assented.

"I fancy you are right about his not having shown the letters," my husband said, after a little reflection. "I see now what he will do—he has a strong love of effective scenes: he will reserve his prize for dramatic presentation later."

"But there will be no—"

I stopped; I could not bring myself to pronounce the word which rose to my lips, and I changed the sentence to:

"Will Philbrick must be back in time; at least, we shall hear in time—"

"To prevent the possibility of a trial," my husband pursued, quietly. "No doubt; but the letters can be employed with considerable effect, all the same."

"Why, how, John?" I asked, in surprise.

"No matter how thoroughly my proofs fill up the gap between the months in which my identity and that of this unknown have become mixed, those letters will serve James Hornby's turn to some extent," my husband persisted.

"The people can't be quite idiots!" I exclaimed.

"No; but a good many will always hark back to the fact that those letters were found in my possession, as a mysterious element in the affair never satisfactorily cleared up," John said. "You may as well make your mind up to that, my deary, so far as this little community is concerned."

"It seems incredible," I answered, with a sigh; "but, after these last days, I ought not to think so, I suppose. Oh, how can people be so wicked?"

"They are not," said John, with his patient smile; "but the result, in a case like mine, is pretty much the same. Burdocks are not more difficult to root out of a neglected garden than a settled opinion is to eradicate from the minds of average humanity."

CHAPTER XV.

THE second week passed; at the beginning of the third, a fierce rain began, which lasted almost without intermission during several days and nights. It was very unusual in that part of the country to have a storm so violent and prolonged at this season, and it was likely to prove so disastrous to crops that a general gloom overspread the neighborhood.

As might have been expected, James Hornby turned a natural occurrence to suit his own views, and did not fail to inform his followers that the tempest was intended as a warning to them and others that they might expect severer chastisement and worse calamities of many sorts if they continued to allow vice and guilt to walk rampant in their midst.

"I heerd Mr. Hornby wid my own years, Miss Amy," said Uncle Jack, who insisted on repeating a portion of the discourse while he and I were at work among the plants in my little conservatory. "'A-walkin' ramparts in their middle' was his bery words, as he stood down on the bank in the pourin' rain a-watchin' the flood, and a heap o' his frien's they jis' groaned when he warned 'em."

"Never mind, Uncle Jack," I said; "they will all find out their mistake before long."

"But I does mind, Miss Amy!" the old man persisted. "I carn't keep so quiet as you an' Marse Arthur does! When Mr. James he said dat yer, I riz right forra'd an' I says, jis' as ef I was a-preachin', says I: 'An' de good Book tells us dat de Fader He chastertises dem chillun what He lubs, an' dat's why He's lettin' you parsecute Marse John Arthur; but, ef ye carr'es it too fur, why, den yer may look fur corlamities!' I did indeed, Miss Amy, I said dem bery words, and walked off afo' anybody could answer, and neber looked back once at 'em—not a look!"

The weather cleared suddenly, and the swollen river was a majestic sight. One afternoon, while John was out, I went down to the banks, though the walking was bad beyond description or belief. I was able for a while to put by our troubles, in the interest of the scene; anything appertaining to human affairs looked petty enough, brought into comparison with these evidences of nature's might.

I determined to return by the village, because the road would be somewhat more practicable, nor would I allow myself to be deterred by the kind of Indian gauntlet I knew I must run, of curious and condemnatory glances. Besides, I had had it in my mind for several days that I ought to stop and see poor Mrs. Forrest, who had of late been suffering more than usual.

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She was an old lady whom I had known all my life and had always been very fond of, though, two years before, she had had the misfortune seriously to offend my mother; and, though assurance was offered that no offense had been meant, forgiveness was never accorded. Owing to this difficulty, I had not seen much of the good soul until my marriage, though she knew well that I kept away for fear of annoying my mother, not because I joined in her censure.

Long ago, Mrs. Forrest had been, if not rich, at least so well off, that she was a rather prominent woman in the neighborhood; but her husband took to evil courses and dissipated the greater part of their property before his death. Then her only son followed in his father's footsteps, and went even further down the road to ruin and degradation. He got mixed up with a knot of desperate characters and became their tool, as his mother believed, and indeed most persons agreed with that opinion. At all events, some swindling transaction was shouldered on him, and, to keep him out of prison, Mrs. Forrest spent the little that she had left.

The son and his helpless wife died, and, until she grew too feeble, Mrs. Forrest supported herself by needlework and any other species of labor that her hands found to do. She was an old woman now, and would have been utterly destitute but for an annuity of a hundred dollars a year, which had lately been bequeathed to her.

She was almost helpless from rheumatism, with only a young grandniece to care for her. She had necessarily depended a good deal on outside assistance, which the neighbors had summarily cut off because she insisted on my husband's still attending her.

Of course, we had not allowed her to suffer from her boldness in going in the face of general opinion. John had frankly advised her to accept the services of the new doctor; for, though we should be only too glad to supply her material needs, she would find the isolation she must bring on herself very painful to bear, especially as the members of the church to which she belonged were among our harshest foes, and their clergyman fairly rivaled James Hornby in the violence of his denunciations.

But Mrs. Forrest was Scotch by descent, and had inherited the hard-headed determination of a long line of Covenanter ancestors, more than one of whose names figured among the list of martyrs in the persecution which in former days the Established Church of England inflicted on her dissenting neighbors. Nothing that we could say would induce the old lady to swerve an inch from what she believed the only right course of action.

"Would you do it if it was your case?" she asked my husband, and, when he hesitated before replying, the little woman added quickly: "You needn't try to find words, Doctor Arthur; your face answers for you. And I won't ask your wife, either, what she would do in my case. We're all agreed about the matter, whatever you may think you ought to say."

"It was of your own comfort we were thinking," I said, patting her withered hand.

"Well, it wouldn't be for my comfort to behave like a coward," she replied; "and I doubt you know it."

"That we do," my husband rejoined.

"Then don't let's say another word," she said, cheerfully; "it's all settled. I can die when I must, I hope decently, but I couldn't live with myself, knowing I'd done a mean thing; at least, I think not, and, as I'm past seventy, I've got too old to try the experiment."

She occupied the upper floor in a quaint brown house, not far from the junction of the two rambling irregular streets which composed the village. Two of these corners were filled by the chemist's and milliner's shops, and on the other two stood the hotel and the principal store.

I found the old lady somewhat freer from pain than usual—a fact which she ascribed to a new remedy of my husband's; and she could not sufficiently reiterate her admiration for his skill.

"And, great as it is, his kindness and goodness beat it," she said; all of which, naturally enough, was very pleasant to hear.

To avoid talking of our affairs would have been impossible at that crisis, and Mrs. Forrest was full of sympathy for us, and full of wrath toward John's defamers and persecutors.

"But everything will end all right; you'll see that—you mustn't doubt that!" she repeated over and over. "Mr. Philbrick will send all the evidence you want, in

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plenty of time. God wouldn't let a man like your husband be tried further than his strength could bear, though it's wonderful how you've both held up. The end and the triumph are sure, dear Mrs. Arthur—sure as the sun in heaven!"

I remembered how often and how confidently I had said this to myself, in the beginning; but now each day the paralyzing nightmare-like presentiment that we were far from having reached the acme of our troubles grew stronger, and by some odd effect the good woman's buoyant hopefulness, instead of cheering, only added to my gloom.

"I must go home—it is getting late," I said, rising abruptly.

"You'll come and see me again soon, won't you?" she asked. "Be sure to tell the doctor how much better I feel."

I replied in the affirmative to both admonitions and bade her good-bye. As I passed the open window, I glanced out and saw Selim standing tied to the post in front of the druggist's shop.

"My husband is over at Tirrell's now," I said; "perhaps he will stop here. I'll wait a little while longer."

Mrs. Forrest hobbled to the window after me, and we stood looking at the river, which we could see rushing along through the meadows, still foaming and turbulent, though the waters had begun to subside.

"What a lot of people are hanging about the corners," Mrs. Forrest said, suddenly.

"It seems to me, there always are—we have more loungers, I think, than any village in the State," I answered, indifferently, without turning my eyes from the scene, which possessed a strong fascination for me.

"But there ain't usually so many; maybe there's been an auction or something," Mrs. Forrest conjectured. "And just look: there are more folks coming!"

I was quickly enough interested, and troubled too, for the groups were concentrating about the druggist's shop, and I feared some fresh annoyance or insult for my husband.

Presently I saw John come out and pause on the platform, from which several steps led down to the street. James Hornby followed in another instant, and I leaned quickly over the sill—careful, even in my anxiety, to screen myself behind the curtain.

"I think you'd better go your way, Mr. Hornby," I heard my husband say, with calm decision; "I don't choose to hear anything further."

"It is my duty to speak, and I shall not shrink from it," retorted James, in a loud tone.

He was very red, and more erect and arrogant in his bearing even than ordinary; I could see, too, that my husband had to exercise all his wonderful self-control to preserve his composure, as he answered:

"Your false ideas of duty lead you into conduct that would be disgraceful in any man—is worse in one of your profession than it would be in another."

The crowd had gathered closer about the steps; everybody was eagerly listening.

"You can be no judge of duty," thundered James, in his deepest bass; "you, who will soon be a convicted felon."

"This pronouncing on a man's guilt in advance is, I suppose, a part of your vaunted charity," said John. "I will bid you good-day, Mr. Hornby."

He began to descend the steps, but James called loudly:

"Your guilt is proved already; the punishment of your crimes is the only work that remains for the law."

John stopped and turned so that all the people about could see his face.

"This is a mere expression of opinion on your part, Mr. Hornby—or rather it is a wanton display of your malicious and revengeful feelings," he said, in clear distinct tones which sounded cold as ice after James's passionate utterance. "Before the time set for a hearing of the case arrives, there will be no case to try. Your supporters and followers will then perceive your conduct in its true light—from first to last, hard, unchristian, and unmanly."

"Take care! take care!" James cried, in the voice which rendered his fierce pulpit-denunciations so effective. "Men have been struck dead before now with lesser falsehoods on their lips! Take care lest heaven's justice should smite you before us all! I have—I—"

He stopped abruptly. To the crowd, it must have seemed that he was choked by emotion; but I knew that he had been about to mention the letters he had taken from me, and only paused because at this moment to risk any revelation of the brutal manner in which

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he had obtained possession of them would be a point in my husband's favor, so far as people's sympathies were concerned.

John waited an instant to give him time to finish his sentence, then began to move on again; but again James resumed his insolent invectives.

"I ought to have exerted my influence to have you forced to leave this place," he cried. "You are a blot and a stain on our community; your presence is contamination—your example poisonous and degrading! You have brought scandal on an honorable family; you have deluded and blinded an—"

"Don't go a word further!" my husband interrupted, stepping quickly back on the platform. "Say what you please of me; but I warn you that, if you go beyond that, even your cloth shall not protect you!"

"I know you are capable of any violence," James rejoined; "but threats will not keep me from doing my duty."

Murmurs rose among the throng; some man cried:

"I wouldn't threaten a minister!"

These words found echoes among those nearest, but they were speedily answered by other voices calling:

"Why don't the minister let him alone, then?"

"I shall speak—I shall fulfill my duty!" James exclaimed, livid and shaking with a wrath which doubtless even then he would have termed righteous indignation; though, exhibited in another, he must have recognized it as a diabolical rage roused by his inability to anger John. "No man could blame me, were it not for my office, if I took your punishment into my own hands; for you have brought shame to my very door! You have made one nearly akin to me an object of scorn and pity! I speak of my unfortunate cousin—"

"You speak of my wife, you liar!" my husband broke in, springing on him like a tiger; and James, though much the more powerful man of the two, was like a child in his gripe.

Before anyone could interfere, John struck the minister twice across the mouth with his fist, then, lifting his lithe stout riding-whip, he rained furious blows on Hornby's shoulders with the rapidity of lightning. He forced him back into the shop as the crowd pressed up the steps, reappeared in a moment through a side door, still pushing James on in spite of his fierce struggles, still plying the whip across his back with such well-directed blows that it played about with the swiftness of a serpent.

There was a terrible outcry; men rushed in and separated the two. I saw my husband free himself from his assailants by an outward sweep of his arms, and saw James near, panting and exhausted; not, I knew, from fear or physical weakness, but rage—just horrible rage.

"Brethren," he called, "let him go! Leave the sinner to the Lord—leave the felon to the law!"

"We'll duck him in the puddle!" somebody shouted.

A score of voices added threats and opprobrious epithets; the tumult grew fairly deafening.

My husband lifted his hand—a volley of hisses was succeeded by a sudden silence.

"Neighbors," he said, "that slanderer insulted my wife—my wife! Is there a man among you who would not punish an insult to the woman he honors and loves? You are forty to one; but, if you were five hundred, you shouldn't hinder my tearing his heart out, if he soils my wife's name by taking it on his lying lips again!"

They stood dumb, overawed by his words and manner—moved transiently by the sympathy which the exhibition of real courage will rouse in any crowd.

The silence continued while my husband mounted his horse and rode slowly up the street; then oaths and execrations broke out afresh, but more than one voice made itself audible in excuse, if not justification of his act.

James repeated his appeal and entered the shop, I suppose to have his bruised face washed and dressed. The door was closed, and the throng broke up into knots or began to disperse.

I had not stirred—I could not; Mrs. Forrest stood silent by my side, griping my hand hard in hers all the while.

"Your husband behaved like a man!" she cried, as he disappeared beyond a turn in the road. Then she sat down in the nearest chair and began to sob.

"Don't!" I said, sharply, for her emotion irritated my strained nerves beyond endurance.

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"I'm a fool!" she exclaimed. "The idea of my crying when I'm so glad he did it!"

As soon as she grew quiet, I bade her good-bye and set out for home. When I reached the house, John was walking up and down the veranda.

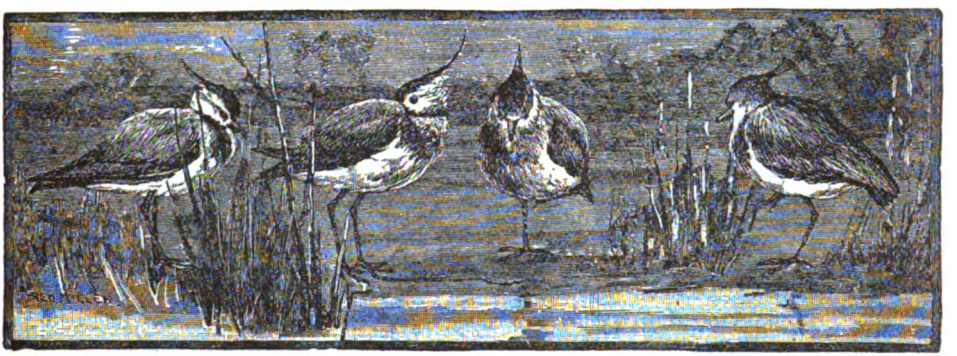
"I saw the whole," were my first words, as I put my two arms about his neck; "I was at Mrs. Forrest's. Oh, John!"

"He brought it on himself," my husband said; "no man with blood in his veins could have borne it."

"You did right—right!" I cried. "I'm only afraid, now I can think, that the matter may do you harm—prejudice people still more!"

"My darling, nothing could do that," he replied; "and you do not blame me—I care for nothing else!"

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]



NOW.

BY AGNES L. PRATT.

I COULD meet you now with a friendly smile
  And a voice that would falter not;
For the old-time love is buried deep,
  And the old-time vows forgot.
I could see your eye on another beam
  With the love that once was mine,
And know that your heart was all her own,
  And yet I would not repine.

The old-time love is buried deep
  And hidden from my sight;
The night of my grief has passed away,
  And I live again in light.
I could meet you now, and no look of mine
  Should call up the buried past;
The old-time love was too frail a thing,
  And too insincere to last.

Sometimes a thought of those early days
  Will steal across my heart,
When the life I craved was just your love,
  And death was from you to part;
And I smile at the tender memories
  A letter of yours will wake,
And I wonder I was so weak to give,
  And that you were so weak to take.

But the old-time love is buried now,
  And I never regret its loss;
The grief it brought was only a part
  Of the burden of my cross,
And the calm that comes to my weary heart,
  As I gaze in your thoughtless eyes,
Is all the reward I ask for pain
  From the love that so quickly dies.

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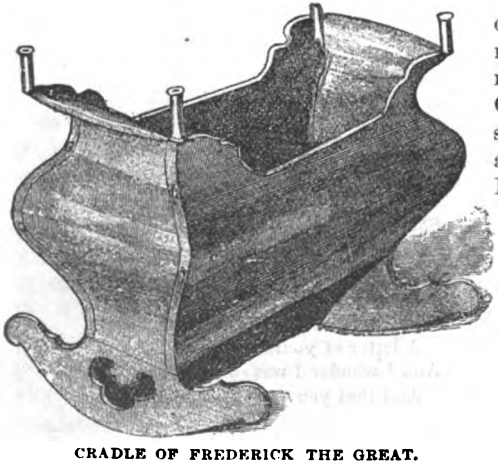
SOME INTERESTING RELICS.

BY MARTIN F. CRANE.

BEER-MUG, PIPE AND CHAIR FROM THE "TABAKS COLLEGIUM" OF FREDERICK WILLIAM I.

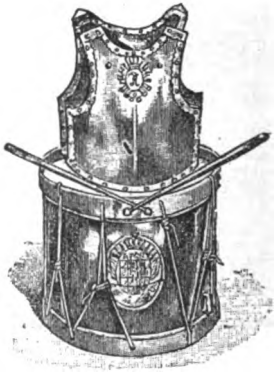
WE all like to look at mementoes of famous men and women, and I think these illustrations of some of the relics collected in the Hohenzollern Museum, at a castle near Berlin, will be especially interesting to the young people.



CRADLE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

The sight of the chair that belonged to Frederick William I, and the table on which stands his beer-mug with his favorite pipe lying beside it, brings up many familiar anecdotes of the tyrannical old soldier-king who made life such a burden to his unloved son "Fritz," whom history admires under the title of Frederick the Great.

There are three large rooms filled with the personal belongings of that celebrated sovereign, beginning with the plain wooden cradle in which he was rocked to sleep when a baby. One sees a little cuirass and drum with which he used to play in his childish



PLAYTHINGS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

days, and there follow scores and scores of relics which form a sort of biography of the remarkable man, from infancy to old age. One of the oddest things to have been preserved is a broken cup, to which is attached an inscription: "This cup was used by King Frederick the Great, and smashed by him a few days before his death, because the contents were too hot."

The three sticks in the sketch are all of historic interest. The one to the left, sur-

WALKING-STICKS OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

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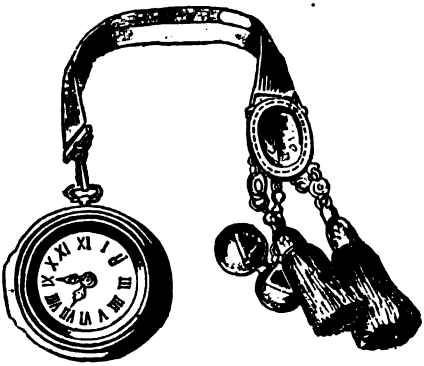


WATCH OF QUEEN LOUISE.

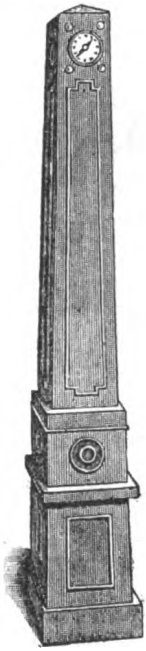
mounted by a human head, was given by Frederick to a soldier during the Seven Years' War. The stick with the straight handle was used by the king during the last

CUP OF THE EMPEROR WILLIAM I.

years of his life, and the middle one, which has a handle in blue enamel, was carried away from the palace of Sans Souci by Napoleon I when he invaded Prussia, bestowed by him on Marshal Ney, who in days of distress sold it to an English nobleman, by whom it was presented to the German nation.

There are many mementoes of the beautiful and heroic Queen Louise, of whom a biographical sketch was published in "Peterson" for April, 1890.

The memorials of Emperor William II fill four rooms, in one of which are displayed the tokens of love and respect left at his grave by high and low. The other three chambers are filled with historic and family souvenirs of the old sovereign, and there are numerous large cabinets absolutely crowded with presents made him on birthdays and other festive occasions. The cup represented here was used by him during fortyfour years, beginning with his wedding-day, June 11th, 1829.



OBELISK CLOCK OF QUEEN LOUISE.

Among the possessions of the late Emperor Frederick are two pipes which he carried through the Austrian and French wars of

WRITING-TABLE OF QUEEN LOUISE.

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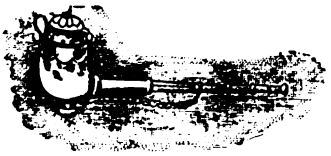
1866 and 1870, and the shell from which he narrowly escaped being killed at the battle of Duppel, in the Prusso-Danish campaign.

In the same chamber stands the last of the relics which I have space to illustrate. It



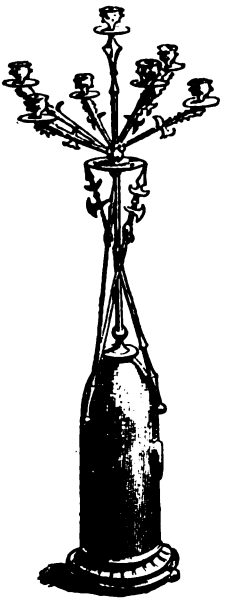
WOODEN-PIPE BELONGING TO THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

bears the following significant inscription: "The table on which Napoleon III signed at St. Cloud the declaration of war against Prussia, July 15th, 1870."

EMPEROR FREDERICK'S PIPE IN THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR.

The sight of this relic brought to my mind another, that stands away off in the old château of Fontainebleau in France—the table on which Napoleon I signed his abdication, the night before he started for Elba.

It made me think, too, of a still sadder memorial near a quiet English village—the tomb in which sleeps the boy with whose untimely death died the last hope of the fallen empire which had twice held Europe in



SHELL WHICH ENDANGERED THE LIFE OF THE EMPEROR FREDERICK.

awe such as no other modern sovereignty has excited, such as none can ever rouse again.

"The past sleeps, and the dead too sleep;
But the world goes on its way,
And through infinity's slow sweep
Moves always toward the day."

A WAR TROPHY.

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A BASKET OF NUTS.

BY J. M. S. CARTER.

WE are all fond of nuts, even though we have to crack them and our fingers too. How the boys and girls enjoy a nutting excursion! What fun it is to shake the trees and hear the nuts come rattling down! Master squirrel is there, too, and pops his saucy head out of a hidden nook as though to say: "Please leave some for me," and the next instant is lost to sight.

In the long winter evenings, how pleasant it is to gather around the fire, and, while the wind is roaring without, roast our chestnuts in the hot ashes, or crack the hickory-nuts or walnuts; but, while enjoying our feast, do we ever stop to think how or where the nuts grow?

The chestnut originally came from Castaneum, in Asia Minor, from whence it was introduced into Europe, where it now forms extensive forests. It is a handsome tree, closely allied to the beech, growing to a great size and very long-lived. A famous chestnut-tree of Totworts, England, is said to have been known as a boundary-mark in the reign of King John, and a chestnut of Mount Etna measured two hundred and four feet in circumference. The timber of chestnut-trees is employed in the manufacture of furniture and for house-building. In some parts of Europe, the nuts form the principal food of the people, either roasted, boiled, or ground and made into bread.

The well-known hickory is one of the native trees of the northern part of Ameriea. It was formerly included by botanists in the class with walnuts, but is now found to be a distinct genus—carya. The logs burn quickly and brightly and are much esteemed for firewood. There are several varieties; the one yielding the common or market nut is the shell or shag bark, so called from the outer bark peeling off. This sort is most abundant in the Middle States. Two other kinds are the thick shell-bark, found in the Alleghany Mountains, the nut of which has a thick yellow shell, and the pecan nut, which grows in the West and can be cultivated in Florida.

Walnuts are nearly all natives of North America; a few, though, originally came from Asia, and the common kind has been cultivated in Europe from the time of Tiberius. It is a beautiful tree, and the leaves when bruised give out a fine fragrance and are often placed in chests and bureau-drawers to drive away moths. An infusion of the leaves was formerly regarded as a sure remedy for scrofula. The sap is sweet, and the trees are often tapped for it, the same as the maple. In some localities, the unripe nuts are used for making a kind of pickle or ketchup, and are exported in large quantities from the Himalayas to supply the Indian markets. In France, just before they are ripe, they are eaten with vinegar, pepper, and salt. By the way, salt should be eaten with most kinds of nuts; they digest better. The wood of the walnut is much used for furniture, especially the black walnut.

Another variety is the butternut, the fruit of which, as is well known, has a hard rough shell, very difficult to crack, but the meat is very rich.

Then there is the hazel-nut, the cultivated varieties of which—there being only two—are called filbert and cobnut, the latter being usually round, while the former is elongated and the shell hairy-like; the name "filbert" is said to be a contraction of "full beard." Hazel-nuts are indigenous to all the temperate parts of Europe and Asia, and are now found in America. They are valued chiefly for their oil, which is used not only by painters, but by perfumers as a basis for the more expensive fragrant oils, and is also employed in making cough-syrups. The wood is very tough and flexible, and is used in the manufacture of crates, hurdles, and hoops for small barrels, while the thick stems are made into charcoal and artists' crayons. Barcelona nuts are a variety of the common hazel-nuts, kiln-dried.

The Brazil nut often seen on our dinner-tables is the seed of the Bertholletia excelsa, a beautiful tree growing on the banks of the Orinoco and in the northern part of Brazil.

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It attains a height of over a hundred feet and produces a round woody pericarp or seed-vessel as large as a man's head, within which are found the nuts. The pericarp is so heavy and solid that it requires a hammer to break it.

Another variety of Brazil nut which is considered superior to the common kind is the seed of the Lecythis ollaris or pot-tree, so called because the pericarp resembles a rusty iron pot with a lid which drops off when it falls to the ground. This kind, however, is seldom seen outside of the country, as the tree grows in the interior and the nuts are seldom sent to the coast.

Then there are almonds, the kernels of the fruit of the almond tree, which belongs to the same family as the peach, and is cultivated, aside from its nut value, for the sake of its beautiful flowers, which resemble peach-blossoms in form, though of a lighter color and often white. The flowers nearly always appear before the leaves, and the Bible employs this fact as a beautiful figure of old age with its hoary locks.

The almond-tree has been known from a remote age; we first hear of it in Genesis, almonds being a part of the present that Jacob sent to Joseph on the return to Egypt of his sons with their young brother Benjamin, and Aaron's rod is said to have been a branch of the almond. The principal varieties in cultivation are the sweet, with thick hard shells, the brittle-shelled, also sweet, the bitter, the large-fruited, with flowers of a delicate rose-color, the small-fruited, with tiny sweet fruit, and the peach almond. The most highly prized are the long almonds of Malaga, known as Jordan almonds, and the broad ones of Valencia.

Another favorite is the pea-nut, sometimes called ground-nut, from the fact that it grows underground like the potato. It flourishes in North and South America, Mexico, and Yucatan; it is used in large quantities and is excellent for flavoring cake, in which case, after removing shell and inner skin, the nuts should be rolled fine as possible with a rolling-pin.

Then there is the areca or betel nut, the seed of a kind of palm, which is used in all parts of the East, the people chewing it with quicklime and the leaf of the betel pepper; it makes the saliva red and blackens and destroys the teeth, so that persons who indulge in the habit are often toothless at twentyfive.

But the most valuable and largest of all nuts is the cocoa-nut, the fruit of a variety of palm originally found on the coast of India and the South Sea Islands, but now met with in nearly all tropical countries. A tree usually bears eighty or a hundred nuts a year, and is in bearing seventy or eighty years. The nuts are the staple food of the people of tropical coasts, and are eaten both ripe and unripe, while the milk is considered very nourishing. Like the cocoa-bean, the nut contains a great deal of oil, sometimes called cocoa-butter, which is an important article of commerce, being used for making stearine candles and a soap that forms a lather with sea-water.

Some other nuts we may mention are the cashew, found in both the Old World and the New. The juice turns black on being exposed to the air, and is employed in India as a varnish; but it sometimes causes inflammation when it comes in contact with the skin. The nut is kidney-shaped, has two shells, the juice lying between the two. The kernels are oily and pleasant to the taste, and are prized for food in tropical regions, being roasted, made into puddings, etc. In the West Indies, they are put into old Madeira to give it a fine flavor, and are sometimes mixed in chocolate, though caution is needed in doing this, as the vapor which arises in roasting causes erysipelas and other affections of the skin.

The saouari is the fruit of the caryocar or pekea tree, a native of Guiana and Brazil. The timber of the tree is good for ship-building. The nuts are said to be delicious; they are sometimes called butternuts, because the fleshy part of the fruit is soft like butter and is used for cooking; the kernel, too, is soft and sweet.

The beech-nut, when fresh, resembles the walnut, and is used in France for extracting beech oil; many manufacturers are accused of selling beech-mast for cocoa-butter.

The beech woods of Pennsylvania are noticeably fine and are very extensive. The trees are handsome and grow to a goodly height. No lovelier spot can be imagined, in which to spend a sunny autumn afternoon, than one of these wide-spreading groves whose restful stillness is pleasant both to body and mind.

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CHRISTMAS WORK FOR BUSY FINGERS.

BY CORNELIA REDMOND.

A VERY pretty flexible card-case can be made by taking a long strip of plush, velvet, or brocade, lining it with satin or silk of a lighter shade, and doubling the ends over so as to form pockets for the cards. The whole is doubled again like a book. The initials of the person for whom it is intended may be embroidered in either silk or gold thread on the back.

Anyone who paints a little can make a dainty present in the following way: Get a box of nice paper and envelopes, and decorate the upper left-hand corner of each sheet with a little spray of forget-me-nots or some other flowers. Tie the paper together, also each package of envelopes, with narrow ribbon, and tie a wider ribbon around the outside of the box.

A white linen bureau-scarf, embroidered at the ends in either white or colored silks and finished with a fringe made by drawing the threads, makes a present which is useful as well as ornamental. The white embroidery is daintier than that done in colors and has the advantage of washing better. Torchon lace can be used in place of fringe.

A useful and effective addition to a friend's writing-table can be made by fastening four or five sheets of blotting-paper together by means of a ribbon tied at the upper left-hand corner. The ends of the ribbon should be made into a large bow, upon which may be painted, in either gold or silver, "Merry Christmas" or the initials of the person to whom it is to be given.

Doylies are generally an acceptable gift to a housekeeper. I saw a set, the other day, which had been made by a little girl only nine years old. They were of white linen, hemstitched and fringed around the edge, and, in the centre of each, three letters were embroidered in white silk.

The following is a pretty idea for a lamp-shade: Get a wire frame, the cost of which is very small, cover it with silesia, and sew paper flowers close together all over it. Finish around the bottom with a fringe of crinkled tissue-paper.

A dainty pincushion and pair of bureau-mats may be made by either painting or embroidering little flowers around pieces of bolting-cloth which have been cut the proper size, and then cutting out the edges so that the petals of the flowers are clearly defined. They should have a white satin or silk lining, which may be held in place by a stitch of yellow in the centre of each flower.

A sofa-pillow is always a nice present, and a cover of white linen worked in gold-colored silk would not cost a great deal unless the design were very close. Uncovered feather and down pillows cost from one to two dollars each, but, if you merely want the cushion for show, excelsior will answer the purpose. Make the ticking or unbleached muslin case yourself, and you can have it filled for a few cents.

Pillow-shams made of nice linen, hemstitched around the edge and embroidered in the centre with a large letter done in white cotton or silk, will prove most acceptable to a person who takes a pride in her room.

Bed-room slippers, a square to be worn on the head when one goes out in the evening, a shoulder-shawl, and a set of table-mats are all things that can be made with a crochet-needle. The slippers should be done with double zephyr and drawn up around the top with ribbons; the square for the head is prettiest in ice wool; split zephyr does nicely for the shawl; and coarse knitting-cotton for the table-mats. A set of mats for the wash-stand, made of the same, will be found very useful.

Half a dozen square knitted wash-cloths, made of the finer knitting-cotton, will be most welcome to the mother of a family. Tie them together with a ribbon, and they will look really quite pretty when you present them.

None of these things which I have suggested will require an outlay of very much money, but any one of them will take a certain amount of time and patience. Remember that the holiday-time is not very far off, so do not delay too long setting to work.

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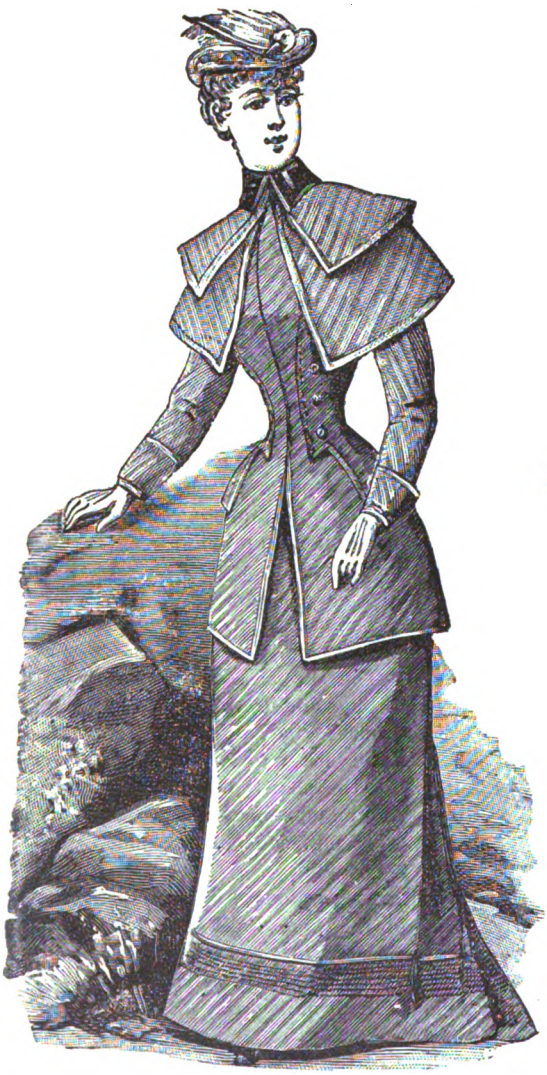
EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H MAY.

No. 1—Is the latest style out for a tailor-made street-gown. It is made of pin-striped gray and black tweed. The skirt has a turned-up band, above which are five rows of worsted corded braid, in black; these are again surmounted by one row of flat silk braid, to correspond with the binding of the coat. The skirt of this gown has all the fullness put into the back in deep plaits, and is quite plain in front. The long coat fits closely to the figure. In front, it has an over-jacket which ends in the pocket-



No. 1.

No. 2.

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flaps, as seen in the illustration. Three moderate-sized buttons ornament this overpiece. Two shoulder-capes finish the jacket; they are adjustable and can be worn at pleasure, to suit our changeable climate. The collar is of velvet, turned over and bound with the silk braid. Coat-sleeves with deep cuffs. All the edges of this garment are bound with silk braid stitched on by machine. Six yards of fortysix-inch

No. 3.

tweed will be required, a quarter of a yard of velvet for collar. Gray felt hat, trimmed with a black bird, completes the costume.

No. 2—Shows the latest novelty in draping the front and sides of skirt to form paniers. This, no doubt, will prove a popular style for a slender woman. Such a gown should be of some soft self-colored cashmere, camel's-hair, or corded silk. The bodice-front is

No. 4.

very prettily trimmed with V-shaped bretelles, edged with two-inch-wide silk fringe. The same edges the puffed epaulettes. The

No. 5.

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back of skirt is slightly trained. The latter is altogether optional: if for a street-gown, it should only touch all around; for the house, a demi-train is more graceful. A felt

No. 6

hat, trimmed with ostrich-tips, is to be worn with this costume.

No. 3—Shows a robe de chambre, of the Princesse form. The material used is striped French flannel. A band of cashmere or corded silk, in a contrasting color or to match the prevailing tone of the flannel, finishes the edge of the skirt. The turn-over collar, cuffs, and girdle are of the same, also the neck-tie. Eight yards of flannel will be required, and two yards of cashmere for trimming. If silk be used for the trimmings, double the quantity.

No. 4—Shows a simple and easy way of making and trimming a house-skirt. A band of velvet, either cut on the bias or velvet ribbon, edges the skirt, above which are three rows of braid or narrow velvet ribbon. The waistband and pocket-flaps correspond. This skirt is intended to be worn either with a plain round waist or a blouse.

No. 5—Is a coat, suitable for late autumn or winter wear. The style is novel, and it can be easily made. The waist is a neat loose fit, coming well down over the hips. The back has three seams. The turn-over coat-collar and the revers for the fronts are bound with silk braid and lined with silk; cuffs and pocket-flaps likewise. The skirt is plain in front, and all the fullness is laid in large plaits at the sides and back. Our model shows the edge of the skirt bound with the braid; but a hem is preferable, as the garment can then be lengthened after the first season, if desired. A fine striped or diagonal Scotch tweed or homespun is the material used. The style is suitable for a girl of six to eight years.

No. 6—Is a good style for a school-girl's dress. The material is of woolens, either striped, plaided, or figured. The skirt is laid

No. 7.

in deep kilts all around. The Norfolk jacket has three box-plaits back and front. Turn-over collar, high coat-sleeves with deep cuffs.

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No. 7—Is a pretty model for a cashmere frock for a little girl of six years. The skirt has a hem and two tucks feather-stitched in

No. 8.

silk to match. The waist is slightly pointed in front, with a little fullness. The V-shaped neck is filled in with surah silk to match, and the edge of the band trimmed with fine English embroidery. Full sleeves, trimmed to correspond. A ribbon two inches wide forms the waistband, and ties at the back in loops and long ends.

No. 8—Is a simple model for a flannel or cashmere frock for a girl of six to eight years. The front width of the skirt has four rows of braid. The sides and back of the skirt are edged with the braid. The peasant-bodice and sleeve are trimmed to correspond. The guimpe is of cream-white nun's-veiling and is fitted to the lining of the frock. Standing collar of the cashmere.

No. 9—Shows a boy's ulster with two capes. It is made of water-proof tweed in mixed colors.

No. 9.

DESIGN FOR CHAIR-SEAT.

On the Supplement, we give a holly design suitable for a chair-seat or sofa-cushion. It can be done in outline or Kensington stitch, in the natural colors, in silk, or in one color, as may be desired. Any material of a pretty color harmonizing with the colors of the design will look well.

HEAD, IN EMBROIDERY.

On the Supplement, we give by request a head of Mrs. Cleveland, to be done in outline embroidery on linen, silk, or satin. Very fine black, brown, or gray sewing, or filoselle of one of those colors, will look well.

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CORSAGE WITH VEST: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a corsage with vest. This pattern is of the newest Parisian cut and may be entirely depended upon for style and fashion. The pattern consists of six pieces:

1. HALF OF VEST.
2. HALF OF BACK.
3. SIDE-BACK.
4. SIDE-FRONT.
5. BODICE-FRONT.
6. SLEEVE.

No instructions are necessary for making up, as each piece of the pattern is notched and lettered, showing how the pieces join. The bodice is for a thirtysix-inch bust. Allow all seams. Our model is a figured poplin, brown and gold. The vest is of guipure lace over gold satin. Cuffs to match. A feather ruche edges the opening at the neck, and a bow of ribbon is placed where the over-bodice meets. This over-bodice is indicated by a straight line showing the shape of the front and the piece which is taken out to make it fit over the darts of the vest. The front of the skirt is draped under the points of the vest, to simulate small paniers.

This model answers two purposes admirably, for it can be used either as a costume for a ceremonious occasion, such as a wedding or large reception, or for an evening-dress; in the latter case, a lace flounce on the front, draped in curtain-loops, with bows at the points of drapery, will add much to the effect.

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JACKET.

JACKET, of dark-green beaver cloth, made double-breasted, but with the seams clearly defined. The crossing in front, collar, pockets, and cuffs are all trimmed with a very narrow band of black Astrakhan. The buttons on the front and sleeves are also of black Astrakhan. For a tall person, the basque may be made longer.

HAT.

HAT, of brown velvet, with the crown braided in gold; folds of the velvet around the edge, and bows back and front in which birds nestle.

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HUNGARIAN JACKET.

HUNGARIAN JACKET, made of dark-blue cloth; it fits the figure closely and is trimmed with black Astrakhan fur around the neck, down the front, and around the bottom. The sleeves, which are high at the shoulders and quite wide at the bottom, are lined with dark-red silk and finished with fur. The brandebourg fastenings are of black. Blue cloth Hungarian cap, trimmed with Astrakhan.

BONNET.

BONNET, of black velvet, made with a soft crown and gathered front. The butterfly trimming on the front is of black lace, made stiff by a fine black wire. Black velvet strings.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

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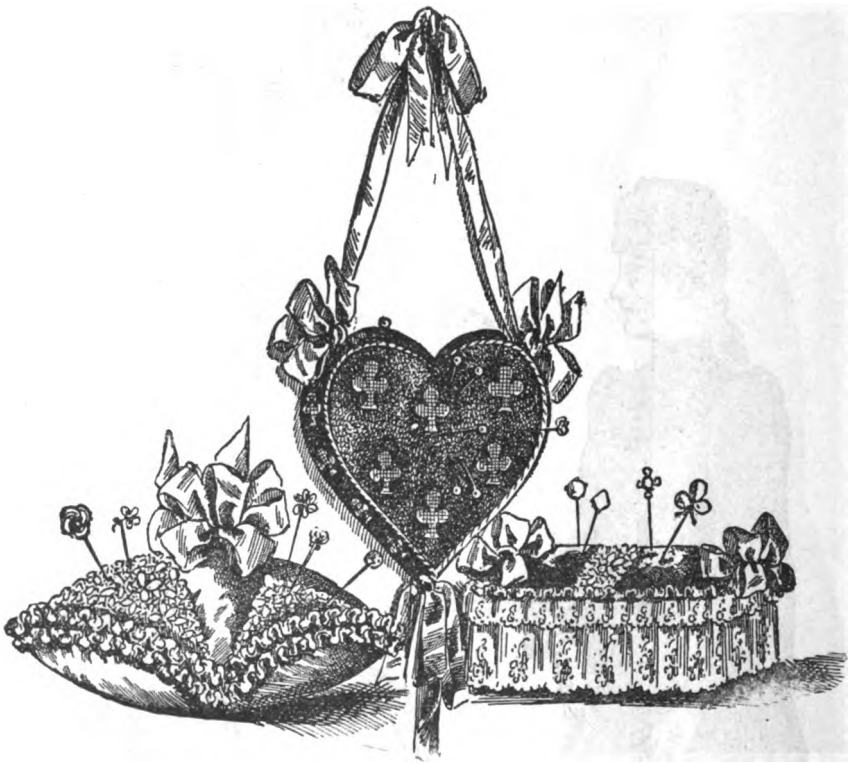
FANCY PINCUSHIONS.



HANGING HEART, in water-green plush, embroidered in clovers done in gold thread, the edges finished with gold cord. Moiré ribbon loops and knots ornament the point, sides, and furnish the loop by which the pincushion is suspended.

SQUARE CUSHION, in aurora-pink satin, embellished with triangles of Irish lace. A pinked-out ruche of satin edges the cushion, and a full satin bow in the centre completes it.

PINCUSHION AND TRINKET-BOX.—Padded top covered with fire-red plush, crossed with a Pompadour ribbon in the centre. Ruching and bows in pale-blue satin. Lace flounce, and edging the box.

TEA-POT COZY, IN EMBROIDERY OR PAINTING ON SATIN.

We give, for our colored pattern, a beautiful design for a cozy. Trace the outline of the work in tracing-cloth, and, on this, work the design after it is put into a frame, first outlining the pattern in buttonhole-stitch. Do this all round the work, but not in the centre. The buttonhole-stitch is necessary to prevent raveling, as the work, when done, is to be applied to claret-colored or red satin or cloth. A quicker method is to trace the design on the cloth or satin and paint it in mineral colors.

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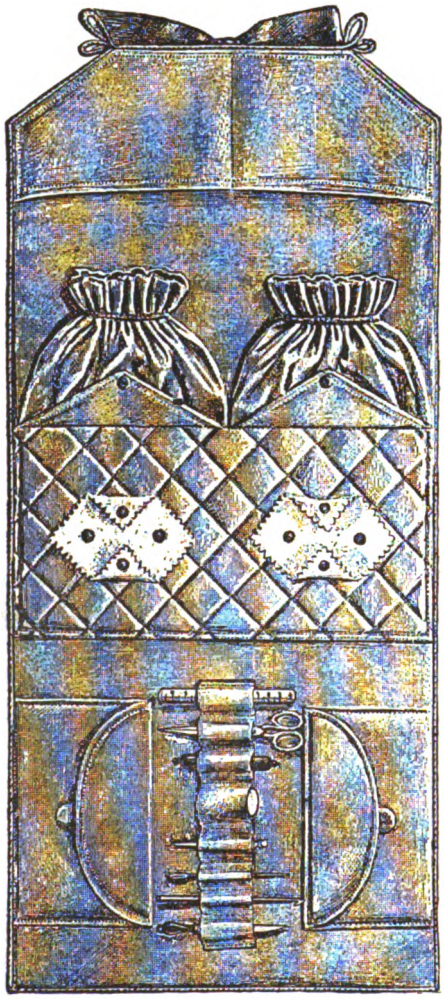
WORK-CASE, WITH DETAIL OF EMBROIDERY.



We give the detail of embroidery for the band on the outside of this work-case. It is worked on a cream-colored fine silk canvas or any silk material with threads sufficiently even to be counted. The pattern is done in satin-stitch in two-thread filoselle, claret-color, and the small stars between the thick embroidery are done in twisted gold thread.

The material for the outside of the case is of claret silk plush, and the linings and fittings are of old-gold colored satin. The pocket in the centre of the lining is of quilted satin, wadded slightly and lined with satin, and has two flaps at the top, interlined with stiff muslin. The two small squares are of double flannel and serve for holding a few needles. Two loose satin bags are put just above the quilted pocket on which the flaps are buttoned. These bags are made with a runner of elastic. A few stitches at the back will keep them in place. The two pockets with flaps at the other end are separated by a band of satin over a stiff piece of muslin, on which a piece of ribbon is stitched in compartments to hold the different articles to be placed in the divisions. The lining is

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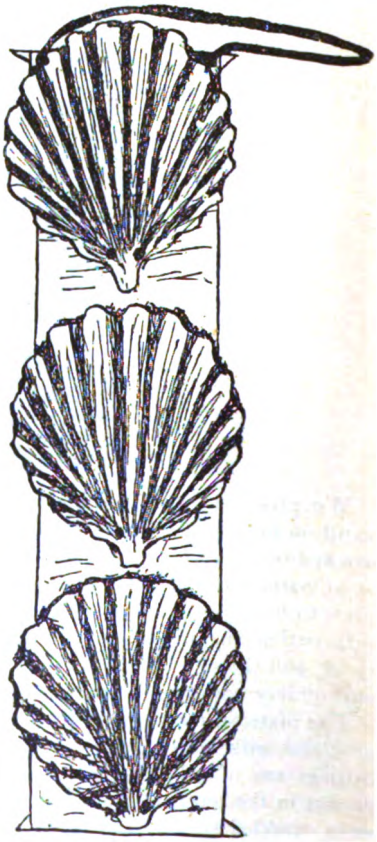
backed with crinoline, and the different pockets are all stitched on before it is joined to the back under a gold cord. A claret-colored ribbon bow-and-ends is placed on the flap of the outside, and small gilt buttons fasten at each corner.

RACK OF SEA-SHELLS.



Our model shows a novel way of using the empty scallops. Three shallow ones, as near the same size as possible, are required, and two small holes should be bored very carefully with stiletto in each, rather low down. Through these holes are put small nails, so as to secure the shells, one above another, to a strip of stained or painted wood, as shown in the illustration. The nails should not be driven home, but left about half an inch away from the shells, so that letters and small papers can be stuck in behind the shells. Two holes are bored in the top of the wood, and through these a cord is passed by which the rack is suspended.

There are times at the sea-shore when the sun is set and the beach deserted and lonely, clouds and rain keeping the youngsters weather-bound; then they will find their recently collected hoards of shells even more valuable than they seemed when first picked up. This is the time to prepare the treasures for the homeward flitting, and, for a useful way of applying the same, we give this "rack of scallops."

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EDITOR'S TABLE.

EDITORIAL CHIT-CHAT.

About Ourselves.—The announcement of our novelettes for 1892 contains a list of names which promises a collection of serials that cannot be surpassed. Our short stories and miscellaneous articles will be exceptionally brilliant, for, while retaining all our old contributors, we have added various other authors of wide reputation, among whom are Julian Hawthorne, Mrs. Effie W. Merriman, whose "Pards" was the most successful juvenile book of the past year, and the favorite young Kentucky writer, Henry Cleveland Wood.

Newspapers and subscribers are unanimous in their verdict that the Magazine has been better than ever during 1891, but we shall not rest satisfied even with this standard of excellence for the coming year. "Onward and upward" has always been our motto, and we mean to keep to it still. From a literary point of view, no periodical now embraces a wider range than ours—comprising, as it does, first-class fiction, poetry, and miscellany of the most varied description, from travels and biographical sketches to papers on social questions and every subject interesting to ladies.

Our fashion and household departments will, as usual, be prominent features, as they must be in any magazine which proposes to meet the requirements of the entire family. With this end in view, a special feature will be made of stories and illustrated sketches for girls and boys, and we shall offer a selection so choice that "Peterson" will become as indispensable to them as it has long been to their elders.

Our illustrations will be even finer and more numerous, and in scores of ways it will be apparent that a higher standpoint has been aimed at and successfully reached.

The long list of premiums to persons forming clubs is the latest among the many changes and improvements which we have made during the past two years. The variety and style of the different articles render them very attractive, and we can conscientiously assert that one and all are thoroughly reliable and worth much more than the sums they represent. With the great inducements we offer, the getting up clubs will prove even easier than it has done in the past. It is important to begin this work at once. Every winter ladies write us they could have sent clubs as large again had they begun earlier.

To Keep Palms in a Room.—There is but little difficulty in keeping palms in a house, even where gas is used, if they are properly treated; we know of some still fresh and beautiful, which have decorated a parlor for over two years. The plants should be plunged over the top of the pots in water for about two hours, once a week in winter, twice in summer, and the leaves sponged on both sides. The water should be quite cold. They should be kept a few feet from the window, but not in a draught, as that is fatal to them; and, as all cannot have the best position, it is well to change them occasionally. They do not need much sun.

Hardy Fuchsias.—About the end of November, spread ashes, principally from wood, over the ground above the roots; about the end of April, the ashes should be lightly forked in, and the plants receive occasional waterings with liquid manure onward from time to time during their growing season. Except in very cold places, the hardy fuchsia will live out all winter, the ends of the roots sometimes dying, but the plant coming up nicely in the spring.

"Cannot Be Too Highly Recommended."—The New York Tribune says: "A proof that excellence and cheapness can be united is found in 'Peterson.' Its leading contributors are favorite authors. Its fashion and household departments are unequaled. This popular periodical cannot be too highly recommended as a family magazine."

For Housekeepers.—When sheets show age by splitting, they will last longer if torn down the middle, the selvage sides overseamed together, and the raw edges hemmed. This puts a seam up the centre, a matter of small inconvenience. To overseam, hold the two edges evenly over the forefinger, and whip together.

Pincushions.—Shot satin is lovely for a toilet pincushion. We lately saw one of pale-blue, shot with red, embroidered with pinky terra-cotta flowers. There was no lace or ribbons about it, and it was of the old-fashioned square shape, filled with bran.

"Always Popular."—The Salem (Mass.) Observer says: "'Peterson' is always popular; always has been and always will be, for it is just such a magazine as the people enjoy."

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SIMPLE AND EFFECTUAL.—An occasional washing of the shelves and floors of store closets with salted water destroys insects and the deposits of flies, also keeps any closet sweet-smelling. Neither herbs nor vegetables should ever be placed there, and even fruit is suspicious matter. Sometimes red or black ants enter closets and become troublesome to get rid of. Make the shelves very wet, strew salt thickly on and also in every crevice, and wash the floors with salt and water. Thus served, the ants quickly depart, coming no more. About four ounces of salt to an ordinary pail of water is an excellent mixture to scrub floors of bed-rooms and shelves of larders. As regards bed-rooms so cleansed, no household flea will take up its abode in the presence of a salted habitation.

A NEW STYLE FOR PILLOW-SHAMS.—As pillow-shams are frequently difficult to wash and iron properly, a new style has come into favor for every-day use. White crépon, or soft bunting, or fine cheese-cloth is taken, long enough and wide enough to cover both pillows at once. The material is embroidered with roses, lilies, bluets, violets, or in any other pattern or color that is thought desirable. The sham may be hem-stitched all around, or done in drawn-work, or edged with lace. It furnishes well, and does not rumple as muslin or linen does.

IN PURCHASING A DRESS, never select a material with a large pattern over it, should you be short and stout; in fact, never select one with any pattern at all, unless you can afford to change your toilette frequently. Patterns show the date; plain colors do not. This is a hint worth remembering by ladies whose pin-money is not so great as their taste.

EARTHWORMS IN POTS.—Earthworms in flower-pots are decidedly injurious, chiefly because they stop up the drainage at the bottom. The best way to get rid of them is to stir a quart of lime in a gallon of water, stand it until it clears, and then water the plants with the liquid. This will bring the worms to the top.

"NOTHING NICER for a Christmas gift than a subscription to 'Peterson,'" writes a subscriber. "I am sending it this year to three different friends, and it has proved in each case such a highly prized present that I propose to send it to double the number for 1892."

ENCOURAGEMENT.—Be not chilled by the coldness of those about you. The perseverance of love and patience together brings about great results.

TRUE ECONOMY is the child of wisdom and the mother of independence.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

Standard Dictionary of the English Language. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.—Some months ago, we gave a notice of this most valuable work, which is so rapidly approaching completion that we wish again to call our readers' attention thereto. More than a hundred noted American and English scholars are its editors, and the numerous specimen pages already sent out have received the warm approval of the chief authorities in the literary, scientific, and scholastic fields. The work will contain all the words to be found in the standard lexicons and some seventy thousand besides. It embodies many new principles in lexicography, and among its especially valuable features may be named the following: the putting definitions before etymologies; giving preference to present meanings; reducing technicalities to a minimum; giving due emphasis to phonetic spelling; treatment and arrangement of quotations. The work will not be issued before January, 1892, but persons sending to the publishers for a list of terms will find they can obtain a considerable reduction by subscribing in advance.

Glimpses at the Plant-World. By Fanny D. Bergen. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This volume takes a unique position and fills a gap that sorely needed filling. There are elementary botanies in profusion, and there are plenty of botanical picture and story books combined; but this, while containing the elements of such works, is different from them all. It is meant for the amusement as well as the instruction of children up to thirteen, designed to foster their powers of observation and to be an introduction to the study of botany. In the first portion are clearly described representative plants of the different divisions of the vegetable kingdom. The second part is devoted to flowers, and profuse illustrations throughout the volume assist the explanations. While the strictest scientific accuracy is preserved, the book is not only plain and clear, but as interesting as a romance.

The Little Brother, and other Stories. By Fitz Hugh Ludlow. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—Thirty years and more ago, the reading world was surprised and charmed by the "Hasheesh Eater," which sounded like the strange dreams of some mystical Oriental. This book began the literary career of a man who, during the fourteen years that followed, did perhaps more varied work than any author in this country, and won a fine reputation in each field that he attempted. He was a brilliant journalist, an excellent story-writer, a poet of no ordinary merit, and he accomplished enough in a dramatic way to prove the strength of his powers in that direction. The stories in the volume before us are all about boys and are all admirable. People are so quickly forgotten in this hurrying age that the publishers are to be thanked for this collection.

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Well Won. By Mrs. Alexander. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—This story is one of the best among the author's shorter novels, and the publishers have made a good choice in selecting it to inaugurate their new monthly series, the "Mayflower Library." The same house has started the "Broadway Series," which promises to be devoted to a cheap edition of popular authors. "Out at Twinnetts," by John Habberton, is the first work on the list, and the countless admirers of "Helen's Babies" will gladly welcome its author's latest effort.

The Little Millers. By Effie W. Merriman. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—A really unique story that will not only charm all the girls and boys, but the reading of which cannot fail to be of benefit to them, though it is no "goody-goody tale" with a moral tacked on at the end like an ill-fitting patch. Mrs. Merriman has the rare and enviable gift of being able so deeply to enlist her readers' sympathies in her characters that they seem real living beings, and their struggles or good fortunes becomes matter of as much importance as the fate of personal friends.

Madame Bovary. By Gustave Flaubert. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros.—This work is generally—and, we think, justly—regarded as Flaubert's masterpiece. It is a story of intense interest, and will add to the popularity of the publishers' twentyfive-cent edition of standard novels. To this series, has been added: "The Haunted Homestead," by Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth, one of her most thrilling shorter tales.

The Abbess of Port Royal, and other French Studies. By Maria Ellery MacKaye. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This collection of literary and historical essays embraces a wide range and are, one and all, delightful reading. The author thoroughly understands her subjects and writes about them with earnest and appreciative sympathy. Several of the papers have already appeared in periodicals, but some of the most interesting have not been before published.

Sweet and Twenty. By Mary Farley Sanborn. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This is one of the best love-stories of the year, told in a very natural way. It has, too, what is in this decade an unusual merit and attraction: it describes human nature at its best, instead of its worst. Its optimistic vein is a contrast to the prevailing pessimism of the day, as agreeable as a long draught of fresh air after the fetid atmosphere of a dissecting-room.

Interference. By B. M. Croker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.—The greater portion of the scene of this capital story is laid in Ireland—the Ireland of to-day—and gives the author an opportunity to introduce some very amusing scenes and strongly marked characters. The plot of the book is tragic enough, and the closing chapters offer some very interesting glimpses of social and military life in India.

A Maiden's Choice. By W. Heimburg. New York: Worthington Co.—Another characteristic and remarkably good story from the pen of this prolific and gifted author. It will be found as well worth reading as the novels that have gone before it, and is issued in the same dainty and attractive fashion.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

TRADE SWINDLES.—From the N. Y. World of Aug. 9th. The energetic protest made in an address before the National Editorial Association at St. Paul, against "the growing habit of the druggist and merchant palming off a substitute for the article asked for," has occasioned a healthful agitation of this subject in the press.

Every person who buys well-known proprietary medicines, etc., has probably met with the insinuating suggestion that the shopkeeper has an article of his "own make" which is "just as good and much cheaper." It is not generally known that the work of fabricating these articles and putting them up in a form to deceive the public has grown to be a regular business. There are over two hundred deceptive substitutes prepared for one standard article alone.

Much of this work is swindling, and all of it is dishonest and unworthy. A manufacturer of anything is justly entitled to the full rewards of his reputation. And people who buy are entitled to get what they call for. The law should protect both as completely as possible; and public opinion voiced by the press, and private protest delivered to unworthy shopkeepers, should do the rest.

We are pleased to have the opportunity of calling the attention of our readers to what are reported to be the best Dress Linings manufactured in this country, namely, the Gilbert Manufacturing Co.'s goods. You will find in another column their advertisement, which explains itself. We do not hesitate to recommend these goods to our readers.

The Vose & Sons Piano has an exceedingly clear and rich tone, and is especially commended as an accompaniment to the voice. It is unusually well constructed, and in every way a most desirable instrument. Write them at 170 Tremont St., Boston, for their new illustrated catalogue. It is a beauty.

MOTHERS' DEPARTMENT.

NEW SERIES.

BY ABRAM LIVEZEY, A.M., M.D.

No. XXV.—On the Cause, Diffusion, Localization, Prevention, and Cure of Epidemic Diseases.

It is important here to elucidate the causes and transmission of a few other notable diseases,

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especially one in conclusion, in which all farmers are deeply interested, the cause of all being proved to arise from germs; and the preventive measures being much the same in all.

The vital powers of some may be so strong, and the mucous membranes so toned, that the germs of parasitic molds—though perhaps seldom absent in the warm moist air around about us—are not able to affect us, and thus many escape for the time being. But the vitality of the germs may become more strongly developed upon dead organic substances, and their energy so increased as subsequently to effect and maintain lodgment upon the mouth, etc.

So also the germs which induce putrefaction and develop on dead animal matter may attain sufficient energy to live and propagate in the alimentary canal of the human species, when carried thither on food infested by them or in impure water. Thus epidemic dysentery may be established, or chronic diarrhœa.

Many meats are tainted or become tainted after being cooked, as well as canned meats after long exposure to the air are alike liable to infection and become poisonous.

These germs may, but do not always, possess sufficient vital powers to live and propagate upon the mucous membrane of the intestines; but, when they do become established there, produce deleterious effects by their constant mechanical irritating operations upon the innumerable minute glands located there, and absorb or vitiate the nutritive principle of the food, called chyle. Thus, not only high irritation may be set up, but inflammation also and many sympathetic symptoms, with a cut-off of the supply of nutritive materials for the blood, and finally be the cause of any low wasting form of disease, as marasmus in the young and typhoid fever in the adult.

As this magazine goes into tens of thousands of families of farmers throughout our land who are owners of fine-bred milch cows of great value—among the herd, many mothers have great favorites, and many daughters have pets—it occurred to the writer that in this connection he could most properly and most profitably give the views of the late Dr. Wm. Schoele—with whom he was closely associated for several years—in regard to the destructive "cattle disease," called also pleuro-pneumonia or rinderpest, and the cause, prevention, and cure of the same, whereby owners of cattle may prevent their herd from becoming infected—or, when infected, cure them.

The disease is markedly infectious—that is, its cause is capable of reproducing and propagating its own peculiar organic parasites.

The disease is also of a pulmonary character, resulting from sympathetic influences from primary irritations on the skin of the head, neck, and fore-part of the animal; just as a common catarrh, sore throat, or bronchial affection of the human species arises not from direct influence of cold and damp upon the mucous membrane of the nasal fossæ and mouth, etc., but as the result of sympathy from the effects of changes of temperature and impression made by exposure of the skin of the head, neck, and upper part of the chest.

We are now prepared to consider the deeply interesting subject of prevention and cure of this and all epidemic diseases affecting the human family.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

MEATS.

Boiled Turkey or Boiled Fowls Blanched.—The fowls or turkey, after they are picked, singed, drawn, and washed, may be stuffed in the crop near the neck with a mixture of breadcrumb, a teaspoonful of flour, two of fresh-chopped parsley, a little winter savoy or lemon thyme, chopped fine, a little nutmeg, grated, all mixed together with melted bacon-dripping or butter, not suet, and a little milk. If egg be used for this purpose, the stuffing will be hard. All this done, the birds stuffed and trussed, have a large saucepan of fast-boiling water, into which put either fowls or turkey—if preferred, tie in old clean muslin; let the water boil quickly, and for fowls, after the water boils again, boil one hour—or, if the capons be large, an hour and a quarter; a turkey, two hours, if large, say ten pounds—if larger, two and a half hours. To blanch them, take them from the boiling water and plunge them into a pan of cold water; in one instant, the skin can be peeled off, and the poultry will not cool if taken at once from the cold water on to a dish, then be received on to a very hot dish, and white sauce of the consistence of cream be poured over directly. Either fowls or turkey should be served with boiled ham, or tongue, or bacon toasted and rolled, or sausages fried—the sausages cut each in three pieces, and fried crisp and brown—and served separately from the poultry. Butter sauce with mushroom kitjap added is relishing.

CAKES.

Barm-bracks.—Take half a pound of butter, half a pound of cooking-sugar, one pound of currants, one and a half pounds of flour, and about a quart of milk; also some sliced lemon and citron peel, a tablespoonful and a half of baking-powder, one teaspoonful of mixed spice, and two teaspoonfuls of caraway seeds. Put the flour in a large bowl, break the butter into small pieces, and rub it into the flour till it is all quite fine; then put in all the other dry ingredients, mixing everything thoroughly well together, and, last of all, add the milk. Have a couple of medium-sized cake-

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tins ready buttered, and put the mixture into them; it should about half fill each of the tins. Bake the cakes for about an hour in a brisk oven, or for an hour and a half in a rather slower one; let your barm-bracks get cold, and then enjoy them.

Angel Cake.—Beat the whites of eleven eggs with three-quarters of a pint of the finest caster-sugar; add two teaspoonfuls of extract of vanilla—this must depend both on taste and the strength of the extract—and half a pint of finest flour sifted, with one teaspoonful of cream of tartar. Stir lightly together and pour into a delicately clean and unbuttered tin. Bake in a moderately steady oven for forty minutes, the first half of the time with a paper over it to save the color. Let it cool in the tin, turning this upside down on a pastry-rack or two plates, to allow the air to get to it. Be sure to have your quantities of flour, sugar, etc., very exact, and be very careful not to shake the tin while in the oven or while cooling, or the cake will be heavy. This cake should be eaten as soon as possible after it is baked.

Sally-lunns.—Put a pound and a half of flour into a bowl and mix a pinch of salt with it. Put three-quarters of a pint of milk into a stewpan with four ounces of butter and let it remain till the butter is melted. The milk should not be much more than lukewarm. Dissolve the yeast with a little sugar, add the milk gradually, and stir both into the flour and also two well-beaten eggs. When quite smooth, divide the dough into four parts, place each of these in a well-greased tin, cover them over, and let them rise till they are about three times their original size. Bake in a quick oven. Sally-lunns are, it is well known, split into three portions before being toasted and buttered.

FASHIONS FOR NOVEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE WOOLEN. The skirt is edged with a band of dark-red cloth, headed by three rows of gold braid. The jacket is of the cloth, opening over a red cloth waistcoat, fastened at the side and edged top and bottom with bands of gold braid. Standing collar of red cloth, which, like the red cuffs, is trimmed with braid. Dark-blue felt hat, ornamented with blue feathers and a red wing.

FIG. II.—WALKING-DRESS, OF TERRA-COTTA COLORED CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with two rows of black fur, the lower one being the deeper. The jacket, of cloth, is also trimmed with bands of fur, and opens with long revers over a white cloth waistcoat, ornamented with bands of terra-cotta colored braid and fastened with gilt buttons. Sleeves and collar trimmed with fur. Hat of black velvet, with black ostrich-tips and gold braid.

FIG. III.—LONG CARRIAGE-WRAP, OF HELIOTROPE-COLORED CLOTH. The front is ornamented with ostrich-feather trimming; and the sides, which fall over the arm, are braided in heliotrope. Cape mantle, of a darker shade of cloth or velvet, edged with ball fringe. Bonnet of velvet of the lighter shade of heliotrope, lined with the darker shade and ornamented with primrose-colored feathers.

FIG. IV.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CORN-FLOWER BLUE LADY'S-CLOTH, worn over a light steel-colored skirt, trimmed with rows of steel braid. The blue over-dress opens at each side of the front, as far as the braid is put on the petticoat. The jacket is slashed, braided with steel braid, has a wide collar faced with steel cloth and braided, and is fastened diagonally with large steel buttons. Very light steel-colored felt hat, trimmed with feathers of the same color.

FIG. V.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The back is plain. The front is edged with a band of beaver, and braided above the band. The bodice is slightly full at the waist, worn under a pointed braided waistband, and is braided at the top in front. Small Spanish jacket of green velvet, with short velvet sleeves, trimmed with beaver fur. Long close dress-sleeves, braided. Small green velvet toque.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CAMEL'S-HAIR. The skirt is a little draped at the hips. A band of otter fur trims the front at the bottom. The bodice is slightly full at the waist, under a crossed pointed band of dark-brown velvet. The jacket opens with revers, which are trimmed with graduated bands of otter. Narrow band of fur around the bottom of the jacket. Collar and full sleeves of dark-brown velvet. Dark-brown velvet toque, with a panache of chestnut-brown feathers at the back.

FIG. VII.—EVENING-DRESS, OF WHITE SATIN. The plain skirt is made without a train, and is trimmed to where the plaits fall at the back with a band of ostrich-feathers. The full waist is worn under a broad corselet of emerald-green velvet, which is ornamented in front with a long narrow buckle. Long sleeves, full at the top. This is a beautiful model for a wedding-dress, if a train be added and the corselet made of white satin or of silver brocade.

FIG. VIII.—HOUSE-DRESS FOR AN ELDERLY LADY. The underskirt is of a light shade of heliotrope silk, with a broad flounce of black lace at the bottom. The over-dress of heliotrope cashmere of a darker shade, which opens over the silk skirt and has a broad collar and jabot to the waist, of black lace. A shorter jabot of white lace lightens up the black trimming. Cap ornamented with white lace.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-BLUE AND BROWN PLAID. The front of the skirt is quite plain; full plaits at the back. Plain bias bodice, with a pointed belt of dark-blue velvet.

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Jacket of dark-blue cloth, with a habit-basque at the back. The small revers are trimmed with dark-blue velvet. Collar and cuffs of the velvet. Brown felt hat, faced with blue, surah handkerchief tie about the crown, and tuft of feathers at the back.

FIG. X.—WALKING-DRESS, OF GRAY PLAID TWEED, opening in front over a triple plaiting of dark-gray silk. The half-moon pockets on the hips are trimmed with three large buttons. The waistcoat crosses in front, under a Swiss belt of plain tweed like the jacket; it opens over a white chemisette with a standing collar, and has a long dark-red silk neck-tie. Large buttons, like those on the pockets. Plain gray tweed jacket. Black hat, trimmed with gray wings and surah.

GENERAL REMARKS.—Woolen goods are made of lighter weight than formerly, and can thus be worn with more comfort in the house; while, if they are of all wool, they are sufficiently warm for outdoor wear.

For occasions requiring much dress, white, very light grays, etc., are selected by young women; but dark-greens, purplish-reds, various shades of brown, and dark-grays are more ordinarily chosen, because they are less conspicuous and more serviceable.

Plain colors, as we have frequently said, are always safe; but plaids, large and small, brocaded figures, stripes, and spots are all fashionable.

Ribbed or corded goods are new and stylish; they are usually plain, but are sometimes figured. This last style is not so elegant as the plain cords.

Plain cloths, cheviots, crêpon effects, and cashmeres come in great varieties; some flowered and bordered robes are seen, though the importation of them is not large.

For mourning, the black crêpe cloth, which has deep crinkles like English crape, is used either for a whole costume, or as trimming for dresses, mantles, etc.

Brocades will be much worn during the winter, indoors, especially by middle-aged or elderly women; or they may form part of a dress, if of light colors, for younger people.

Skirts continue to be close-fitting below the waist, plain in front, with slight drapery—if liked—about the hips, and full at the back.

The skirts made crosswise of double-width material, with a bias seam down the back, are very popular.

Some of the newest importations in house-dresses are of the fashion but recently abandoned—the skirt opening in front over a figured material or one of a different color, but the front is quite plain.

Flounces are gaining in popularity, and are most frequently put on in vandykes and scallops in the way we have frequently illustrated, but are more worn in the house than on the street.

Tailor-made gowns are so suitable for outdoor wear that they continue most popular. A little draping at the hip is seen on most of them. A band of fur, or of any material fancied, can be placed around the bottom. The bodice is usually pointed, but may have a vest or a full plastron, and the coat or jacket is made to slip over the sleeves easily.

Bodices have undergone so little change during the past year that there is absolutely nothing new to say about them. In our large assortment of illustrations, we give all the latest styles.

Sleeves come under the same category as bodices: for evening-dress, the variety is greater; but, for ordinary use, the sleeve is of the coat-shape at the lower part of the arm, with moderate width and height at the top.

Paniers are fancied by many people, but they do not look well under the close-fitting jackets; under cloaks and shoulder-capes, they are quite suitable.

Jackets are made with all varieties of basques, some trimmed with pockets or buttons, some are slashed, some slightly pointed in front. The close-fitting double-breasted one is as fashionable as the one with revers, with a full plastron, or a waistcoat.

Long cloaks are much too comfortable to be abandoned, and are often made of woolen brocade, rather full.

Hats and bonnets are worn smaller than they have been, and are often pointed or have a high trimming in front. We give a great variety of the latest styles.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—ULSTER FOR A YOUNG GIRL. It is made of cinnamon-brown homespun or beaver cloth. The yoke, collar, and cuffs are of chestnut-brown velvet. The belt is of the material of the ulster, or may be of velvet, and is fastened at the side by a double metallic clasp.

FIG. II.—LITTLE GIRL'S COAT, OF WHITE CLOTH OR CASHMERE. The large cape and cuffs are trimmed with beaver fur, and it has a band of the same around the neck. The cap, of the material of the coat, is also trimmed with beaver fur. Chinchilla is the prettiest fur for a child, but does not wear well.

FIG. III.—BOY'S SUIT. The knickerbockers and coat are of gray cloth. The cloak is of dark-gray cloth, made with a pointed hood at the back, lined with iron-gray silk, and is fastened across the front with a "frog" trimming. Dark-gray Tam O'Shanter cap.

FIG. IV.—JACKET FOR A YOUNG GIRL. It is made of heavy cloth, double-breasted, and has a large collar of marten fur. The jockey cap is of brown cashmere.

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"THREE IS NO COMPANY."

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Fig. 6 Fig. 7 Fig. 8 Fig. 9 Fig. 10 Fig. 11 Fig. 12

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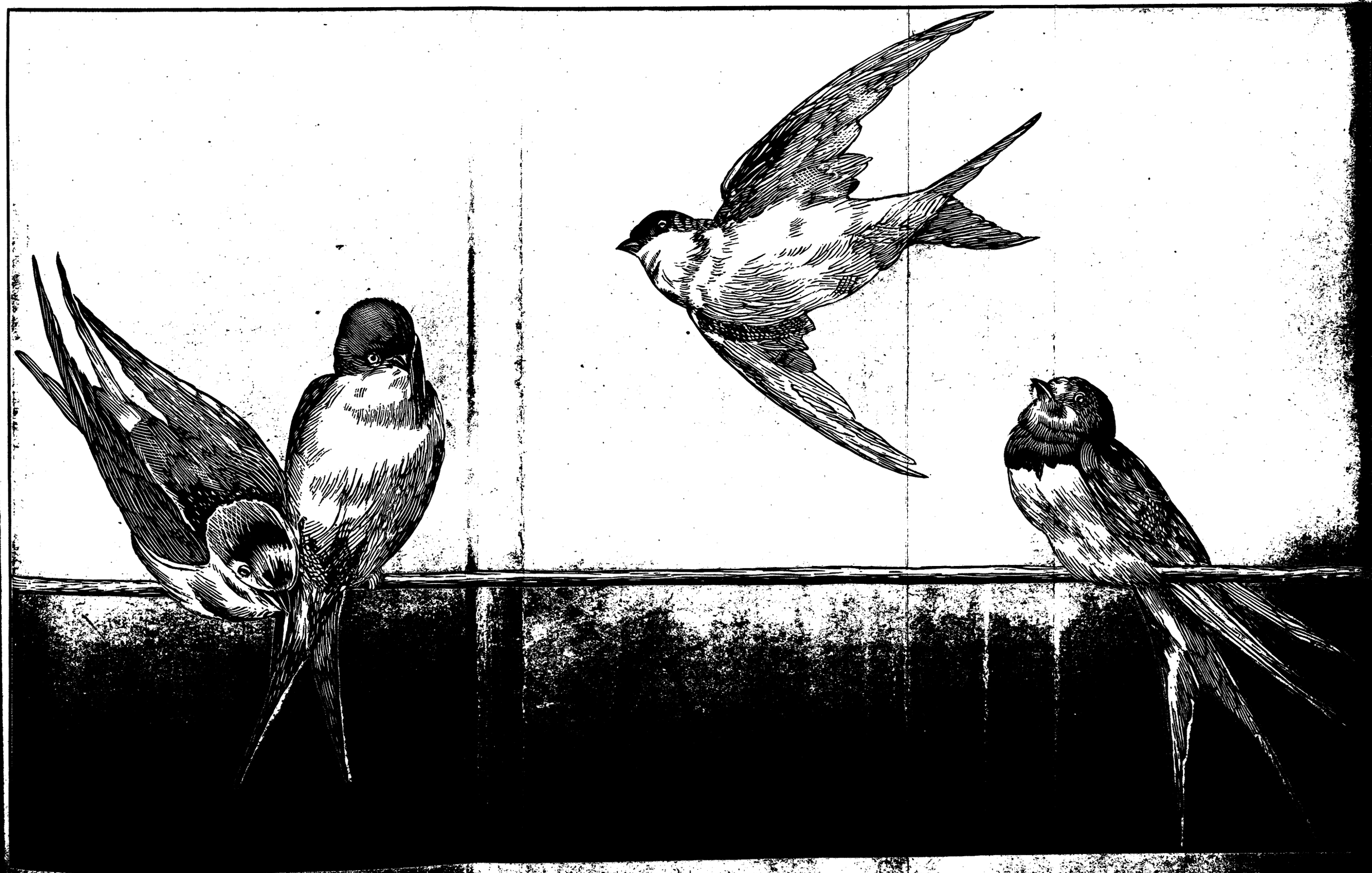

WS FOR A SCREEN PANEL, PAINTED OR EMBROIDERED ON SATIN.

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THE OLD HALL CLOCK.

[*See the Poem, "A Legend of Christmas Eve."*]

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PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. C. PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER, 1891. No. 6.

A LEGEND OF CHRISTMAS EVE.

BY ARTHUR LEWIS TUBBS.

I REMEMBER the dear old mansion
By the side of the village street,
And the winding walk, where the maples
Like an archway used to meet.
I think of the happy voices
That rang through the olden halls,
And a thousand gladsome pictures
My memory recalls.

I remember the time of rejoicing,
When we all came home once more,
And the kisses and pleasant greetings
That met each one at the door.
For it all comes back like a vision,
And I seem for a time to see
The kindly and loving faces
Of the ones so dear to me.

It was Christmas Eve, when the moonlight
Kissed the world's white breast of snow,
That we twined bright wreaths of the holly
And the beautiful mistletoe.
The bells from the distant steeples
Were sounding their sweetest chime,
With the message of peace from heaven
That comes at the Christmas-time.

We hung up the children's stockings
By the chimney, all in a row,
And gathered about the hearthstone
In the yule-log's merry glow.
We saw, in the burning embers,
Whatever our souls would see;
For the night was a gladsome carol,
And the morrow a song of glee.

Then she whom we loved the dearest,
Sweet Alice, with sunny hair,
With eyes that were hints of heaven,
And a face that was angel-fair,
With hands for a fond devotion
To the tenderest task of all,
Bedecked with the greens we had gathered
The old clock out in the hall.

For we called it the family legend,
Which we loved and tried to believe,
That the old clock's chime was a blessing
At midnight on Christmas Eve;
And we thought the departed loved ones,
Unseen, were hovering near
To give us a benediction
Of peace for the coming year.

The years have passed, and the mansion
Still stands by the village street;
But there comes no more at twilight
The sound of familiar feet.
There are some old friends remaining,
But many have passed away,
And I found in my locks this morning
A sprinkling of silver-gray.

I can hear the bells in the steeples—
They are sounding their sweetest chime;
And they bear to my heart a message
From the beautiful olden time.
And the tear on my eyelash trembling
From its kindred does not part,
But it sinks with its weight of sadness
And drops on my burdened heart.

'Tis Christmas Eve, and the moonlight
Tints the world's white breast of snow:
I can only look in the embers
And dream of the long ago.
But the old clock stands in the hallway,
With its Christmas legend of love,
For the blessings that earth has buried
Are waiting in heaven above.

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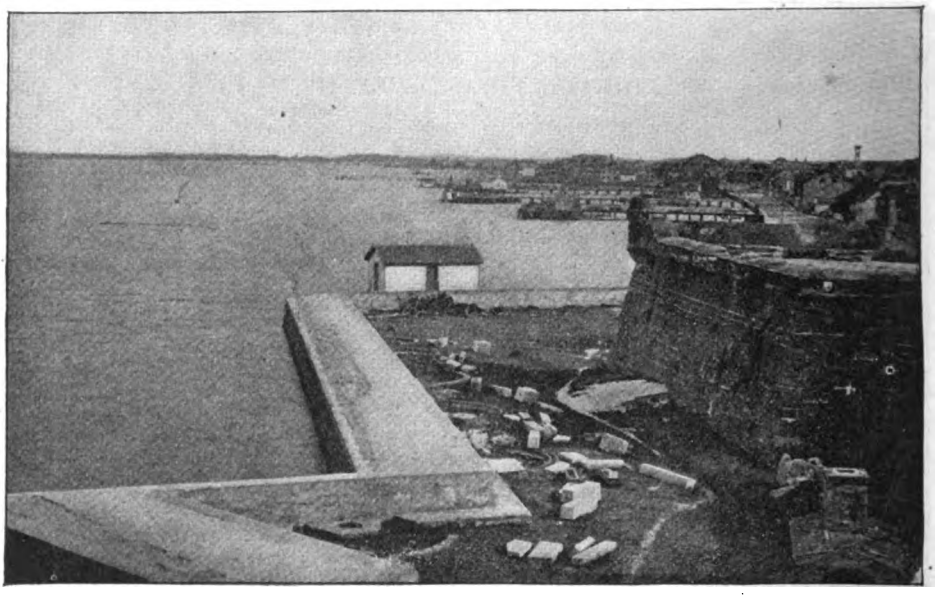
IDLE DAYS IN ST. AUGUSTINE.

BY FRANK H. SWEET.



ST. AUGUSTINE AND FORT.

APPROACHING the ancient city from Jacksonville, one is impressed unfavorably by the dreary flat expanse of country, much of which is covered by a thin sheet of water. An occasional elevation is almost certain to have every available rod dotted with stakes indicating house-lots for sale. A few small buildings, which afford shelter to the workmen, are shown as the nucleus of the future city. As the name is called out by the brakeman, we start a little and cast another glance from the window. Very likely, we have an elaborate map and prospectus of the place in our pocket, and have been wondering if it is not one of the chances of our lifetime.

On the journey down, we pass three of these enterprising places whose names are familiar to us. They have required several columns of the Jacksonville papers for weeks past to canvass their merits. Doubtless we have been on the point of buying many times, and were only deterred by the difficulty of choosing among so many

But the dreary journey renders quaint picturesque St. Augustine even more alluring by force of contrast.

During the winter season, the hotels are usually full, and even the Minorcan inhabitants let every available room and nook to lodgers. Prices are exorbitant, and, if one is not abundantly supplied with funds, he can save money—and fare just as well—by taking rooms and procuring his meals at a restaurant.

A few days at the Magnolia convinced me that the rates and my funds would assimilate too rapidly for future prospects, and I began diligently to seek quarters elsewhere. At length, I became settled at Bay Cottage, on Marine Street, and found myself one of about twenty guests who hailed from Brazil, Australia, Canada, Dakota, and, as our host said, "heaven knows where."

All were ready with stories; none had anything to do; and one, a miner from Colorado, who said he was "on a time," was perpetually planning excursions, and, what was more to the purpose, always insisted on paying all expenses.

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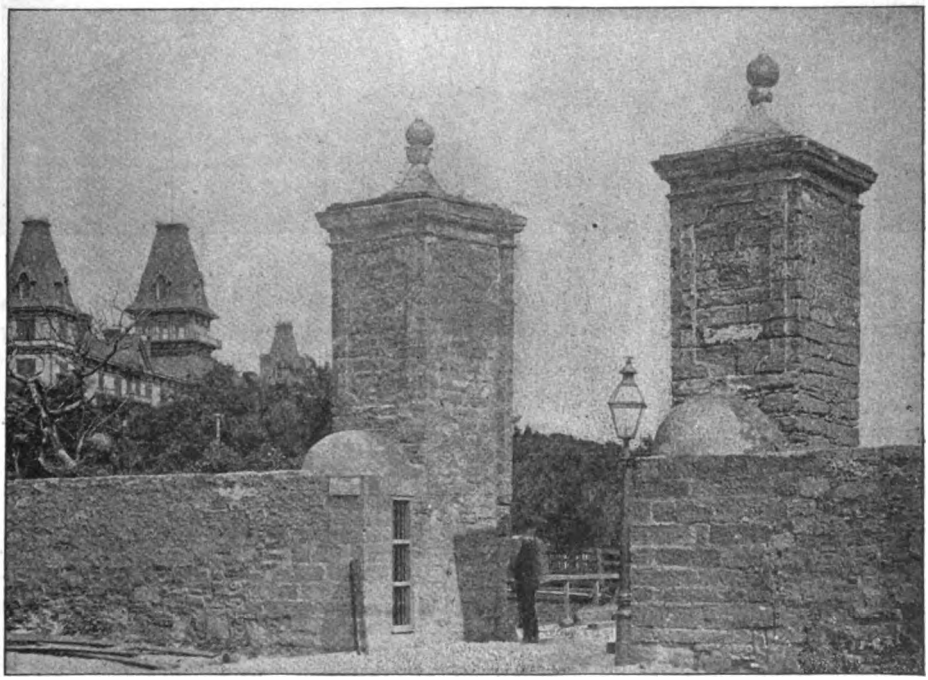
And dreamy lazy St. Augustine was a paradise for easy-going excursionists. No one thought of rising early, and the first duty after breakfast was to lounge up St. George's Street to the Plaza, and, selecting a cozy corner in the Slave Market or under some of the palms or other tropical trees, wait for the dark-skinned Minorcan newsboys. When the post-office opened at nine o'clock, a general stampede was made in that direction, and presently the crowd surged back with letters and papers.

The Plaza was the great morning attraction. It took the place of the Casino of a fashionable watering-place or the quarter-deck of a vessel. Here everybody walked, gossiped, loitered, and dreamed to his heart's content. And there was much subject-matter for dreaming. Every foot of ground was charged with romantic stories of the days of French and Spanish dominion, of the pillaging by the English sea-king Drake, the massacres by the buccaneers, and tales of the Franciscan missionaries and the Seminole Indians.

The town is very small, lying between Fort Marion and the barracks in one direction, and the sea-wall and St. Sebastian River in the other: about three-fourths by one-half mile. It is built almost entirely of coquina —a curious conglomeration of shells and fragments, of all forms and colors.

The streets are very narrow, and, in the old days, with two or three exceptions, were used exclusively for pedestrians. But now the hack-drivers plunge recklessly into such streets as are wide enough to receive their carriages, and luckless pedestrians must seek safety in flight or some convenient doorway. St. George, the principal street, is wide enough for a carriage, but not for a carriage and sidewalk; so, on muddy days, there is always a constant warfare between the curiosity seekers and the Jehus.



THE CITY GATE.

Treasury Street, however, is safe from their encroachments; the overhanging balconies almost touch, and persons standing against the walls on opposite sides of the street can very comfortably shake hands.

The houses are generally far enough apart to allow for good-sized gardens, and are shut in from the gaze of pedestrians by high coquina walls. But occasionally one finds the lattice-gate open, and catches a glimpse of waving palms, majestic bananas, and all the luxuriant foliage of an exotic garden.

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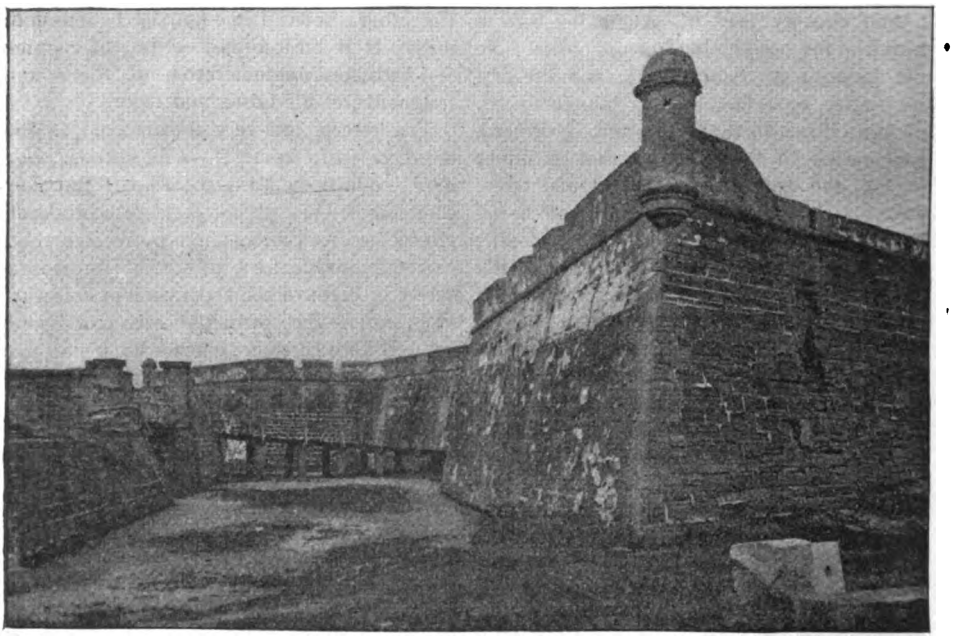

FORT MARION.

There are few, if any, Spaniards here now. The inhabitants are mostly Minorcans, whose ancestors originally came from the island of the same name.

From the Plaza to the Barrier Gateway, St. George Street is a constant succession of stores or shops, and each is but the repetition of the others, only differing in arrangement and quantity of stock displayed. Alligators' teeth in endless variety of manufacture, boars' tusks in gold and silver, fish-scale jewelry, sea-beans, sea-fans, a profusion of shells, and the thousand and one curiosities that go toward emptying the tourist's pocket and weighting his already overburdened trunks. Some of the fish-scale jewelry is especially beautiful, and one wonders at the exquisite combination and blending of tints.

A little investigation shows that nearly every inhabitant of the city is engaged in the manufacture of curiosities. A small army of men make good wages as polishers of beans and alligators' teeth; others do the mounting and selling, and teeth originally worth about fifty cents per hundred are made by skillful artists to represent several dollars each. And, while the fathers and brothers are engaged at their turning-lathes, some of the daughters will be making the exquisite palmetto hats that lady tourists always long to possess; others will be painting local scenes on sea-shells; while still others tastefully work the soft-tinted fish-scales into rare and wonderful combinations of color and beauty. There are few households in the city, of the working class, that do not follow curio-manufacture in some of its branches.

After one begins buying, it is hard to know when to stop. There is always something a little more curious or beautiful or rare that attracts the eye, and there is always some friend who would, one is certain, be delighted therewith.

One day, after my intended stay of a few days had lengthened into several months, a vessel came in from the Bahamas with a cargo of curiosities which must have seriously taxed both sea and land to furnish. Every available space about the vessel was full of them, and visitors had difficulty in moving around the deck. The captain, his family, and the crew all became salesmen, and everybody was invited to buy, no matter how small the investment. It was very curious to watch the swarthy salesmen, as they exhibited the heaps of shells, grasses, skins, sea-vegetables, tortoise-shells, strange plants, fossils, coral, sponges, freaks of land and sea

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in strange varieties of shape and color, their broken English often becoming unintelligible in their eagerness to sell.

The sale lasted nearly a week, and I think all St. Augustine must have attended. There was a constant stream of people going and coming: ladies from the hotels, all the curio-dealers, and swarms of ragged urchins watching for a chance surreptitiously to sample the fruit scattered lavishly about.

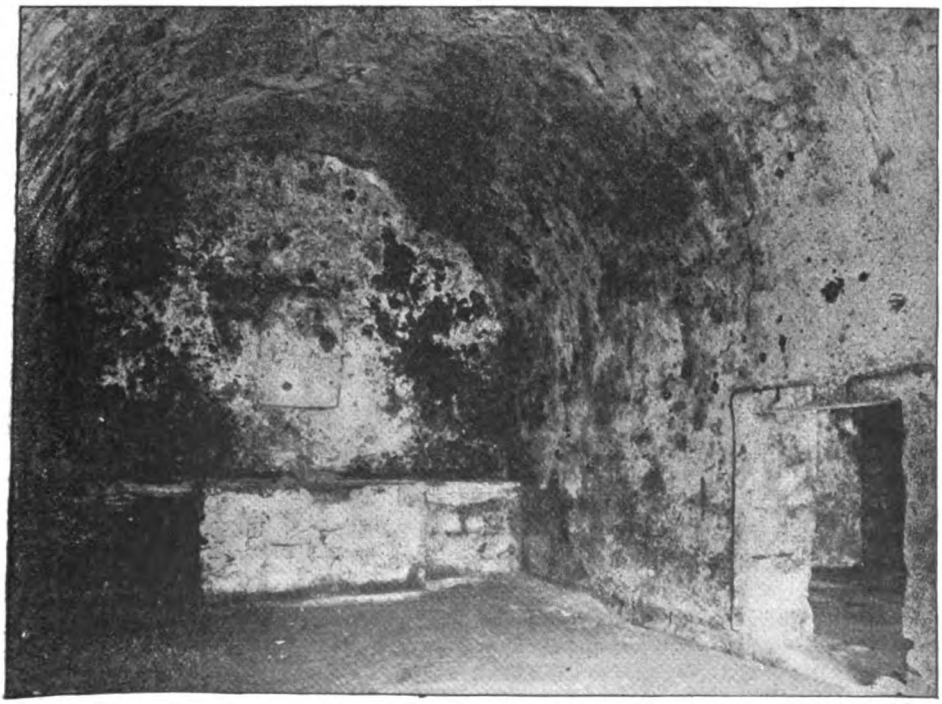
As fast as the deck was cleared, new lots were brought from the hold and sold at private sale, auctioned, traded, consigned to dealers, or sent on shore to be sold by boys. The captain was very accommodating. If anyone wanted to buy, he would meet him more than half-way and sell on almost any terms. There was no uniform price: each salesman sold for all he could get, but took care that each article was disposed of for something.

By the time the cargo was sold, I doubt if there was a person in the city but had a specimen of it. Among other things, I purchased three cocoanut-trees for seventyfive cents. The sprouts were three or four feet high, growing from the nuts, which as yet showed no signs of roots. They were very handsome, and I was assured they would live for months without planting. But a very few days convinced me I had no possible use for them, and they were consigned to the street.

As I grew more familiar with the picturesque city and its surroundings, my intention of a short stay was abandoned, and I gave myself up to the enjoyment of the place.

Bay Cottage fronted the water, and directly opposite was St. Anastasia Island, a favorite resort for excursion-parties. There were many attractions here: the magnificent light-house, from which a far extended view is afforded over land and sea; the charming foot-path through tropical shrubbery and palm-trees; the ruins of the old Spanish "look-out" from which was discovered the approach of Francis Drake, of Oglethorpe, and of the buccaneers from the Spanish Main; nor less interesting, the coquina ledge and wreck-strewn shore.

North Beach, nearly opposite, is another popular place for excursionists, and about the only place where really good specimens of shells can be found. There are many tales



A DUNGEON IN FORT MARION.

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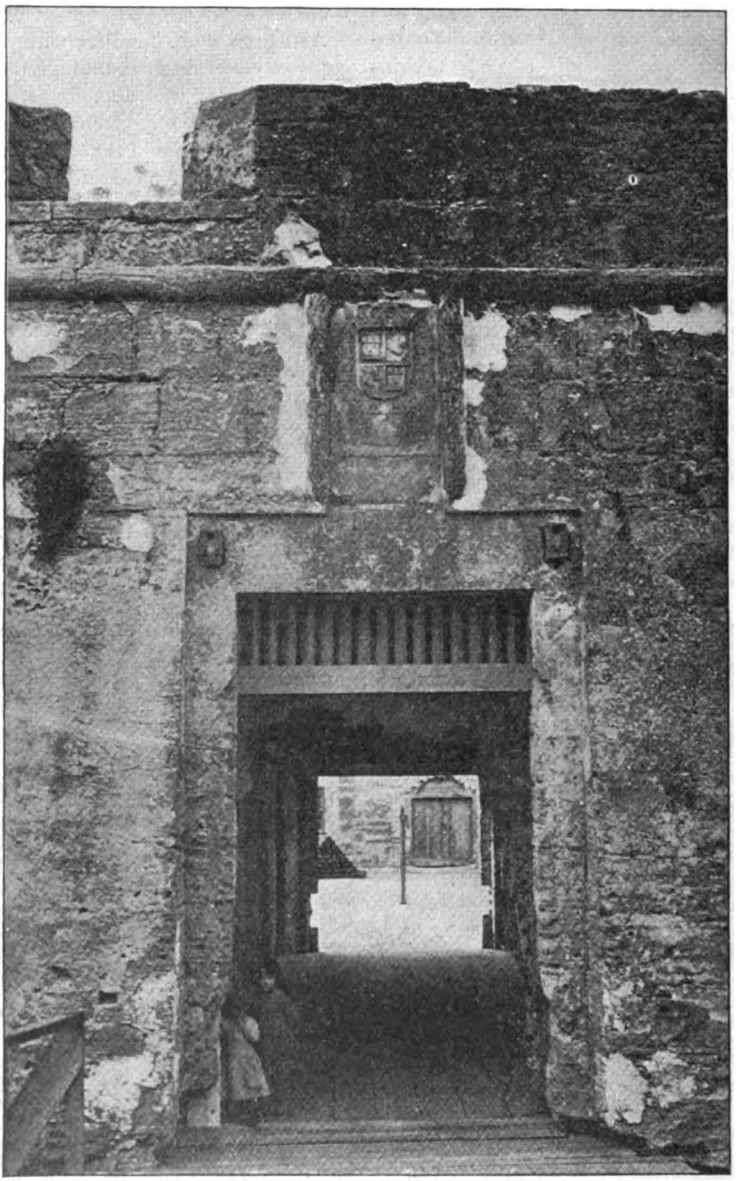
of buried treasures connected with the beach, and the visitor is haunted with visions of Spanish buccaneers and wrecked galleons laden with silver ingots and golden doubloons.



ENTRANCE TO FORT MARION.

One day, while I was at Bay Cottage, some little girls who were playing on the beach found several large coins, much worn and defaced by the action of the waves, but legible enough for the coin-experts to decide that they did not know them. Straightway there was an excitement which spread from our hotel over the whole city. The little girls had located the spot of some ancient wreck; and, for a week, treasure-hunters dug and re-dug the sand. But no more coins were discovered.

After one has passed through the Barrier Gateway, almost the only relic of the elaborate system of fortifications which once

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defended the town, the first object of interest is Fort Marion. Many an afternoon have I passed in the old northeast tower, with a book or newspaper, the city and all the surroundings of land and sea spread out before me, and the breeze coming cool and delicious through the casements. It was well adapted to dreaming away an afternoon—cool, retired, and full of historic associations. The very walls of the old tower were covered with the names of visitors, scratched and in some cases chiseled into the coquina. They represented several generations and were from nearly all quarters of the world.

IN AN ORANGE GROVE.

Passing into the fort over the drawbridge and barbacan, we find that half a day may be pleasantly spent in examining the dark rooms, dungeons, and court, and making ourselves familiar with casements, glacis, bastions, moat, and the many curious things which belong to an ancient fortress.

If visitors are sufficiently interested, the conductor shows the hidden dungeons which had been walled up, but were accidentally discovered after the fort came into the possession of the United States, some fifty-odd years ago. The guide tells the story of the skeletons and chains and gold ring found among the rubbish, and of the instruments of torture, the iron cages, and sends his listeners home to dream of the old Spanish Inquisition tales of horror.

In one of these dark corner dungeons, the Charleston patriots were confined by the British during the Revolution. In another cell, the Spaniards kept the famous outlaw McGirth for five years. In another cell, Coacoochee, the friend of Osceola, was confined and made the casement forever famous by escaping from it. And so on from cell to cell, from court to bastion, we were taken, until our heads were a strange jumble of massacres and dark tales of horror.

Toward evening, the Plaza has to divide its honors with the sea-wall. It is the favorite promenade of the place, and is used even more than the road in going back and forth between the city and Fort Marion. It is just wide enough for two to walk abreast, and affords a charming prospect of the sail-dotted harbor, the shining sand-dunes of North Beach, and the luxuriant green of Anastasia, with the light-house rising against the sky.

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FOLK-LORE OF CHRISTMAS.

BY MRS. E. A. MATTHEWS.

MANY years before the birth of the Holy Child in the "little unwalled town of Bethlehem," the nations of earth celebrated a midwinter festival.

Among the Romans, we read of the ceremonies and rejoicings that ushered in the Saturnalia or Feast of Saturn. During those days of gladness, the beggar was welcome at the noble's palace, and the meanest slave was allowed to share in all the pleasures of his master. The poor relations were invited to the house of the family chief, were given fine raiment, and sat in honored seats at the banquet-table. Amusements of every conceivable sort were in order, and the revels lasted day and night, without check or intermission.

Some writers tell us that these feasts were instituted as thanksgiving offerings to the gods for past good fortune and future good hope. The probable source, however, of these midwinter festivals was in the worship of the sun, this being the season when our ancestors believed that the great god of life and light drew near to the earth, paused for a moment, and then started back on his journey around it.

It is well known that, during the days from the 17th to the 25th of December, the Scandinavians, the Persians, the Phœnicians, and many other nations observed a festival similar to the Roman Saturnalia and somewhat resembling the Christmas and New Year's customs of our own day.

All of these ancient nations worshiped the sun. Among the Scandinavians, he was called Odin, father of Thor. The Phœnicians knew him as Baal, and the Romans called the same omnipresent deity Saturn, father of the gods.

The same customs and worship descended to our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and also the same festival-season, styled by them the midwinter Mass-day.

The Star of Bethlehem soon filled the world with a flood of light, and the beautiful story of our Saviour's birth found a fitting place already prepared in the minds of the people. All that had been most holy and best fitted to make the human heart grow tender with brotherly love remained in this new feast, and the pagan Saturnalia was at last replaced by the Christ's-Mass or birthday of our Saviour.

It is also a curious fact that all the beliefs and sayings, the forms and traditions, the superstitions and folk-lore of our ancestors, which clustered so abundantly about Christmas, have been retained and handed down from one generation to another, with but few changes. The mistletoe, the holly, the yule-log, the Christmas candle, are as important, as real, and as dear to the child of to-day as they were in the olden time; and it is a pleasing study to trace the birth and growth of these customs and beliefs—the folk-lore of Christmas.

The child of the nineteenth century hangs up its stocking, and expects some magic power to fill it with good things. Hundreds of years ago, our Saxon forefathers believed that angels were abroad and that all good wishes would be granted then. Even the horses in the mangers and the cows in the stables were blessed, and the bees were said to sing musical hymns of welcome all night long.

On Christmas Eve and throughout the night before the sacred day, the cocks would crow incessantly in praise of the Heavenly Child. Shakespeare tells us of this curious belief in these words:

"Some say that ever 'gainst the hallowed season
At which our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning croweth all night long,
The nights are wholesome, and no mildew falls,
No planet strikes, no spirits walk abroad,
No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm,
So gracious and so hallowed is the time."

We decorate our houses and our churches at Christmas, and never remember that our forefathers did the same. We do it because we like the custom, but it had a deep meaning to its originators; they believed that, by marking them thus, they would preserve them from the visits of evil spirits.

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When St. Augustine landed in pagan Britain, he found the mistletoe used by the Druid priests to decorate their temples. He was acute enough to tell his converts to keep the beautiful vine, and always call on the name of the Trinity when they looked at the three leaves and three pure waxen berries.

If anybody wishes to revive an old Roman custom, let him send a holly branch to a friend, as it is typical of good wishes. The adding of a sprig of mistletoe will give the gift a double meaning, for the gleaming berries tell of courage; and hope and courage combined would conquer almost any difficulty.

The yule-log came to us from the Scandinavians, and has many queer superstitions connected with its burning. In most houses, the families played on musical instruments or sang cheerful songs while the fire was lighted. On no account must the blaze be kindled before sunset of Christmas Eve; it must not go out until the close of Christmas Day, and a bit of the charred wood must be saved to start the fire on the next anniversary.

The yule or Christmas candles must be lighted soon after the log, and with a splinter set on fire by its blaze. The candles must never be snuffed; there must never be less than three, and they must be set in some high place by the oldest person present. They must be extinguished by a good child, and a small bit must be left to be re-lighted and burned as the New Year came in.

Be sure to have a cake and a cheese ready for your friends at Christmas-time, and never turn anyone from the door, as it will surely bring bad luck.

It is the best of luck to be born on Christmas Day or Christmas Eve, and good fortune is promised to all who are married at that time.

Many quaint superstitions lingered among the colored people of the South, as the pioneers were generally of English birth and carried their folk-lore with them. The negroes will never go out of the house on Christmas morning until some old person has wished them "Merry Christmas" or said "Christmas Gift." They say that no one must strike a cat on that day, or speak a cross word, or step over the threshold first, or go out of the house without having eaten. To transgress any of these rules will surely bring bad luck, and it is a pity that the first two do not apply to every day in the year.

GOLDEN TRESSES.

BY S. E. GLOVER.

Oh! beautiful, bright-hued, golden hair,
Sun-tinted, glowing, unchanged, and fair,
'Tis hard to believe the dear young head
You veiled so softly lies cold and dead.

Of sunlight and life so full you seem,
It sure must be but a strange sad dream—
The coffin, the shroud, the cold damp sod,
The bright young spirit flown to its God.

Long years have passed since they closed her eyes,
As blue and soft as the summer skies;
Long years, and yet these tresses of gold
Bring her once more as she was of old—

Bring me my darling, with youth's sweet grace,
Her sunny hair and her fair young face,
The low merry laugh, and the loving eyes
That opened too soon in Paradise.

Dreamily beautiful eyes of blue,
Whispering of love so tender and true,
I see them once more! She is not dead;
On my bosom lies the bright young head.

Faultlessly beautiful face so fair,
Veiled by these tresses of golden hair,
I feel once more each tender caress
And touch once again each golden tress.

We whisper once more our hopes and fears,
Our visions and dreams of by-gone years;
I forget the lonely years that have passed,
And smile over dreams too sweet to last.

Ah! beautiful friend, no love so true
I've known on earth as my love for you.
And though the swift years may come and go
Till my own dark locks be white as snow—

And though no more may my fingers thread
The sunny tresses of that dear head
'Till in heaven we meet, sweet love so fair,
I will know my love with the golden hair—

And she will know me; for I too then,
From care set free, will be young again.
In heaven we'll meet with rapture rare,
I and my love with the golden hair.

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FAIRHAVEN.

BY JAMES KNAPP REEVE.

THERE were two unhappy and discontented people in the village of Fairhaven—two who were not in sympathy with their environment. If there were but two, you may say, the village was exceptional: for, in general, the majority of the people in the world are more or less unhappy and discontented—more or less out of joint with fortune, with their fellow-beings, with the physical aspects of nature that surround them, with the climate, with the thousand and one things that go to make up that comprehensive term, environment.

These two thought they knew well enough what was lacking: they needed broader opportunities. This term, too, is inclusive; it meant, with them, a wider knowledge of the world, travel, books, the intimate companionship of learned and cultivated people, attrition, appreciation.

That last word touches the matter most closely. The music of the cataract ceases when there is no tympanum against which the vibrations shall beat. The "diva" rarely pours forth the music of her bird-like notes for her sole gratification, nor does a Meissonier paint immortal canvases and hide them in the darkness of his own closet. Genius is rarely so modest that it is content simply to be; it demands the verdict and acknowledgment of the world.

I do not say that these two were geniuses; they probably had never said so to themselves, even in their innermost hearts, and the world—that is, their own little world—did acknowledge them and gave them full measure of praise. That this was a narrow world, shut in by the close hills on one side and by the sea on the other, is true; but, such as it was, it had set them both up on a certain pedestal that kept their heads, figuratively, a good bit above their fellows.

And this world was not critical. When men live a long time close to the bare breast of nature, they acquire repose, a tacit acceptance of the facts of existence. However hard and crude these may be, they do not quarrel with them; if they see another's life setting toward a course or way that is different from their own, they do not quarrel with it. With but the slightest opportunities to learn, they come to know that all men are not cast in the same mold; and, among such, the enthusiast, the dreamer, the student, or the man whose brain is filled with curious quirks will find himself less jostled and hustled and crowded than out in the bigger and more knowing world.

Such a community was this little one of Fairhaven. All the facts of existence were embraced for them in one word—the sea. Against it they lived; it was the present, the past, the future; for generations, its tossing waves had been their cradle and their shroud; and, as the sea will, and as nature will, it begot an unassuming nobleness of character that is not so often met with where life is pursued under easier and more frivolous conditions.

As I have said, Fairhaven was not captious; when it found that two of those who were growing to manhood and womanhood in its midst were bent upon laboring with the brain rather than the hand, it stood respectfully aside and waited to see what came of it. They would not handicap by condemnation, nor would they judge of things they knew not. They had little idea of such things as the imaginative or creative faculties, and, if you had talked to them of such, would have stared back in open-mouthed wonder.

Of course, they knew nothing of art; but, when Harold Grant sketched upon a sheet of brown paper, with a piece of charcoal, such a faithful picture of the new sloop "Polly Ann" that every child in Fairhaven could recognize it, they saw that here was some power beyond their own, and made way for it accordingly. Idleness they could not

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tolerate; but, if one worked faithfully and steadily, even though it were only drawing lines on paper, and made his living thereby, that sufficed, even if he were not understood. If he could not make a living at it, why, then it had better be given up. For the abstract prosecution of art for art's sake, Fairhaven would have afforded no room.

In this community, too, the women must toil—even the little that was required with which to meet only the demands of existence came hardly at times; so some of the women tended their homes while their husbands were at the fishing, and some made nets, and some worked in the factory where the fish were made ready for market.

While her sisters toiled thus, it came to one woman to see the dreary and pathetic side of their existence; and, having a little more learning than the others, told of it in stories in which were woven with some crude skill the woof and warp of the life about her.

Sometimes these were published in the paper over at Portland, two copies of which came to Fairhaven every week—one to the minister, and the other to the school-teacher. The papers were always handed about the village, and the stories were laboriously spelled out by all who knew their letters; and many were the ejaculations at the cleverness of Emmie Clark, who could make stories that were not real, yet so like the happenings of their daily lives.

One might have thought that such little measures of success would have sufficed for two people reared as Harold Grant and Emmie Clark had been; for they were of the people of Fairhaven, and you may see what that means. Harold's picture of the "Polly Ann" was seen and understood, and Emmie's stories were read by the very ones whose lives she had meant to mirror, and, if not understood, they were at least accepted as true and faithful pictures. What more can our great realists desire? And, if this was not enough, it should have more than sufficed that, of all those who had been born and lived and died in Fairhaven or upon the sea yonder, their names were the first that had ever gone beyond the confines of the village; for their names did go into the world beyond, as time went on: Harold's pictures—pictures more ambitious than that of the "Polly Ann"—were bought now and then by wandering tourists who came down to Fairhaven, some fancying that in his work they found a fidelity to the real life of the sea that was wanting in the canvases of men who were better known; and, every now and then, Emmie's stories went further afield and fell into appreciative hands, so that her fame grew. Thus the physical aspects of existence became less harsh to both continually, perhaps less harsh to them than to any other souls in Fairhaven.

But, as the conditions for happiness and contentment improved, and the villagers began more and more to look up to Harold and Emmie, the more they grew apart from their towns-fellows in thought and sympathy. Perhaps they tried unconsciously to draw nearer to each other then, and might have done so, only that they were looking at the life about them from different points of view.

"I wish I could make them understand," said Harold. "I want them to know how great the sea is. They think it is only a place in which to fish—only a place to work and earn a living."

"And I wish I could make them understand," said Emmie, "how hard and bare their lives are. They don't know how hard they toil, how little it leads to, how ignorant they are, how pathetic it all is."

"They don't understand my pictures," said Harold, gloomily. "When I made a sketch of the 'Polly Ann,' they could understand that, for they knew it was Captain Dan's new boat. But, when I paint a still sea and a fair morning sky in the east, and then in the foreground a man hauling in his nets and lifting the fish into his boat, they think it is like the 'Polly Ann,' only a picture, and they come around and try to guess who the fisherman is, and what boat he has, and how great a haul of fish he has made. They never think or question of what it means."

"What did you mean?" asked Emmie.

Harold thought a little before he answered, and then spoke slowly, choosing his words carefully.

"I meant, first, the glory of it—the glory of the sea and the sky, of the whole world, in the morning light; and then I meant the sadness of it, that a man should work there with his nets and never see it—never raise his head to see."

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"How can you expect them to see? There is nothing bright or grand about their lives; how can you expect them, then, to look for these qualities in the world about? They don't know that they exist. To me, the wonder is that they do not discover how narrow and sordid and mean are their lives—the life of this little village, of all such villages. I try to show them this; but they don't see it."

"Would they be happier if they did?"

"I don't know," answered the girl, musingly. "That isn't it. It would show my power; and it would be better, at any rate, than to excite in them the emotions that you try to arouse—to make them aware of the wonderful, the beautiful, the mysterious. The contrast would be too great from the dull level of their thoughts now. First get them to look within—after that, without."

"But, to use your own words," returned Harold, "that isn't it, wholly. If I could do this, I too should be more sure of some strength, some power."

Harold was playing with the colors of his palette as he spoke, and Emmie watched him with a new thought dawning.

"You have it all there," she said. "Your art is easier than mine. You have learned to mix those colors, to combine them as you wish. What more do you want? With those, how can you fail to get your thought on the canvas? The strength of your picture can only be limited by the intensity of your own thought."

"Yes," answered the painter, "I have thought of that, too. But is not the case the same with yourself? Words are your colors; you have your vocabulary as I have my palette, and have but to choose and combine. To write is only to build up a mosaic, fitting each word to its proper place."

As Emmie made no answer to this, Harold continued, after a little:

"I get tired of the brush sometimes: I feel limited by it. Now, if I possessed your art, with words—"

"You think you could do better work?"

"Yes, better than I am doing now; perhaps not better than you are doing."

"You may try; I will lend you my art."

"How? I don't understand."

"Why, I have the technique, as you would express it. If you know what you wish to do, what you wish to say, I will help put it into form as well as I can."

Harold thought over this for a while before he answered:

"That might do; but we must be in accord—we must know what we want to say—we must agree upon it."

"That is for you."

"Not wholly. Let us combine our ideas. You may show the misery and poverty of these lives about us, and I will try and show how a fuller realization of the grand and beautiful that is always before our eyes may compensate for all else."

"Have you found it so?"

The question startled Harold, and he paused, perplexed. There was a malicious ring, too, in the girl's voice, that annoyed him. He parried the question with another.

"Have you found life such a miserable thing? Nothing joyous, nothing bright in it?"

Emmie seemed not to notice this, except by a slight flush of the brow.

"When shall we begin this task?" she asked.

"Why not now? A long day is before us."

They went down to the place that Harold called his studio—a rough frame box close by the sea, where he could always hear its murmur.

"We must have a scene," he said, "and why not lay it here?" So they wrote in a description of the poor little village, with its one street of weather-stained houses; the shore, with its dories and fishing-smacks anchored close by; the men working about the wharf, and the women preparing fish in the factory yonder.

"It is not much of a setting for a story," said Harold, discontentedly, when this was finished.

"It is such as I have always had to work with," answered his companion. "I have never known anything else."

"Then I suppose the characters must be equally homely. Well, there goes old Simon Hatch. We know well enough what his life is—what it always has been: plain, honest, dull. Man and boy, he has fished off the banks every season, and tinkered here on the wharf with his nets and his boat between-times. We know well enough what his life

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has been; what do you suppose his thoughts have been?"

"I don't know. I wonder if he has ever thought how narrow his life is? I wonder if he has ever had an ambition?"

"I wonder," said Harold, "if he has ever thought—at night, at sea in his boat—about the mystery and the greatness of it all—of the sea and the sky and the stars."

The girl laughed, but there was no merriment in her voice.

"You will have to go further afield," she said. "He has never thought; none of them ever do think."

"But this is such material as you have always worked with; you have never known any other," said Harold, unconsciously repeating her own words.

"Let us go and ask him what his thoughts are," said Emmie.

They went out to where the old man was standing, shading his eyes with his hand and looking out across the water.

"What are you thinking, Simon?" asked Emmie, abruptly.

"I am thinking the wind is coming up a bit, and that I'll run out a ways and take a mess of mackerel." He moistened a finger and held it above his head, to make sure that his prediction about the weather was right.

"But, when you are out there fishing, what do you think then?"

"I think sometimes what a pity it is to take the pretty creatures out of the water, where they seem so happy; but oftener that it was a kind Providence that put our food so near, for it's little we can grow upon our land."

"And at night, when you are out on the banks?"

"Why, then I think sometimes of the wife and children at home; but, if it blows hard and the sea is rough, I think what a good thing it is to have a safe snug boat under one."

"And you are always contented?"

The old man laughed—a slow, easy, satisfied chuckle, that told its own story.

"I don't know why I shouldn't be," he said. "I suppose I was made and meant to fit just where I am, and, as long as I do fit, why shouldn't I be well enough suited? Now, if I had been a square peg in a round hole—" And he finished with another installment of the contented chuckle.

"He is like them all," said Emmie, as they turned away.

Then they went over to the factory, where a dozen women and girls were at work. The place was not clean, and it smelled badly. Emmie went up to one of the girls, the neatest and prettiest of the group.

"Do you like to work here, Susan?" she asked.

The girl nodded cheerfully and kept on at her task.

"How much can you earn?"

"Pretty near three dollars a week." The answer was given with a note of pride.

"And what are you going to do with it all?"

"Did you not know? I am going to be married to Benny Sampson. I am saving it to buy my wedding finery."

There was little need to ask the girl if she was contented; the great triumph of her life was before her, and she went proudly forward to meet it. What did it matter that Benny Sampson was only a poor fisherman like the others? She was to be a bride—a wife! That was enough. Life would have its compensation then, let what might come after.

There was a set look on Emmie's face as they came away.

"They are all alike," she said.

When they were back at the studio, Harold asked:

"How have you worked, with only such before you, to study, to draw from?"

"Perhaps I have taken something out of myself." There was a hint of irony in both voice and face. Harold looked at her closely.

"You mean that you have felt the narrowness of it so?"

"I am shut in by a wall."

"I have felt that, too. We are not at one with these people; we are not in sympathy with them."

"We are too grand; success has turned our heads. If I were a man, I should go away."

"Yes, I could do that; but you would be alone then."

"I have always been alone." The girl spoke bitterly. "But go," she continued, more kindly; "and, if there is a larger world, find it and live in it. This is only death here—not life."

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The world in which Grant presently found himself, though removed but a few hundred miles in actual distance from the little fishing-hamlet on the north coast, was as far from it in all other attributes as Lapland is from Patagonia. In the busy ceaseless rush of city life, he soon found that an unknown struggling artist counted for but little. He was only one human soul among thousands; and, while there may have been many among those thousands with whom his thoughts and aspirations would have been in fullest sympathy, and with whom he would have found community of interest and feeling, there was no way by which he could search them out. With the city itself and all that went to make up its might and grandeur, he had no sympathy at all. Life became there, with him, as it has with so many another ardent soul, merely a struggle for bread. There was no chance to teach fine lessons. After a long time, he came back to Fairhaven, a saddened and less hopeful man.

The hard lesson that he had been learning began to show upon his canvas. He no longer painted calm seas bathed in the glory of the morning light, and men quietly fishing from their boats. His seas were always rough now, and, beaten by storms and encompassed by the night, mariners vainly strove against their wretched fates.

While this change had been working in Harold, Emmie too had changed. In the greater loneliness that came upon her when Harold had gone, the lessons taught by old Simon and young Susan sank deep into her heart, took root, and grew. She began to look for the brighter side of the existence about her—its hopes, its compensations. This found its way into her work and into her own life. In some mysterious way, it seemed as if the wall no longer shut her in so closely.

She had been plain before, a common unattractive woman. Harold had often wished that she were different; for he felt that there might be a certain sympathy between them, if he would let it grow. But physically she had not attracted him, and her sombre view of life, the while that he had been trying to look upon its brighter side, had repelled him. But now a certain nobility came into her face and stature; she was stronger, brighter, more virile, filled now with lofty purpose.

Harold was drawn toward her. Between this woman and himself, there could be close affinity. She was his equal now. He had thought before that the matter lay wholly in his own hands; why should it not now?

"We have been making a great mistake," he said to her, finally. "This is our world; we must live in it—be content with it. But we must not live any longer alone."

"We are not alone. We are surrounded by brave men, by pure women."

"Yes, but we are not of them. We cannot live close to them. Let us live, then, close to each other."

She did not affect to misunderstand him.

"It is too late, Harold. I can live close to them now: I have found out the way. Once I thought I could not; I fancied myself above them. I had set my heart upon another thing—and it did not come."

"What was it, Emmie?" Harold's voice was low and wistful as he spoke.

She looked at him bravely and answered:

"I don't mind telling you now. It was your love. But you passed me by, seeking an ideal in which I had no place."

"Is it too late to forgive?"

"No, not too late to forgive. But it made me very hard, and I could see no brightness in life. It is past now, and things have changed, and I am very happy."

"And you are content to live your life out here alone?"

"No; I don't mind telling you that, either. I am to marry old Simon Hatch's son Denny. He is a sober lad and a good fisherman."

In a weather-stained cottage that is like all the others in Fairhaven, there hangs a picture that shows a rough sea, a raging storm, and gathering night. A vessel is adrift, and it is plain that it cannot weather the gale. But one person can be seen upon its deck, and plainly he has given up all hope. A close inspection shows the face of the doomed sailor to resemble that of Harold Grant.

"I might have gone down in that wreck myself," said a young wife, with her hand resting fondly in that of her husband, "if you had not rescued me."

"And I might never have known but that the sea was always like that, rough and stormy and dark, if you had not taught me."

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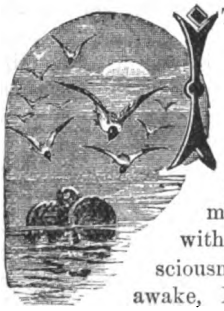
TWO BELLES OF THE BORDER.

BY HOWARD SEELY,

AUTHOR OF "A NYMPH OF THE WEST," "A DAPHNE OF THE FOOT-HILLS," ETC.



IT was a gray and ghostly dawn on the Big Brady. The coyotes had been so musical since midnight, that I had tossed and turned on my cotton-seed pillow without interval of unconsciousness. Lying broad awake, I began to wonder whether life on the frontier was what it was cracked up to be; whether freedom and fresh air were any compensation for dyspepsia and cold feet; whether it was adequate consolation for a sleepless night in wet blankets, to know that you couldn't contract pneumonia in the balmy Southwest; whether the ground I was lying on was really the brown bosom of Mother Earth, or a cast-iron flooring with hummocks of adamant; whether that dead leaf rustling over the prairie might not be in reality a wakeful rattlesnake—

I sat up at this and rubbed my eyes.

It was all very well to reflect that rattlesnakes were never awake in December, but locked in the calm oblivion of hibernation. That did not help matters. I had had enough of my lowly couch for that night. The faint streaks of dawn in the far east decided me, and I rose to my feet, cramped and stiff. As I stumped forward in the darkness, I fell over the camp-kettle, and heard the boiled beans, that had formed my frugal supper the night before, hiss and splutter in the white embers of the fire. This settled the question of breakfast.

"Very well," I soliloquized, "I am not to be beaten in this fashion. I may be hungry, but there's some coffee left yet in that pot, and some corn-dodger in the skillet. I'll have those, and then I'm going duck-shooting in spite of the Lone Star State!"

So thinking, with the true sportsman's philosophy, I made my scanty breakfast with sharp appetite and aching fingers. As I kicked myself into my boots, which, with my trousers, had helped to form my wakeful pillow, and drew on my canvas jacket, I found myself duly caparisoned. Then catching up my Colt's breech-loader, the barrels of which were like an ice-cream freezer in that early atmosphere, I left the ranch behind me with numb and uncertain feet.

There was a stiff breeze blowing, scattering a filmy mist that fled away before me in gaunt and shadowy apparitions. Every bush and shrub was swathed in fog. The prairie-grass was white with a heavy dew, that, ere I had gone a dozen paces, had drenched my cowhide boots and the knees of my ducking trousers. And every "jackass rabbit" that, roused by my intruding footstep, blundered from his form and limped into view, seemed to stare at me from under his exaggerated ears, as if he thought I merited his sobriquet for my early rising.

But I was used to this silent criticism of his hareship, and, after I had shot a couple with that wanton cruelty which this unfortunate creature seems to provoke, kept on my way without further retaliation. A string of water-holes with intervals of dry ground, stretching before me over the level prairie, formed the line of what was known far and wide as Big Brady Creek. I knew that, at this season of the year, this characteristic Texan water-course was populous with wild fowl, but how to approach within gunshot of the wary broad-bills—that was the question!

I had not gone far when, coming suddenly upon a silent pool that rose like a ghostly mirror out of its bosom of fog, I beheld at least a score of large black objects swinging spectre-like upon its glassy bosom. For one startled instant I beheld them, and then, ere I could lift my gun, they were away in a frightened body, lashing the still surface of the pool into bubbles and ripples that were left as tangible witnesses of their

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flight. As they vanished down the valley with the speed of a railway train, I reflected that, at this rate, I should certainly bag nothing.

Something must be done. I was green at frontier duck-shooting. I had lain in a box on a Northern bay, and blazed away from morning till night over wooden decoys, until I thought I had become an adept at this sport. I had frozen both ears behind a battery on a Long Island sand-bar, under so keen a north-easter that every finger of my hands seemed as stiff and uncertain as if made of lead, and thought it sport if by nightfall I managed to bring home a brace of black ducks. But here, with game more plentiful than I had ever known it, I felt my inexperience. And, every moment, I could hear the discordant cry and clamor of ducks over my head, apparently coming in from the open prairie and winging away down the wind to remoter pools. Something must certainly be done.

I did not cast about me long for expedients. For a mile below me, I knew every foot of the prairie. Each water-hole and its various approaches had been reconnoitred while footing it behind straying sheep. Just ahead of me, there was a bluff that abutted quite abruptly upon a long pool, and it occurred to me that, if I should approach this upon my hands and knees, I might be able to pour in a broadside in quick succession. No sooner said than done, and, hardly daring to breathe in my tremulous excitement, I dropped to earth at once.

And now the sun was rising. Long lances of light were cleaving the banners of mist around me, and sending them scampering through the mesquites. Every level had its chattering dog-town, that shrilled away at the singular human shape that crawled in such abject fashion past their pigmy citadels. The robin snipe fled screaming away from my approach, and the red-shafted flicker dipped above me like a flying flame; but, utterly oblivious to these prairie surroundings, I held my way for the bluff, intent only upon the possible quarry beneath it.

At last, I felt that I was near enough to the edge to risk rising upon my knees. Drawing a long breath, I cocked both barrels of my gun and rose slowly. For an instant, I saw nothing. Then, through the intervening grass-blades, a great huddle of dark objects scattered over the pool beneath, and watchfully alert, met my eye. Bang! bang! I hardly knew how my gun went off, or when my finger pressed the trigger. But what were those grotesque objects kicking and flopping along the water? One, two, three, four—nine? I certainly could not have killed nine ducks in those two discharges! With a shout of triumph, I hurried to the side of the water-course.

It was indeed so. There were nine crippled ducks thrashing about in the water and making for the end of the pool with all possible speed. To add to my satisfaction, they were mallard. As I ran about, gathering them up, I was quite beside myself with exultation. Great green-headed drakes were among them, with pink legs and yellow bills—the very counterpart of our barn-yard duck. When I had stowed them all away in the capacious pockets of my canvas jacket, I looked like a market-woman laden with garden-truck.

What next? I looked around me. I had certainly bagged ducks enough for a week, and there was no need for further hunting. Perhaps I was beguiled by the beauty of that midwinter morning. For the sun was now well above the horizon; the mists had left the level plain; there was a quaint spice in the air that exhilarated my blood and prompted exercise and further excitement. I fared on, laden down as I was with game, noting the difference between the season here and at the North. Grass was growing green under my foot, the air was soft, the breeze like balm; while my friends in New York, I knew, were shivering in furs and flannels. I had bathed, the day before, on the bald prairie, with the wind blowing, and experienced no discomfort. Maybe there was something in the Texan boast that this was God's own country, after all.

I heard a strange clatter up the valley, and saw a flock of large birds coming down the wind. Instinctively hoping that they might be wild geese, I dropped to the ground. I lay flat in the short grass, with both barrels in readiness. As they drew nearer, I could see that they were piebald in color, and gave up all idea of their being geese. They were flying like thunderbolts before the wind, and I must have aimed fully three feet ahead of the leader before pulling trigger. I had the good fortune to see him come down on the

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other side of a water-hole, bouncing ten feet, like a ball, on his snowy breast, with the impetus of his flight, as he struck the ground.

Hurrying to the spot, I found to my disgust that I had killed a shell-drake—a bird beautiful to look at and gamy enough to shoot, but fishy in flavor and vexatious to the sportsman. So I left him to bleach where he fell, and walked on again.

The landscape began to change, and I to lose my bearings. I was hunting now in a strange country. I roused a flock of curlew on a sunny divide, and got one of the sickle-bills as they rose in heavy flight. Several lone ducks, from time to time, came down the wind; but, though I covered them carefully, they went on their way, taking my shot with them or escaping unscathed. I spent the entire day tramping thus over valley and divide, starting an occasional bird and bringing him down at long range. By four o'clock in the afternoon, I had added a dozen more ducks to my bag, which I bestowed in various trees along my route; for it was out of the question to attempt carrying any more. I was beginning to weary of the sport and thinking about turning back, when an uncommonly fine brace of mallard in a well-shaded pool caught my eye.

The old drake was very wide-awake, and I had all I could do to get even a flying shot at him as he rose with straddling pink legs over the bushes. As it happened, however, I dropped him back again with a broken wing, and then ensued a laughable scramble along the bank, in my efforts to secure him. The water was quite deep, and the wary bird dove repeatedly to elude me, sometimes remaining under so long that I despaired of getting him at all. I caught up a long pole that lay on the bank, and several times took the pool in a flying leap, as the watchful quarry scurried from one side to the other. Finally, quite exhausted and out of breath, I missed my footing, the pole broke beneath my weight, and, with a great splash, I landed in the middle of the water. The muddy waves went flying to the shore, and I to the bottom. Covered with muck and entangled in grass and weeds, I rose to the surface and disgustedly dragged myself out.

I was now in a pitiable plight—drenched to the skin, and so bemired that I looked like a scarecrow. I presume I emptied two pints of water out of my gun-barrels, but that was not a circumstance to the amount it seemed each boot must contain. In my despair of pulling these off, I executed a maneuver that was commendable for its forethought. I lay down upon my back and lifted my legs in the air, in a hurried attempt to empty these boots. The result was obvious. A cascade descended to my waist with gratifying haste. Whoever has not yet attempted this feat has not exhausted the possibilities of discomfort.

But I had other things to think about. I did not care now if I never saw another mallard, and I never knew what became of that particular one. Night was coming on. I must be at least six miles from home. And, to add to my discomfiture, I had no idea of my whereabouts. With the waning afternoon, the sky had grown overcast, and I had not even the sun to guide my future movements. A queer feeling of annoyance and mortification came over me, as I began to realize that I was really lost. This, under ordinary circumstances, was sufficiently disquieting; but, in my chilly condition, it was positively alarming.

For more than an hour, I floundered about over the prairie, in the hope of recognizing some familiar object. I was quite in despair when, with a loud "spink!" a great wild turkey rose before me and sailed away in the brush. I was weary, disheartened, and a good deal encumbered by the nine mallard I had about me, but I stopped that turkey on his travels with a promptness that was commendable. In a few seconds, I was bending over him. A magnificent gobbler, weighing easily twenty pounds. Was ever hunter at once so lucky and so unfortunate? I turned the great bird over, quite lost in admiration of his vast bulk and magnificent plumage. He was a veritable prairie peacock, in his beautiful bronze iridescence.

While pondering what I should do with my prize, I suddenly detected a faint smoke curling above the tree-tops to the right of me. It was unmistakable evidence of humanity, and, slinging my feathered burden over my shoulder, I made for it at once. Imagine my delight when, on traversing a thick chaparral, I came abruptly upon a small cabin situated in a clump of live-oaks. The door of the cabin stood hos-

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pitably open, and, hearing the sound of voices, I paused on the step-stone.

It had grown dusk without, and was quite dark within, so that I could distinguish nothing. The conversation, however, continued:

"Well, that evening, Mames, I certainly did look fine. I had on thet crimson satin damask thet mother used to wear, and them silver tear-drop ear-rings, and my hair was powdered beautiful. And court-plaster! Land! I was all stuck up with little moons and stars. You see, I went as Nell Gwynne."

"Oh, Mag, you must have looked jest lovely!" a softer voice responded, apparently charmed by this narration. "And Jerry—tell me about him."

"Well, Jerry he was right smart, natchally. The Lord has favored him, and he allowed to go as Charles the Second. So he blew in his month's wages at a costumer's, and had white satin pants, and a gold snuff-box, and a big wig with five dollars' worth of bear's-grease and perfumery on it, and he had a hat thet he carried under his arm, which the man said was a 'shop-po.' You can bet people stared when I kem into thet ball-room hangin' on his arm, and when—"

I hated to interrupt this thrilling entrée, but, having stood shivering in the doorway for a minute or two without recognition, I made bold at this juncture to knock loudly on the door-frame to attract attention. I was interrupted by two startling shrieks, undeniably feminine, that at first rang out piercingly, and then suddenly subsided. In my nervousness at this denouement, I dropped my turkey and nearly lost my grasp on my gun. As the room was wrapped in Cimmerian darkness, I was in total ignorance wherein I had offended.

A painful and embarrassed silence succeeded, during which I could hear a clock within ticking loudly at a 2.40 pace, and felt that my own heart was thumping away in rivalry. At last, after what seemed a weary interval, a door creaked, and a voice—evidently intended to be bold, but faint and quavering—said:

"Who's there?"

I attempted to explain. I stammered and said:

"Excuse me, ladies, but I'm lost. I—"

"Good heavens! Mames, it is a man!" the voice said suddenly, and there was a hurried stampede in the darkness.

The situation was growing distressing, and I began to break out into a cold sweat that bid fair to rival my previous immersion. But a step behind me caused me to wheel about, and I found myself confronted by a tall figure, like myself bearing a gun, but without other evidences of being a sportsman.

He gave me a gruff "Howdy!" and I made haste to explain my presence on his premises; whereat his severe demeanor suddenly relaxed, and, stepping to the door, he called loudly:

"Girls, git up and git this gentleman some supper."

A light broke in upon me: the ladies had retired for the night. In vain I remonstrated: they must be too much fatigued, if they had gone to bed at that early hour, to be bothered now with the refreshment of a mere stranger. If he could give me a change of dry clothes and a night's lodging, I could readily make out until the following morning. Meanwhile, I was heavily laden with game. I could more than recruit the larder. I produced three or four mallard from the pockets of my coat, as I spoke, and pushed the great turkey into view with my foot.

My companion brightened visibly.

"Mames! Mag!" he called. "You hear me! I want you to git up and broil one of these here green-head ducks. I don't mind eatin' a snack with you," he said, "although I'd laid off to quit eatin' till breakfast."

And now the dim gleam of a candle was displayed in the mysterious depths beyond, and a young girl, shading the flame against the draught with her hand, appeared bashfully in the doorway. Upon her features was cast the most idealizing light in the world, but I was certainly unprepared for the lovely Rembrandtesque picture thrown thus against the dark curtain of the night. This girl was but a slight lissome creature, and a pronounced blonde. She had evidently robed herself in great haste, in obedience to the call of her father, and was attired in some light gown or other. She had twisted her bright golden tresses into a Psyche knot, and one truant curl escaped, giving her a rare and careless charm. But her long lashes, cast modestly down over great hazel eyes that, when they looked at you, had the expressive innocence of a young fawn, and

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the eloquent beauty of her blushes, quite wrought their perfect and accepted work upon a tired and susceptible wayfarer, who could only express his admiration by respectfully removing his hat.

The girl acknowledged the salute by an inclination of the head, at once so nymph-like and gracious that the impression produced by her beauty was greatly enhanced. Such was Mames. I had yet to behold the graces of the invisible Mag.

Her father explained that there had been a masquerade ball at Brady City a few nights previous, and that the latter siren had been absent from home a few days to attend it. She had come back quite fagged out with her week of festivity, and he was not certain that she would present herself. This in a measure explained the early hour of retiring. As he acquainted me with these facts, delivered with a homely but paternal sense of proprietorship, I could not help wondering whether the dissipated member of the household would contrast favorably with her sister.

Meanwhile, I could hear the girls twittering together in the adjoining kitchen, and a very appetizing odor bore witness to their labors. My tall host gave me an old coat, which I was very glad to exchange for my wet hunting-jacket, and, not being able to furnish me with other clothing, he produced a big black bottle which he said would answer very well as a substitute. Opinions differ. Nothing but my fatigue and fear of the day's exposure pardoned a familiar acquaintance with the contents of that bottle. As the Irishman said of the "pousse café": "Kerosene was an archangel to it!"

We were interrupted by the announcement that supper was ready, and I was more than ready for it. But, keen as was my appetite, my appreciation of the young Hebe who presided over that sketchy repast was still keener. This, then, was Mag. A tall girl, stately and dark-eyed, with a certain imperiousness of manner that made you circumspect at once. It was easy to see that she had not hurried with her toilet, for she was as dainty and unruffled as a pet quail, from the snowy white collar at her neck to her buttoned shoe. I would as soon have bearded the lion in his den as risked impertinence in questioning this goddess; but, before the meal was over, she had possessed herself of the salient points in my own private history. She was aware that I was twentyfive years of age, dyspeptic, near-sighted, and unmarried. Having concluded this cross-examination, she leaned her elbows on the table, and, placing the tips of her pretty fingers together, critically regarded me.

Being a modest man, I was greatly embarrassed at this inspection, and somewhat relieved when my host rose from the table, and, remarking that I must be fatigued with hunting all day, conducted me to a bed-room adjoining the main room. Knowing something of frontier sleeping-accommodations, I was apprehensive that I might be discommoding somebody; but I did not discover, until he had closed the door and left me alone, that I was indeed in the apartment formerly occupied by Mames and Mag.

Just heaven! Was I to permit this? Was it not enough that I had routed these poor girls out of bed to cook me an unseasonable supper, but I must deprive them of their sleeping-apartment as well?

I was about to open the door again and summon my host, when I reflected that, from what I had seen of his former hospitality, it would be useless. As I made my brief night-toilet, I remarked the various evidences of former feminine occupancy. A long strip of calico, reaching the entire length of the room, discreetly veiled from view a number of dresses and other garments hung against the wall. There were several highly-colored prints gaudily framed with grosbeaks' wings and butterflies. Over the toilet-stand was a mocking-bird's nest with the eggs of that audacious songster, and in the window hung a bird-cage containing a very promising specimen of the Southern nightingale. These, with several slippers, gaiters, ear-rings, hair-pins, and other unmistakable articles, convinced me that my suspicions were correct: so that I felt like an eagle in a dove-cote, as I composed myself to slumber. The chaste moon stole in at the window after I had put out the light, investing my surroundings with sentimental fancies, as if determined to make me suffer the full penalty of my crime; and the subdued whispering of the two evicted doves without—who were evidently compelled to camp out by the fireside—kept my conscience awake, in spite of my fatigue, for many hours.

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Late next morning, I was awakened by the stirring of the mocking-bird in his cage. For some moments I lay quiet, trying to gather my faculties and realize my surroundings. Then the robust manliness and aggressive ugliness of two photographs on the opposite wall engrossed my attention. They had evidently been placed there by loving hands, for the same framework of grosbeaks' and woodpeckers' wings, that I had noted elsewhere in the room, encompassed them. I rose to take a nearer view.

They were the counterfeit presentments of two cow-boys, evidently strong and athletic young men, tricked out in all the extravagant frippery of their calling. Under one picture was written, in a feminine hand: "Charley"; and beneath the other, in bold characters—evidently Mag's—was scrawled: "His Royal Nibs!"

I was quite amused by this discovery of the photos, and more than confident that I had chanced upon the hidden romance of these humble lives. Making a mental note to let the incident prove the guide of my future conduct, I dressed hurriedly and rapped loudly on my bed-room door, in warning before venturing to open it. The precaution was unnecessary; there was nobody in the room without. But something tied to the door-handle arrested my attention. I removed it carefully. It proved to be a knot of geraniums, with a scrap of paper attached. Surprised at this delicate feminine attention, I carried it to the outside door. The fragrant breeze greeted my cheek with a light caress, and, glancing down at the slight boutonnière, I read this morning greeting: "Merry Christmas!"

How strange that I should have forgotten the fact! It was Christmas morning, surely enough; but the monotony of my frontier life and the incidents of my hunting-trip had banished the fact from my mind. And how pretty and graceful a thing it was, to be reminded of it in this fashion! None but a refined and lovely nature could so manifest itself. Beyond a question, I was indebted for this delicate reminder to the winsome and gracious Mames. A distinctly emotional thrill passed over me, and I felt myself actually blushing as I raised the token to my lips.

But such feelings as these must not be. Surely I was too much of a man willingly to encourage sentimental follies in the bosom of this rustic maiden, however beautiful she might be. I began to take myself severely to task. I had done nothing to justify this attention. I had not even addressed her. My own conduct, I felt, was blameless. It was undoubtedly a case of "love at first sight." And, with a very manifest accession of dignity, I laid the geraniums upon the table. The way before me was evidently fraught with difficulties. Under the circumstances, I must not raise any false hopes by wearing these favors.

My musings were suddenly broken in upon. There was a heavy step in the doorway. Turning, I beheld my hospitable but unlettered host.

"Howdy!" he said. "I didn't reckon to find ye stirrin' so soon; but I'm right glad, all the same, to find ye. Ye see, it's Crissmuss. Two of the cow-boys below here, friends o' theirs, kem after my gals bright and early this mornin', and toted 'em off to a barbecue down at the Bend; and I'm left alone, jest natchally, to look arter the ranch. Bein' ez there ain't no women-folks about, ef you and me want any breakfast, I reckon we'll hev to hump ourselves and cook thet thar big turkey."

My sentimental forebodings were dissipated at once.

LOST.

BY ELLIS YETT.

Oh, hills lying low, with the sunlight upon you,
Oh, green quiet pastures asleep in the sun,
Oh, meadows at rest, with the shadows among you,
Can anyone find you? Are you lost, every one?

Oh, hills, I have lost you, and now I go seeking
The home of my childhood, lost long ago;
I sigh for the meadows, where shadows are creeping
And flecking the greensward with shade and with glow.

Can nobody find you? Oh, sweet home forsaken,
I left you full fain, many summers ago;
And, now that I seek you, no answer I waken—
You leave me alone with my silence and snow.

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AT THE HANDS OF A RIVAL.

BY CLARENCE M. BOUTELLE.

CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 407.

III.

THE days and weeks passed in a most unsatisfactory fashion. Clinton got to neglecting business, and his friend and employé, Fred Blake, had to do more than double duty. Blake knew that Clinton's fortune was riskily invested, and that inattention might mean serious loss; but, as Clinton knew it as well as he, he did not think it his place to warn or alarm, to protest or argue. If he had known how much more than Clinton's own money was involved, how many tens of thousands of dollars he was legally responsible for and how many scores of thousands he would be morally bound to replace, he might have spoken. As it was, he did not. If he had, it is more than likely it would have done little or no good.

Clinton spent his time in following Margree Carlon and forcing his attentions upon her. He admitted to himself sometimes, in his wakeful nights, that he made a fool of himself, and I suppose he was correct. Mrs. Forsythe might have justly complained of the character of the services her companion rendered her in those days; indeed, it would not have been altogether unjust to have discharged her.

But Mrs. Forsythe was actually getting a new lease of life, thanks to the mountain air, and needed service less than she had; besides, she had a genuine liking for Jack Clinton, while she both hated and feared Pietro Zetta. So Margree Carlon used her time as she would, and Jack Clinton had all the chance that any man could have had under the circumstances.

I said Fred Blake said nothing to the man he loved and served: it would be just to repeat the statement and give a new and added emphasis to the word nothing. His looks were sometimes eloquent; never had Clinton been surer of his loyalty and truth. But the subject of Margree Carlon was tabooed; regarding her, silence fell between them.

Blake would have had something to say, no doubt, had his friendship been less firm and his wishes less earnest. But there is a time in every man's life, especially if he is an unmarried man, and more especially if he is a happily engaged one, and still more especially if he is temporarily separated from his sweetheart, when he has nothing but sympathy and commendation for his fellow-man who is willing to give anything, do anything, suffer anything, for the sake of a woman.

I sometimes wonder if it was strange that Pietro Zetta and Margree Carlon never moved together in any one of the ideas in Jack Clinton's brain, in those days; on the whole, I think it was not.

Pietro Zetta was not a very aggressive sort of lover; he had his own ideas regarding the sort of heart's hurt he meant his rival should ultimately suffer; and he was too busy—at the gambling-dens by day, and no one seemed to know where by night—to intrude himself often upon the time of the woman who had promised to marry him. With Blake, silence; with Clinton, a lover's blindness; with Mrs. Forsythe, an unwillingness to see what she was sorry she couldn't help seeing; with the rest of the world as found in the town where these actors lived and took their parts in this life-drama, a belief that Clinton could take care of himself, and a resolution to let him; these conditions explain the fact, partly at least, that Pietro Zetta was only Pietro Zetta to Jack Clinton, for all those days of doubt and worry and uncertainty.

In the beginning, Clinton would not have entered the lists of love against such a man as he instinctively knew Pietro Zetta to be; in the end, he would have struggled for his happiness against the embodiment of all the evil in the souls of a hundred Zettas. To have known that Margree Carlon let such a man come near her, speak to her at all, to say nothing of speaking words of love, would have killed his love—though I am

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not sure it might not have killed him too—in the days when his love was new. Later, it had grown so strong that nothing could hurt or harm it.

Blake had said there was another man. He had not spoken his name, and Clinton grew too proud to ask. Indeed, as the end hurried nearer, he dared doubt the accuracy of what his friend had said.

Clinton rode with Margree Carlon, walked with her, read, sang, boated. She laughed, smiled, or was grave and silent, as his mood was. Only—only he had never found her ready even to listen to his story. When he had tried to speak of love, she had only jokes and jests or headache and weariness.

And so it went. And so the end came.

Blake came gravely to Clinton, one morning. He put out his hand with more of tenderness in motion and clasp than he had ever manifested before. The look in his face was something which a friend might equally marvel at and rejoice over.

"You— I've heard—heard something—" began Blake. Then he stopped abruptly and commenced over again.

"You—you've never spoken?"

It was a curiously ambiguous question, but Clinton looked into his face and understood. He shook his head.

"I am going to take Mrs. Forsythe for a drive, this morning."

"Yes?"

"And Miss Carlon will be alone."

"Of course."

"And—God bless you, old fellow, if you really care so very much, it'll be your last chance!"

So, a half-hour later, Jack Clinton found himself in the street, in a strangely dazed condition, on his way to call upon Margree Carlon. His last chance? That was the burden of one thought. And—his last chance? As though he had ever had any! That was the thought that came next.

Pietro Zetta rode up to the piazza on which Margree was sitting, at just about the time that Jack Clinton left the bank to go and call upon her.

Pietro Zetta was a decidedly hard-looking individual at that moment—though, of the two, his horse looked the worse. He had evidently ridden fast all night, and it told on him in every way. To Margree's invitation to dismount, he gave a decided negative. He really hadn't time. He must ride until noon, if he could get another horse.

"Someone said you own something in the Lost Hope mine?" he questioned, eagerly.

She utterly misunderstood his motive, and answered him accordingly.

"Not much," she said; "a little over a thousand dollars."

"Which means what? I don't quite understand you."

"Why, this: that a—a gentleman said the mine must be worth something, and that stock couldn't well go lower. I had only a little, a thousand dollars or so, and I put it all in. You—you needn't reproach me because it is all gone; it was long before you asked me the thirteenth time."

"You bought at—at what price?"

"Ten cents a share, I think."

"More than ten thousand shares?"

"Yes."

"Who—who told you to do it?"

She only shook her head. She had never hated Pietro or pitied herself more. She had never held more firmly to her friendship for Blake, a man that she said in her heart, there and then, had more of her liking than she had ever given any other, though to have loved him would have been impossible. She could not bring herself to tell this fellow whom she had promised to marry that Blake had given her the advice that had cost her all the money she had saved in five years of weary work; she could not tell him, and she wouldn't.

"Well," said the man, "it makes no difference. Only you must not sell! Little Hope has proved rich at last—immensely rich. Its shares will sell at two hundred dollars within a week."

"You—you mean that?" she gasped.

He said he did, and sealed his statement with a picturesque Spanish oath.

"And now I must go; there are two or three others I must tell before some crafty purchaser reaches them."

"Who—who knows this?"

"I can't say—not positively. I believe they sent someone to Blake; so, of course, there's he and Clinton and—"

The rest was lost in the hoof-beats of his hurrying horse, as he dashed away.

So that, all in all, it was a curious situation to which Clinton was coming, that

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morning. He would be a very fortunate gentleman indeed, if he didn't manage so to bungle matters as to make it worse than he found it.

If Blake thought, when he hurried Clinton away to Margree, that she was a woman to take a man for his money, or to refuse him because she had suddenly gotten wealth herself, he was greatly mistaken in her character. But he might well have trembled for his friend, if he had known that he was sending him—ignorant—to the woman's knowledge, and that she would think him as wise as herself.

Margree Carlon was thinking of her present and her future, of her good fortune and her unfortunate promise, when Clinton came up. She was wondering if she could endure life with Pietro Zetta, just to punish another man for his sins, and pondering the question between her conscience in her promise and her conscience in her own happiness, when Jack Clinton's shadow fell across the book she was pretending to try to read.

She looked up into his face, saw what was coming, looked confusedly down again, and waited.

Jack Clinton never knew just what he said nor how he said it, nor did Margree Carlon. And, really, I myself cannot say. But he managed to tell his love and to ask her to marry him. And she found herself telling him, more quietly than she had dared dream possible, that she was promised to another.

Clinton, the soul of honor, hadn't a word to say against such an argument as that. He turned to go, halted, hesitated, came back.

"You are not happy?" he demanded.

"Not quite. But the future must take its chances for that."

"Is—is it money?"

"No, it is not money."

"Because, if it is—"

"Well?"

"Blake said once—"

"Yes? Well?"

"That you had a thousand dollars or so invested in Lost Hope stock. Is it so?"

"It is."

"Then I—I would be glad to give you two thousand dollars for it."

"Thank you, but it is not for sale. What else," mockingly and scornfully, "has Mr. Blake seen fit to tell you of my affairs and my interests?"

He sprang toward her, with a hoarse cry; he tried to take her in his arms, but she eluded him.

"He told me that you loved me, Margree Carlon; he told me that you loved me."

"Yes, he did. And you were as cool and scornful and indifferent as I am now. Indifferent? God help me, I am that no longer. I hate you, Mr. Clinton!"

"But Blake said—" persisted this drowning man, clutching at his last straw of hope.

"Yes, I know he did. I stood within a dozen feet of him, just at the left of the road, and heard him say it."

And she looked squarely and calmly into the dilating and horror-filled eyes of the pallid man who faced her—looked and laughed!

He turned away, and went without a word. He was too terribly hurt to have it possibly true to say he thought much. But he dazedly wondered if the typical Boston girl, the vague and impersonal girl he used to think he should sometime marry, would have done, even under the sting of indifference to her charms and her passion, what this woman had done? He wondered if it was quite the regular Western thing to do so? She had been a listener to Blake's revelation, and—

He took out and looked at the bullet he had picked up that night at the ledge; it had a less pleasant interest for him than ever before.

IV.

THE next morning, the little mining-town had such a series of sensations to consider that the people quite forgot to work, and almost neglected to eat.

First, there was the news of the unexpected finding of the richest sort of ore at the mine that all had despised fortyeight hours before; Lost Hope owners were the richest and most influential of individuals now.

Then it was hinted, whispered, and finally openly talked, that the Prince Imperial mine had failed. Some charitable ones surmised that there had been mistaken estimates as to the amount of ore that would be found there, and blamed no one; others did not hesitate to speak of fraud. Jack Clinton had bought it and paid an immense price for it, then he had spent money freely as water in defending

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his title; but, as he had raised more than double the money he had spent for it, securing its payment by mortgages on it, it left it at least an open question whether he had been sinner or sinned against, in the collapsed speculation in the Prince Imperial.

Men had hardly realized the news thus far and settled down doggedly to whatever opinion seemed, in the case of each individual, most likely to be true, than there were two more sensations flashed upon them: the east-bound stage of the Consolidated Overland and Transcontinental Stage and Express Company had been stopped and robbed, and Jack Clinton was missing!

There had been attempts made to rob the stage on other occasions, but they had always failed. Twice at least the freebooters had been repulsed with loss of life, and it was supposed they had carried a dead man out of the fight with them when they rodé away from a fruitless attack on another occasion; once a driver had been dangerously wounded, and once a guard had been seriously hurt. But, last night, there seemed to have been scarcely any contest at all. The driver and guards had returned to town; they had little to say, and didn't seem to enjoy meeting their aforetime friends and acquaintances. All that, of course, might be accounted for on the score of a reasonable shame at having been outwitted, or it might not be! They claimed that the surprise had been complete, and that resistance would have been suicidal. But some men—brave men, accustomed to stand up in defense of their opinions—said that there had been treachery.

Be that as it may, the east-bound stage had never carried so large an amount of money before, since the organization of the company with the long and high-sounding name. And Jack Clinton had receipted for every dollar of it; the law, in due time, given opportunity to exercise its authority, would doubtless hold him responsible for it to the last penny. But, meantime, men had mentally made their own laws in the case; a line of them filed slowly into the place of business of the United Miners' Banking Association, receipts for this money in their hands, and poor Blake, delaying all he could, procrastinating all he dared, paid them—paid, paid, paid! And, as he paid, he wondered what would happen when there was no more of Clinton's money left to pay with, and Clinton missing!

At noon, Margree Carlon entered the bank. She asked the men there to give her a quarter of an hour for an interview with Fred Blake, in private. Most of them respected and liked Margree Carlon, and they gave her—five minutes! Really, it was about all she needed, for she had but little to say.

Ten thousand shares of Lost Hope mining stock! It meant safety and success. Blake gratefully told her so.

"It'll save the name of Clinton from disgrace," he said, "and help him tide over and save a few thousands out of the general ruin. Clinton's interests won't demand the actual use of a single share of this stock, but our having it to restore confidence will be worth everything. Clinton will thank—"

"I am not doing this for Mr. Clinton," the woman said, "but for you. You may thank me!"

And Fred Blake, looking out at the faces of the waiting men already growing terribly impatient, thanked her from the bottom of his heart.

Blake opened his lips twice to say more, and twice he could say nothing. He had only to look into the woman's face, to see that everything went wrong between those two he so longed to see happy, when they met yesterday. He wondered if she would care much—any—this woman who once watched every motion of this missing man, love in her eyes and on her lips—if she could know why he went and why he did not come back? Twice he essayed to tell her. But what was the use? It would be wasted time, and he was anxious to be in the saddle and looking for the dead body of his murdered friend.

She had said she did not throw her sudden wealth into fate's balance for Clinton's sake. So be it, then, though this friend would have given ten years of his life to have had it otherwise. He accepted her words as truth, and rather hurried her departure; but she shivered in the sunshine when once outside, and dared not analyze her own motives, barely doubting she was a liar.

But Blake, before he opened the doors to the money-hungry mob again, took one more look at a dirty and frayed note he had found just under the hooks where Clinton's missing rifle usually hung:

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"The stage'll be robbed unless there's more than ordinary care taken."

This was what the note said, and all it said. Undoubtedly the message had called Clinton away alone, to help guard his treasure through the night and beyond danger. And what of it?

This: that, if there had been treachery and collusion, the note meant a trap for Clinton. And poor Blake puzzled unavailingly over the seemingly half-familiar though half-disguised chirography.

V.

THAT was a terrible day for Margree Carlon. She caught herself wondering, once or twice, if it would ever end; she wondered if eternity, for the lost, would drag in slower agony. Strange impulses came to her. Once or twice, she aroused herself from an argument on the right and wisdom of suicide—an argument in which her better self seemed less strong and convincing than usual. Several times, she decided she would go away—run away, hide herself—and let the man who had forced her unwilling promise from her get over his loss as best he could, or die of it. And then, rising on the waves of another emotion, her soul would be full of tenderness and pity for Pietro Zetta, and she would reproach herself for not caring more for him. He was not a good man, of course, but doubtless she could help him to rise to a higher level—her eyes had surely lost their charm if they could not win any man from the gaming-table and from dissolute companions; she would not inquire too closely into his past, and why need she? She felt strong enough to guarantee the future of any man who could truly say he loved her.

She had lost Clinton, of course. And the bitterest part of it all was his unworthiness. She could stoop more willingly to mate with Zetta's common clay, since the idol she had raised and adored had proved meaner still. She would marry Zetta—of course she would; what else would be fair or right? And as for happiness, she said that that is told in stories, rather than lived in real life.

She would marry Zetta; she said it to her soul with a little more of emphasis in the early evening, when Blake and his men returned and had to admit that the theory of Clinton's having been killed at the scene of the stage-robbery was false.

She would marry Pietro Zetta, and make him a good wife too; she was more than ever certain of that when that gentleman rode up to the piazza, that evening, and dismounted. That he had ridden some thirty-six hours since she saw him last, and that he looked more disreputable than ever, made little difference to her; her dazed brain was failing—failing! It might not be long that she would know good from evil, right from wrong.

The man kissed her. A dozen persons saw it done. Blake and Mrs. Forsythe were two out of the twelve. After that, what was there to say? Even Blake stifled his conscience a little, and tore up and scattered to the winds the note Clinton had let fall when he took down his rifle. Blake could not bring himself, not now, to show this tell-tale scrap to the woman in the case, though suggestion had suddenly asserted its power in his brain and forced him to remember where he had seen writing like this, and to recall whose hand penned it!

Sometime he would of course make Zetta reveal what he knew of the mystery of Clinton's disappearance, but, after their mutual kiss, frank and undisguised, he could not quite bear to call upon the law to hold Pietro Zetta and Margree Carlon apart; because a woman had deliberately chosen hell instead of heaven was no reason for Blake's trying to make the place more uncomfortable for her than was necessary.

Sometime he would know, or try to know, how and why Clinton had lost Margree's love—the love he knew was his, unguessed and unasked, before that evening which had been the terrible turning-point in all their lives. But all that must wait.

Zetta and Margree withdrew to one end of the piazza and conversed together in low tones. Resigned to her fate, it was actually restful, almost pleasant, to have the man at her side; the situation, from the psychical standpoint, is unfortunately not uncommon.

Zetta had won everything!

All that hope had for Clinton, lost and disgraced, must come through Zetta. At the hands of a rival, if at all, must he win life and love and honor!

Why will crime boast? It is a psychological problem that it would be pleasant

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to study; but not now. We can only take time and space to assert the fact: Crime will!

Why will boasting wickedness mistake forgiveness and excuse for approval? Why will it stumble on and on, with heedless tongue, until it has itself overthrown and condemned itself? Why indeed, unless it is one of God's ways to enforce justice?

"Do you remember the moonlight night when I asked you the thirteenth time?" The man was looking toward the west, not the east, and it would now be two weeks to full moon again. Did that explain why he laughed?

"I—I remember. But—now—I do not understand."

She wondered if the man noticed that she shuddered; she thought not, for he laughed again.

"I mean that it looks like moonrise in the west."

"Like moonrise in the west?"

"Yes; twenty miles away, ten miles beyond the pass between the twin peaks, the forest is on fire. Sometime to-morrow, the line of fire will climb over the crest; to morrow night, darling, you can see the furnace-fires yonder, and hear the trees crash down to their fiery graves." And again he laughed.

She moved a little closer to him, as though instinctively seeking protection.

"And—and is there danger?" she asked.

"To you? To me? No." And the laugh was more evil and malicious than ever.

She stooped over him, nearer to him, to try and read his meaning in his face. And a gash along his neck, a plash of blood upon his garments there, caught her glance. Impulsively she reached down and tenderly wiped away some of the traces of hurt and harm, her own fine handkerchief in her hand. The man looked up, a trace of tears in his eyes, and deliberately threw his heaven away, braggart that he was.

"An accident," he said, mockingly; "one of the guards forgot, and came near making resistance real."

So that was it, was it? A stage-robber? And she had kissed him and let him kiss her before the eyes of all those good people yonder! A stage-robber? Well, he had pitted himself against men at least, and had taken his chances, while the man whose actions had been her secret standard of human excellence had offered her yesterday two thousand dollars for property worth two millions! A stage-robber?. Well, there were worse men than that. And he had kissed her, with her world looking on. It hardened her heart; how could it have been otherwise?

And the fool looked into her eyes, saw it, and guessed wrongly how much of disgrace and dishonor a woman can bear.

"You—you were thinking of Clinton?" she was asked.

She bowed her head; she was thinking of Clinton, and she was not yet ready to stoop low enough to lie to this man.

"Yes?" he questioned; "well, so was I. He loved you—loved you. Blake said you loved him!"

"Blake said? How do you know what Blake said?"

"How? I might ask you if it isn't new to you that he said anything at all. I stood within twenty feet of him, in a thicket at the right of the road, when he told Clinton you loved him. That night, there was a shot fired—"

He stopped short. Something in her eyes stopped him. She was thinking—thinking hard and bitterly. Thinking that this man, with whom she had promised to live as long as she should live at all, had been so guilty. Ah, that was bitter—very bitter! And thinking, too, of the look the man she loved so well had given her so long ago—so long, so long! Merciful God! was it only yesterday? So Clinton had thought she could raise her hand against him, had he? That was the most bitter thought of all. After that—

But the man was speaking again—not content to stop where he might have stopped safely, not content to be satisfied with what he had gained at so much cost to the woman whose heart he tortured.

"Someone sent Clinton word of what was going to happen last night, but he came late. He came so late that the robbers had separated and were riding home their several ways. He—he met one—the very man who had sent him word, and the fellow had forgotten to load his weapons after the sham fight with the driver and the guards, and had been careless enough to lose his ammunition. Clinton recognized him, but was too angry and unnerved to shoot well. So there

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was a race—across the plain, around town by a long détour, up the mountain, over the pass, and—"

"How did it end?" hissed Margree Carlon, in his ear. "Tell me—how did it end?"

"I—I— Do you not hate him?" gasped the man. "They said you said you hated him; and hate desires—"

"Stop! Tell me how it ended!"

"Ask me to-morrow night; it will be ended then. So far, there's only a horse that stumbled and got a broken neck, a man who fell and got a broken leg, and—"

He was looking into the end of Margree Carlon's pistol; he had mistaken her nature; she had found him and herself as they were. He had lost—lost all. Clinton had won.

"Mr. Blake!" The words were low, the voice clear and even. But Blake will never forget the emotion in it, nor will he ever forget the starry eyes Margree turned upon him.

"Send this man out of town under guard," she said, commandingly, "and set him free at sunrise. See that he rides toward the east!"

"What—why—"

"No matter."

"And you?"

"I shall ride to save Jack Clinton."

"Where? How?"

"I'll tell you in the morning."

"I must go with you, and—"

"No; I go alone."

"Cannot I help—serve—"

"Yes, in one way. Tell me whether to send Clinton home alone, or come back with him!"

"What do you mean? How?"

"By telling me whether he knew the truth regarding the Lost Hope mine at ten o'clock yesterday. Did he?"

"He did not."

"As God is your witness?"

"Yes, as God is my witness."

The broken limb had been dragged a half-mile—a half-mile in half a night, and a day, and half a night again. Nature could do no more. Clinton had found his place to die, and the delirium that mercifully anticipates the end—sometimes—was already creeping along his nerves and into his brain. The roar of the hurricane of fire was the voice of his mother singing him to sleep, and the crash of the falling trees was the sound of his brothers and sisters at play. And yet, through it all, he knew that his mother was in her grave, that his brothers and sisters were men and women long years ago, and that the furnace-heat of a forest-fire had raced miles with him while he had crawled a pitiful part of one. Death—death—

He knew it; he understood it; it was only now and then, for a little time, that he forgot it and listened to the growing roar that had been his mother's voice so lately, so lately—say an hour ago. Death—death—

Then, suddenly, unless he dreams, life and safety! A brave woman! A strong horse! Potent liquor, to stir his faltering heart to new efforts. And on his lips, frank and unasked, so warm a kiss that age shall never know chill—a kiss warm enough to nerve an honest heart and bless an honest life forever!

GOD KEEP HIM!

BY VIRGINIA M. HAYWARD.

Oh, he is far and far away,
And I, who loved him for a day
And let him go, can only say
"God keep him!"

He clasped my hand and said good-bye
With just a careless touch, and I—
I answered him: "Good-bye, good-bye,
God keep you!"

'Twas hard for me, the parting, though;
Hard, hard, when oh! I loved him so.
To loose his hands and let him go.
God keep him!

And tears were all so vain, so vain;
They could not bring his face again.
And yet I said, through all my pain:
"God keep him!"

'Twas such a little while, you know—
My love had hardly time to grow;
I never dreamed 'twould hurt me so
To leave him.

And he is far and far away!
And I, who loved him for a day,
I only think of him and say:
"God keep him!"

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MRS. MERTON'S CASHMERE GOWN.

BY MRS. MAY WILBUR.

NOW, what shall we do about Cousin Frank's wooden wedding? The cards came yesterday," said Mrs. Merton to her husband.

"Why, what can we do but accept?" was the answer, in a tone of surprise.

"We can decline," replied the wife, hesitatingly.

"To be sure; but why should we?"

"For a reason so purely feminine, that I don't suppose it would ever occur to you. The fact is, I have nothing suitable to wear." And a nervous little laugh followed the confession.

"Why, Nell, the dress you wore to mother's on Thanksgiving Day is the handsomest thing out, and you look lovely enough in it to fill every other woman with envy."

"It is a pretty dress, quite fine enough for a family gathering; but it is only a cashmere, after all, and don't you see, Tom, this is a different affair—a regular party. I suppose everybody worth knowing in town will be there, and it isn't a comfortable sensation to feel yourself the only shabbily dressed woman in the room."

"You precious little woman, you should have the richest gown that money could buy, if I could only afford it; but you know, dear, you were so foolish as to marry a poor clerk on a small salary—"

"Yes, I know," interrupted his wife, "and I wouldn't change him for the richest king in all the world; but I thought, if you did not care much about going, we might stay at home. I can explain afterward to Frank and Sue."

"But you couldn't explain to others, Nell; and wouldn't it seem rather strange?" urged Tom, with a man's inveterate horror of doing something the least bit peculiar. "What would I say to the fellows on the train, the next day, if they asked why we were not at Stanley's wooden wedding? For everybody knows we are cousins."

"Well, I've heard considerable about the annoyance of poor relations; but I think, in this instance, the possession of a rich one is quite as embarrassing," sighed Nell; "however, as we seem likely to make ourselves conspicuous either by our presence or our absence, we may as well get what enjoyment we can out of it, so I'll send a note of acceptance."

"Bravo! little woman, and I venture to prophesy that, whether in silk attire or cashmere gown, there will not be another face there as beautiful and fair as that of my little wife. Perhaps, before another year, she may be able to outshine them all, if only—" He checked himself suddenly.

"If only what? Tom Merton, have you gone daft?"

"Well, no, not exactly. You see, dear, I hadn't intended to tell you anything about it until the affair was settled; the fact is, Harrison, our head book-keeper, goes to Paris the first of next month, and by his advice I've applied for his position. If I succeed, it will mean four thousand a year, with a possibility of still further advancement; but don't be too sanguine," as he saw her eyes kindle. "I'm afraid Mr. Lyon, our senior partner, doesn't exactly favor me—thinks I'm too young for so responsible a position, I believe; but there, Nell, I must be off or miss my train."

Two weeks later, Mrs. Merton, in her soft gray cashmere, with its trimming of lustrous silk and dainty lace, stood with her husband in a quiet corner of her cousin's parlor. Suddenly, Tom gave a start of surprise.

"Do you see that tall elderly gentleman talking to Frank?" he said, in a low tone. "That is Mr. Lyon, the head of our firm. I never expected to see him here."

Meanwhile, Mr. Lyon saw and recognized his clerk, and, in a few moments, leisurely made his way toward him. After a pleasant greeting, he turned to Nell, who had stepped back a little. Tom drew her toward him.

"This is my wife, Mr. Lyon," he said, proudly.

The man of wealth and station bowed with old-time grace to the modest little woman.

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"I am glad to meet you both," he said. "I suppose you came out from the city for this evening."

"Oh, no; we are living here in the village." Then, as Mr. Lyon seemed interested, Tom added: "I have rented the Warner cottage, over on the hill."

"A very pleasant place, but quite a long walk for you. I should think you would have chosen a house nearer the station."

"It is not entirely a matter of choice," explained Tom. "It is the only place where the rent was within my means, and indeed I rather enjoy the walk."

"Humph!" ejaculated Mr. Lyon; then, with a quick sharp glance at the lady: "Mrs. Merton, I see that my wife is disengaged just at this moment; I should like to introduce you to her."

"Whew!" ejaculated Tom, softly, as he watched his wife move down the room on the arm of his employer. "What would the fellows in the office say to that? And what does it mean, anyway?"

He was still puzzling over the matter when she rejoined him, a little later. He made her a low bow of mock reverence.

"Oh, Tom, what did you think when Mr. Lyon asked me to be introduced to his wife?"

"Think? I was too dumfounded to think or do anything else but stare in amazement, as I saw him present you to his wife with as much courtesy as if you were the first lady in the land. He has always seemed so reserved and even haughty. I had no idea he would condescend to persons of such low estate as an assistant book-keeper and his wife, be she never so fair and charming. I say, Nell, how did you feel, sailing through the crowd on the arm of the Grand Mogul himself?"

"Oh, Tom," with a little gasp, "I never once thought of him in that way. I only remembered he was the man upon whose decision your success depended. When he left me with Mrs. Lyon, she was so sweet and gracious, not a bit condescending. I seemed to have known her ever so long. Why, before I knew it, I was telling her all about our little home—the garden, the chickens, and all."

Meanwhile, Mr. Lyon said to his wife: "What do you think of Mrs. Merton?"

"A bright and sensible little woman: lives over in the Warner cottage, which they are fitting up and furnishing, one room at a time, as they can afford; for she has a holy horror of debt, and avoids the installment plan as she would the plague. She does her own work, sewing included, and is altogether most energetic and capable."

"How did you find out so much?"

"I suspected, from your look and manner, that you wanted me to do a little private detective work; was I right?"

"Quite so, and your report is both complete and satisfactory. You see, Helen, Mr. Merton has applied for Harrison's position. He is strongly endorsed by the other members of the firm, but I hesitated. He is quite young, and seemed so full of life and fun, I was afraid he was hardly steady enough for so responsible a position. You know my theory, dear—that a wife must either make or mar her husband's life. When I saw Mrs. Merton in her plain unfashionable dress that was neither silk nor satin, I thought perhaps the ballast he might possibly need would be found in a sensible wife. I found her intelligent, educated, and lady-like. What you tell me increases my confidence in her, and I have decided to advance him to the position he desires."

Mr. Lyon tore a leaf from his memorandum-book and wrote a few lines, which his wife read approvingly:

"MR. THOS. MERTON.

DEAR SIR: The firm of R. L. Lyon & Co. has decided to accept your application for the position of head book-keeper. You will report to Mr. Harrison to-morrow for instruction in your new duties. As one member of the firm, I am glad to say I feel no hesitancy in advancing to so important and trustworthy a position a man willing to walk two miles daily that he may live within his means, especially when he is the fortunate possessor of a sensible wife, brave enough to dress according to her husband's circumstances and who has a horror of debt.

Very sincerely yours,

R. L. LYON."

He slipped the note into Tom's hand, as he was about leaving.

When Tom and Nell read the note, it almost took their breath away.

"You blessed little woman!" he cried.

"It's all because of the cashmere dress, Tom," Mrs. Merton answered, laughingly.

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TWELFTH MONTH.

BY VERONA COE HOLMES.

NIGHT of the year;
  Failure and grief;
The bared bough,
  The dropped leaf.

Night of the year;
  Tempests; the slow
Gripe of the frost;
  The swift snow.

Hush of the year;
  Rest; and the calm
Folding of hands,
  Palm against palm.

O for the June and the bird;
  The summer-warm light on the hills;
The song, without method or word,
  Of the wayward and garrulous rills;

The portly and prosperous sheaves,
  Banded and grouped in the sun;
The whisper and lisp of the leaves,
  And the glow where the dawning begun;

The delicate eve; the delight
  Of the languorous noon; of the dawn;
Of the quiet and comforting night—
  O the grace of the days that are gone!

Night of the year; yet, behold!
  Luminous, lighting the far
Reach of creation, a glow,
  A marvel, a glory, a Star.

Climax and crown of the year;
  Mirth-time, misrule,
Laughter of childhood, the hearts'
  Holy-day, holiday, yule.

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LA MARQUISE DE LA ROCHEJAQUELEIN, THE HEROINE OF LA VENDÉE.

BY VIRGINIA G. SULLY.

VICTORINE DE DONNISSAN, successively Marquise de Lescure and Marquise de la Rochejaquelein, was born at Versailles in 1772. Her father was the Marquis de Donnissan, and her mother was the daughter of the Duc de Durfort.

Reared in all the magnificence of the court of Versailles, surrounded by the most illustrious names in France and allied by blood to many among them, this noble woman, who seemed born only for prosperity, was destined to drain the cup of sorrow to the very dregs. She was compelled to endure all the anguish, all the privation, and every pang of body and soul that could be crowded into one human life. This great lady, whose girlhood had been so brilliant, was forced to keep sheep. Pursued like a hunted animal from hovel to hovel among the Breton peasants, without a place to lay her head, she was hardly able to collect enough shreds of linen to cover her poor little children, who pined and died from hunger before her eyes. She received alms from the faithful peasants of La Vendée. Around her, all was tumult, horror, and massacre. Her relatives and friends were all killed, some with arms in their hands, some were shot, and many were guillotined. She herself escaped death only by a miracle.

The life of Madame de la Rochejaquelein teaches many a useful lesson. It shows how trials strengthen and refine the character, how women who in happiness and prosperity seem timid and dependent become brave and intrepid in the school of adversity.

The heroine of La Vendée, who never quailed before any peril, was in her girlhood timid to excess. The first years of her marriage, everything frightened her. She said herself that she would weep with terror if she had to mount the gentlest horse.

Who could then have foreseen that this timid young woman would in a few years exhibit perfect coolness in the midst of the most horrible catastrophes? That she would share the dangers of so many battles without shrinking, and be handed down to posterity as a Christian Amazon?

The first years of her life were tranquil and happy. Her personal qualities, as well as the splendor of her social position, seemed to open the most brilliant perspective, just before the dark cloud of the Revolution burst.

She was at Versailles during the days of October, 1789; and, after having shared the last happy days of the monarchy, she also partook of the bitterness of its death-struggle. It was in the stormy period of 1791 that she married her cousin, the Marquis de Lescure. He was twentyfive, and she nineteen. The marriage was celebrated at her father's château in Brittany.

The young couple went to Paris in 1792. On the 10th of August, a crowd surrounded their house, and with wild shouts demanded the life of M. de Lescure. He and his wife escaped in the middle of the night, and found an asylum with a former servant of the family. Fifteen days afterward, by means of passports bearing feigned names, they quitted Paris and took refuge in the Château de Clisson, in that part of Poitou called Le Bocage.

In the month of March, 1793, the country rose against the Republic. A poor woolseller named Cathelineau gave the signal. The peasants had neither powder nor cannon. They intended to capture both from the Blues. Young Henri de la Rochejaquelein, at the age of twenty, seems suddenly to assume the martial air and eagle glance which from that time to the end of his life always distinguished him. "My friends," he cried, "I am but a youth, but by my courage I will prove myself worthy to be your leader. If I advance, follow me! If I retreat, kill me! If I fall, avenge me!"

The peculiar nature of the country greatly aided the bravery of these improvised

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soldiers. It was a veritable labyrinth, with every turn of which they were thoroughly familiar. There was not a thicket that did not serve as a rampart, behind which were posted invisible soldiers.

The only weapons the Vendeans had, with which to capture the enemy's cannon, were sticks. At the moment they saw the lighted match about to be applied to the cannon, they threw themselves flat on their faces and waited for the explosion; then, springing up, in a moment they rushed on the cannon and rained blows from their sticks on the gunners. The cavalry was mounted on cart-horses and mules, with bridles and stirrups of rope. The battle once gained or lost, the combatants retired to their cabins; but, when a new enterprise was to be undertaken, the tocsin was sounded, and the peasants arrived in crowds. In every church, this requisition was read: "In the holy Name of God, and for our king, each parish is requested to send as many men as possible to such a place, on such a day, at such an hour. Each man must bring his provisions."

It was a singular fact that, while the royal army had for its chief the peasant Cathelineau, the republicans were commanded by the Duc de Gontaut Biron, so celebrated for his elegance at the court of Louis XVI under the name of the Duc de Lauzun.

The Vendean gentlemen were very careful to treat the peasant officers as equals, and there was much more real equality in their ranks than in those of the republican army.

The striking characteristic of this war was its religious character. "If the sky were falling," said the ancient Gauls, "we would uphold it with our lances." The Vendeans also believed that they upheld the sky and were God's chosen avengers. In the battle of Dol, the curé of Sainte Marie de Ré stood on a hillock and cried as the fight began: "My children, I will march at your head, with the crucifix in my hand: Let those who are willing to follow me fall on their knees; I will give them absolution."

At the battle of Fontenay, the peasants perceived a mission cross. They instantly prostrated themselves, although the firing had begun. "Let them pray," said M. de Lescure; "they will fight all the better for it."

But this courage was not confined to the men. The women rivaled the bravest, and added to their courage a devotion which knew no bounds. "Angels of prayer and devotion," said the Bishop of Poitiers, in the funeral sermon of the Marquise de la Rochejaquelein; "they were on their knees while the battles were raging. They prepared the scapularies and the images of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, which were the only cuirasses of our soldiers. They possessed a marvelous skill in binding up and dressing wounds. They knew the virtues of all healing plants. Instruments of pardon and mercy, they often won both for prisoners."

In the foremost rank of these grand and saintly women was the young wife of M. de Lescure. One day, she learned that her husband had been wounded. She immediately sprang on a horse, and galloped three leagues in three-quarters of an hour over a wretched road, to join him. "Since then," she says in her memoirs, "I have never been afraid to mount a horse."

But the days of peril were at hand. Early in the campaign, when the Vendeans were masters of the greater part of Le Bocage, Madame de Lescure lived in the Château de la Boulaye; but she was soon forced to quit this asylum, to wander from hamlet to hamlet with a sick mother, an octogenarian aunt, and a little daughter just weaned.

The night of the 16th of October, 1793, Madame de Lescure was sleeping at Trementine. At three o'clock in the morning, she was aroused by the sound of artillery in the direction of Saint-Florent and Mont-Jean. They rose and hastened to the village church, where the curé celebrated high Mass. It had been reported that M. de Lescure was killed, and the curé wished to prepare his wife for the fatal news. He said to her: "God will try you by a great sorrow; but, my daughter, you must bow to His will, and think only of heaven and the recompense that awaits you there."

Frozen with terror, Madame de Lescure listened, gazing into his face without uttering a word, when the roar of cannon redoubled. They were forced to leave the church. The poor lady was almost fainting. They put her on a horse, and, as she continued her flight, not knowing where to find a refuge, she learned near Beausse that her husband was not killed, but desperately wounded

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She found him in a terrible condition. A ball had struck him over the left eyebrow and come out just behind the ear. His skull was fractured, his face terribly swollen, and he could with difficulty articulate a word. The most cruel anxiety had added to his sufferings. He had sent three couriers to his wife, none of whom had been able to find her, and he feared she had fallen into the hands of the enemy, who spared women no more than men.

This reunion took place under sad auspices, in a village crowded with fugitives and wounded, on the eve of another battle. The Vendeans, crushed under the weight of the unequal struggle, attempted to cross the Loire. While the horizon was bright with the reflection of fires kindled by the republicans, eighty thousand persons—wounded soldiers, old men, women and children—crowded together on the bank. The disorder, the despair, the terrible uncertainty as to the future, the distracted throng, the sight of the river which they were to cross, all recalled, to use Madame de Lescure's own expression, the fearful picture of the Last Judgment.

On the other side of the Loire, as she entered the village of Varades, a peasant approached her. "We have quitted our country," said he; "at this hour, we are all brothers and sisters. I will defend you, even to death."

M. de Lescure followed the army in a rough cart, whose jolting wrung from him groans of anguish. He learned, on the road, of the execution of Marie Antoinette. "Ah," said he, "those wretches have murdered our queen. I have fought to deliver her. If I live, I will fight to avenge her!" But, in a few days, the Marquis de Lescure breathed his last.

During the six weeks that followed, from the death of M. Lescure to the first dispersion of the Vendean army, his unhappy widow endured every torture, physical and mental: cold, hunger, fatigue, sickness and want, and, above all, anguish of soul. The roads were frightful. An icy rain chilled the fugitives to the bone. The winter was unusually severe. They walked through snow and blood. The survivors scarcely recognized each other in the miserable rags which covered them. Madame de Lescure wore the rags of a beggar: a woolen hood, scraps of cloth tied on her feet with bits of cord, and a piece of cloth about her shoulders. Her horse had a man's saddle, with a saddle-cloth of sheepskin. During the night, she slept for some hours with her little dying daughter in the ammunition-wagon. Her aged aunt, the abbess, was captured by the Blues in the confusion of the retreat from Angers, and, in spite of her eightyfour years, was shot. When the army reached the bank of the Loire, it was reduced from eighty thousand to ten thousand, among whom were only seven thousand fighting men.

The Loire had overflowed its banks. The Blues were on the other side. To cross was impossible. They were forced to quit Ancenis and remain on the right bank. Madame de Lescure was called on to make still another sacrifice. Her little daughter was so ill that it was impossible to take her with her in her disastrous flight, and she was compelled to entrust her to the honest farmers' wives near Ancenis. She never saw her again.

The death-knell of the unfortunate Vendée had struck. On the eve of the last battle at Savernay, Monsieur Marigny said to Madame Lescure: "All is over; we are lost! We are in no condition to meet the attack of to-morrow. In twelve hours, the army will be annihilated. I hope to die defending your flag (the flag which she had embroidered). Fly and save yourself during the night. Adieu!"

It was necessary to follow this sad advice. The Marquis de Donnissan—who, a few days after, was taken and shot—embraced his wife and daughter for the last time, and the two fugitives, disguised as Breton peasants, departed in the middle of the night to seek a refuge in some isolated cabin. From time to time, they heard scattering shots. The ground was cut up by ditches filled with water, and the fugitives, being unaccustomed to sabots, at every moment stumbled and fell. The Blues overran the country, killing all they met.

For nearly a year, the fugitives, calling themselves Jeannette and Marion, lived in continual alarm. When an armed republican squad approached, a little deaf and dumb girl warned them of the danger by signs. During the day, Madame de Lescure kept sheep near the village of Prinquiaux. At night, she slept in a barn, with her mother beside her. They were often obliged to

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change their asylum. Madame de Lescure was confined, in the hamlet of Bourneliere, with twins—one of which died in a few days, and the other at the end of a month or two.

In 1795, there was an amnesty. The Terror, exhausted by crime, was weary of blood. Madame de Lescure and her mother arrived at Bourdeaux in the month of February, and thence went to the Château de Citran in Medoc, without being at first disturbed. But the 18th Fructidor brought a renewal of severity against the royalists.

Madame de Lescure had been inscribed on the list of emigrants against all law, as she had never left France. She was compelled to leave under pain of death, and it was only after an exile of eighteen months in Spain that she was permitted to return to her own country.

Her mother urged her to marry again; but it was only after meeting with the Marquis Louis de la Rochejaquelein, at Poitou in 1802, that she decided to do so. Her life became calm as it had formerly been stormy, and, in the venerable, reserved, and modest mother of the family, few would have recognized the Christian heroine whom his imagination had painted as an Amazon.

At the first Restoration, her husband was appointed Field Marshal and commandant of the Horse Guards of the king's household. During the Hundred Days, he took part in the uprising and was killed 4th June, 1815.

M. Alfred Nettement, in his book, has followed Madame de la Rochejaquelein from the cradle to the tomb. He has painted her faithful to her last hour to the souvenirs of her youth, consecrating her time, her fortune, and her credit to the service of the families of La Vendée. He says that for more than fifty years she might have been seen, armed with her needle or her distaff, preparing with her own hands woolen garments of all sizes, for old men, women, and children. She knew all the families and was familiar with the history of the new generation, the names and ages of all the children. Each of these garments was marked with its own destination, which rendered it still more valuable to the person who received it. While her conversation charmed those present, she continued her work. Sometimes, in the excitement of her narration, she would stop an instant and thrust her needle into the abundant white locks which shaded her forehead. A moment after, she would withdraw it and resume her task and her discourse at the same time.

In the last years of her life, she resided in Orleans, attracted by the vicinity of her daughters, Mesdames de Chauvelier and de Mallet.

Attacked with blindness, she bore this cruel trial with the sweetness and resignation given by religion, and died the 15th of February, 1857, at the age of eightyfour years. She had expressed the desire to be buried in the vault of Saint Aubin de Baubigné. Her coffin was borne, stage by stage, through the same country she had crossed sixtyfour years before with the victorious Vendean army and afterward with the same army in its agony and defeat. Everywhere the people bowed reverently before the remains of the woman who had deserved the name of "the mother of the poor."

Men of all parties were forced to recognize the noble character of a woman who united in her own person the sufferings of a whole country, and she will always remain the heroine of a war which forced from the Republic itself a cry of surprise and admiration.

CHRISTMAS BELLS.

BY RUTH RAYMOND.

Oh, the merry Christmas bells
Ringing out their glad refrain:
"Peace, good-will to all the earth,"
Comes their message once again

Oh, the happy Christmas bells
Bringing joy to every one,
Clear upon the morning air,
At the rising of the sun!

Oh, the joyous Christmas bells,
Still we love to hear them ring;
Rich and poor alike may share
All the promises they bring.

Oh, the blessed Christmas bells
Filling us with hope and love,
Making all our pathway bright,
Leading to the home above!

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NAT.

BY MRS. FANNIE H. GALLAGHER.

THERE he lay in the barn-loft, on the hay; the whites of his eyes were all we could see at first in the darkness, afterward the light of our lamp showed a dusky face framed by a duskier mass of woolly hair.

"What are you doing here, sir?" asked mother.

"It's a good place to sleep, missis, and I hadn't no better, so I thought I'd turn in!"

This was our first introduction to Nat.

Emma Lawrence, our next-door neighbor, was sitting on the front steps with me, on this particular evening, when we were joined by Mr. Perkins, the young gentleman opposite. Our conversation was suddenly interrupted by Nora, our maid-of-all-work, her eyes distended, her face like marble.

"Sure, ma'am, we'll be robbed and murdered in our beds, for there's a man out in the loft—a live man! I saw him with my own eyes!"

"A man in the loft? And what were you doing there, to find him?" I asked, incredulously.

"I was after givin' Mollie a bit of hay, ma'am, and a pail of water; for the pretty creature hadn't a wisp of the one nor a drop of the other in her stall. But the soul was nigh frightened out of me, for what should I see, when I planted my two feet upon the loft, but a man—a live man—hiding in the hay! And he's there this blessed minute, ma'am, for I locked him in myself!"

"What shall we do?" I asked, in dismay. "Father and brother John are out of town, and there is not a man about the house but yourself, Mr. Perkins. Would you dare to face the enemy with only a force of women to help you?"

"Dare?" he repeated, assuming an air of high tragedy:

"'Come Roderick Dhu
And of his clan the boldest two,
I'll write the falsehood on his crest!'

What shall I do to prove my courage?"

"Take the lamp and go ahead; Emma and I will follow with Nora."

Seizing umbrellas and canes as we passed the hat-rack, we hurried across the yard to the barn, which we found securely locked, as Nora had said.

Our courage held out till we climbed the loft; then Emma and I began to tremble, and even our valiant leader seemed to hesitate a little.

"Are you afraid?" I asked, in a stage-whisper.

An emphatic shake of the head was his only answer, for we were quite at the top of the stairs now. He raised the lamp high, and we looked about us. The flickering light at first showed only great rafters festooned with cobwebs; but at length we caught sight of the dusky face of Nat, who lay nearly hidden from sight on a great pile of hay, and covered with the fragments of an old rug. How the whites of his eyes did shine in the gloom! No wonder Mr. Perkins nearly dropped the lamp.

"Why, bless me!" said mother, just appearing on the scene. "I do believe it is the very boy I hired this morning to tend Mollie and keep the yard in order. He was to begin work to-morrow. How came you here, sir?" she asked, turning to Nat, who by this time was sitting upright, rubbing his sleepy eyes.

"It's a good place to sleep, missis, and I hadn't no better, so I thought I'd turn in!"

Really, mother was in a quandary. She could not turn the poor fellow into the street at nine o'clock at night, yet Nora's words, "robbed and murdered in our beds," would come into her mind, as the young woman had not failed to suggest that possibility to her as well as to us. At length, it was decided that he might finish his nap on the hay, if he would consent to be locked in.

And so Nat became a member of our family, a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, Mollie's guardian and mother's man-of-all-work. A little room was fitted up for him over the shed, and we soon became accustomed to his presence about the yard

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and barn. Mother was pleased with his work; the yard was as neat as a pin, the barn in fine order, and Mollie's glossy hide free from a speck of dust. Even father and brother John had, for the first month, no fault to find with our dusky friend.

But Nat's moral character was at this time quite as commendable, in mother's opinion, as the work of his hands.

"Nat asked me for a Testament this morning; I do believe he is getting interested," she remarked, one day.

The next week, she was still more pleased:

"Nat showed me a letter he had written to his old mother. I suppose you girls would have laughed at it, for he had copied the Ten Commandments and a whole page from Ezekiel; but it shows his reverence for the Bible and his love for his mother."

After a time, however, some of Nat's other characteristics began to appear.

"I'm a little afraid your boy is of the 'new broom' order, mother," remarked the head of the house, one day. "Things are not so spick-and-span as they were. I stumbled over the garden-shears this morning—just where he dropped them last night, I suppose; and Mollie's mane looks as though she had gone hay-hunting for herself, poor little pony!"

Mother was beginning an apology for him, when Nat himself appeared at the door.

"It beats all, missis, where dat hose has gone dis time," said he, giving a jerk to the rim of the hat he wore. "I hung it up sure on de peg last night, but dis mornin' 'tain't to be found!"

The barn was searched, the shed, the cellar, but to no purpose; and we had to conclude either that the hose had wiggled itself out of the yard or been helped off by human hands.

"Those rascally boys who called me names through de fence last night, I'll bet dey did it," was Nat's quiet remark as he walked off to the barn, after the fruitless search was over.

"The whip's gone again, Mis' Allen," was the next announcement. "I just tied Mollie while I ran for the cushions, and left dat whip all right; but I kinder thought I heard a boy scud round de corner as I was coming back, and sure enough—de whip was gone."

"I do not believe a word about the boys," said mother, more severely than she had spoken before to her dusky servant. "This is the third whip you have lost or broken since you came here. The next one that disappears I shall charge to you—and remember, Nat, I will not have an untruthful boy about my house."

Dropping into a chair on the piazza, mother remarked, as she untied her garden-hat: "I'm getting a little troubled about Nat; he is certainly very careless lately."

"Careless? I don't believe a word of it!" said brother John, looking up from his paper. "He is a lazy good-for-nothing fellow, mother; and, more than that, I do not believe he is honest. Where did he get that new hat and red-and-yellow neck-tie, to say nothing of the new boots I found in the barn? He has not had a cent for a month, you know as well as I, for father advanced him money weeks ago to get that coat he wears. I believe he has traded off the hose and the whips too, or sold them. Just let me catch him touching a thing of mine!"

But, while mother would find fault with Nat herself, she would allow no one else to; so she quoted a verse about "charity" to John, and went off to her own room.

In a few weeks, sister Kate was to be married, and the usual bustle of preparation so filled our minds that Nat ceased to be the object of interest he had been a short time before; and, as the wedding-day drew nearer, he proved himself so useful in many ways that we quite forgot our fears and acknowledged him a very necessary member of the family.

Uncle Joe, our bachelor uncle, was to perform the ceremony. Very particular about his dress he was, and, the week before the wedding, carried his white vest to the laundry, saying, with a twinkle in his eye, to the proprietor of that institution:

"See here, my friend: I am going to marry a lady next week, and want to wear this vest on that occasion. You just see that it shines, will you?"

"That I will, sir, and long life and prosperity to yourself and the lady, sir!" said the man, touching his hat.

With great satisfaction, Uncle Joe surveyed his vest on its return from the laundry, calling Kate in as she passed his door:

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"I'll be such a handsome man when I get myself up in that vest, that you'll wish you had taken me instead of Harry!"

Judge of our surprise and dismay, when, in the general confusion that accompanies a morning wedding, Uncle Joe's voice was heard calling anxiously.

"Eliza! sister Eliza! Have you seen anything of my white vest? I put it here in this drawer, and it is gone!"

"It cannot be possible, Joe," said mother, hurrying in, best cap in hand. "You've forgotten where you put it."

"I'm not so old that I've lost my memory," replied he, a little testily, for his good-humor was being severely tried. "Please look yourself; maybe you'll have better luck."

In vain, mother searched through drawers and trunks till she was out of breath; the vest was not to be found.

Father offered his very best one, but Uncle Joe shook his head.

"Mine is the latest cut—just your style, uncle," urged John; but it was of no use.

Arraying himself in his ordinary black vest, Uncle Joe whispered through Kate's key-hole:

"I think, after all, you'd better take Harry; for all my glory is departed—the white vest is no more!"

To Nat was assigned the important position of door-keeper, and he performed his duties in a most masterly way, waving people in and bowing them out with a dignity that amused us all.

"He is well dressed, too," remarked mother, with great satisfaction; "he told me he was saving his money to buy a coat for the wedding, and that white vest is an old one of father's I gave him myself."

When New-Year's Day came round, Nat, grinning from ear to ear, begged, as we were quiet people and did not "receive," that he might hire himself out for the day to our neighbor, Mr. Lawrence.

"They're going to hab big doings over dere: gas and ice-cream and white kid gloves, and I'm to tend door!"

Late in the afternoon, father rang Mr. Lawrence's door-bell to offer his New-Year greeting, and was ushered into the hall by Nat with an air that would have done credit to a French dancing-master. Then, as a fresh group of callers engrossed that gentleman's attention, father stepped back, listening with amusement to Nat's "Compliments ob de season, sah!"

But something in that colored gentleman's appearance surprised him, and the result of his investigations was made known to us an hour afterward, as we sat round the back-parlor grate:

"The rogue had gotten himself up in my coat, mother—the one you like so well, and which has been missing ever since Kate's wedding; and I verily believe he wore that identical vest of Joe's that disappeared so mysteriously about the same time. I remember," he added, with a twinkle in his eye, "that you thought him well dressed upon that occasion, and it is no wonder. I guess, though, you looked at him without your glasses, mother!"

The next day, Nat was interviewed, but was quite indignant at the charge made against him.

"I neber stole in all my life! Why, I wouldn't steal for no money nor nobody!"

Upon being questioned more closely, he explained his conduct in this wise:

"I only borrowed de coat, sah. It was when Miss Kate was married. It was sort of lyin' round and didn't seem to be ob no use to nobody, and I knowed you all wanted me to look nice, so I just borrowed it."

"Where did you get that vest?" demanded father, sternly.

"Well, it just fitted me and came in kind o' handy, and ministers always hab such a lot of white vests; I knew Mr. Joe wouldn't mind letting me hab one, so I just borrowed it. I was going to take it back, but forgot it."

We afterward learned that brother John's wardrobe supplied the trousers, as well as handkerchief, neck-tie, and perfume for that and other occasions.

Well, his discharge-papers were made that very day, and Nat was allowed to depart, leaving behind him all his borrowed finery.

Father talked to him, first, long and seriously, on the wickedness of his conduct; mother, the victim of misplaced confidence, sought with tears in her eyes to win from him a promise he would never steal again; but all the satisfaction they could get was his repeated assertion: "I neber stole in all my life! I wouldn't for no money nor nobody! I only just borrowed!"

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Three years passed away, but nothing was seen or heard of Nat.

One night, I was awakened from sleep, with noises indescribable ringing in my ears. The clanging of bells, hoarse cries for help, rapid footsteps rushing down the street, filled me with terror.

I struck a match to light the gas, but no blaze rewarded my efforts; there seemed to be no gas there. I had just lighted a candle and was rushing to mother's room, when a violent pounding and kicking at the front door arrested me.

Rushing down in wrapper and slippers, I heard a voice I recognized as Nat's:

"Open de door, missis! Open de door, for God's sake! De whole city am burnin' up! Come down quick, all ob you, and I'll carry you to a safe place! De water-works hab gone, the gas-works am bust, the bridges am burned, and de fire am a-comin'! Dress yourselbs quick, and I'll hab Mollie and de buggy at de door in a minute, if you'll only gib me de key ob de barn!"

Did ever an angel of deliverance appear at a more timely season? Father and John five hundred miles away, we three women—for Nora was still with us—were alone.

It was the work of a few moments only, to hurry into our warmest clothing, tie up in sheets our most precious possessions, seize a small trunk of silver and valuable papers that always stood at the head of father's bed, when Nat re-appeared, his dusky face fairly pale with a new terror.

"De barn am broke open, and Mollie am gone! But neber mind, missis—I'll be de hoss! Gib me dat trunk and bring down de sheets, Nora! Lock up de house, missis, so nobody else can't get in, and, if de fire don't catch it, we'll come back again and lib in it ourselbs!"

One seat in the buggy was reserved for mother, who, in a red flannel dressing-gown and seal-skin cloak, seated herself, trying hard not to frighten the rest, though trembling all over with fear and excitement; the trunk and bundles filled all the rest of the space.

Nat seized hold of the thills, Nora and I pushed with all our might, and, with a strength increased by the fear of the approaching fire, we hurried out toward the prairie west of the city.

Descriptions of the fire that laid waste Chicago have been given often enough. We were only one company out of thousands of companies of frightened people who were seeking refuge from the flames, in flight.

How we ever succeeded in reaching the little low house almost out on the prairie, to which Nat led us, I cannot tell; reach it we did, pushing and pulling our precious load, and laid her, at length, safely on the bed neatly spread in the little room whose outer door Nat burst open.

A young woman, with a dusky face in which joy and fear struggled for expression, sprang to meet him.

"I'm safe enough, Lizzie, and so are you and de boy; but here's de missis and de young missis! Take good care ob 'em till I come back. I'll watch de ole place, missis."

We learned afterward how faithfully Nat fulfilled his self-imposed task. Seating himself on the top step outside the door, he kept off all stragglers, refused all offers of help, and never left his post till the blessed shower of rain began to fall, that a kindly Providence sent to extinguish the flames.

The next day, we found our home uninjured, and, when father and brother John appeared, pale and terrified, expecting to find their home in ashes, and ourselves they knew not where, clothed and in our right minds we greeted them, and surprised them no less by our appearance than by the story of our deliverance by Nat's timely aid.

Nat and Lizzie and the "boy," their year-old baby, became our very good friends. We never alluded to any unpleasant circumstances connected with his former life under our roof, but regarded him as one purified by fire.

When we had all recovered from the shock of that fearful time, and business began to be re-organized, father and John set Nat up as proprietor of an express-wagon, and, as out of every dollar he earned his thrifty little wife managed to save half of it for a rainy day, it was no wonder that he grew prosperous beyond his or our expectations.

The "boy" is growing; the greatest honor we can confer on him or his parents is to invite him to "tend door" on festive occasions, and the air with which young Nat bows our guests in and out again is so exact a copy of the manners of "old Nat," as he is now called, that father shakes with laughter each time little Nat's services are required.

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MY HUSBAND'S COUSIN.

BY ANNA M. DWIGHT.

I LED the gayest and happiest of lives until I was twenty. Then my father died suddenly, and was found, like so many men who are supposed to be rich during life, to have left almost nothing. My mother did not survive his death very long, and I was left alone in the world, so far as near relatives were concerned.

I sent at once for Cousin Rachel Armstrong, the resource of all her kindred when they were in trouble, and she promptly responded to my call, as she did to all demands on her good nature. It was at this juncture that Mr. Laurence, my father's lawyer and most intimate friend, very unexpectedly asked me to marry him. At first, I was too much astonished to reply; but, as I grew more accustomed to the idea, it lost its strangeness, and even appealed to me. Brought up as I had been, amidst unbounded tenderness as well as luxury, it was terrible to find myself without anyone to depend on. I had no one, however, but Cousin Rachel; and she owned nearer and more imperative claims than mine—she had an invalid mother who needed her constantly. Besides this, I would be obliged to support myself—I, who knew nothing useful or practical. Looking back now, I do not think I regret my marriage; but I do regret some of the motives which mixed with my real attachment for Mr. Laurence and urged me to the step.

I said yes after some hesitation, and we were quietly married within two months of my mother's death. When I first told her of my decision, Cousin Rachel looked grave and said:

"Are you sure you do not care for Charlie Morris, Helen?"

Charles Morris was a scapegrace cousin of mine, who was studying medicine in Berlin. As soon as he heard of my parents' death, he did ask me to marry him; but I would as soon have thought of marrying my pet canary as Charlie—he would have been about as well fitted for the position. We had had many flirtations in the past, but that was a different thing. I answered Charlie's letter, telling him of my intentions, and he sent me in return several epistles in which he indulged in histrionics. Some of them did not reach me until after the wedding, but I burned them at once; I did not wish to be disloyal to my husband, even in thought.

Mr. Laurence was very, very kind to me during our year of wedded life, and I was genuinely sorry when, at the expiration of that time, he died after a brief illness, of pneumonia. He had gratified my every wish and made life exceedingly pleasant to me, so it was no wonder, when I found myself again alone, that my grief was deep and sincere, if not overwhelming. Cousin Rachel came, as usual, to my assistance; and, as she had lost her mother within the year, had leisure to devote herself entirely to my comfort.

When the will was read, everybody's sympathy with me was turned to anger against Mr. Laurence. I was astonished at its contents myself, though I was less angry with

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my husband than my relatives and friends were. It was a strange will, and not at all the sort I would have expected Mr. Laurence to make. He left me his property, but not unconditionally; in fact, there were two very positive and annoying provisos attached to my enjoyment of his wealth: I must agree to live at Greystone, the old Laurence homestead, for five years after my husband's death, or forfeit two-thirds of the estate, which would in that case go to a distant cousin of his. I must also remain a widow for the same period of time; for, in the event of my re-marrying within the five years, I would lose all of the money, which was in that case to revert to the same relative.

I was indignant at the latter clause; for I had fully meant to remain faithful to my husband's memory, and resented the imputation that I might not. I wondered whether he suspected me of a weakness for Charlie Morris. The first condition was displeasing, because it restricted my freedom of movement and condemned me to what I knew must be very like banishment. From what Mr. Laurence had told me, I was aware that Greystone, though a fine old place, was situated in the interior of Pennsylvania, far from any large town; and, to a young woman like myself, it could not seem a very desirable residence during the best part of my youth.

They wanted me to break the will; but this I indignantly refused, although they said I could easily do it. I owed Mr. Laurence a good deal more than he owed me, and I was better off than I had been a year ago. No, I would take my choice of money or independence. I did choose, after some hesitation, and so great was my horror at the thought of poverty that I chose the first, and made my preparations to go to Greystone. Rachel offered to accompany me to my new residence and remain with me there. I was delighted at the prospect of her company, but hesitated to accept what I could not but regard as a sacrifice on her part. She smiled when I put it in this way to her.

"All places are alike to me, my dear Helen; I can be contented anywhere," she answered. "I am twentyeight years old and have ceased to care for gayeties; it is different with you."

I had always suspected my cousin of having a story, but now I felt sure of it; no one could speak in that way of life, unless it had brought some great disappointment. I wondered how it felt to be nearly thirty and to have given up everything, but I only thanked Rachel for her offer and kissed her. I could not persist in my refusal, so she made her arrangements and we started as soon as the necessary business had been attended to. There was another consideration to which she called my attention, though I did not like her to think about it: she would be glad of a home in return for her companionship, as her income was quite small, especially for a person of benevolent disposition.

It was spring when we first went to Greystone, and the country was at its loveliest. Solitude in such a beautiful spot seemed very pleasant, and summer was upon us before we realized it. I had two or three intimate friends to visit me, and the season passed quickly and agreeably enough. Then autumn came with its own peculiar charm, and we enjoyed exploring the country under its new aspect. Even the long quiet winter did not prove unendurable, though I at least drew a little breath of relief when it ended. Rachel did not mind the stillness and the loneliness; in fact, I think she rather preferred them. She seemed to have found a peace which stood her in stead of happiness and was not a contemptible substitute for it. I sometimes envied her.

Spring, summer, and autumn again went by. My year of mourning was over, and I was able, during the last two seasons, to fill the house with people, so that I had little opportunity to be lonely. When winter came, however, I found it difficult to retain my guests: indeed, impossible. Americans, as a rule, do not care to be in the country during the cold months, and my friends either could not or would not come, so we were by ourselves all through January and February.

Our life went on so quietly that any unusual incident which served to break its monotony awoke our interest to a degree disproportionate to the magnitude of the event. Perhaps that was why I speculated a great deal over an adventure which befell me in January. I was taking my daily walk alone —Rachel, who always accompanied me, being detained indoors by a bad attack of neuralgia. I had done all I could to make

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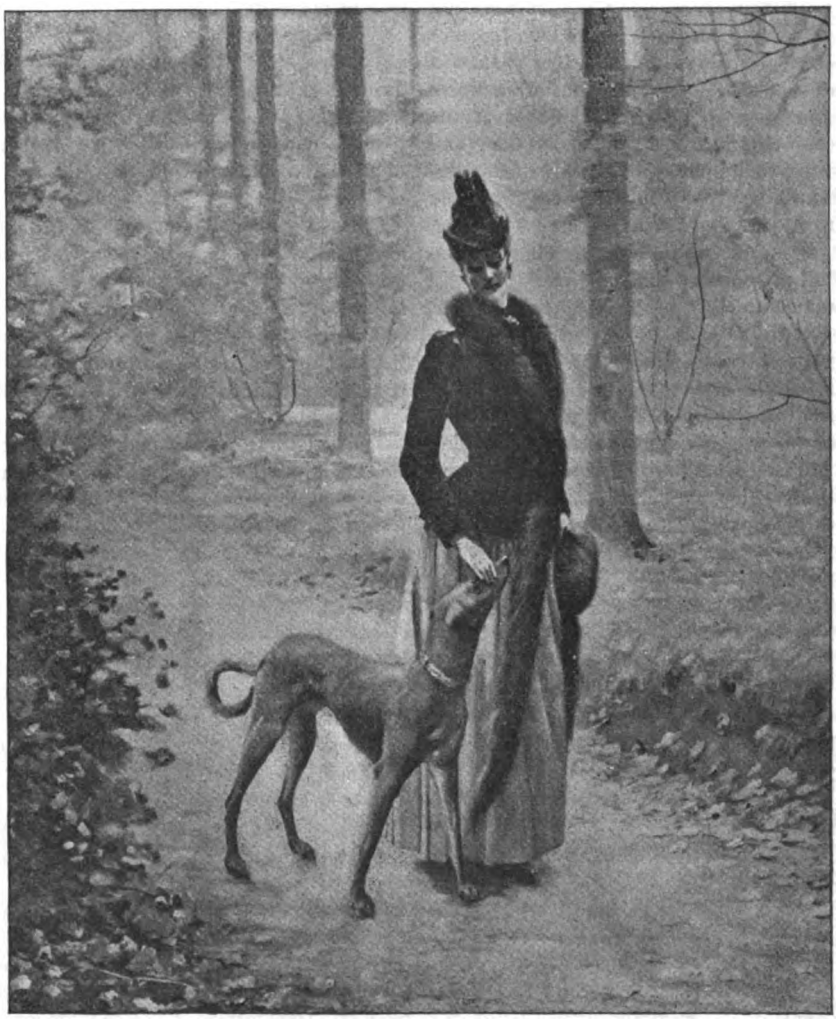
her comfortable, and she had dropped into a doze before I started. I have said I was alone; but I should not have used that expression, for I had a companion whose society was a great comfort to me. I forgot to mention one very agreeable adjunct of the establishment at Greystone, which I had found there on my arrival: it was a beautiful greyhound, Jupiter by name. He had been the pet dog of Mr. Laurence's cousin, who had made his home with my husband's mother until her death, five years previously. This young man, Wayne Godwin by name, had been abroad ever since, so I had never seen him. He had sent me a letter of condolence when informed by the lawyer of my husband's death and the will making him a possible legatee. I had no particular interest in Mr. Godwin, but I had become very much attached to his dog; in which respect I was different from Rachel, who never took any notice of Jupiter.



"Aren't you fond of dogs?" I asked her.

"Yes, but I don't care for greyhounds," she answered.

On this particular morning, warmly wrapped up in furs, I walked along, Jupiter bounding at my side, until we reached a wood, whose tall trees, their topmost branches swaying in the wind, looked like

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giant skeletons waving aloft their skinny arms. As we passed, I noticed the animal gave a start as if alarmed. I laid my hand tenderly on his long nose, while I looked down at him reassuringly. Then I glanced about to see whether I could detect any reason for his fright, and I noticed a stranger coming toward us. He was a good-looking man, well dressed, and new-comers were not an every-day occurrence in our vicinity; but I should probably not have given him a second thought, had it not been for Jupiter's strange conduct. The animal gazed at the approaching figure a few moments, long and earnestly, then made two or three leaps forward, and, before I could recover from my astonishment, was licking his hand, barking, and in canine fashion expressing unmistakable pleasure at the meeting.

I was completely puzzled; for the stranger, after returning Jupiter's affectionate greeting with interest, gave me a rapid glance, lifted his hat, and went on his way without a word of explanation. With some difficulty, I restrained the dog from following him, and, burning with indignation at the man's behavior, which seemed to me as peculiar as the four-footed creature's, I continued my walk. I cut my promenade short, however, as soon as I thought it was compatible with my dignity to do so, and hastened to see Rachel. I found her much improved, so I poured out my curious narrative without pause. When I had finished, she merely smiled and made no comment. Almost the only irritating thing about Rachel was her lack of curiosity.

"I cannot imagine who it was," I exclaimed. "Perhaps it was someone Jupiter used to know."

"Possibly," assented my cousin, who had listened with indifference to my description of the stranger; and that was all she would say.

Curiosity, like all emotions of the human mind, dies from lack of food; so, hearing nothing more of the object of Jupiter's interest, I soon ceased to think about him.

Two or three weeks after my encounter, Rachel and I took a walk together. We went in the direction of the village, as my cousin had an errand there, and, on our way, we passed the grave-yard on a hill back of the church, where all Mr. Laurence's family were buried. Before we reached our destination, I grew tired, for I was not feeling very

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well, and Rachel insisted on my turning back, declaring she did not mind walking the remainder of the distance alone. I obeyed her, though rather reluctantly, and bent my steps in the direction of home.

It was a dull gray day, early in February. The sky was overspread with clouds, and the air was full of unshed moisture, making it chill and heavy. I felt cheerless enough, and, when I found myself near the grave-yard again, my feet turned toward it almost instinctively. On this particular day, the place, with its silence and gloom and the white stones marking all that was left of many generations once young and gay like myself, seemed in consonance with my mood. I climbed the hill, entered the church-yard, and picked my way among the graves, until I reached the spot in which all the dead and gone Laurences for more than a century had been buried. A tall marble shaft marked my husband's last resting-place, and, as I stood by it, a sudden sense of the unsatisfactoriness of life came over me. Was there never to be any of that fullness of joy of which I had dreamed, but only the calm resignation that my Cousin Rachel assured me was the best thing in this world? With the restlessness of youth, I rebelled, and two hot tears fell on my husband's grave—tears of selfish repining, far more than of real grief. Glancing up at this moment, I saw a man approaching. I had been standing in the shadow of a yew-tree, and he evidently had not noticed me until that moment, for he started perceptibly as our eyes met. I started too, for the stranger was no other than the person to whom Jupiter had showed such friendly recognition. There was a moment's pause of embarrassment, then the gentleman lifted his hat and apologized for his appearance.

"I beg your pardon, madam," he said. "I had no intention of intruding, but I did not see that anyone was here until this instant."

"No apologies are necessary," I answered, hastily. "I did not mean to remain here, at any rate." And, before he could say anything to prevent me, I bowed and walked rapidly away.

As I went, I heard him uttering more apologies and disclaimers at my going away, but I paid no heed. I could not help wondering who he was, though, and had curiosity enough to look back when I reached the foot of the hill. He was standing exactly where I had left him, holding his hat in his hand, as if he had bared his head in reverence. Was it possible—the idea had flashed into my head for the first time—could he be my husband's cousin?

I hurried home, hoping Rachel might already have reached there; but she had not, though she appeared soon afterward. In some excitement, I told her about my second meeting with Jupiter's friend, and my conjecture as to his identity. She did not seem so much interested as I thought she ought to be, but busied herself hunting for a book while she listened to me.

"Very likely you may be right," she said, when I expressed my opinion that it must be Wayne Godwin.

"I should like to know my husband's cousin," I remarked, "though Mr. Laurence never said much about him."

"But he may not want to make your acquaintance; he may regard you as an enemy—an interloper."

"Nonsense!" I said; but I concluded to let Mr. Godwin make the first overtures.

Some days later, business called me to Philadelphia, and, while there, I took it into my head to remain some time. I wrote to Rachel of my intention, begging her not to let the fact of my absence be generally known. I began to fear that my husband's cousin was staying in the neighborhood to spy on my actions. Rachel promised to do the best she could, so I finished my visit and returned to Greystone with some friends.

My cousin took this opportunity to go away, knowing I would not be lonely in her absence; and, though I missed her, I was glad she was going to have a change. Hardly had she gone, when I received a call: it was from Wayne Godwin. I went down to see him, and, sure enough, he was the stranger whom I had met in my walks. He rose when I entered, and held out his hand.

"May I claim relationship?" he said, cordially. "I ventured to call on that ground, though I had never met you in the regular way, and you had not expressed any desire to see me."

"Oh, yes, I had," I answered, laughing, for all my suspicions had vanished at his tone; and then I told him of my previously spoken wish.

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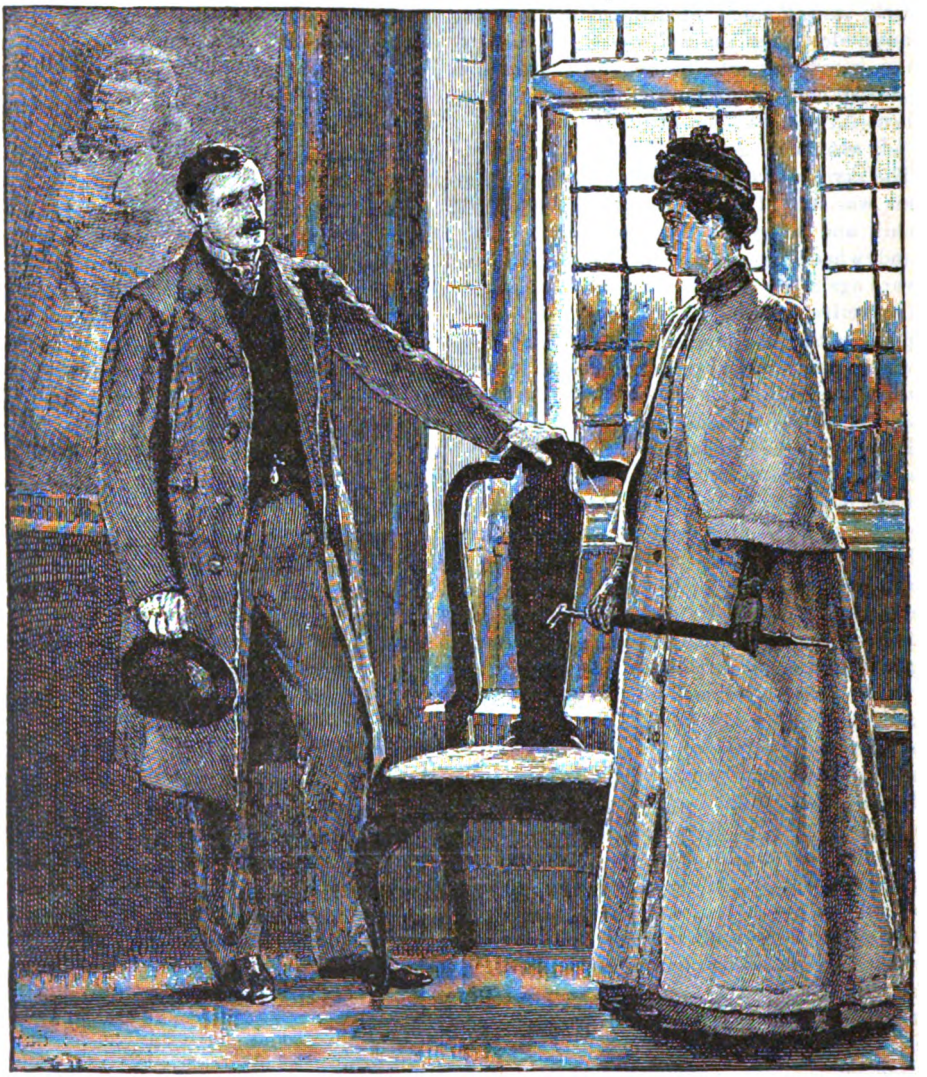

That broke the ice at once, and we became very good friends before his call ended. He came again in a day or two, and we were soon on excellent terms. My house-party broke up, but Mr. Godwin still remained in the village. We laughed a good deal over the peculiar terms of my husband's will, though he was kind enough to express some disapproval thereat. He indignantly disclaimed any intention of profiting by its provisions.

"But you couldn't help it," I said. "It depends on me."

"Yes, it depends on you," he answered, thoughtfully.

I told him about my absent cousin, and praised her good qualities until he declared laughingly that I was insane on the subject. He never had much to say on those occasions; but that was natural, for he did not know my relative, and therefore could not be aware of her perfections.

At last, I received a letter from Rachel, setting a date for her departure and telling me the train on which she would return, so that I might drive to the station for her. I did not mention to Mr. Godwin that she was coming; I thought it would be pleasant to have them meet unexpectedly—I don't know why, except that I was young and foolish

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enough to like surprises. The coachman drove me over at the right time, but my cousin did not arrive. There would be another train along in a little while, though not an express, so I let the carriage wait for it, while I walked home; the day was raw and windy and the waiting-room not very comfortable, so I preferred this to remaining. On the way, I met Mr. Godwin, and we sauntered leisurely on, talking of all sorts of things except Rachel Armstrong's return; I merely explained that I had been to the village.

When we reached the house, I went upstairs to remove my wraps and change my dress, leaving my visitor to make himself comfortable in the library. I knew he was perfectly at home there, so I did not hurry over my toilet; in fact, I must have dawdled unconscionably, for, when I descended the stairs, I saw Rachel had arrived. She did not see me, however, for she was in the library, face to face with Wayne Godwin. He had his overcoat on, his hat in one hand, while with the other he grasped a chair as if for support. As for my cousin, she looked a different creature from what I had ever seen her appear. She was pale too, deathly so, but she stood proudly erect, grasping her umbrella tightly in her gloved fingers, perhaps to steady them. Neither of the two noticed me, and, before I could remind them of my presence, if indeed I had not been too astonished to do it, Rachel had asked in a strangely haughty tone:

"May I ask what you are doing here?"

"I beg your pardon," was the almost humble answer. "I did not know you were coming back."

By this time, I was in the doorway, and Mr. Godwin came toward me, saying:

"Good-bye, Mrs. Laurence. I am going away."

"Going away? And without a word of explanation? I think, as a friend, I have a right to ask—" I began.

"I will write to you and explain, if you will allow me," Mr. Godwin said.

"You may explain here and now, if you wish," injected Rachel.

My cousin's voice sounded hard and cold, and her face was like a stone.

"Thank you," answered Mr. Godwin, gravely, and then he turned to me and spoke:

"We were lovers once—seven years ago, it was; but I—well, I behaved very ill. I did—what you would call flirting, I suppose. A man can't always explain how he is tempted, without throwing the blame on a woman; and no one likes to do that. So we quarreled, and I went away. There is no use in my saying now that I bitterly repented—that I never shall do anything else but repent. There are women so good, their very goodness makes them hard. She forgives everybody else, but I suppose she will never forgive me."

All this time, he never looked at Rachel, but, when he had ended, turned as if to go. I was watching her, however, and I saw the changes in her face behind its stony mask. I must speak, at all costs.

"She forgives you now," I cried. "You have spoiled each other's life long enough; don't go on doing so any longer."

Wayne Godwin looked at Rachel then, and something in her face must have awakened hope; for he took a step toward her.

"Is there any possibility of forgiveness, Rachel? If long repentance could avail—"

But my proud calm cousin was sobbing quietly in a chair, and I thought it was time for me to go. When I came back, the breach of years was healed, and I found my husband's cousin ready to be claimed as my own. They were married very soon—they had waited long enough, Wayne said—and we all made our home together. The happy pair would not leave me, for they declared they owed their happiness to me; so we staid at Greystone.

Charlie Morris has come back from Germany. He is much improved and is getting a good practice. Perhaps, when the five years are ended— But, in any case, there is no danger of my losing my money through "My Husband's Cousin."

SUFFERING.

A little less, a little more—
What does it matter, say?
We die or else we live it o'er;
The end comes either way.

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FATE.

BY HENRY CLEVELAND WOOD.

IN a greenhouse in a large city, two beautiful roses dwelt side by side, and nodded their queenly heads until they almost touched at times.

All through the day, which was so bleak and cheerless without, they told sweet secrets, one to the other, and wondered what happy fate the future held in store for them.

"Our beauty deserves something unusual," murmured the pink rose, languidly.

"Have no fear but that our future will be in keeping with our present loveliness," answered her companion, confidently.

Neither of them deigned to notice a modest little pansy that nestled contentedly close by, unless it was to look with pitying scorn on her tranquil upturned face.

"What a shame that we are forced to endure such vulgar neighbors," the two roses whispered, complainingly. "One might think we were all associates."

A dark-eyed lover came into the greenhouse one day, and the florist cut the two beautiful roses, and that night they lay on the bosom of his fair partner in the crowded ball-room.

In the hot dry atmosphere of the place, they soon drooped and wilted, and, when the dancers drove homeward in the chill gray early morning, the beauty of the flowers was a thing of the past, and they were flung carelessly aside to die neglected and forgotten.

"Alas! alas!" whispered the pink rose, faintly, to its hapless companion, "how brief was our existence, and what a miserable end is ours! Would that we were in the pansy's place!"

The next day, a poorly-clad woman came timidly into the greenhouse, and, after pricing a few of the cheap flowers, drew forth some pennies and bought the humble little pansy.

The simple flower she carried with her high up to an attic-room, where her child lay ill.

Ah, but what a glad look came into the eyes of the little sufferer, as she bent fondly over the simple flower, and held her face close to its bright petals, yellow as if the sun had left a part of his own glory there!

The pansy was placed by the bedside of the invalid, and day by day it was cherished and tended with faithful care, and it filled the sick child's heart with joy, while all the barren attic was made brighter by its cheerful presence.

Thus it lived and flourished and gave pleasure long after the two beautiful roses had been trampled in the mud.

Fate does not always favor the beautiful.

BY THE FOUNTAIN.

BY LILLIAN FOSTER.

TESSA, with shining tresses
Which the soft wind caresses,
  Lips and cheeks of the morning,
Stands alone by the fountain,
Looks away o'er the mountain,
  Waits in her beauty's adorning.

Gayly the fountain is playing,
Softly it seems ever saying:
"Tessa, thy lover comes soon;
Over the mountain he hasteth,
Never a moment he wasteth—
  Cometh to thee ere the noon."

"Ah, will he soon come? For time goes
Swift in its flight as the wind blows."
  "Coming, yes, coming, my sweet!"
Here now he stands by the fountain,
Lover from over the mountain,
  Hasting his darling to greet.

Tessa, with shining tresses
Which her fond lover caresses,
  Lips and cheeks of the morning,
Tremulous, leans on her lover,
While the glad sunshine above her
  Adds to her beauty's adorning.

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A SHADOW OF DOUBT.

BY ALICE MAUD EWELL.

I.

"WHAT is the matter?"

"The matter with me, child? Nothing. I am all right, Madam Inquisitive. I gave your message and Christmas gift to the old lady, called at the post-office, and then walked straight home, like a good boy, across the fields. And here I am, and merry Christmas to you, ma'am, and the youngster too."

It was Christmas Eve in old Virginia, forty years ago, when the above question was asked and answered. A cold, clear, "seasonable" night: outside in the open country, tree-tops swaying in the wind, moonlight flooding the snow, which lay unbroken and giving back its rays like beaten silver; within, all comfort, warmth, and ruddy firelight in the large and handsome old-fashioned bed-room, where Mrs. Harry Redesdale had been waiting more than an hour for her husband.

It was a pretty scene that met Mr. Redesdale's eyes on entering the room, as he noted even then, though shaken and troubled by one very different, recently passed through. The Christmas greenery stuck here and there; the pretty, fragile little lady in her big high-backed chair set squarely before the blaze, which quivered rosily all over her and the chubby six-months-old baby fast asleep in her arms, both making a picture sweetly suggestive—more than ever, to-night—of another Mother and Child who have sat enthroned more than eighteen centuries in the hearts of all Christendom. She had not been anxious, but rather lonely—the only one still awake in the big rambling house. She looked up smilingly when he came in, but the smile died away when she saw that in his face which brought her startled question: "What is the matter?"

He was pale, even by firelight, as he came forward shuddering as with more than outside cold, and stood, not facing her, but rather behind her chair. Standing thus, his height and size contrasted strikingly with her childish littleness. He was more than six feet tall, and large in proportion, with features fair-colored and of almost classic beauty. His face was now, however, agitated and very pale, and the well-shaped hand laid on his wife's head trembled visibly. She looked up at him over her shoulder.

"You have not told me all," she said. "Something has happened. What is it?"

"Oh, you! You'll have it all before morning, so why not tell you now?" he broke out, in sudden uncontrollable excitement. "I've had a cursed disagreeable meeting. I've had a fight, this Christmas Eve. I've seen a ghost, child—a restless, ugly, accusing ghost of dead friendship and buried old happy days."

She clasped the child closer till it whimpered and stirred.

"What was it, and where?" she asked.

"It was Phil Gordon," he went on, moving restlessly about and looking at the fire rather than in her eyes. "He was sitting on the stile between the stubble-field and spring meadow when I came by He didn't budge to let me pass, and glared at me with the old absurd hatred and defiance. I'd half a mind to shake him like a churlish dog; but, as we stood there looking at each other, I got to thinking of old boyish times, and, for kindred's sake and Christmas Eve, held out my hand. He dashed it back, cursed me for a hypocrite, and flung up that old quarrel about the land. I was right mad then, and struck him. He gave it back—for he's a plucky devil, and the Redesdale blood will tell. Then we grappled and had a regular fight, right there among the weeds and briers. I got him down—got the best of it, of course, with my size—and I'd half a mind to kill

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him, for the devil in me was up. But, thank God! something kept me from it. I got up, away from him. 'For what has been between us, Phil, I won't hurt you,' I said, 'but mind how you cross me again!' He yelled something after me that I could not make out, and I came off in a hurry and left him there on the stile alone."

The little lady in her chair shuddered and shook.

"Oh, dreadful!" she said, "and on Christmas Eve!"

"Yes, 'tis ugly, I know—barbarous! but not my fault, I swear. I never injured him. I have more than once tried to be reconciled. Our fathers began it when we were boys, and he has persisted in willful malice. But it cuts me to the heart, Veronica. What a poor unhappy dog he must be, in that black old house, with nothing but hate for Christmas company! We've had some merry Christmas-times together—poor Phil! poor Phil!"

He broke down with a sob.

"Oh, go to him, poor miserable man!" she cried. "Tell him you are sorry. Don't let to-morrow's sun rise on this old dreadful feud. Go and make friends!"

He looked at her dully, hesitating, but said at last:

"Impossible! You don't know what you ask, child. Go to meet what? Insult and cursing? Never! It may be easy for women to do such things, but for men—"

He paused, staring darkly at the fire. Veronica sprang up, holding the child to her breast with one hand, while she laid the other pleadingly on her husband's arm. Then all at once she started back with a low scream.

"Oh, there's blood—blood!" she gasped, shrinking, "on your shirt—your cheek—your hands! Oh, the dreadful stains! His blood or yours? Tell me—his blood or yours?"

"Ah, yes; I felt it on my cheek," he made answer, trying to laugh. "Don't be foolish, Vera. It's Phil's blood, poor crazy fellow! His face was bleeding—scratched either by me or the brambles, I suppose. There, child, I'll wash it off."

He went to the wash-stand and washed his hands and face, but the red stains on his linen still remained. "It will soon be bedtime; let one undressing do for all," he said.

Vera meanwhile laid the baby in its crib, and, standing by the fire, watched him, shivering. Nervous, timid, morbidly afraid of rough passions and scenes, she always sickened at sight of blood. Christmas Eve was sadly spoiled for her now.

When the washing was done and he came again to her side, she said timidly:

"And you will go?"

"To Philip Gordon? No, sweetheart, not even for your dear sake. Come, don't look so woe-begone, child. Let us forget all this hateful business, and spend our Christmas Eve here by the fire in peace."

But there was not to be much peace or happiness for them that night. Not an hour later, while they sat in resolutely cheerful talk, in which Veronica's fright was beginning to fade away, there came a sound of low eager voices and men's footsteps outside the window hard by, and then Mr. Redesdale's name was sharply called. He sprang up and went thither. Veronica, with her usual nervous cowardice, rushed after him.

"Oh, what is it? Who is it?" she whispered, clinging to his arm.

"You little goose, don't be scared; I'll soon find out. Some strolling darkies expecting Christmas drams, most likely."

As he spoke, he raised the window and bent from it. Just outside and below stood three men, neighbors, well known to him. There was shade from crowding trees and shrubbery around, but he recognized them and saw that they bore amongst them what seemed the helpless body of a man.

"What is it?" he asked.

"It is Mr. Phil Gordon, sir," said one, touching his hat as he spoke. "Something has happened to him, I'm afeard. We found him just now, me an' these boys, by the field stile over yonder. He's powerful bloody, an' been hit on the head; an' I think he's dead, sir."

"Merciful God!" exclaimed Redesdale. There was silence for several moments, then he added hoarsely: "Go around to the door; I am coming."

He dropped the window and started to leave the room; but the little lady, who listening behind had heard all, rushed after him, got between him and the door, faced him with uplifted hands.

"Wait!" she said, in a whisper, yet with something of command. "Wait! Let me!"

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She drew his coat together over the stained shirt-bosom, buttoning it closely to the neck with trembling yet resolute fingers. Did he understand her meaning? Who knows? As it was, he looked down at her strangely the while, as if in dark confusion —like one who realizes for the first time, or afresh after partial forgetfulness, the depth and blackness of some terrible abyss; then, putting her gently aside, he opened the door and walked out.

In the hall stood the men, silent, in awe of the ghastly thing they had laid on a sofa full under the swinging lamp. It was a dead body—no mistaking that, after the first glance: with fallen jaws, and stark helpless hands outspread. The rumpled hair was clotted with blood, and over the sharp thin features—set in death—had run a little stream of the same. Terribly changed it must have been since he last looked thereon, not two hours ago; but Mr. Redesdale knew too well the face of his cousin and old playmate—his late bitter foe, Philip Gordon.

"We come across him awhile ago, sir," said the former spokesman, "layin' this way, right there by the stile. It's been done with a stick or somethin' heavy, and from behind, I reckon. It ought to bring hanging on somebody. We fetched him here, sir, as you are his near kin, and nobody at the other place to see him laid out decent—poor gentleman! I remember when he was a little fellow, sir—Lord help us all! this here's a horrid thing."

Mr. Redesdale stood speechless for some moments, shuddering as he gazed. He too remembered.

"Men," he said at last, hoarsely, "I and this man were not friends—we were enemies; you know that. Well, we met at that very stile to-night, and had hard words and a fight. I struck him, and was struck back. We fought, but like men, with our fists and in hot blood. Do any of you think that I left him like this?"

They looked at each other curiously, darkly questioning for one moment, then at him—so nobly tall, upright, and manly—and spoke all three with one accord:

"No, sir; not you."

"Thank you," he said. "Before God, I am innocent of this. But I would give every cent I am worth to bring back the last two hours."

Perhaps through forgetfulness he did not tell them what he had washed from his hands, or unbutton his coat to show them what Veronica had hidden. And meanwhile, as they gazed and talked in that first shocked inaction. Mrs. Redesdale knelt just within her closed bed-room door, deadly cold, sick and trembling, hating herself for the horrid suspicion that yet would not be gone. Tortured with fear of she knew not what, she knelt and vainly strove to pray.

II.

It was just a year from the night of which I have written—another and very different Christmas Eve. Warm cloudy weather had prevailed for some time before; the earth quite bare of snow, with cedar and holly making only a darker shade in the general green; and not one good sharp honest frost, not one snow-flake or ice-film to emphasize the wintry season. "A green Christmas makes a fat grave-yard," said many wiseacres, with sadly shaking heads. And some whispered among themselves that one probable victim of the unhealthy season, one person destined to fill an early grave, would be Mrs. Harry Redesdale.

There was no doubt that she had paled and fallen away during the last year. Her eyes had grown larger and more wistful, her form more childishly small. Her husband seemed strangely blind to the change; but then, she had never been heard to complain, and she had no sister or near woman frjend to warn him that there might be danger. But a change there certainly was.

Philip Gordon's murder was still, as from the first, a mystery. No clue had been found; though, as his watch and purse were not with the body, it was supposed that some passing desperate tramp had killed and robbed him. Suspicion of Mr. Redesdale, though conceived by some at first, was hardly thought of afterward. "His character would not admit of it," all said. And yet he too, like his wife, had changed since that Christmas Eve one year ago. He had grown silent and moody, given to walking and musing sadly alone. "There, little one, don't fret about me. I'm all right, or will be sometime," he said more than once, when he caught her eyes strangely set upon him; thus stopping the question that ever struggled for speech on her lips, that terrible

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question that was wasting her life away, torturing her heart—the question of his own possible guilt. They never spoke of Philip Gordon's death to each other; but Mr. Redesdale muttered the name in his sleep and addressed it to blank space in his dark day-dreams, and it had settled as a plague-spot in Veronica's brain. The once living enemy had become, when dead, a far more dangerous, secret, and dividing foe. For the question was not asked; and, as she brooded upon it, more and more distraught thereby, more and more bent toward her own terror-shaped idea, a certain vague resolve began to take shape of purpose in her mind.

It was ten o'clock on Christmas Eve. They were early people, the Redesdales, and the house was already quiet for the night. The master went to bed and to sleep even earlier than usual, tired out by a long ride that day. The baby Veronica was tucked away in her cot, the nurse snoring in her own little chamber; only the mistress was left alone and wakeful by the bed-room fire.

There was no Christmas greenery about the walls to-night. Veronica had not thought of it, nor of hanging up her baby's stockings, nor was the keen expectancy in her eyes that of Christmas joys. When Mr. Redesdale went to bed, she shaded the candle on the mantel-shelf, and waited till his deep regular breathing gave token of sound sleep; then she arose, and, with light noiseless motion, took the child—fast asleep the while—from its bed, dressed it in warm clothing, and laid it softly back again. Her own dress she added to for comfort, as one who expected to brave the chill of a winter night; then she took from a drawer a small satchel, and from the same place some money and various trinkets—a diamond pin and ear-rings, a bracelet, and two or three rings. The money and jewels she put in her bosom, and closed the drawer carefully.

On the mantel, full in view, she placed a note directed to her husband; after which preparations, she paused as if uncertain, in the middle of the floor.

Mr. Redesdale was sleeping profoundly at the opposite end of the large room, his face very fair in its repose, one hand relaxed outside the coverlet. Gazing at him with strange intent eyes, stern yet yearning, in mingled pity and fear and love, there came over her face suddenly the look of one aware, as never till then, of the horror and dreadfulness of something she had to do. Shuddering, she looked around with a sort of crazed confusedness, then she crept to the bed, sank on her knees beside it, and kissed passionately again and again her husband's hand.

"Oh, forgive me! forgive me!" she whispered. The next moment, she started up, adding huskily: "It is stained! it is stained!"

He smiled in his sleep at first, then moved with fitful restlessness, frowned, and muttered. "Go away, Phil," were the words she caught; "let me alone. I gave you fair warning. There! Let me alone."

The hand she had just laid down clenched fiercely, as if to strike. She shuddered, rose, and turned away, no longer irresolute.

What followed was done with quick yet calm decision that the most iron-nerved executioner might have envied. She put on her cloak, bonnet, and a thick veil; took the still sleeping child upon one arm, the satchel on the other—carefully avoiding another look at her husband's face, meanwhile—blew out the candle, and, by the fading firelight, left the room; then felt her way noiselessly out of the house, through a side door. The weather, as I have said, had been singularly mild; but a sudden change had come to-night. As she stepped out into the darkness, a bitter north-east wind met her, blowing snow-flakes, cold and fine as powdered ice, against her cheek; but she did not turn back.

Mr. Redesdale slept on about two hours after this secret departure, till after the clock struck one—to be awakened at last by a knock at the bed-room door and the sound of his own name eagerly called in muffled tones.

"Marse Harry! Marser, is you 'wake?" said the voice.

And he drowsily answered: "Well?"

"Ole Uncle Humpback Billy's mighty low, marser," went on the voice, impressively, through the key-hole. "He gwine mighty fast, sir, an' kyan't live till mornin', an' he keep on axin' an' beggin' to see you, sir."

"Ah!" said the master, now wide awake and rising in much concern. "I'll be there in a minute, Tom. You just wait and keep quiet, so as not to wake your mistress."

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Veronica sometimes slept on a cot across the chamber, with the child. Supposing them both asleep there now, he dressed as fast and as quietly as possible in the dark, and slipped out, gently closing the door behind him. A few minutes later, he stood by the death-bed in old Billy's cabin.

The old hunchback negro had been ailing for some weeks, and Mr. Redesdale knew now, at first sight of his ashy face and sunken eyes, that the end was near. A crowd of negroes stood around the bed, their usual interest in such scenes as this increased to fever-heat by the idea—gathered from Uncle Billy's reiterated prayers to see the master—that some confession, something perhaps long hidden, sinful, even horrible, was to be heard. Mr. Redesdale took one of the skinny black hands that was picking at the bed-clothes, and, as he did so, the eyes so dim before flashed back to life and eagerly met his own.

"Well, Uncle, here I am, and glad to be of any help or comfort to you. We must all take our turn at dying, some day. Is there anything you want to say to me?"

Whether the old man saw the black faces peering around him is doubtful; his eyes were set on that fair, kind, handsome one bending from above.

"Been wantin' to see you, marser, right long time," he gasped. "Want to tell you somethin' I done. I's feard to go down to hell fo' I tells anybody—down deep in de fire."

"I am listening. What is it?" asked Mr. Redesdale, with a sudden chill adown his body as he heard.

"I kilt Marse Phil Gordon. I knock him in de head, larst Christmas Eve 'way gone. Ole Billy kilt him."

"What! you?" exclaimed Redesdale, in horror. "You killed him? And for what? What grudge had you against him, you poor old sinner?"

The old negro clung to his master's hand.

"Don't be hard on me, Marse Harry. I done it to sarve you, dat I love ever since you wuz little boy. I done it 'cause he wuz so 'sultin an' mean to you. Lemme tech you while I tells it out, an' mebbe he kyarn't pull me down so farst in de fire. I come down de fence-side, dat night, hobblin' wid my big stick, 'long dat little parf. I stop in de fence-corner an' lis'en while you an' him wuz cussin' an' talkin', an' arter while you fit. Den you walk off so proud-like, an' lef' him—an' me in de fence-corner, waitin'. An' I wuz mad 'cause you hadn't kilt him dead, an' I hated him like p'ison. He sot on dat stile arter you gone, mutterin' to hisself. An' I wuz studyin' 'bout how mean he done treated you, an' you his own blood kin. I 'membered how he tole lies on you all round de country, an' how he stop up de road we uster to go, frough his lan', an' how he made his niggers pen up we-all's stray cattle in de blazin' sun, widout one drop o' water, dat summer-time. An' den I wuz crazy mad, an' I say to myself: 'You'll nebber git no mo' chance to worry Marse Harry,' an' I creeps up behind, easy, an' hit him wid my big oak stick right hard on de head."

A murmur of horror broke from the listening negroes.

"Go on," said the master, huskily, seeing Uncle Billy's eyes growing vacant again.

"I didn't hit him agin, an' fo' God! he wuz easy kilt. He give 'bout two or free groans, an' was stone dead. I tuck his watch an' little money-pus', an' fotch 'em home—an' dey's under dis here bed, an' my stick too—so people done think somebody kilt him to git 'em. I was glad and proud at de fust, an' mos' wanted to brag; but it done 'pear mighty black to me since."

Mr. Redesdale staid by the bedside, exhorting to repentance and trying to pray for the dying wretch, whose soul presently passed away in more seeming ease than many a less burdened one. Then, glad to escape, the master went out into the night.

He was greatly excited by what had passed, bringing back as it did with fresh vividness last year's tragedy and his own bitter regret for the fate of one once loved, but last parted from in hatred and strife. Of his own clearance from suspicion, he never once thought, as that had never troubled him from the night when Gordon's dead body was found. Surely no one could have thought him guilty! He had dismissed that possibility long ago; but the fact was bad enough, and now he knew himself to be, however undesignedly, the cause.

He resolved not to disturb Veronica till daylight, which must now be near at hand; but to go back home and wait for it was impossible. He could not sleep; he must

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walk about—anywhere, anyhow. A sudden desire seized him to visit the scene, some distance off, of Philip Gordon's murder. It was much out of his way to the house, and out of sight therefrom: a lonely spot in a hollow, with bare fields sloping down to the little grove of willows that grew around a spring, hard by which was the stile.

The snow had ceased falling, and the first light of dawn was reflected in strange ghostly fashion from the white ground. It was the hour when life-blood flows slowest, coldest; when vitality ebbs low; when souls often take flight from the failing body; when courage is weakest, and the barriers thinnest between the living and the dead. And, coming down the lonely hill-path, feeling the influence of time and place, with nerves all quivering and overstrung by what he had so lately heard, Mr. Redesdale became aware of a figure, white as the snow around it, sitting on the fatal stile. There it sat on the lower step, just where he had left his cousin one year ago this night, vaguely outlined in the gray light, but still, past doubting, there.

He paused, chilled and rigid, as one of old who said of himself: "A spirit passed before my face, and the hair of my head stood up." This for some moments; then, with returning manly instinct, he ran forward.

No spirit was here, haunting the scene of its violent ejectment from the body; no ghost, but a woman in long cloak and veil, whitened over with snow, sitting there clasping under her cloak something to her bosom. She started and shrunk as he drew near, but did not speak.

"Who are you?" he asked, "and why here in this weather and at this hour?"

She trembled exceedingly, but was silent.

"Who are you?" repeated Redesdale, "and can I help you in any way?"

There was still no answer, but the veiled woman was shaking from head to feet. Seized by a sudden wild idea or flash of recognition, he sprung to her side, grasped her almost fiercely, tore off her veil, and beheld—his wife!

"What! you?" he cried. "Veronica!" And, still grasping her shoulder, he drew back the cloak and saw the child. "In heaven's name, why did you come here and when?" he asked, breathlessly.

She moaned and shrunk from him.

"Oh, don't be cruel to me! Don't kill me too!" she said at last. "You must know—you must feel—why I wanted to go far away—to leave you. We could not live as we were. I would be far on the way now, but I slipped and hurt myself dreadfully at this—at this very place where you—"

"Where I did what?"

"Where you killed him—Philip Gordon!" she wailed. "Oh, it has haunted me—driven me mad; for I knew it all the time, so half the guilt was mine. And I loved you all the same; but we could not go on living the old way, as if nothing had happened. That seemed to make it all the more wicked. I could not rest or sleep by day or night, and so tried to leave you."

He stared at her, dumb in his turn, feeling less resentment than amaze, with a great swell of pity at his heart, and with a sense of former blindness growing in his mind.

"And you thought this of me?" he said, presently. "Poor child! have we lived together and known each other all our lives for this? Veronica, I have just come from the death-bed of him who did kill Gordon. Did the blood on my hands, that night a year ago, stain your conscience so black for me?"

"Innocent?" she said, in a sharp strained whisper. "Innocent? Ah! my God, how I have sinned against you! Oh, forgive!"

She made the effort to kneel; but her broken ankle gave way, and she fell face down in the snow, a little pitiful heap at his feet. There was a cry of anguish she could not suppress, a scream from the waked and frightened child. Mr. Redesdale stooped and and lifted them both in his arms.

"I too must ask forgiveness," he said, brokenly. "I might have guessed, if I had once thought. I treated you like a child, and you have wasted to a shadow before my eyes. But you know now! There will be peace and good-will for us again."

He carried her and the child in his strong arms, feeling the weight all too light, with thankfulness and loving and forgiving awe. And, as they went home across the snowy fields, there came a glory in the east, revealing a clear blue heaven with clouds melting away into blushes, rosily reflected from a pure white world beneath. And up rose the sun of another Christmas Day.

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WITH SKATES AND SLEDGES.

BY HARRIET LATHAM.

A WONDER ON SKATES.

I AM so devoted to skating, sliding, tobogganing, and every other form of amusement which ice and snow make possible, that it was a terrible privation when, a couple of winters ago, I was forbidden by the tyrannical doctors from joining in any single one of these diversions.

I had had the misfortune to sprain my ankle late in the autumn, and the provoking cords, sinews, or whatever portion of the anatomy of my pedal extremity may have been injured remained as slow about getting back to their normal suppleness and strength as if they had belonged to some one of the numerous obstinate men of my acquaintance, instead of to my always-amenable-to-reason feminine self.

But of course I could not keep indoors, and, every day when the skating was good, I used to drive up to Central Park to watch the hundreds of folk of all ages flying about as fast as so many Mercuries.

The children especially were my delight, and a good many, strangers as well as acquaintances, proved good-natured enough to give me an opportunity to add their portraits to the pages of my sketch-book.

I was never tired of admiring the graceful girl whom I christened "A Wonder on Skates," as an appropriate appellation in the lack of information as to her real name. I never ventured to beg her to sit, or rather stand, while I sketched her, but I managed to get a very fair likeness without her knowledge.

She was about thirteen, to judge from her appearance, and she wore the daintiest possible costume of gray cloth and black velvet, and had a perfect glory of golden hair streaming down from under her cap. She was accompanied and carefully guarded by a most melancholy-faced man of thirtyfive, who looked like Hamlet attired in modern dress. It was quite plain, however, that his youthful charge stood in no awe of his gloom, for she chatted with him—no, to him, because he seldom spoke—in the most free and easy manner.

Of course, my friends and I decided that he was a widower and that "Wonder" was his one ewe lamb. Indeed, I invented quite a moving romance, in which I grew firmly to believe, about some tragic fate that had overtaken his wife when this girl was a baby. One day, I pointed the pair out to an acquaintance and related my condensed novel with great pathos. I have never been so much attached to that lady as I was before, because she cruelly pulled my pretty tale to bits, and utterly destroyed the halo of poetry which my imagination had woven about the unknown couple. The gentleman was the little girl's uncle, and skated every day under the doctor's orders, as a remedy for a severe attack of dyspepsia. I am not actually a vindictive person, but I do not like to have my little romances ruthlessly dispelled; and I could not feel so sorry as I ought, when,

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soon after she had spoiled my story, that accurate matter-of-fact lady slipped and ignominiously measured her length on the ice, to the amusement of a score of on-lookers.

There was a most delightful small person whose acquaintance I made, and who stood as quiet as a little angel while I sketched her, though she was always so well wrapped up that she looked more like a tiny Esquimaux than the conventional cherub. She managed her own sled with great skill, and I once saw her come off victorious in a battle royal with two larger children, who presumed on their size and the fact of being her cousins to try and take possession of her treasure for a while.

The little Esquimaux and I became great friends, and she had a faculty of saying things in a more original fashion than any child I have encountered for a long while. One day, in shaking my pocket-handkerchief as I stood by the fire in one of the waiting-rooms, I shook several chocolate caramels into the coals, and they gave out a very agreeable odor of boiling sugar. The Esquimaux came in at the moment, and, after a preparatory and gratified sniff, asked abruptly:

"What is that thmell I thmell?"

"I don't know," I replied; "what is it like?"

"Oh," she said, after another sniff, "I can't think of the name of it, but I've eaten that thmell a hundred times."

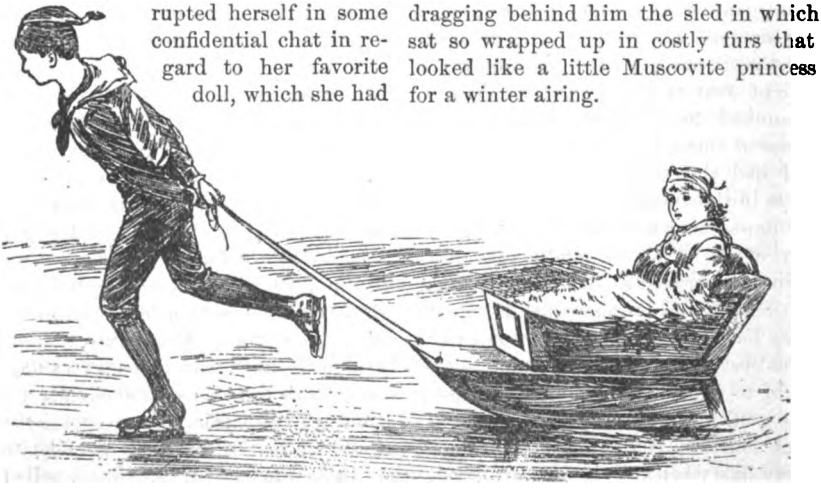
One day, she interrupted herself in some confidential chat in regard to her favorite doll, which she had brought out for a sled-ride, to ask if I knew her grandpa, and, when I suggested that I could tell better if I heard his name, she told it, adding:

"He was the mayor, you know; but they took the mayor out of him awhile ago, and he was glad to get rid of it."

Poor little Esquimaux, she disappeared one day from the gay scene, and I learned with real regret that she had suddenly lost her invalid mother and been hurried off to Jamaica to live with some relatives. I felt sure that her orphanage must take an added weight and bitterness through this banishment to a land in which there was no use for skates or sledges.

THE LITTLE ESQUIMAUX.

Little Don Pedro was another of my favorites; I christened him so the first day we met, and I could not change the name, simply because I learned that it had no resemblance whatever to his real one. He was the most chivalrous and knightly of small boys, and his devotion to a pretty-faced little lame sister was touching to behold. He would fly about on his skates, dragging behind him the sled in which she sat so wrapped up in costly furs that she looked like a little Muscovite princess out for a winter airing.



LITTLE DON PEDRO.

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The urgent invitation of a relative called me to St. Paul, and I arrived there in season to be a spectator of the delightful Ice Carnival, which in that very progressive city rivals, if it does not surpass, the glory with which the season is celebrated in Montreal.

There were countless pictures that I longed to transfer to my book, and, though I succeeded in sketching a good many, my desire was by no means fully satisfied. Among the prettiest groups were the two children with the goat-sledge. The pair were cousins; he was a charmingly manly small cavalier, and his charge the most arrant little coquette imaginable. I must not forget to chronicle the surprising intelligence of Doctor Faustus, the goat. The creature fully deserved his distinguished title; he could do everything except speak our human language, and that very likely he could have done had he chosen—at all events, he understood it perfectly.

An Ice Queen was to a certain extent a contribution of my own to the Carnival; at least, the pretty damsel seated in the chair was a youthful relative who accompanied me on my visit. The two little girls were the daughters of our hostess, and the pair of boys were their nearest neighbors and most intimate friends. The four were never weary of ministering to the pleasure of the young guest, and I must say she took most kindly to the attention and admiration she received, although I am glad to be able to add that they did not have the effect of rendering her either tyrannical or capricious, as so much bowing-down-to would have done a great many persons of hers or any other age.

The toboggan-slide of which I give a sketch was one of the lesser affairs intended for the benefit of the smaller children, and I never wearied watching the delight they had therein. Crowds of little girls and boys were always gathered about it, and their shouts and laughter were pleasant to hear—at a suitable distance. I wish it to be understood, though, that this proviso does not necessarily imply any disagreeable insinuation; those sweetest of all sounds, bell-chimes, are all the sweeter for being listened to a little way off.

THE GOAT-SLEDGE.

I think, among all the sports, tobogganing afforded the children the most thoroughly ecstatic amusement. I never saw youngsters go so wild over any sport, unless it might be English boys playing hockey on the ice in Regent's Park in London. But tobogganing had the advantage that girls could join in it; and, without any wish to praise the boys of our own land at the expense of those of other countries, I am bound to say, after a good deal of time spent in foreign climes, that, in their treatment of little girl playmates, American boys undoubtedly carry off the palm.

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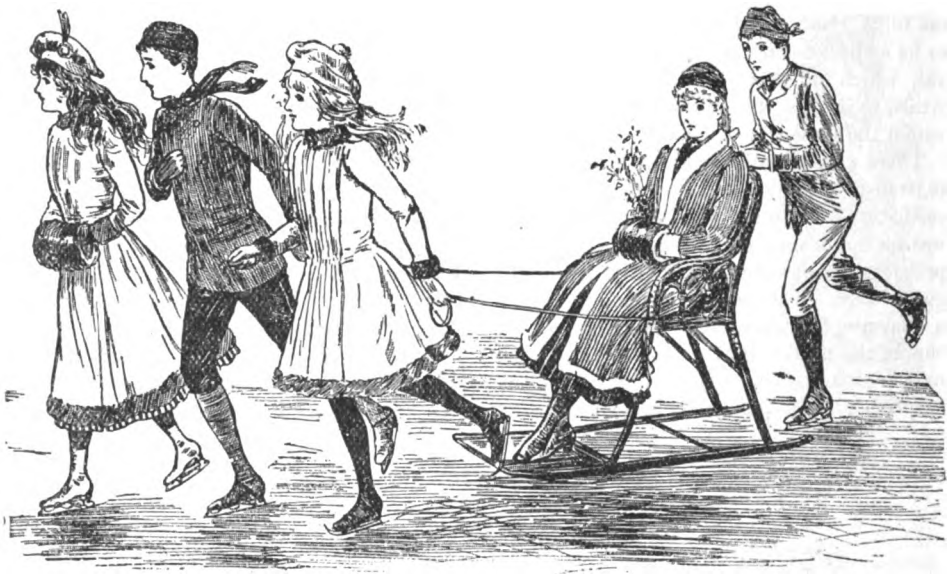

AN ICE QUEEN.

They are too often abominably conceited and opinionated, as well as far too old for their years, and the English lads are nicer in certain ways; but it must be admitted—unless by their feminine relatives—that the British youth is apt to appear very dull, heavy, and awkwardly shy by the side of his trans-Atlantic connection. French boys are usually horrible little wretches, having somehow an unpleasant suggestion about their movements, and even looks, of their prehistoric ancestors. But the principal reason why I condemn French boys is because, when it comes to a fight—a regular fisticuff battle—they resort to all sorts of unworthy devices, and scratch and pull hair instead of dealing good honest blows "straight out from the shoulder."

Hockey is a very jolly game, though an exceedingly rough one when boys get excited

THE TOBOGGAN-SLIDE.

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over it, and I am a firm believer in plays in which both sexes share. But then, I have advanced opinions, and think that boys and girls should sit by side in school, that the companionship and friendly rivalry in which studies are concerned should be carried on through the course at college or university.

But, though there may still be found a good many persons who would differ from this opinion, everybody will agree with me when I say that girls and boys ought to play together as much as possible. To my thinking, this arrangement is vitally necessary to the boy's proper bringing up. Girls get on very well without masculine companions of their own age; of course they like such, but the being deprived thereof does not militate against their good manners. But boys brought up without the society of girls stop short at the savage stage out of which any clear-sighted and unprejudiced person cannot help seeing we women—mothers, wives, and sisters—have by much patience and toil succeeded in lifting the average man.

HOCKEY ON THE ICE.

THE NIGHT WIND.

BY S. Q. LAPIUS.

LAUGHING and crying, the Night Wind came
Over the hills from the boundless West,
Sounding the trump of immortal fame,
Bearing a message of sin and shame
Or a sigh from a childless mother's breast
Laughing that life is a summer's day,
Crying that men grow old and gray!

Rejoicing and sobbing, the Night Wind sped
Over the hills to the distant East,
Sobbing with those who were watching the dead,
With the fatherless one that was crying for bread,
And rejoicing with those at the marriage feast;
Sobbing that life is a brittle span,
Rejoicing that 'tis not the all of man!

Coming and going, the Night Wind said:
"I laugh with the living, careless and gay;
I sigh for the dying and weep o'er the dead,
And rejoice with those that are newly wed,
And sorrow with those that watch and pray—
For the current of life gleams bright in the sun,
Then swift through the dismal shades must run!"

A WISH.

BY ANNA WHITTIER WENDELL.

WHEN I am dead, I want no broken column
Or bending seraphim or antique cross,
To mark my sleep.
It were not rest, if o'er my tired heart
Were piled the richest marble Pisa yields;
But if I knew that 'mid the clover-blooms
A hand I love was plucking sweets for me,
And, with a tear, a kiss, and promise of return,
Laid them upon my breast—
That, dear, were rest.

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THE GAP BETWEEN.

BY FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

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CONCLUDED FROM PAGE 441.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE next morning, John was called out soon after breakfast; but he returned in the course of an hour, and staid with me till the middle of the afternoon.

Shortly after four o'clock, he was summoned to one of his patients up Yellow Creek way. Uncle Jack had gone on an errand for me, so my husband had to saddle his own horse. I walked to the stables with him, and stood leaning on the fence, watching as he rode off along the narrow road which wound up among the hills.

When he was out of sight, I went back through the house to the lawn, where Uncle Jack joined me in great distress.

"Laws, Miss Amy!" he said. "To think de doctor had to done gone saddle his hoss he's self! I'se mighty sorry; and Chloe she's been a-goin' on as ef I'd done it a pu'pose—she's powerful agarabatin' sometimes, Chloe is!"

"The doctor didn't mind," I replied; "I told him I had sent you down to Mrs. Forrest's."

"Wal, ye sees, Miss Amy, I staid longer'n I would, 'case de leetle gal was trying to split up kindlin'-wood, and she seemed more likely to split her own self, so I jis' buckled to and slivered her enough to last a week."

"That was very kind of you, Uncle Jack—very kind," I replied, emphatically; for, in spite of being a bit of a philosopher, the old fellow liked his good deeds to meet with due appreciation.

"It's jis' like Chloe; I of'en tells her she's as bad as the speckled heifer fur jumpin' afore she looks," he observed, as he shuffled off, probably with the intention of overwhelming the kitchen-magnate by repeating my words. He turned back after taking a few steps, and added: "I made sho' de doctor wasn't gwine out agin; I tole sev'al pussons so when they arsked."

"Why did they ask?"

"De Lord knows—foolishness, I reckon; they'se allays arskin' questions. Don' git much out ob Uncle Jack, though!" he chuckled. "Yer ain't gwine into de village, Miss Amy?"

"No, not to-day."

"Wal, I wouldn't, 'tain't a good day fur ladies to be out," he said, with a patronizing air; "nor yaller gals nuther, as I tole our Ruby when I met her down by de storehouse."

"What is going on, Uncle Jack?"

"Dar's a heap o' rafts come down, and they'se tied up to stay over Sunday and let de ribber lower a leetle more; and de fellars they'se gittin' drunk as fast as they can," he explained.

The mill-owners up the stream had taken advantage of the unusual freshet to send to market the lumber which they had expected to be obliged to leave unremunerative till autumn.

The raftsmen were a wild reckless set, and their spring and autumn visits were always dreaded, because for some reason they almost invariably stopped over-night in the village, and fights and disturbances were certain to take place.

On one occasion, James Hornby had gone boldly in among them and checked a quarrel which had begun between two men, but was rapidly widening into a general battle. The courage he displayed had established him as a great favorite with them all. Numbers kept up the habit of visiting him, and would bring all manner of presents, from coarse stocking-yarn—invariably of a bilious drab or a muddy blue—to splint-baskets which

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never would hold together, and wonderfully ornamented pats of butter which even the negroes declined to eat, though they liked that article of diet to possess what Uncle Jack called a "flaviyor"—but the butter made by the wives of the raftsmen was too much even for their palates.

After Uncle Jack had gone, I went on weeding my flower-beds in a mechanical fashion, while my thoughts strayed off into the gloomy depths of evil presentiment and anticipation, which no ray of hope brightened any more than a gleam of sunshine could penetrate the recesses of a cavern.

I was roused from my reverie by the tread of feet, and, looking down the road, I saw quite a troop of men coming up from the village. At the same moment, Ruby flew through the orchard and appeared in the veranda, calling breathlessly:

"Oh, Miss Amy—oh!"

I hastened up the garden-path, and, as I mounted the steps, she dropped in a heap on the floor, her brown face a sickly yellow, her great black eyes wild with fright, and her teeth chattering so that she could not articulate a distinct word.

"What in heaven's name is the matter, Ruby?" I cried.

"Whar—whar's Marse John?" she managed to stammer.

"He is not at home," I answered.

"Bress de Lord!" she moaned. "Bress de Lord! I done gone thought he was hyar! Oh, Miss Amy, Miss Amy—he's away, shoh?"

"Yes; he went up the Yellow Creek road to Mr. Stone's, an hour ago. I don't know when he will be back."

"Bress de Lord!" she repeated, and, half raising herself from the floor, pointed toward the road, adding in an unearthly whisper: "Don' ye see 'em? Dar dey come—look! look!"

I turned and looked out toward the high-road, growing sick with horror as the approach of those men, whom I could see through the trees, took a new significance to my mind.

"They are raftsmen," was all I said.

A deathly chill spread through my whole frame, which seemed turning me to ice; and I could hear that my very voice sounded slow and difficult, as if passing through lips half frozen. I was able to take note of these sensations as if I possessed a double self; one part of me appeared to be watching the other in dull surprise that it should be taken unawares and startled before the fulfillment of the warning which had been growing stronger and stronger with each succeeding day since the first thunderbolt burst in the cloudless sky of our happiness.

I heard Ruby repeat my words in her own way:

"Dey's raftsmen, shoh, Miss Amy!"

"Where are they going?" I asked, though there was no necessity to put the question, as that pitiless second self quickly informed me. No necessity indeed, for the foremost group had reached the entrance to our grounds and stopped there, waiting evidently for the rest to join them.

"See 'em! see 'em!" sobbed Ruby. "Oh, Miss Amy! they'se a-comin' hyar—comin' hyar! Look at 'em—look!"

"What for? What do they want?" I questioned.

"Oh, don' ye know? Can't ye think?" cried Ruby. "Dey'se a-comin' for Marse John—bress de Lord, he's gone! I heerd, down in the village, w'at dey was up to, and I footed it through the orcherd to get ahead and tell him. What'll we do, Miss Amy—what'll we do?"

CHAPTER XVII.

A RESOLVE, hot and fiery, suddenly shivered the ice which had locked my faculties. I was neither sluggish nor frightened; somewhere within me rose strength to meet this crisis—I felt as thoroughly prepared as if I had had ample time for reflection. It may sound unwomanly, but there was a sense of relief in the fact that the dreadful inaction of the past fortnight was to be temporarily broken. At least, it will not sound unwomanly when I add that the certainty my husband was beyond their reach sent a warm thrill to my heart, and with the exultation roused by this assurance came the thought that I must find means to turn the coming encounter to some use. I must convince these men of their mistake; make them understand and believe the truth, and so enlist on our side the lawless element which might otherwise render the remaining time of our probation one of absolute physical peril: might even make necessary an appeal for protection to the

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law-abiding portion of the community—a protection they must grant, however sorely they judged or belied us. But, even as the reflection rose, I felt that nothing would be so hard as to appeal for assistance to those who had condemned my husband in advance.

"Oh, whar'll we go? whar'll we go?" I heard Ruby moan, as she crouched closer to my feet.

"Come into the house, Ruby—come at once!" I ordered, taking hold of her arm and forcing her to rise.

She misunderstood the meaning of my command, and ran into the sitting-room before me, exclaiming:

"You're right, Miss Amy—dat's the thing to do! We must shet de doors and bar de winders; I'll call Chloe to help. Oh, Lord! ef we can on'y be fastened up afo' dey get here!"

"You are not to touch a door—not a window," I answered. "Stop, I say!" For she had begun tugging at the shutters in a frantic manner. "Do you hear me? Stop!"

"Massy sakes alive!" groaned the girl, but stopped at once and stood staring at me with wide open eyes. I suppose something of the resolution which nerved me showed in my face, for Ruby ceased her sobs and said in a whisper: "What be ye gwine to do, Miss Amy?"

"To stay where I am; to meet them," I replied.

Ruby gave a little gasp and glanced toward the road. The men had turned out of the turnpike and were moving up the road which ran past the left side of the house—a private road, in fact: though, as it led into the Yellow Creek road further up and considerably shortened the distance, it was allowed to be a common highway.

"Hyar they come! Why, thar's a rig'lar rigiment! Oh, Miss Amy, come away!" whispered Ruby.

"You needn't stop," I said; "go and hide, if you like, and take Chloe with you. I want to meet these men—they won't hurt me; but, in any case, I would not stir—I am not afraid."

"Massy on us!" rejoined Ruby, with an hysterical laugh. She stood watching me, her terror momentarily overpowered by her astonishment at my proceedings. A little table was set in one of the open windows, with a sewing-basket on it; I pulled an easy-chair up, seated myself, and took out some needle-work.

"Massy on us!" Ruby again ejaculated.

"You'd better go," I said; "they will be here in a moment—they are almost at the side entrance."

"I ain't a-gwine—I ain't a-gwine one step!" pronounced Ruby, defiantly. "Ef ye're so brave, I kin be too! Laws, Miss Amy, yer look—why, yer look like dat ar picture in de parlor—Joanna ob de lark a-fightin' de Britishers."

I heard her, although I was watching the men while seeming busy with my needle—heard her through the hurry of my thoughts, that were arranging the words I meant to speak; and, even in the midst of my terrible anxiety for my absent husband, my wrath against his persecutors—not these ignorant men so much as those of a different class—the ludicrousness of her blunder struck me keenly.

On the men marched, three and four abreast; there were at least twenty of them. I could hear Ruby's breath come in gasps, but she kept her stand, with her eyes fastened on me; I suppose somehow my composure gave her strength.

The side gate clicked; then there was a pause, then the tramp of heavy feet on the graveled carriage-road that stretched to the end of the veranda.

"Here they be!" Ruby called, in a sharp whisper, retreating behind my chair.

I sat still; most of the men stopped near the porch, and, after a short consultation, four came forward to the foot of the steps. I did not stir even then, but looked quietly out at them; they were evidently somewhat taken aback by seeing me there—so undisturbed, to all appearance. They exchanged whispers, and, when the foremost man—a great hulking giant whom I had often seen, and whose name I knew to be Tim Volks—had been well nudged by his neighbors, he called out the greeting customary in that country any time after twelve o'clock in the day.

"Good-evening! Is the doctor about?"

I rose and went into the veranda, keeping my work in my hand.

"Good-evening," I responded. "What did you want?"

"Wal, we want to see the doctor, I

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reckon," the giant replied, somewhat abashed by the fixedness of my gaze.

"He is not at home," I said.

"Where is he?" one of the others asked.

"Gone to visit some patients."

There were more whispers, during which Tim Volks fell back from his prominent position, and I heard a voice say:

"I tell yer, he's in the house; he's hiding, and has sent the woman out to keep us talkin' while he gets away."

"We've got to see the doctor; jest you tell him so, ma'am," said the man who had inquired as to my husband's whereabouts. "We want to see him most partic'lar, and we must do it."

"Didn't you hear me say that my husband is not at home?" I rejoined, steadily.

"Bress de Lord!" I heard Ruby mutter, while the men in the background exchanged angry whispers, and those near Tim Volks were evidently urging him to speak.

"What do you want?" I asked, again looking full in his face. "Are any of you ill?"

"No, no," Volks replied, hesitatingly; "thar's nothin' the matter with us—leastways as to health, yer know."

"Speak up, Tim!" his nearest neighbors urged, in low tones, while the men behind pressed closer up, impatient of their spokesman's delay, though apparently not one among them found it easy to take the office on himself.

The crowd would have found tongues readily enough, had there been a man or a score of men before them; but to see a woman confronting them with quiet determination awed the whole party. They were all Americans, and the roughest and worst among them shrunk from putting their purpose into words.

"He's in thar somewhar," one man said, in an audible undertone; "he's thar, shoh."

"Then we've got to snake him out, if so be he won't come out," observed another.

"No wonder you are ashamed to say such cowardly things out loud," I said. "If you know my husband, you know that, if he had been in the house, he would have met you before you reached his gate."

Again they exchanged looks and mutterings.

"Ye see, ma'am, we don't want to talk to you," spoke up the man who had before questioned me.

"There is no one else here for you to talk to but women," I said; "a brave set you are, to come here to attack us!"

"We didn't go for to do it, we didn't!" cried a chorus of voices, in eager denial.

"We want Doctor Arthur," added the former speaker. "We didn't come here to have no words with women; but we want the doctor, and we've got to have him, shoh."

"I have told you he is not in the house," I replied.

"Wal, ye see, sometimes a woman she'll—she'll—"

"I should not take the trouble to tell you a falsehood," I interrupted.

"We kin find out for ourselves, anyhow," somebody suggested.

"Oh, if you choose to break into my husband's house during his absence, I cannot hinder you," I said. "We are only three women here; there is no one for you to be afraid of."

"We ain't gwine to break into nobody's house," Tim Volks said, hurriedly; "don't ye think it of us, ma'am. Boys, ye kint go agin what a lady says."

"Wal, we kin go and meet him," was the next suggestion, one which made my blood run cold. But I was not frightened; my resolution only gained strength. "Ruby," I said, quietly but in a tone which could be distinctly heard by every one of the troop, "you know how to saddle Whitefoot—go and do it! If these men go out to meet my husband, I ride at their head."

"By gum, but she's a plucky gal!" somebody cried, and a murmur of approval ran through the little crowd.

Having personally won their sympathy by proving that I was not afraid, I wanted to say something which would appeal to their better impulses and turn the current of their wrath before my husband returned; for I was certain now that, in the face of my threat to accompany them, the idea of going to meet him would be abandoned.

"Tell me outright what you want of Doctor Arthur," I said. "Mr. Volks, I know your name, so I address you. Don't hesitate; speak out plainly and tell me what you want of him."

But the giant did hesitate, and again uneasily shifted his weight from one leg to the other, twisted his fingers in the waistband of his trousers, and tried to avoid my gaze.

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"Go ahead!" "You make me tired!" "That's Tim Volks, every time!" were the disparaging comments with which his companions encouraged him.

"It must be a very shameful errand, when not a man among you has the courage to tell what it is!" I exclaimed.

"Yer see, Doctor Arthur he whipped the preacher," retorted the giant, "and the preacher's a friend o' our'n."

"He's got to pay fur it, he has!" somebody added.

"The minister is a bigger man than my husband," said I; "and you must all be frightened yourselves, when twenty men and more come against one."

A moment's silence followed this speech, broken only by the uneasy shuffling of feet, while each man glanced furtively at his neighbor.

"Oh, what's the use o' talkin' to a woman?" cried one, a sentiment which several echoed, though the majority seemed rather amused at my audacity.

"The use in this case is that you can hear the truth of the story, which you evidently have not yet heard," I said. "James Hornby received his horsewhipping from my husband because he insulted me. Mr. Volks, wouldn't you thrash a man who insulted your wife?"

"You bet!" rejoined Volks, emphatically, and his verdict received pretty general support; but a beetle-browed fellow, who had already made himself especially offensive by his manner and words, muttered gruffly:

"Wal, Volks, your woman is your wife, fa'r and squar'! Now, see, miss, the thing's hyar: Yer ort to go home—that's what the neighbors say—and leave that brigitted doctor to be dealt with by the law."

"Are you all as great cowards as that ruffian?" I asked.

The man was forced into silence; some blows were exchanged.

As soon as I could make myself heard, I went on:

"It is for the law to judge my husband, not for his neighbors nor you. It is a shame and a disgrace, this behavior! Get your senses back; remember that you are men. Some of you have wives and children—all have had mothers: for their sakes, go away and don't come here again. The court in Mayville will decide my husband's case; you have no right to interfere."

"I reckon she's hit us every time," Tim Volks exclaimed, "and she's about in the right. Come, boys—git!"

His sentiment met with almost unanimous approval; but I did not want them to leave until I could be certain that no violence would be attempted toward my husband.

However, before I could speak, Squire Leonard, accompanied by several of the leading gentlemen of the neighborhood, rode rapidly up the side road. I learned later that they had all been to Mayville, and, on their return, hearing what had happened, hastened at once to the house.

They sprang off their horses and crossed the lawn, lifting their hats to me as they approached.

"What do you chaps want here?" Squire Leonard demanded. "Go away as fast as you can, or I'll arrest the lot of you"

"Don't blame these ignorant men, Squire Leonard," said I; "their lawless act is the natural consequence of the example you and those with you have set. It is your conduct, that of James Hornby and of these others, all calling yourselves gentlemen, which has brought me this insult; the shame of it rests on you!"

Not a man could answer; and, to my intense satisfaction, I saw that James Hornby and one of his deacons had come up through the orchard and heard my words.

"Friends," James called to the crowd, "go away!"

"We're gwine," Volks answered; "yer see, minister, yer our partic'lar friend, and, when we heerd that Doctor Arthur had thrashed you like blazes—"

"The Lord will avenge the wrongs of His servant," James interrupted.

"And my husband avenged mine," said I. "James Hornby, you are the last person to reproach these men. It is lawless and wicked for them to attack a man's house, but not so vile and base as it was in you, a minister of the Gospel, to assail a man's wife."

He did not speak; there was a general confused silence for an instant, then Squire Leonard said to the raftsmen:

"Now disperse; and let me tell you, if there is any disturbance in the village to-night, you'll all spend a month in jail instead of going down the river to sell your lumber."

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The men began to slink away by twos and threes; the gentlemen bowed to me, and a Mr. Seaforth, the most prominent and richest of our neighbors, said courteously:

"Madam, I beg you to believe that we are all exceedingly sorry and shocked—"

"By your own conduct?" I interrupted, unable to restrain the tongue whose capabilities for bitter retort I had only lately learned. "It is rather late for that. So you would have punished those ignorant creatures for any violence? Then what punishment do you—gentlemen—deserve for condemning a neighbor without waiting for the law to decide on his case? That is what you have done, and these men only wanted to carry out your verdict."

Raftsmen and gentlemen alike beat a hasty retreat; I stood and watched them depart. As they reached the turnpike, I saw it seemed to me half the village—men, women, and children—coming up the road. Two horsemen rode in advance, and the whole crowd was apparently talking at once.

The party who had just left the house rode quickly forward to meet them; there was a brief parley, and many pushed on up our road in the wake of the two horsemen.

Then I heard my husband's name called; I ran out on the lawn, and saw him riding down the side route. I saw, too, that one of the new-comers was Will Philbrick; he was waving his hat and shouting like a maniac.

A mist gathered before my eyes; I did not faint, but I went back to the veranda and sat down on the steps—dumb, paralyzed, realizing that the mystery was cleared at last.

Then I knew I was in my husband's arms—many persons on the lawn—Will Philbrick drawing toward me a gentleman so strangely like my John that I stared in bewildered amazement—and I heard the stranger say in a loud voice:

"Friends, I am glad to clear your neighbor. I am John Arthur, too! The lady you buried in the church-yard yonder was my wife. Mrs. Milton and two other persons are now in the village, who can testify to these facts."

I heard the shout that succeeded his words, then I fainted. When I recovered, my husband and I were alone for a while with our happiness.

Will Philbrick had met Mr. Arthur in Denver, just starting for Virginia, as he had seen by the newspapers that his disappearance had implicated an innocent person.

His wife's confusion in regard to the identity of the two men was easily enough explained. She had traced her husband to Paris, but it was my husband's former residence which she discovered there; and, once on the wrong track, it had been John's course she persistently followed.

The man she sought was living all the while in Brazil, where he had gone after a very brief stay in France. He was an impulsive hot-tempered fellow, fond of change, and as reckless of consequences as he was of duty. His wife's exactions and caprices soon wore out his affection, and he determined to break loose from the bond which had grown so irksome. He evidently considered that, in having provided respectably for the woman he deserted, he had done all that was necessary on his part, and did not appear to regret the past.

But for the fortunate circumstance that business brought him to the United States about the time our troubles began, no tidings of the strait in which his mysterious conduct had placed another would have been likely to reach him until too late to prevent an unjust condemnation.

And my husband was justified!

I never saw James Hornby again; he left the neighborhood after voluntarily making from his pulpit a frank confession of the way in which his arrogance and uncharitableness had urged him on.

My mother offered her acknowledgment of her mistake in these characteristic words, when my husband and I went to see her:

"Sir, I am glad that in this instance you have vindicated yourself; I trust the future may prove you as worthy of my daughter's esteem as you appear in this matter."

But she softened a good deal as age crept toward her, though the exigencies of life prevented us from meeting often, as my husband soon accepted a brilliant professional opening in New York.

Last spring, we were in London, and, when I saw him courted and deferred to, I wondered if his admirers could have believed what a terrible ordeal had forged that marvelous self-control and perseverance which they praised as adding such lustre to his great talents.

[THE END.]

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WHAT AND HOW TO TEACH OUR DAUGHTERS.

BY ANNIE CURD.

"TEACH our daughters" is indeed a hackneyed theme. Our daily newspapers and monthly magazines often give up whole columns to lengthy treatises on the subject, but the object will never be attained until ways and means have been provided to head off the difficulty. What to teach our daughters and how to do it have received less attention than the importance of the subject demands.

Too many mothers wait until indolent habits have become fixed on their children, before teaching them the simplest things. To begin in a small way while the little ones are in the grammar or even the preparatory school is better. Then there are no hard lessons to be studied out of school, no knotty problems to be solved, no looking-up of materials in the public library for the next day's essay, as is the case with the average high-school girl, but they leave the school-room with all thoughts of the next day's lessons behind them. They are full of health, strength, and animal spirits, and are still young enough to do and enjoy doing any of the little tasks that the mother may see fit to impose on them. We often, however, find children with an inborn dislike for work, and, after many unsuccessful attempts to interest them, the painstaking discouraged parent is heard to say: "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself."

It is frequently doubtless much easier for the mother to do the work herself, without any assistance, than to be constantly urging unwilling children to a fulfillment of their duty; but is this right? Decidedly not; there is a right and a wrong way, a hard and an easy way, of doing everything, and mothers certainly ought to feel the responsibility of teaching their children the best methods they themselves know, no matter how much trouble it involves or how many heartaches it occasions.

One of the first and easiest things to teach a girl is the care of her own room. Give her the entire charge of it, except perhaps the weekly sweeping, which is usually done by a servant. The bed-making deserves the first consideration, and, to have a sweet clean bed, her room must first be thoroughly aired by opening doors and windows, letting in a flood of sunshine and pure air. While the ventilation is in progress, let her shake or brush any articles of wearing-apparel that may not have been put away, being careful to close the closet or wardrobe doors, to prevent the ingress of dust or lint.

Now to make the bed: The mattress, first of all, must fit the springs. The first step is to put on the puff or pad, which should be large enough to tuck under well, then the sheets, observing Miss Ophelia's advice to Topsy, "to tuck the bottom sheet in well at the top, and the top sheet well in at the bottom." After the blankets and comfortables have been put on and tucked in tightly, put on the counterpane, seeing that the centre figure is exactly in the centre of the bed; stretch it tightly and stuff it in between the bedstead and the springs, thus avoiding the turned-up corners and sunken centre so often seen. Among the vast army of bed-makers, few, very few, know how to make a symmetrical bed. After putting in place the large pillows, the youthful chambermaid can take from her drawer a clean neatly-hemmed dusting-cloth, and, with her scarlet sweeping-cap on her head, she will make a sweet little picture, engaged in her housewifely task of dusting chairs, dresser, and mantel.

Her drawer should contain a bountiful supply of these dusters, which can be made of cheese-cloth or coarse thin flour-sacks, hemmed. Let her change them before they get too much soiled, or the washer-woman will fret. However, if they are soaked, well rubbed, and then boiled with two or three tablespoonfuls of soda put into the boiler, they will come out of the tub clean and white again

A laundry-bag of linen, bound with braid, or made of gay cretonne, should hang in her closet, and she should be instructed never to leave her half-used handkerchiefs thrown

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about, but to put all soiled clothing into the receptacle which has been provided for her, not forgetting to remove the pins from the bands of skirts, etc.

A gay stocking-bag, with flannel leaves for needles, and a pocket for darning-cottons, thimble, and scissors, should hang in an accessible place, holding her unmended hosiery. While filling up the bag with working-materials, slip into the pocket a little box of shoe-buttons, the top held on—for the sake of convenience—by a rubber band, a spool of black linen thread, with a needle just the right size sticking in it, suggestive of the needed repair on the buttonless boots.

A little plush-covered board supplied with brass hooks, whereon can be hung her keys, button-hook rings, and glove-buttoner, is a great convenience. Do not fail to have on her closet or wardrobe door a shoe-bag of brown Holland linen or fancy striped ticking, bound with scarlet braid and containing compartments sufficient to hold her shoes, slippers, and rubbers.

Having provided her with all these conveniences, teach her that "order is heaven's first law," and insist that, as she has a "place for everything, everything must be kept in its place."

Visiting in a family recently, where no servant was kept, I was much interested to see how thoroughly my friend had trained her daughters in all methods of household work. It was her habit to send her washing out of the house, but to have a laundress come in to do the weekly ironing. The week of my visit, however, the laundress was ill, so the work devolved on my friend. After ironing the table-cloths, dresses, aprons, and skirts, she set the basket aside, saying: "I will leave the rest for Nell to do." Waiting for the little thirteen-year-old to get under good headway, I took a peep into the laundry. There I found, spread on a clean sanded table, rows of beautifully polished napkins and towels ironed so dry that they fairly glistened. With cheeks aglow from the recent exercise, I found her ironing a fringed doyly. After ironing each one, she combed out the fringe with a little comb kept for the purpose, then, with a stiff new tooth-brush, brushed until the fringe was as fluffy as when it was new.

In this same home was a quantity of beautiful fancy-work, much of it done in the colored wash-silks, and, though many of the pieces had been laundered, the silks were very little faded. Questioning my friend as to her method, she said her older daughter washed with her own pretty hands the dainty little articles of fancy-work, such as doylies, tidies, and bread-napkins. Such pieces, of course, are never much soiled, so she merely washed them in soapy water containing a little turpentine. After rinsing them in slightly blued water, she wrapped each piece in soft old cotton cloth and wrung it until it was almost dry, then ironed it. The turpentine set the colors, and the soft cotton absorbed the moisture so completely that there was no running together of the silks.

In families where there are several girls, the work can be systematized and divided in such a way that it will not become irksome to either mother or daughters.

A change of work is a good thing for us all; and the mother, who is the general when it comes to directing household tactics, can revolutionize the domestic machinery as often as she desires, giving each child a chance to learn the distinct branches of housekeeping. Let one take the lamps and be responsible for their condition—putting away, after the daily task has been completed, scissors, cloths, and oil-can in their respective places.

Dish-washing is one of the never-ending duties, and, where no servant is kept, is generally relegated to some of the younger members of the family. The child should get as good a start in this as in any other branch of work, as much of the comfort in eating comes from contact with smooth clean china, clear glass, and shining silver. Have, in one of the kitchen drawers, a box of silver-soap or a ball of electro-silicon and two pieces of chamois-skin, one to use in rubbing the powder on, the other to polish with afterward. With a few helpful suggestions from the mother, the young dish-washer will learn that, after eggs have been eaten for breakfast, or a spoon or fork has been carelessly left in the pickle-dish, a few vigorous rubs with the chamois and silicon will make the most discolored silver bright and shining, if done before waiting too long.

A word about the coffee-pot and other tins: Tell her how important it is to wipe thoroughly all utensils of this kind, both for

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the sake of cleanliness and to insure them against rust. A knife judiciously used in scraping the inside of the coffee-pot is a great help in clearing it from the grounds. If this sediment be left, the fresh coffee will have a "cooked over" taste, anything but agreeable to most palates. Caution her never to put the coffee-pot into the greasy dish-water, as the odor and the grease will penetrate every crevice.

After the last tin has been washed, dried, and put away, she should be taught to wash her table well with a stiff brush—five cents buys a good one—kept for the purpose in the drawer with the soap and sapolio. A handful of sand used once a week is a good grease-eradicator, and, by the use of the brush and sapolio between-times, the hard oak or soft pine table can be kept in a spotless condition and with very little work.

The tea-towels should now demand her attention. Let her plunge them into warm soapy water, wash well, rinse, and hang on the line to dry. The good housekeeper has her towels washed in this way before they are put into the soiled-clothes hamper, to avoid the odor's contaminating other clothing.

Another little office that can be performed by the children is the task of folding down the morrow's ironing. All good laundresses understand that, to have smooth linen, the clothes should be dampened and rolled tightly twelve hours before the day's ironing is begun. If for any cause, however, the "folding down" process has been postponed until the morning on which the work has to be done, the clothes will iron much better if dampened in water as hot as the hand can bear. These things do not come to children by intuition, but by the experience of older heads.

While the mother has a meal in preparation, the table can be put in readiness by one of the other children. In the season of flowers, a vase of roses, pansies, or anything else that happens to grow in the garden, can replace the faded bouquet; the sugar-bowl can be refilled, the pickles taken from the jar, the cream skimmed, in winter the celery washed, and in summer the ice cracked for the cold tea. Now, having finished the table, she can go into the kitchen to see if she cannot further assist. She can be taught to mix the mustard, and to stir flour and water together to make a smooth nice thickening for the gravy to the fried chicken or veal cutlets.

While the mother is making the light flaky biscuits for tea, the child can get ready the baking-tins, greasing lightly with a brush—a new paint or varnish brush is excellent, kept for the purpose—dipped in lard or drippings.

In homes where no servants are kept, the children learn a much greater variety of work usually, than where the kitchen is presided over by a Bridget, Gretchen, or Dinah. In the very nature of the case, this condition of things must exist. Often the servant resents the idea of having her domain trespassed on by the restless feet of the little folks of the household; oftener, the fond mother resents the thought of having her little ones so constantly under the influence of hired help.

If, however, our girls are taught all kinds of sewing, patching, darning, and neat tidy ways in caring for their clothing and rooms, it goes without saying that, when the time comes for assuming the cares and responsibilities of their own homes, they will be found ready "to do their duty in that state of life unto which it hath pleased God to call them."

THE SECRET OF HEALTH.

Don't worry. Don't hurry. "Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow."

Don't over-eat. Don't starve.

Court the fresh air day and night. Sleep and rest abundantly.

Work like a man; but don't be worked to death.

Avoid passion and excitement. A moment's anger may be fatal.

Spend less nervous energy each day than you make. Be cheerful. "A light heart lives long." Think only healthful thoughts.

Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

Don't carry the whole world on your shoulders, far less the universe.

Never despair. "Lost hope is a fatal disease."

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EVERY-DAY DRESSES, GARMENTS, ETC.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

No. 1—Shows a stylish dinner or evening gown, of brocade silk and lace. It is in Marie Antoinette style. The pointed bodice

No. 1.

and the panier draperies are of the brocade. Our model calls for copper-colored brocade, one of the new colors. The inside kerchief folds in white mousselin chiffon, braces in écru-colored lace, like the flounces on the sleeves and on the front of the skirt. The stomacher is further ornamented by a trail of flowers. Either brocade, plain faille, or bengaline may be used for the main parts of this gown.

No. 2—Is a new model for making up a black net costume over colored surah.

No. 2.

The entire under-dress is of heliotrope surah, or faille if preferred, and the black piece-lace is made over this foundation. As

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may be seen by the illustration, the front from throat to hem is fulled on in easy festoons, the edge bordered by either a quilled ruching of black trimming-lace or by a succession of tiny rosettes of narrow black velvet ribbon. The back of the dress hangs straight and is finished by a six-inch flounce of lace. Full puffed sleeves. Ten to twelve yards of silk for foundation, the same of piece-lace, three and a half yards of trimming-lace for back of skirt. The edge for front of skirt will require at least six yards of two-inch lace for the ruching.

Nos. 3 and 4.

Nos. 3 and 4—Show the front and back of a handsome tailor-made street-gown. The material used is lady's-cloth or pin-striped cheviot, in shades of brown. The skirt is perfectly plain. The coat-tail double-breasted bodice fits closely to the figure, opening in front over a vest of either velvet or heavy corded silk, in either a darker or lighter shade of brown, as the taste may suggest. A short ostrich-feather boa is worn around the neck, and makes a stylish finish to the costume. Of forty-six-inch cloth, six to eight yards will be required, according to the height of the wearer.

Nos. 5 and 6—Show a novel and stylish method of draping the fullness of sleeve for a house-dress, also the cut of a slashed basque for street-gown.

No. 7—Gives the model and diagram of the umbrella skirt. This new skirt, known as the "umbrella or extinguisher" on account of its shape, is especially suitable for walking-costumes. The pattern comes direct from Paris, and moulds exactly the figure below the waist and round the hips by means of a few darts, the whole of the fullness being thrown at the back, where it is arranged in a quadruple box-plait. Its cut is simple, as shown in the diagram, which displays the half of the skirt, and the whole being made by a single piece, with one seam only. The widest material alone can be used. The selected material is folded in two, selvedge to selvedge, so that they meet horizontally, one at the

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waist, one at the foot. The length of our pattern-skirt is fortyfive inches in the centre of the back, fortytwo inches in front. The amount of fortysix-inch wide material required will be five yards and eight inches.

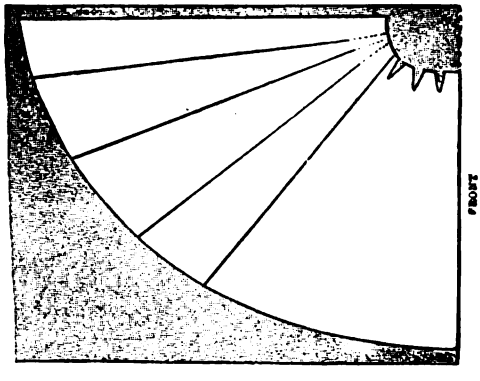
Nos. 5 and 6.

No. 8.—Blouse for a boy of three years, made of white or colored cashmere. Front and back have three box-plaits, held in at the waist by a leather belt and buckle. Collarette and cuffs of Irish crochet lace.

No. 9—Is a frock for a girl of ten to twelve years. It is of camel's-hair serge and velveteen. The colors are nut-brown and seal, the lighter color being of the woolens, and the velveteen being of the seal. The skirt is plain and has a narrow band of velveteen at the edge and up the right side. The bodice is a very full blouse over a pointed vest, edged round with a graduated frill of material that stands up at the back like a collar.

No. 8.

No. 7.



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Deep velveteen cuffs form the lower part of the sleeves, the upper consisting of a deep puff of the material. The bodice is quite short and is drawn in by a velveteen band. A toque of puffed seal velvet completes the costume, with a simple trimming of light-brown ostrich-tips.

No. 10—Is a coat for a girl of ten years. We give the front and back. It is made

No. 9.

of any dark self-colored cloth or diagonals. The back has two double box-plaits. The front is double-breasted. Triple collar, formed by three plaited or crimped ruffles of the cloth, mounted by a collar of feather-trimming. Cuffs to match. Large smoke-pearl buttons. Three and a half yards of cloth will be required.

No. 11.—Overcoat for a boy of six to eight years, made of beaver cloth edged with beaver fur.

No. 10

Girls' coats, as well as their frocks, continue to be made very long; awkwardly long, we think, but they keep the legs warm and do away with gaiters and leggings, universally

No. 11.

worn a few years back. Entire suits of black are not so fashionable for children as formerly; they looked as if in perpetual mourning.

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I.—Winter Coat, of Cloth and Velvet. The body of the coat is of cloth; the sleeves of velvet, with a band of silk running from the shoulder to the wrist, down the outside of the arm. The trimming is a boa of ostrich-feathers or fur; one end goes around the neck, where it is fastened by a bow of ribbon, then passes down the front to the waist, where it is fastened by another bow of ribbon, and hangs loosely at the side of the dress. The toque is of black silk, with a band of fur or feathers; upright bow of ribbon in the centre. Muff of black cloth, trimmed to match toque or boa. If fur is used for this boa, it should be of some light fluffy kind.

II.—Winter Coat, of Brown Cloth. The sleeves, collar, revers, and fronts of the basque are of Alaska sable. The coat opens over a waistcoat of cream-colored cloth, with band collar of the same. Brown velvet hat, trimmed with brown feathers and ribbon. Fine Persian lamb will make the handsomest coat of this style, but it is very expensive.

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NEW-STYLE HATS AND BONNET.

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CHILDREN'S FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

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SLEEVE-PATTERN: WITH SUPPLEMENT.

BY EMILY H. MAY.

We give, for our Supplement this month, the pattern of a high puffed sleeve, cut all in one. It fits perfectly and is very stylish and easily made. The bodice accompanying the sleeve has short coat-tails at the back, while the front is simply fulled over a pointed plain front, fastening at the left side. Our model calls for the full front and sleeve of figured material, while the other parts of the dress are of plain goods. A passementerie netting finishes the front of the bodice.

SWALLOW DESIGN.

The design of swallows in the front of the book is either for painting or embroidery, as a top or bottom panel for a screen. The birds should be black, with silver-gray breasts; not a dull or bright white or cream, but a true silver-gray.

The design is admirable, if the bodies and wings are worked in two or three black tints—that is, a russet black, a blue black, and a jet black. The breasts should be worked in soft silk or in fine flax, and black beads inserted for eyes. A good ground is of blue or gray Irish linen, of a thick quality.

ALPHABET FOR MARKING.

We give, on the Supplement, excellent designs of an alphabet suitable for marking table-cloths, napkins, sheets, or any house-linen.

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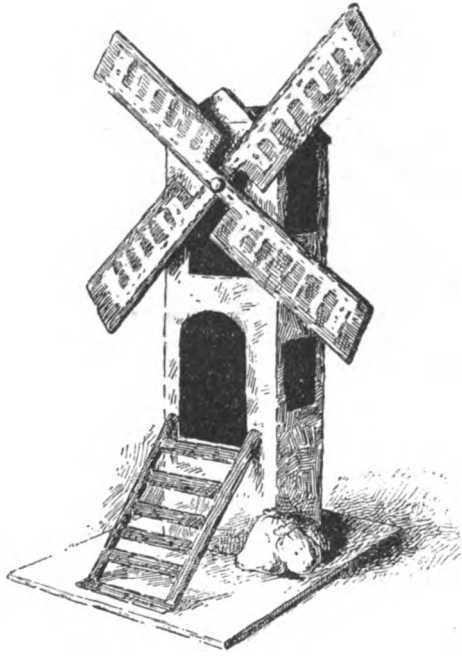
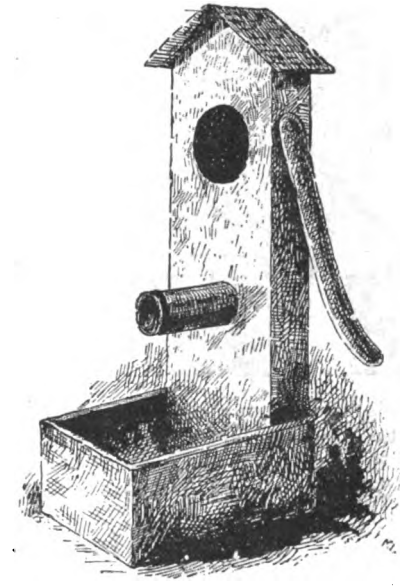
HOME-MADE TOYS

AS HOLIDAY WORK FOR CHILDREN.

A great variety of inexpensive bonbon boxes or toys can be made by children out of match-boxes, with the addition of some silver or gold paper, some colored perforated card-board, and some liquid glue. Our cut shows a windmill. Take a long match-box, such as comes for wax tapers. Cover the outside with some silver or gold paper. Then cut an arched door and some windows out of black paper, and gum them in place. Cut the sails out of some card-board, six inches long by one inch wide. Cover with red paper and some strips of gold as ornamentation. Place them in position, and secure them to the box by a brass-headed paper-fastener. Next add the triangle at the top in front. A piece of thin wood makes the stand on which the mill must be glued one inch from the back. The ladder can be made of some tiny bits of thin wood and gilded; place this in position by either a pin-nail or glue. A few tiny sacks can be clustered about the base. When all is done, slip the inner case of the match-box inside the mill, and then a bonbon box is made.





A pump is made in a similar manner. Children should be induced to invent models of simple designs, for their amusement, and construct them out of inexpensive materials.

EMBROIDERY FOR BABY'S BLANKET.

On the Supplement will be found a beautiful design of pansies, for embroidering in Kensington-stitch or outline on a baby's Afghan or carriage-rug. It should be done in embroidery-silks, in one color or in the natural colors of the flowers.

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TULIP DESIGN IN OUTLINE.

This bold design is suitable for ornamenting the corner or end of a table-scarf. Outline in rope silk in the natural colors: for the flower and leaves, dead-leaf green, and reds or yellows for the flower. The shading stitches are done as seen in the illustration. Crash or heavy linen makes the best foundation for this heavy embroidery.

HANDKERCHIEF-SACHET.

The inside of the two card-board foundations is covered with light-blue satin, over a layer of perfumed cotton wadding, and fitted with two wedge-shaped pockets of satin over stiff gauze. The front part is embroidered with rosebuds on canvas, divided into squares by lines of gold thread and light-blue silk. A ruche of blue satin ribbon and a gold cord form the edge. The back is lined with blue silk, edged with a blue cord, and the sachet is closed by two blue satin ribbons.

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WHAT THEY ARE.

CAPERS are the flower-buds of Capparis spinosa, a native of Southern Europe. It grows all over rocks and ruins, which it decorates with its large showy blooms, white in color, with lilac stamens like a long tassel coming out of the centre of each flower. The buds have a sharp and rather pungent taste, the quality depending on their age, the youngest being the most valuable. A bush will yield about a pound of capers every year.

CARAWAYS are the seed of a plant whose botanical name is Carum carui. It is a biennial, having finely divided aromatic leaves, and bearing umbels of small white flowers. The root resembles a small carrot. The seeds have a pleasant spicy taste and are greatly used for flavoring-purposes by bakers, confectioners, and brewers. They are also used in medicines.

NUTMEGS AND MACE are produced by a tree called Myristica moschata, which is a native of the Moluccas, but is also cultivated largely in Java, Sumatra, and the West Indies. The fruit is like a peach in shape and size. When ripe, it is split in parts, the kernel is the nutmeg, and is surrounded by the mace, in the form of a sheath. There are three gatherings during the summer; the first is in July or August—the last one, which gives the greatest yield, in April. The mace is of a red color when picked, but, after being dried, it is yellow. The kernel is taken, the outer shell is split, and the nutmeg is found inside. The nutmegs are sorted and dipped into lime-water, to preserve them from the insects.

POETRY IN ALL THINGS.—Formerly people believed that the sugar-cane alone yielded sugar; nowadays it is extracted from almost everything. It is the same with poetry. Let us draw it, no matter whence, for it lies everywhere and in all things.

TO MEND SHIRTS.—The wear of men's shirts can be lengthened by new wrist and collar bands, mending the buttonholes, and darning where the bosom breaks from the shirt. Such darning is hidden by the waistcoat. All starch must be washed out first.

"BEST AND CHEAPEST."—The New Orleans Picayune says: "No magazine, at all comparing with 'Peterson' in merit, comes anywhere near it in point of cheapness; and, in these days, everybody wants the best and cheapest of everything."

WE HAVE PREPARED a substantial cover for a permanent binding of this year's numbers of the Magazine. It is neater than can be made by a book-binder, and it enables him to bind the volume at a lower price. We will send it for thirtyfive cents, post-paid.

OUR PREMIUMS for 1892 are receiving general praise and are already bearing bountiful fruit. One lady writes: "I had already secured two clubs for next year before your list reached me, but I shall not rest till I have raised a third club large enough to secure the porcelain tea-set; I have seen one similar, and it was a beauty." Numbers of similar letters reach us by every post, and are most gratifying as a proof of the appreciation which our handsome and useful premiums are meeting on every hand. The bountiful harvest this year has made money much more plentiful than usual, therefore it will be easier to get subscribers. Our attractive premium offers are incentives to raise as large clubs as possible. All that is needed to insure success is for our friends to begin their work without delay, and to be determined to secure the choicest prizes.

NOTICES OF NEW BOOKS.

HOLIDAY BOOKS are appearing in great profusion this season, and among them special mention is due to:

Grandfather Grey. By Kate Tannatt Woods. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—This charming poem is an idyl of olden days in New England, not only imbued with the real spirit of poesy, but of the era in which it is laid. It is copiously illustrated by Charles Copeland with a faithfulness, delicacy, and power that cannot be too highly praised. The book is printed on the finest paper and elegantly bound in two colors. It makes a companion volume to "The Wooing of Grandmother Grey," a poem by the same author, illustrated by the same artist, which was one of the most popular gift-books issued last year by this or any other firm.

All Around the Year 1892, *by J. Pauline Sunter*, is Lee and Shepard's new calendar. It is even more perfect than the dainty one of last year by the same lady. The exquisite designs are printed in colors on card-board that is like ivory, and the leaves are held together by silver cords. *The Flower Calendar*, 1892, is a fairly unique series of flower-studies by popular artists, executed in the most finished way.

Summerland and Days Serene, by Margaret MacDonald Pullman, proved so popular that fresh editions have been published. These beautiful works we have already noticed at length, as we have "Nature's Hallelujah," "The Message of the Bluebird," and "A Bunch of Violets," by Miss Irene E. Jerome, whose productions have won for her a world-wide reputation. Among the late novels which are attractive enough to rank among holiday books are:

The Heirs of Bradley. By Amanda M. Douglas. Boston: Lee and Shepard.—The author displays her skill in plot-construction to the best advantage, and the story is as absorbing in interest and

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written in a style as fresh as if it were her first work instead of her twentieth. The same house has issued

Mostly-Marjorie Day. By Virginia F. Townsend. —It can be said for this author that "her influence is always for good, and her characters healthy wide-awake people," which is very high praise; and Miss Townsend is seen at her best in this latest production.

The Grave Between Them. By Clarence Boutelle. New York: M. J. Ivers & Co.—The reader who opens this novel will not close it until he has read every page, and will find his attention more closely riveted with each successive chapter. The plot is strikingly original and is managed with a skill which will baffle the ingenuity of the most experienced novel-reader to unravel till he reaches the denouement. The characters stand out clear and distinct, and the incidents are as numerous as they are fresh and effective.

Pretty Kitty Herrick. By Mrs. Edward Kennaird. New York: John A. Taylor & Co.—Mrs. Kennaird's former novels have deservedly won for her a wide popularity which her present effort cannot fail greatly to increase. It is written with a sweep and rush like that of the steeple-chases which she describes with such vividness, and her pictures of English country-life are admirably drawn. Kitty Herrick is a charming heroine, and the other characters are individual enough to be portraits from life.

The Woman's Manual of Parliamentary Law. By Harriette R. Shattuck. Boston: Lee and Shepard. —A manual which will prove exceedingly useful to the thousands of women who are organizing clubs, conducting unions, relief associations, and the like. The book is clear and simple in style and directions, but there is literally nothing omitted in regard to the organization of meetings, permanent societies, different methods of voting, of making amendments, questions of order and privilege, and every other matter that can arise. As a crowning bit of practical wisdom, all these things are arranged in dialogue form, so that the most inexperienced person cannot fail to understand them.

Vampires and *Mademoiselle Réséda. By Julien Gordon. J. B. Lippincott Co.*—Two tales, not equal to the author's former stories, either in style or purpose. It cannot be too deeply deplored that so many among our younger American romancers make the mistake of supposing that a novel in order to be realistic must necessarily deal with unpleasant, not to say objectionable, persons and things. If realism means showing life as it is, it should include a little sunshine, fresh flowers, smiling landscapes, and men and women healthy in body and mind, and not always lurk in dark places among noisome odors and leave the reader to encounter people very much soiled, either physically or mentally, or else so dismally commonplace that he is forced to wish their chronicler had never been born.

OUR ARM-CHAIR.

Unquestionably the most valuable property of existence is health, and everything conducing to a perfect state of health is of interest to the public. In this connection, one of the most interesting of the exhibits at the American Institute Fair in New York, this year, is that of Walter Baker & Co.'s Breakfast Cocoa and Chocolate preparations. Their method of manufacture does not admit the use of any chemicals, dyes, or alkalies, and therefore produces not only an absolutely pure, but an absolutely healthful drink. The exhibit in itself is a work of art, the booth in white and gold, the young lady attendants attired in pale-blue satin gowns, old-gold basques, pink lace caps, and white aprons, and the tasteful array of the goods form the most striking and attractive exhibit in the whole fair. As an American institution fighting the fight of health against adulterated products, Walter Baker & Co. deserve the support of every consumer of cocoa and chocolate in this country.

A GOOD THING.—Sufferers from piles in any form will find Betton's Pile Salve one of the safest and best remedies in the world. It is a great boon to suffering humanity, which a trial of it will fully demonstrate. Send fifty cents to the Winkelmann & Brown Drug Co., Baltimore, Md., or ask your druggist to order it for you, and be convinced.

CARE OF THE HANDS.

There are many simple means by which even busy housekeepers may always keep their hands in presentable condition. Always wash the hands in soft tepid water, and dry them thoroughly with a coarse dry towel, rubbing well to insure good circulation, which is an important factor in keeping the skin soft and white. If obliged to use hard water, put a little soda or ammonia in the water. Ammonia and borax are wonderful cleansers, when used in hard or soft water, and will do much toward softening the hands. A little oatmeal mixed in the water, or spread as a paste on the hands, will whiten them. Many people use diluted glycerine with good results, while it often disagrees with others so much as to render the skin red and harsh. One of the best preparations to use on the hands at night is the white of an egg, in which is dissolved a grain of alum.

An excellent cold cream for rough hands is made in this wise: Melt one drachm each of white wax, spermaceti, and olive oil together; add two ounces of rose-flower water and one-half ounce of orange-flower water. Mix thoroughly till of the consistency of cream. A teaspoonful

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of Indian meal, mixed with the soap when rubbing it on the hands, will impart smoothness, or a small piece of cold boiled potato will have the same effect.

The cleanliness of the nails has much to do with the appearance of our hands. In washing the hands, always press back the skin from the nails. Keep the nails of a medium length—never allow them to grow unnaturally long; polish them with a soft flannel. Manicure-sets greatly facilitate this part of our toilette, and quite simple ones will answer the purpose quite as well as the more elaborate ones with so many different implements.

Lemon-juice is an excellent thing for the hands and nails. It removes stains, and cleanses, softens, and whitens the hands, and, if often used, will prevent "hang nails."

The roughest and hardest hands may be made soft and white in less than a month's time, by a little doctoring at night. Among the essentials needed will be a bottle of ammonia, a box of pulverized borax, some oatmeal, a lemon, and a nail-brush.

For those who have thin scrawny hands, bathing them two or three times daily in warm olive oil will be very effective. Let the whole hands be immersed and soaked in the oil, allowing the oil to dry on the hands, rubbing in all that the skin will absorb. Do not wash off for an hour. An old loose glove may be drawn over the hands, if one wishes.

A good remedy for those troubled with damp moist hands is: Four ounces of cologne-water and one-half ounce of the tincture of belladonna. Rub the hands with this two or three times a day.

USEFUL SUGGESTIONS.

Persian insect-powder will rid a closet of ants.

Salt and lemon-juice will remove freckles.

To fasten a steel blade in a knife, put some rosin in the hole where the blade was attached, then warm the end of the blade that is to go in, and insert it carefully, holding it firmly until cold.

When the face is oily and shines, try using a little borax in the water.

For warts, wet a small piece of sal-ammoniac and rub it on the wart twice a day, and the wart will soon disappear. If there is much excrescence present, pare it off before applying the sal-ammoniac.

When troubled with neuralgia, apply the essence of peppermint over the pain, rub it in well with the fingers. For intercostal neuralgia, rub in oil of peppermint; this is strong and will smart, but is a sure cure, and better than mustard.

The beauty of the complexion greatly depends upon the healthy action of the liver and digestive organs. If these are out of order, the skin becomes sallow and rough.

To give brilliancy to lamp-chimneys, rub them after washing with dry salt.

For dandruff, use ten grains of chloral hydrate to two ounces of soft water.

OUR NEW COOK-BOOK.

☞ *Every Receipt in this Cook-Book has been tested by a practical housekeeper.*

CHRISTMAS PUDDINGS AND CAKES.

Plum Pudding.—Chop one pound of suet very fine; have ready one pound of currants, washed clean and dried, one pound of raisins, the yolks of eight eggs, whites of four, half a nutmeg, grated, a teaspoonful of beaten ginger, half a pound of flour, half a pound of breadcrumb (the bread must not be new), and a pint of milk. Beat the eggs first, then put to them half the milk; beat them together, and by degrees add them to the flour; then the suet, spice, and fruit, and as much milk as will mix them together very thick; then add a large wineglassful of brandy. It will take five hours to boil; a little salt is an improvement. This pudding is better if made a fortnight before it is wanted, and put into the mold or basin it is to be boiled in, and let it stand in it until it is put on to boil.

Birthday Plum Pudding.—Take fourteen ounces of sifted breadcrumb, one pound of currants well washed and dried, one pound of Valencia raisins stoned and cut in halves, six ounces of candied peel, three-quarters of a pound of moist sugar, half a nutmeg grated. Mix these ingredients, then add ten eggs well beaten; mix well, and add a wineglassful of rum or brandy. Put in a pudding-mold and boil for eight hours. Note that this plum pudding has neither suet, flour, nor butter in it. It is on that account considered by many to be more digestible than an ordinary plum pudding.

Baked Custard Pudding.—Four eggs (yolks and whites), a pint and half of milk, three ounces of powdered sugar, a little almond-flavoring and nutmeg; whisk all together till the sugar is dissolved, then strain it into a pie-dish, and bake in a moderately warm oven till the pudding, on shaking it, appears firmly set. If put into too hot an oven, the milk will curdle and become whey. This pudding will, when cold, turn out solid from the dish, and may be garnished with preserved apricots.

Rich Cake suitable for Wedding Cake.—Take five pounds of the finest flour, three pounds of butter, five pounds of currants, washed, picked, and dried before the fire; two pounds of sifted sugar, two nutmegs, grated, pounded, and sifted; a little mace, two or three cloves pounded, sixteen eggs, the whites and yolks whisked separately; one pound of sweet almonds pounded, half a pound each of candied orange and lemon peel, one gill of wine, and one gill of brandy. When

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all the ingredients are prepared, work the butter with the hand till it becomes of the consistency of cream; work in the sugar with the whites of the eggs, which should be whisked to a solid froth; then add the beaten-up yolks to the flour, nutmegs, mace, and cloves; mix this well, and continue beating it all together for about half an hour, then mix in lightly the currants, almonds, and candied peel with the wine and brandy; and, having buttered a tin and lined the bottom and sides with paper, fill it with the mixture, and bake the cake in a tolerably quick oven, removing it to a cooler place if it bakes too quickly. To see if it is done, plunge a clean knife into the middle of the cake, withdrawing it quickly, and if the blade comes out clear, with none of the cake sticking to it, it is baked sufficiently. These cakes usually have a layer of almond icing, and over that another layer of sugar icing, and are afterward ornamented.

Pound Cake.—Rub one pound of butter into one pound of flour and one pound of sugar and half a pound of ground rice; then add half a pound of currants, half a pound of sultanas, and half a pound of lemon-peel, and moisten with eight eggs. Stir it well, and bake in a well-buttered and papered tin for two or three hours. In baking a large cake like this, great attention must be paid to the oven. It should be rather hot at first, but cooler afterward, to allow the cake to be well baked all through. To see if it is done, adopt the same process as with the bride cake, but a small skewer can be used instead of a knife. This applies to all cakes that are baked in a tin.

OUR PARIS LETTER.

RUE DES PETITS CHAMPS.

We are now in the midst of the winter fashions. There have been no changes of varying importance in the shapes and materials of hats and bonnets. The newest style for the first is to be made of long-napped felt with a wide waved brim, the colors most in vogue being a light-beige and pale-gray. Ostrich-tips in great profusion trim the wide-brimmed dressy hats in smooth black or in silver-gray felt, those being the colors that are most fashionable in the large-sized winter hats.

To wear with fur-trimmed costumes, some charming round Russian toques are shown, with the crown in gay-tinted velvet, crimson, blue, or even rose-pink, and the border in fur. Red or dark-blue velvet is employed with black Astrakhan, and a rich shade of delicate pink goes with Russian sable or Canada marten. In the latter case, the tiny head of the animal forms a pretty ornament for the front of the brim.

There is a new shade of velvet a good deal employed for the more elegant of the small bonnets of the season. It is a delicate yet vivid shade of bluish pink, and has been christened "dahlia color," though it is hard to tell why, as I do not think there ever existed a dahlia of that peculiar tint.

Cream-white velvet, embroidered in a fine lace-like pattern with tiny jet beads, forms an attractive material for bonnets.

The great innovation of the season is the wearing of strings. They are composed of finger-wide ribbon, and either match the hat or bonnet itself in color, or else the trimming. They are used on the wide-brimmed hats as well as on the tiny bonnets, but are not employed on the small toques or Henri III hats.

Ribbons are used in great profusion for trimming, satin and faille being the most in vogue. Flowers, passementerie, daggers, aigrettes, and other odd devices are seen on the newest head-gear. In the hats, the exterior trimming is placed at one side usually, while the bonnets have their ornaments set in front.

White mask veils in real lace are a good deal worn this season. The prettiest are in very fine net, or rather in point appliqué, the design forming the border of the veil, while the centre is in plain net.

I must not forget to signalize—which I do with pleasure—the almost total disappearance of birds as trimming, either on head-gear or on dresses. A stray pigeon is occasionally seen, but the rest of the feathered tribe are no longer decimated at the bidding of fashion.

The latest style of cloak is a loose flowing mantle, three-quarters long, and made with an inner jacket or vest in some warm material. Fur is largely employed for trimming, bands of the silky long-haired fur of the mountain goat being the latest novelty in this line. It has the advantage of taking any hued dye very well, so it is used on ball-wraps in pale-tinted brocade, when dyed the exact shade of the silk.

Astrakhan is a good deal worn in the natural shaded gray as well as in black. A pointed vest or very long plastron in gray or black Astrakhan forms a comfortable as well as an elegant finish to an open jacket. These wraps are worn a good deal longer than they were last winter, the ungraceful half-length being fashionable.

In walking-costumes, the trailing skirt continues in vogue, though it is a great annoyance to the wearer to be obliged to hold it up continually when promenading on a rainy day. However, I think that the straightforward common sense of the American lady will hinder her from adopting this uncleanly and foolish fashion to any great extent.

In other respects, the skirts of street-dresses remain unchanged, being made with as little fullness and as little trimming as possible. A favorite costume is in dark-blue serge, the jacket having a vest in biscuit-colored cloth or in white

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cloth braided with gold. The jacket is outlined with gold braid put on an inch from the edge all around, and the skirt is finished with a similar braid of rather heavier quality, set an eighth of a yard above the edge.

For more dressy costumes for visiting or for carriage-wear, a new and charming style of trimming has been adopted. The whole dress is dotted all over with small beads, jet on black, red, or blue cloth, and steel on the highly fashionable shades of gray. The edge of the skirt is cut into long shallow scallops and is bordered with three closely set rows of beads.

More expensive but even more elegant are cloth dresses embroidered all over with small dots in silk of some color contrasting with the material, the scallops at the edge being finished with buttonhole embroidery in the silk. A very handsome costume in this style was in beige cloth, with the embroidery in dark-blue silk. Another costume in this style was in pale-gray cloth dotted with tiny cut-steel beads. The corsage was a long coat in mouse-gray velvet, opening with revers in antique lace over a pointed plastron, or rather vest, in pale-gray crape worked with steel. The coat closed over this vest at the waist, and was encircled there by a girdle in steel passementerie. The skirts of the coat extended a full quarter of a yard below the waist, and opened in front over the skirt. The sleeves were of an entirely new style. The lower part, from the wrist to a point half-way between the elbow and the shoulder, was close-fitting and in velvet, terminating at the top in a full plaiting which was kept in place by a bracelet in steel passementerie to match the girdle. From this ruffle to the shoulder were high full puffs of the steel-beaded cloth, the velvet plaiting being set over the cloth instead of the lower section of the sleeve being set inside of the upper part, as heretofore. These long tight-fitting divisions of the sleeve are called by Parisian dressmakers "mitten sleeves." They descend so low over the hand that very long gloves are rendered entirely useless except for evening-dress wear.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

FASHIONS FOR DECEMBER.

FIG. I.—WALKING-DRESS, OF RICH BROWN CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed with side panels of velvet of a darker shade, with a pattern stamped on it, and edged on the front side with brown fur. The bodice is round at the waist, has a high standing Medici collar lined with fur, and a broad Directory-like collar below it. Velvet cuffs, edged with fur. This bodice is warmly wadded. Small brown velvet toque, trimmed with dull-orange feathers.

FIG. II.—WALKING-COAT, OF STEEL-BLUE CLOTH. At the back, the skirt is set on a waist underneath, and the upper part of the costume is made jacket-shape and is of plain cloth, edged with braid. The back of the skirt and long front are of steel-blue brocaded cloth. The side panels below the jacket are of plain cloth. Large collar and front trimmings of otter fur. The sleeves are loose at the hand, and have cuffs of otter fur. Gray felt hat, trimmed with blue ostrich-feathers and ribbon.

FIG. III.—WALKING-DRESS, OF PURPLISH-BROWN CASHMERE. The skirt is quite plain, with a row of machine-stitching at the bottom. Jacket of dull tan-colored beaver cloth, fastened on the left side and trimmed with a narrow passementerie. Long sleeves of cloth of the color of the jacket, brocaded in black. Black velvet hat, trimmed with dull-red roses.

FIG. IV.—CLOAK, OF DARK-BLUE CLOTH, made full and set into a yoke covered with three plaited ruffles edged with tiny gold braid. Black velvet bonnet, trimmed with lace and chrysanthemums.

FIG. V.—PALETOT, OF SMOKE-GRAY CLOTH, brocaded in black. It is long and rather close-fitting, has a high Medici collar of Alaska sable, which extends down the front and around the bottom of the coat. The sleeves have high shoulder-pieces and wide cuffs of the fur. Small black velvet toque, with a band of velvet of the color of the fur around the crown.

FIG. VI.—WALKING-DRESS, OF DARK-GREEN CLOTH. The skirt is trimmed about the bottom with black Astrakhan put on in deep vandykes. The green cloth jacket has black Astrakhan sleeves, is double-breasted and ornamented with large Astrakhan buttons Black velvet hat, trimmed with black feathers.

FIG. VII.—HALF-MOURNING COSTUME, OF BLACK CAMEL'S-HAIR. The close-fitting coat has a cape puffed at the shoulders. The front of the coat and long sleeves are ornamented with rich black passementerie. Bonnet of black cloth, braided on the crown, with black ribbon bow in front.

FIG. VIII.—WRAP, OF BROWN BROCADED CLOTH. It is close-fitting, with high sleeves, and has cuffs and a collar of mink, which extends to the bottom of the garment. Brown felt hat and feathers.

FIG. IX.—WALKING-DRESS, OF BLUE AND GREEN PLAID. The skirt is cut bias and plain. Jacket of dark-blue cloth, ornamented with braiding. High loose sleeves. Blue felt hat, trimmed with feathers and ribbon.

FIG. X.—SKATING-COSTUME, OF GRAY CLOTH. The front of the skirt and paniers are trimmed with gray Astrakhan. The bodice is of gray Astrakhan, with cloth sleeves. Gray cloth cap.

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FIG. XI.—SKATING-COSTUME, OF DARK-RED AND BLACK STRIPED WOOLEN. The wrap is of seal-skin, with the front of the sleeves and facing of the collar of sable. Sable muff. Black felt hat, trimmed with dark-red ribbon.

FIG. XII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF CHESTNUT-BROWN CLOTH. The bottom of the front is trimmed with otter fur. The bodice is of chestnut-colored surah; and the jacket, like the skirt, has revers of otter fur. The collar and sleeves are of dark-brown velvet. Hat of dark-brown velvet, with chestnut-brown feathers.

FIG. XIII.—VISITING-DRESS, OF DARK-HELIOTROPE CLOTH. It opens over a dark-heliotrope velvet skirt, and is trimmed with a broad band of Alaska sable. The bodice on the left side is crossed by a band of velvet like the petticoat. Collar, cuffs, armhole trimmings, and large muff of Alaska sable. Small Marie Stuart hat of the velvet, trimmed with heliotrope feathers of a lighter shade.

FIG. XIV, in the back of the book.—HAT, OF BROWN VELVET, trimmed with loops of brown satin ribbon and two yellow chrysanthemums.

FIG. XV.—BONNET, OF BLACK VELVET, ornamented with a full quilling of black satin ribbon and red poppies.

FIG. XVI.—SPANISH TOQUE, OF BLACK VELVET, draped in folds and veiled in front with net or gauze, spangled with gold. Fleur-de-lis ornaments stuck informally over the crown and brim; at the back, three pompons—black, red, and yellow.

GENERAL REMARKS.—*Skirts* continue to be made close-fitting, still too long for comfort in walking, though shortened somewhat since last fall. For house-dresses, the long skirt is quite admissible and always graceful and pretty; it is made usually with a short train, except in the case of wedding-gowns, which are usually longer. For young girls or those who dance, round dresses that just touch the floor are the most fashionable and convenient.

A slight drapery is usual on most skirts, just giving ease across the top of the front; though in thin materials, such as crêpe, gauze, or lace, the drapery is more decided, producing panier effects, which are becoming to slender figures.

Braids, ribbons, and laces are much employed as trimmings for skirts.

Flounces of the material, lace, and rows of ribbon are all used as ornaments for house-dresses, whilst braiding and rows of ribbon are popular for street-wear.

Bodices are still much trimmed, but few perfectly plain ones being seen; revers, plastrons, full vests, braiding, are all in fashion.

Belted waists are liked for the house; many home-dresses, as well as out-door ones, have basques added to them or are cut with basques.

Basque bodices often open over a plain waistcoat of a pretty contrasting color, or over a full surah or crêpe de Chine front.

Bows of ribbon, braid, lace, chiffon, and large buttons are used as trimmings for bodices.

Sleeves are not made very high by the best dressmakers, though they are wide at the top and narrow below the elbow.

Long cloaks are much too comfortable and convenient to be dispensed with, and are much worn.

Jackets are cut longer than they have been for some years, but are not as becoming to short people as the shorter garments; they have sleeves loose enough to pass easily over the arm.

Circular capes, which are so readily slipped on, are made to reach nearly to the knees, and are high at the shoulders.

Long paletots, fitting snugly to the figure, but not too tight, are exceedingly popular.

The Louis XIV or cavalier cuffs are seen on many jackets; when put on house-dresses, they should have a fall of lace over the hand, as otherwise they give it a harsh appearance, but are wonderfully becoming if the lace is soft.

Bonnets are small—too small, perhaps, to be quite becoming; a good deal of jet is used on them.

Hats are much more moderate in size than they were a year ago; the crowns are usually low, and the brims pinched into any shape that is most fancied.

CHILDREN'S FASHIONS.

FIG. I.—GIRL'S DRESS, OF CHEVIOT, in shades of copper-color and black. The skirt is box-plaited, and the bodice is full. The sleeveless jacket is in plain copper-colored cloth; the belt and pointed cuffs are of the same. Sailor's-knot of cream-colored surah; white linen collar. Copper-colored felt hat, trimmed with loops of ribbon.

FIG. II.—BOY'S COAT, OF CIGAR-BROWN CLOTH. It is buttoned diagonally from the right shoulder to the left side; the buttonholes, cuffs, and pockets are trimmed with cigar-colored galloon, and cords and tassels ornament the breast of the coat. Brown felt hat.

FIG III.—GIRL'S COSTUME, OF SLATE-BLUE VICUNA CLOTH. It is close-fitting, and trimmed round the armholes, neck, wrists, and down the front with blue fox fur. Muff to correspond. Felt hat, with beaver brim, trimmed with folds of bengaline.

FIG. IV.—SMALL BOY'S HAT, OF WHITE FELT, trimmed with chinchilla fur and white feathers.

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